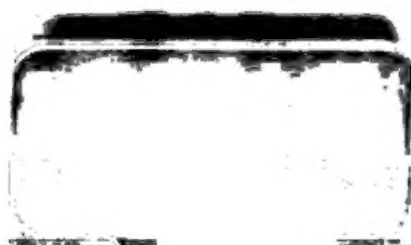


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THE
SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:

DEVOTED TO
EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE
AND
THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

Crebillon's Electre.

As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. V.

RICHMOND:

THOS. W. WHITE, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

1839.

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INDEX.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER—VOLUME V.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.

A

PAGE

<u>Address to the Friends and Subscribers of the Messenger.....</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>A Scheme for Rebuilding Southern Commerce, with a chart, engraved for the Messenger. By an Officer of the U. S. Navy.....</u>	<u>2</u>
<u>An Address delivered before the two Literary Societies of Randolph Macon College, Virginia. By Hon. John Tyler.....</u>	<u>20</u>
<u>A Voyage Round the World.....</u>	<u>26</u>
<u>Alice Richmond. A Tale, in seven chapters.....</u>	<u>60</u>
<u>American Almanac, for 1839.....</u>	<u>80</u>
<u>A Review of two pieces entitled "New Views of the Solar System, by a Virginian," and published in Vol. IV, Nos. VII and XII, of the Messenger</u>	<u>105</u>
<u>A Comparison. An extract.....</u>	<u>151</u>
<u>A Good Resolve. An extract.....</u>	<u>216</u>
<u>Anthon's Classical Series.....</u>	<u>294</u>
<u>A Mercurial Visitor, with Variations.....</u>	<u>310</u>
<u>Animal Magnetism.....</u>	<u>319</u>
<u>A Leaf from an Unpublished Manuscript.....</u>	<u>408</u>
<u>A Stray Leaf from a Bachelor's Note Book.....</u>	<u>438</u>
<u>Aphorism. By Heinse.....</u>	<u>440</u>
<u>A Journey Across the Andes. By W. B. H.....</u>	<u>513</u>
<u>A Discourse on American Political Science. By Prof. Tucker of William and Mary College...</u>	<u>559</u>
<u>Address on Civil Engineering. By Prof. Millington of William and Mary College.....</u>	<u>592</u>
<u>Address delivered before the Students of William and Mary College. By Prof. Robert Saunders.</u>	<u>595</u>
<u>Affliction.....</u>	<u>693</u>
<u>Adversity and Prosperity.....</u>	<u>703</u>
<u>Amram, the Seeker of Oblivion.....</u>	<u>734</u>
<u>Anniversary Address, before the Richmond Lyceum. By Rev. E. H. Chapin.....</u>	<u>725</u>
<u>Address delivered before the Horticultural Society of Maryland. By Zaccheus Collins Lee, Esq..</u>	<u>758</u>
<u>A Jerseyman in the Old Dominion.....</u>	<u>799</u>

B

PAGE

<u>Babylon—a Poem. By C. W. Everest.....</u>	<u>102</u>
<u>Bridgewater Treatises. By Rev. William Kirby, M. A., F. R. S., Rector of Barham.....</u>	<u>211</u>
<u>Bayle, the Sceptic.....</u>	<u>289</u>
<u>Biographical Sketches of Living American Poets.</u>	<u>541</u>
<u>Bridgewater Treatises. An elaborate view of...</u>	<u>548</u>
<u>Beautiful Extract.....</u>	<u>702</u>

C

<u>Currente-Calamosities. By J. F. Otis. No. I....</u>	<u>14</u>
<u>No. II.....</u>	<u>94</u>
<u>No. III.....</u>	<u>216</u>
<u>No. IV.....</u>	<u>254</u>
<u>No. V.....</u>	<u>348</u>
<u>No. VI.....</u>	<u>397</u>
<u>No. VII.....</u>	<u>506</u>
<u>No. VIII.....</u>	<u>521</u>
<u>Nos. IX & X..</u>	<u>696</u>
<u>No. XI.....</u>	<u>721</u>
<u>Confessions of a Novel Reader. By a Virginian Gentleman.....</u>	<u>179</u>
<u>Crawford, Wm. H. Reminiscences of.....</u>	<u>361</u>
<u>Character of "Medea".....</u>	<u>383</u>
<u>Catalepsy. By a member of the medical profession</u>	<u>433</u>
<u>Christopher Marshall's Remembrancer. Notice of</u>	<u>440</u>
<u>Ceremony, Experience and Life. By C. Campbell of Petersburg.....</u>	<u>572</u>
<u>Candia, Island of. By Lewis Cass, Esq.....</u>	<u>709</u>
<u>Catalepsy.....</u>	<u>834</u>

D

<u>Desultory Speculator. No. IV.....</u>	<u>17</u>
<u>No. V.....</u>	<u>597</u>
<u>Dorcas Lindsay, or the Bachelor's Writing Desk..</u>	<u>48</u>
<u>Difference in Disposition. An extract.....</u>	<u>145</u>
<u>Dr. Mitchell's Poems.....</u>	<u>351</u>

	PAGE
Dr. Bird's New Novel, Robin Day. Review of..	420
Differences in the Intellectual Character of the several varieties of the Human Race. By H. Lindsly, M. D. of Washington.....	616
Desultry Thoughts on Love. By a Bachelor....	622
Dancing.....	676
Domestic Slavery. By Judge A. P. Upshur.....	677
Devotion. By G.....	733

E

Ex-president Adam's Letter to the members of the Franklin Association of Baltimore.....	81
Excerpts from Fisher Ames.....	290
Editors. A short chapter on Dignity, &c.....	417
Education. By a Native Virginian.....	441
Eternity.....	705
Enthusiasm. By G.....	725

F

Fragments of a Journal. By a Virginian Lady..	153
Flattery. An extract.....	401
First Love. An extract.....	687

G

Grief. An extract.....	628
Ghosts.....	747

H

Home as Found. Review of.....	169
Humbugs of New York.....	380
Hints. By C. Campbell of Petersburg. No. I..	526
No. II..	602
No. III..	770

I

Inaugural Addresses. Notice of.....	103
Interesting Account of Virginia, in 1617.....	401
Interesting extract from Bulwer's Richelieu.....	532
Incidents. An extract.....	662
International Law of Copy Right.....	663

J

Jonsonian Readings, No. I, with extracts from the "Works of Ben Jonson".....	287
Judith Bensaddi. A Tale. By H. Rufner, D.D., President of Washington College, Va. No. I..	469
No. II..	638
Janney's Poems. Notice of.....	505

K

Knowledge.....	152
Knowledge.....	531

L

Letter from Malta. No. I.....	146
No. II.....	314
No. III.....	454
Letters to Mothers.....	257
Letter from Mrs. Jane Mecom to her Brother Ben- jamin Franklin.....	304

PAGE

Letters from New York. By Probus. No. I....	524
No. II....	629
Lecture. By Judge Beverley Tucker....	587
Letters from Out the Old Oak. No. I.....	614
No. II.....	723
No. III.....	815
Lines to a Sister Dead. By John Kenyon.....	705

M

Mola di Gaeta. A sketch.....	86
McDowell, James, of Rockbridge, Va. Notice of an Address, &c.....	221
Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.....	417
"Man Was Made to Mourn".....	572
My Cousin Helen. Only a sketch. By T. H. E.	606
Mother Goose's Melodies. Notice of.....	620
Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, again considered.....	748
Machiavel's Political Discourses upon the First Decade of Livy.....	819
Medical College, at Richmond, Va..	827

N

Notes and Anecdotes.....	39
Notes of a Tour from Va. to Tennessee. Chap. I.	44
Chap. II..	137
Chap. III..	206
Chap. IV..	269
Notice of a Lecture on the Study of Classics....	83
Notes and Anecdotes, from 1798 to 1830.....	124
Notice to the reviewer of "New Views of the Solar System".....	224
New Publications. Notice of.....	360
New Works. Notice of.....	632
National Melodies of America.....	770
New Works. Notices of.....	777
New Works. Reviews of.....	839

O

Observations on the Ill Health of American Women	89
Oliver Twist. By Boz. Notice of.....	704
Old House.....	703

P

Pencilled Passages. By Park Benjamin. No. I..	356
No. II..	379
Pleasant Range. A Tale.....	375
Phrenology, Examination of, in two Lectures. By Thomas Sewall, M. D.....	742
Pauline Blentis, or the Disappointed Bridegroom.	764
Père Lachaise.....	773
Phrenology. Combe on. No. I.....	393
No. II.....	459
No. III.....	567
No. IV.....	602
No. V.....	667
No. VI.....	766
No. VII.....	810

R

Recollections of a Retired Lawyer. No. I.....	97
No. II.....	218

	PAGE		PAGE
Remarkable Longevity.....	292	The Blighted One.....	370
Reynolds, J. N. and the Exploring Expedition... 413		The Victim of Love.....	448
"Richelieu." By E. L. Bulwer. Notice of..... 509		Tribute to the Memory of "L. E. L." By John	
Review of Carey's Philosophy of Common Sense. 536		C. McCabe.....	456
Review of a New Comedy ; Whigs & Democrats 571		The Lover's Talisman, or the Spirit Bride. By	
Recent American Poetry.....	573	Mrs. Seba Smith.....	465
Rejoinder to a "Reply to the Tuckahoe Colony of		The Spaniards, their Character and Customs. By	
Virginia."... ..	689	G. W. M.....	519
Retrospection.....	763	The Contrast.....	529
Revels at My Castle in the Air.....	836	The Tuckahoe Colony of Virginia. By C. Camp-	
		bell, of Petersburg.....	539
S		The Missionary. A Tale.....	581
Short Chapters. By Patrick Pedant, Schoolmaster 112		The Ocean Buried. By Rev. E. H. Chapin.....	615
Shobal Vail Clevenger, the Sculptor.....	262	The Hen.....	620
Sister Agnes, or the Doomed Vestal.....	273	The Innocent Avenger. By Park Benjamin.....	671
Special Providence. An extract.....	364	The Poets of America.....	696
Sketch of Ferdinand. By G. W. M.....	692	Thoughts and Reflections.....	706
T		The Knickerbocker and the Gentleman's Maga-	
The Falls of Bash-Pish, or the Eagle's Nest.....	34	zine. Notice of.....	708
The First Statue of Canova.....	88	The Bachelor Beset, or the Rival Candidates. By	
The Tragi-Comical History of the Lovers of		Mrs. Maria Georgian Milwood.....	751
Quimper Corentin.....	116	The Good and the Bad.....	757
The White Sulphur Twenty Five Years Since.		The Mountain of the Burning Stone. A Legend. 781	
A Tale.....	127	The History of Virginia.....	788
The Growing Youth.....	135	The Smithsonian Institute.....	828
The Copy Book. No. V.....	141	The Aurora.....	832
No. VI.....	328		
No. VII.....	406	II	
No. VIII.....	636	Uncle Pete and the Bear. By the author of the	
The Post. A Tale.....	194	Original Jack Downing.....	430
The Transfigured. A Tale.....	225	V	
The Reviewer of "New Views of the Solar Sys-		Velasco, a Tragedy. Notice of.....	150
tem" Reviewed.....	264	Verbal Criticisms.....	292
Thoughts and Fancies.....	295	Virtue—its immortality, &c.....	429
The Women of France.....	297	W	
The Poet's Destiny.....	305	Washington, George. Appreciation of Washing-	
The Desultory Speculator. No. IV.....	316	ton's character by Europeans.....	392
The Mind.....	326	Willis vs. Paulding.....	415
Thoughts and Reflections.....	327	Webb vs. Willis.....	416
The Prediction. A Tale of the Huguenots.....	331	Windows, considered from Withinside.....	527
The New York Review. Notice of.....	360	Willis, N. P. The Corsair.....	694
The Magic Rock. By Park Benjamin.....	366		

ORIGINAL POETICAL ARTICLES

	PAGE		PAGE
A		Autumnal Storms. By Park Benjamin.....	622
Acrostic on a famous Belle.....	80	Amator Loquitur. By James F. Otis.....	629
A Mother's Evening Thoughts. By Mrs. L. H.		A Fragment. By the Milford Bard.....	724
Sigourney.....	210	B	
A Mental Retrospect.....	303	Beauty. By Eliza ; Maine.....	16
Adieu of Mary Steuart.....	355	Bridal Address, to E. F. M.***.....	33
Address to my Lyre. By the late Miss Margaret		Bird of My Heart. By Park Benjamin.....	286
Davidson.....	419	Be Glad While Yet You May.....	351
A Remembrance. By E. A. S.....	464	Blessed are the Dead which Die in the Lord.....	355
A Portrait—a sonnet. By Park Benjamin.....	513		

C

	PAGE
Childhood. By Wm. B. Fairchild.....	614
Consumption.....	741
Chansonette. By C. F. Hoffman.....	792

D

Dramatic Epigrams.....	25
Dreams. By the author of "The Poet.".....	294
Do You Remember? To Anna. By C. M. F. D.....	767
Delphian Amusements.....	813

E

Evening Clouds.....	671
Extracts from a Poem. By Park Benjamin.....	702
Early Lays. By W. G. Simms.....	817
Eve's Compliment to Adam.....	832

F

First Love. By J. T. L.....	288
From My Nook in the Northern Neck.....	313

H

Human Life is Like the Year.....	661
Hope. By the Milford Bard.....	694

I

Impromptu.....	33
I Have Breathed Thy Name. By Egeria.....	134
I Love Thee Still.....	152
I Have Not Lived in Vain.....	193
I will not Forget Thee. By a young Lady.....	305
"I went to Gather Flowers." By Nugator.....	432
Is there a God? By Egeria.....	605
Impromptu to a Lady Blushing. By C. F. Hoffman.....	787
Italy.....	809
Isaiah II. 4. By Rev. E. H. Chapin.....	838

K

Kouli Khan.....	835
-----------------	-----

L

Lines Written at Midnight. By C. M. F. Deems.....	12
Lights of Life. By B. W. H.....	268
Leading Apes in H***, Patty's Retort.....	296
Lines Written for a Young Lady's Album.....	359
Lines Written for an Old Lady's Album.....	359
Lines to one who will understand them.....	369
Lines on the United States of America.....	400
Love Unchanging. By Park Benjamin.....	529
Lines Written in an Album.....	777
Lines Addressed to a Lady.....	826
Lines Addressed to a Young Lady.....	828

M

Major Andre's Soliloquy—Return Enraptured	
Hours.....	587

O

On a Miniature Portrait. To a Young Lady.....	267
(Edipus at Colonus. From the Choral piece of Sophocles.....	575

PAGE

Ode to Love. By W. Wallace.....	637
Oh! Pity the Stranger. By a Young Lady.....	704

P

Prize Address. By Dr. Henry Myers.....	833
--	-----

R

Return to Delaware. By the Milford Bard.....	721
Rejected Address. By a Citizen of Richmond....	833

S

Sur Les Etats Unis D'Amerique; a Poem, presented to Dr. Franklin.....	178
Sonnet. By Hermion. New York.....	210
Spring Birds. By Eliza, of Maine.....	289
Sonnet—The Recall. By Park Benjamin.....	305
Spring. By W.....	319
Siege of Fort Wheeling.....	325
Stanzas. By James F. Otis.....	349
Sonnets—Indolence. By Park Benjamin.....	393
Song—written impromptu. By Park Benjamin..	407
Sonnet. To My Sisters. By C. P. C.....	419
Sonnet. By Park Benjamin.....	433
Scraps from Manuscript Dramas. By Park Benjamin.....	531
Sonnets to "J. D." By C. W. Everest.....	693

T

The Past. By Elora; Philadelphia.....	2
The Spectre Horseman of Boston. By J. E. Dow	13
The Bones of Leipsic. By J. E. D.....	16
The Exile's Native Land.....	19
The Bride of the Dead. By E. H. C.....	43
The New England Girl. By J. E. D.....	43
The Beechen Tree.....	79
The Amreeta or Drink of Immortality.....	85
The Steamboat Neptune. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.....	101
The Guitar.....	104
The Greek Captive. By Egeria.....	136
The Pilgrim Amid the Ruins of Rome. By John C. McCabe.....	146
The Grave. By J. L. M., Washington City....	149
To Virginia. By J. T. L.....	152
The Death of Saladin. By C. F. M. Deems....	152
The Discarded.....	202
To the Rose. By H. M. S.....	205
To a Lady, with a Bouquet. By Park Benjamin.	221
The Idiot Boy. By Miss E. H. Stockton.....	223
The Wanderer to his Native Home.....	256
The May-Flower. By Eliza, of Maine.....	268
The Elisian Isle. By Park Benjamin.....	268
True Beauty. By C. P. C.....	290
The Camelia. By Cora.....	291
There is no Star. By Park Benjamin.....	292
Tasso and Leonora. By J. T. L.....	293
The Youthful Dead.....	294
Time and Grief.....	304
The Tired Hunter. By Park Benjamin.....	330
To a Lady Playing on a Harp.....	350
The New Song and the Old Song.....	355
The Harp of Judah.....	355

	PAGE		PAGE
‡ The Fountain. By Wm. Cullen Bryant.....	365	The Water. By Mrs. Seba Smith.....	720
To Queen Victoria.....	369	The Forest. By Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson.	725
The Mother's Farewell. By Godfrey Underwood	406	Twilight Fancies. By a young Lady of N. York	733
The Birds in Autumn. By Mrs. Sigourney.....	430	The Orphan. By a young Lady of S. Carolina..	748
To Miss ——. Written in her Album.....	440	The Subtlety of Love. By a Gentleman of N.	
The Origin of the Myrtle. By C. P. C.....	448	York.....	766
To Margaret. By G. W. B.....	453	To a Friend on his Marriage. By Park Benjamin	781
To the Printers.....	512	The Stream and the Flower.....	792
The First Polar Voyage. By S. M. Janney. ...	518	The Prediction and the Fulfilment.....	798
The Mockingbird and Fairy.....	523	The Prude.....	826
The Sister of Charity. By J. L. M.	566		
To a very Little Child. By Godfrey Underwood,	570		
To the Amaranth. By Mrs. Seba Smith.....	572		
The Mother's Rainy Day. By Mrs. Sigourney..	581		
The Dying Swan. By a young Lady of Virginia	601		
To My Mother. By William Wallace.....	605		
The Whippoorwill. By Park Benjamin.....	663		
To the Memory of L. E. L. By Mrs. L. J. Pierson	676		
The Ballad of Sancha of Castile and the Count			
Alarcós. By G. W. M.....	688		
The Revel.....	693		
The Student in Agrippa's Museum.....	706		
The Silent Tear. By the Milford Bard.....	708		
The Sunbeam.....	708		
‡ The Beleagured City. By Prof. Henry W. Long-			
fellow.....	709		

V

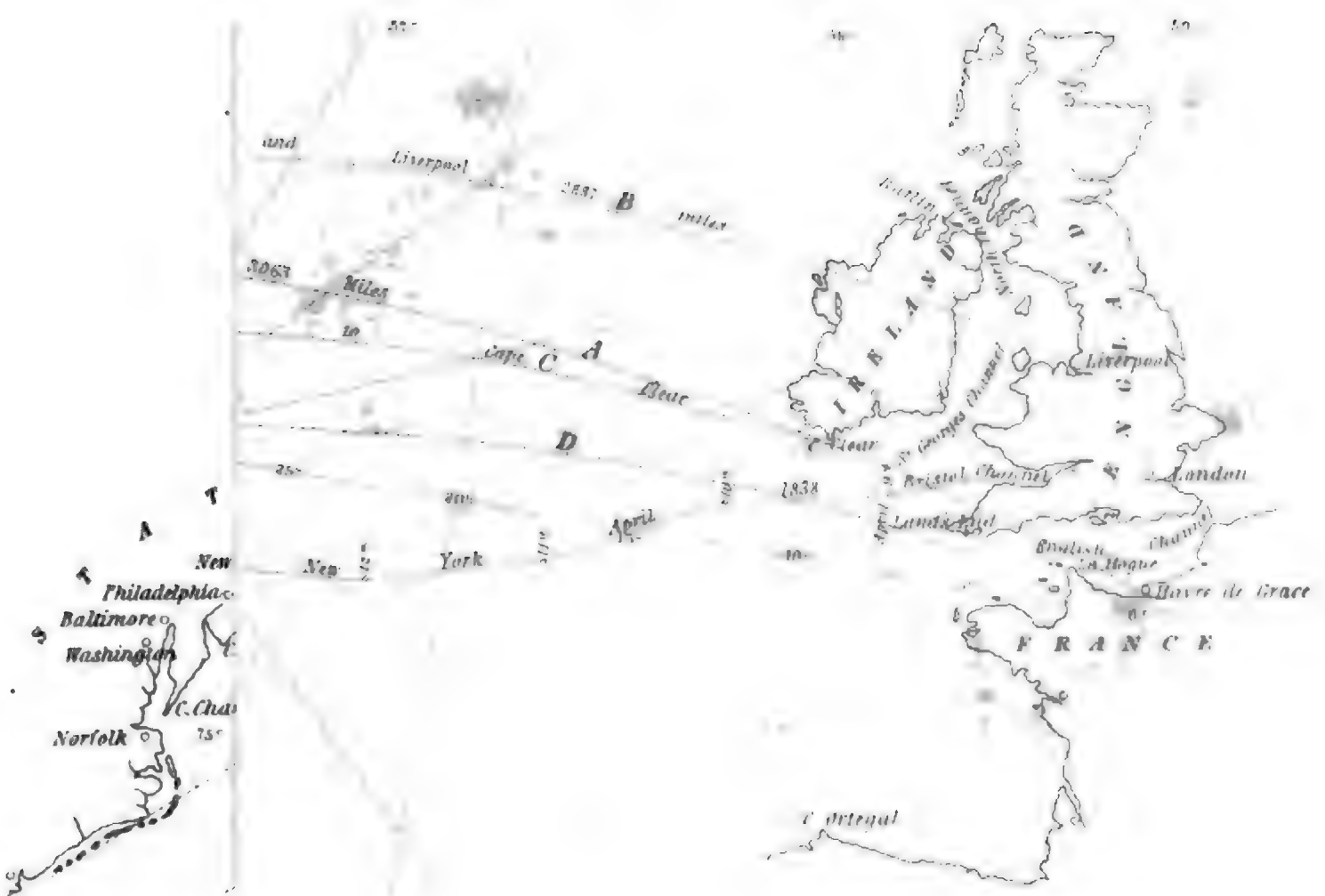
Virgil's Tomb. By Park Benjamin.....	309
Versiculi, No. I and II. By Lewis St. Maur.....	459
No. III and IV	558

W

Winter. By C. P. C.....	12
Winter. By D.....	141
Wyoming. By Mrs. Sigourney.....	413
When Will Love Cease. By the late Edmund Law	512

Y

Youth. By Elia.....	96
---------------------	----



SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1839.

No. I.

To our Friends and Subscribers.

We commence the fifth volume of the *Messenger* with renewed thanks to our subscribers and contributors, and to the public generally, including the corps editorial, for their generous support and indulgence for the last four years. It will be remembered, that at the beginning of our work, it was strictly an experiment of doubtful results. In the south, especially, no such publication had been able to maintain itself against the usual discouragements which attend literary adventure; and our writers of genius had either wasted their powers in uncongenial pursuits, or sought an opportunity of displaying them in distant states, where taste and talent were more amply rewarded. We flatter ourselves we have had some humble share in awakening a more laudable spirit on the south side of the Potomac. Many young men, we have reason to think, have been induced to essay their strength in literary composition, who might otherwise have shrunk from the trial. Our pages have been frequently enriched by the chaste and beautiful productions of woman's mind; and even veterans, who for years had reposed on their laurels, have been tempted once more to gird on their armor, and re-enter the lists of intellectual strife. Thus far we have had much to lighten the cares and toils of our journey, and we still feel every inducement to persevere. It would be uncandid, however, not to acknowledge, that notwithstanding the undoubted success and approbation which the *Messenger* has received, it ought to be considered as still an *experiment*, and liable to all those vicissitudes which beset similar establishments. We are aware that in this country at least, the empire of literature, like that of law and politics, is subject to constant and sometimes violent fluctuations; and we have no right to hope for an exemption from the common lot. We may be said to have made four annual voyages with success, and yet may even encounter shipwreck in the fifth, unless favored with prosperous gales and sustained by an effective equipment. Competitors are rising in every direction to contend with us for a share of public patronage; and it would be folly to close our eyes to the fact, that whilst competition, to a certain degree, is rather useful than otherwise, beyond that point it is too often a death struggle, in which the least powerful must yield. There are other dangers which the literary press especially, is doomed to encounter—in the fastidiousness, variety, and mutability of the public taste. Whilst some of our readers are content with plain

nutritious food, others require a larger infusion of spice. Some become wearied by long and grave articles—whilst othersome (as Hawkeye expresses it,) are not satisfied with the brief and sportive sallies which occasionally embellish our pages. In not a few instances, a portion of our *constituents* have held us responsible for all the sentiments contained in all the articles of our correspondents; a rule so unreasonable in itself, that we would not be bound even to argue the question with the malcontents. There is also another class of our subscribers which we confess occasions us much perplexity. We allude to those who continue to lend us their names and even cheer us with their smiles—but yet are unhappily forgetful of the *terms of publication*. Most gladly would we pay the paper-maker and compositor with these grateful proofs of encouragement, if that kind of currency would answer in this world of reality as well as romance. The fair fabric of liberty itself cannot exist without taxation; and the labors of the good and the pious would soon perish, if unsupported by that powerful *metallic spring*, which puts all human machinery into motion.

We hope we shall not be considered as making these remarks in a querulous spirit, nor from motives of an exclusively personal character. Individually, we acknowledge the great interest we feel in the establishment of something like a home literature, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that with the present patronage of the *Messenger*, (though very considerable,) its pecuniary benefits would constitute the prominent inducement to continue it. In that point of view, a connexion either with the mercantile or political press, would unquestionably yield a clearer nett profit. There are circumstances, however, which peculiarly forbid, at the present crisis, the slightest relaxation of effort on our part to secure the stability and permanency of this work. Utterly indisposed as we are, and entirely impolitic as it would be, to mingle in political strife, there are some questions touching our national existence and union which occasionally force themselves upon our pages, in spite of ourselves. On these questions there is no division of party, no difference of opinion, in a large portion of this great confederacy—and we may, with truth add, that the most virtuous and enlightened of the whole nation concur in the propriety of arresting that fanatical spirit which threatens to involve us in the horrors of servile war, and the miseries of disunion. It is the duty, we humbly conceive, of the southern people especially, to sustain every barrier which can be

erected against these mischievous violations of civil and social duty; and we think, that to combine the literary with the political press, for that object, would be exercising an influence not to be disregarded. *We shall therefore continue to persevere.* From the beginning, we have been sustained by noble and generous friends, without whose aid we should unquestionably have long since sunk under the cares and responsibilities of this work. We invite them to continue their support so long as we shall deserve it; and to our able and excellent contributors we appeal once more, in the full confidence that they will not relax their efforts to build up and establish the cause of literature in our good old commonwealth.

THE PAST.

BY ELORA.

The glorious past! how fondly still I turn
To the green beauty of its distant bowers;
And oh! how vainly does my spirit yearn
Once more to be a child amid its flowers.

It is the empire of the loved and lost!
I hear their voices on the thrilling air;
I see their forms, not worn and tempest-tost,
But, in the mellow light, serene and fair.

Look with me—sister, brother—look and see
The gentle beaming of our mother's eyes!
And hark! the tones that charmed our infancy,
Faint on the breezes of the past arise.

Home of departed joys! oh I could gaze
Ever unwearied on thy visions bright;
Dearer to me thy evening sunset rays,
Than all the future's glow of morning light.

See, as in life they wandered by our side,
With pious looks that did our love engage,
With hoary hair, and steps that feebly glide,
Slow move the venerable forms of age.

And laughing children, in their shapes of earth,
Flinging their curls upon the sunny air,
As erst they cheered us with their winning mirth,
Lend their bright presence to that region fair.

Oh! blest illusion! Memory, leave me not;—
Yet, even as I speak, strange sounds arise,
Grey shadows gather round each verdant spot,
And clouds go fleeting o'er the summer skies.

And lo, I look upon a land of *graves*;—
And in their midst I see my mother's tomb:
There droops the yew, and there the cypress waves,
And mid the grass white roses meekly bloom.

And is it *thus* with all my lovely dreams?
Sadly I turn unto the future's light—
Earth's future—and behold amid its gleams,
The lurking shadow of death's coming night.

Alas, how dark were life without the truth
That whispers to our weary hearts of Heaven;
Telling of changeless bliss, immortal youth,
And homes of glory to the ransomed given.

There by the shining stream or sparkling fount,
Lieth no mouldering victim of disease;
But life is in the vale, and on the mount,
Joy in the air, and health upon the breeze!

And there again the loved and lost are found—
But not as when on earth they blessed our sight:
Harps in their hands—their brows with glory crowned,
Their raiment brighter than meridian light.

Fair clime of nightless skies, and deathless bloom,—
Land of the blessed! shall it ever be,
That I, escaping from a world of gloom,
Shall find repose and happiness in thee?
Philadelphia.

A SCHEME

FOR REBUILDING SOUTHERN COMMERCE.

We cannot permit the following communication to pass from our hands into those of our readers, without calling their attention emphatically to its contents. We dare not offend the modesty of the author by disclosing his name; but we may venture to say of him, that his attainments grace the navy of his country, with whose honor his own name is intimately associated. The subject which he discusses, is now the most popular one which falls within the whole range of southern discussion. The manner, in which he treats it, is perfectly original. The proposition which he submits to the consideration of the South, and particularly of Virginia, is as bold as it is important. The whole style of the essay is as clear as it is polished. If this production had no other merit, and if its scheme were entirely visionary, yet it would be eminently valuable from the variety of new and interesting facts, which he has collected and spread before the public. The fathers of the packet-system of New York are deeply indebted to him for the lustre which he has shed around their names. The merchants of that great metropolis ought to thank him for the beauty and power which he has displayed, in tracing out some of the essential sources of their prosperity. To the navy of the United States he suggests many valuable hints about its past and its future improvement. These merits cannot be denied to our author, whatever may be thought of the present practicability of the theory, which he suggests for the renovation of southern commerce. But is it impracticable? We pray our southern readers to put the question home to themselves; to weigh it in all its bearings; to compare its advantages with its objections—its expenses with our resources, and then to *judge* for themselves. If their judgment decide in its favor, we call upon them then to *act*. Where is the Jeremiah Thompson of Virginia? Where is the enterprising merchant, who will call forth the genius of steam to cope with the canvass of the packets? If such a measure be found to be expedient, why should not they start forth to accomplish its con-

summation? At the next convention, let each member subscribe for not less than ten shares, and pledge himself to procure among his constituents a subscription for not less than one hundred shares of stock in the Southern Atlantic Steam Navigation Company. Our lives upon it, that the man who has urged it in the following essay, will be found willing to lend all the resources of his genius towards devising the best means, for realizing all the benefits of his own proposition.

We cannot give a better evidence of the value which we ourselves set upon this essay, than in running to the expense of an engraved chart to illustrate its conceptions. All which, however, is respectfully submitted, &c. &c.—[*Ed. So. Lit. Mess.*

DIRECT TRADE WITH THE SOUTH;

Navigation of the Atlantic—Packet Ships of New York—their influence over the Commerce of the United States—and their effects on American naval architecture.

The business of commerce presents no law, which forbids the southern merchant to exchange his flour in Rio for the coffee of Brazil; or to barter in Valparaiso and Lima, his produce for the copper of Chili and Peru; and this again for teas and silks in China. That he should carry on a lucrative trade with the West or East Indies, with the Brazils, on the coast of South America, or in the Mediterranean, nothing is wanting but the nerve and capital of the South controlled and regulated by well directed energies. The example of a single capitalist in any of the southern ports, who should have a correct knowledge of the demands of trade, would not fail to gain for his town in a short time a fair proportion of direct trade, such as that enjoyed by Baltimore, Philadelphia, or Boston.

Salem, by the lead which a single house took in the business, became renowned for her commerce with the East Indies, especially for the tea trade, which she enjoyed almost exclusively for many years. Nantucket and New Bedford are celebrated for their wealth, and the value of their whale fishery; the Coffins and the Bunkers gave them this celebrity. Fanning and his associates struck out in a new line of business, and in a few years made Stonington famed for sealing. And we shall show, that New York owes much of her prosperity to the commercial energies of a single individual. With patience and the exercise of proper talents and enterprise, the shoulders of one capitalist at his own windlass would do more for Norfolk or Charleston, than all the resolutions adopted by southern conventions are likely to do. It is example, not precept, that the South requires.

We have watched these conventions with much interest; but we have ever laid down the reports of their proceedings in disappointment. The resolutions passed in convention, "not to buy northern goods when they can get southern, unless the northern are the cheapest; not to freight northern vessels when they can freight southern, unless the northern freight for less," and many others, remind us of the oath which Neptune and his crew required of us, when we first crossed the equator, viz: "never to eat brown bread when we could get white, unless we preferred the brown; and never to kiss the maid, if we could kiss the mistress, unless we liked the maid best." Unless these gentle-

men have been sworn by old Neptune, and really mean to do nothing in the way of direct trade from the South, they should resolve always to kiss the maid and eat brown bread, whether they liked it or not, and commence trading on their own bottoms.

When we say that the South, might, in a few years, and with no other means than individual enterprise, share with Baltimore and Philadelphia, her just quota of direct trade, we do not include as any portion of it, that great influx of European commerce, which the packet ships pour into the New York market. But this will not satisfy the South. Her vaulting ambition craves something more than the grasping hand of New York has left to Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia. The commercial grandeur and prosperity of that city, have long attracted her attention. In view of the growing importance and immense advantages of its trade, she has become restive, and would now fain rouse up into a bold and honorable emulation her lethargic spirit of commerce. But in essaying to divert any part of the packet trade into a new channel, the southern merchants must do more than hold conventions merely to take the sailor's oath, to resolve and re-resolve to meet again.

How artificial soever the present course of trade through New York may at first sight appear, it has settled down into regular channels. In attempting to divert it from these channels, by re-opening the natural ones, or creating others, the South, before she proceeds to the undertaking, should perfectly understand the nature of every obstacle to the scheme, in order that she may take her own measures, and be fully prepared to meet and overcome every difficulty as it presents itself. She will find in New York a formidable competitor, if this city have not already reached that point of commercial grandeur which brooks no rivalry. It were well therefore to examine into the causes, which have turned the balance of trade so greatly in favor of New York, and to show by what means that city attained and maintains her commercial supremacy over all other ports in the United States. From this examination, some clue may be gained, to the only means by which the South may reasonably hope to become possessed of similar advantages. If, looking at the present, we refer to the past for information, we will be struck with the fact that commerce has dwindled away at the South, only to flourish the more at the North. If we go a step further, and attempt to trace to its origin, the cause which was adequate to such an effect, we may discover it in the circumstance, that at the South, planting was found most profitable; but at the North, commerce and navigation. Therefore the South grew the cotton, and the North carried it to market. And up to this time, each section has followed the course which circumstances rendered most expedient; and each in its favorite pursuit has taken the lead of all other countries.

Availing herself of the invention of Eli Whitney, the former, by means of the cotton-gin, has, within the last forty years, increased her annual production of cotton from some two or three thousand bales to 1,700,000; while the latter, stimulated by the enterprise of her sons, and the increasing demands of trade has built up a commercial marine, which whitens every sea, and carries the products of American industry into all ports open to her flag.

der the seal of the state department, put on board the New York packets, to be delivered by the captains into his hands. Hence the "consular letter bag."

But of late years, instead of being sealed in the state department at Washington, the consular letter bag has been made up in the New York post office. All who have the *entree* there, and wish to save their correspondents the extra postage paid on ship letters, contrive to cheat the captain of this perquisite, by mailing in the consular bag. Thus it has swelled from a small package, into a No. 1 canvass sack of very portly dimensions. The packet captains found, that the increasing size of this sack affected letter money, somewhat as distance does gravitation; their receipts on account of the latter decreasing, not as the *squares*, but as the size of the bag, increased. On a recent occasion, the consular bag being more than usually large, and the number of English two-pences for letter money unusually great, the captain did not find out the mistake, until he discovered, that, by a mere Yankee accident, the consular letter bag had found its way into the Liverpool post office, instead of the consul's hands. The minister in London and the consul in Liverpool paid up, for the first time, the ship postage with a bad grace, for their complaints were heard in Washington, and Mr. Secretary Forsyth ventured to write the unlucky captain Harris a severe reprimand for his want of patriotism in not sacrificing his time and his two-pences to save those functionaries a few shillings. How the twenty-five cents per sheet, now levied by the steam-ships, and twelve and a half cents by the packets, will go down in Washington, we shall in due time find out.

Some are of opinion, that the establishment of packets was a natural consequence of the course of trade: but we think this a mistaken view of the subject; and certainly, when the project of sailing on the same day of each month, full or empty, was first broached, it was generally thought a piece of mere Quixotism. Many were the half cargoes of turpentine and cotton from New York, and salt and coals from Liverpool, which the owners, for many years, were compelled to ship on their own account, in the face of almost certain loss, in order to be ready for the appointed time of sailing. Moreover, the packets were in operation two years, before they got any decided preference from passengers. But now they serve as the *passenger train*, on the great highway between the old world and the new. The officers of the British army in Canada, and the merchants of British America, think of no other route both for coming from and going to the mother country. Merchants and travellers from the South and West, from Havana, Mexico and the West Indies, make them the great thoroughfare to England and all parts of Europe. Always sailing at their stated times, full or empty, business men began to calculate with certainty on their departure and arrival; the effect of which, in a short time, was to make New York a greater depot for produce and manufactures, and a place of resort for merchants and passengers: so that there is now less difficulty in obtaining cargoes for twelve ships per month, each of three or four times the capacity of the original liners, than there was in filling up the *Amity*, or the *James Monroe*. Thus, New York now carries on a trade in her foreign packets alone of twenty-four of their cargoes per month, equal to 17,000 tons, and sufficient to give constant employment to 140 ships of the size of those which commenced the Havre line.

Independent of these, the fleets of home packets that are continually plying in and out of New York, must carry something to and fro: and it is well known, they keep up an active trade. Their regularity procures them also a preference over other vessels, for freight and passage. Their profits arise from the frequency of their trips and low freights, rather than from large freights and few trips. And, as they have their regular days of sailing, on which they must go, they sometimes carry at a very low rate; and this low rate of itself often induces shipments to and from New York, which otherwise would not be made. Owing to this circumstance, copper ore is sent from Cuba to England via New York; iron ore from New Jersey, and many other articles, which but for the packets, would never have been sent to the New York market.

Their *packet* character gives them another advantage over transient vessels; owing to which the Liverpool packets sail without the expense of ballast, and afford their whole capacity for the transportation of merchandise. Some of them have a standing contract, to carry the copper ores of Cuba, whenever offered, at a fixed rate of freight, which is very low. Others have a similar contract for iron ores from the United States. When these are wanting, the extensive market of New York always affords other heavy articles, such as turpentine and the like, which serve in the place of ballast. The same thing occurs at Liverpool: weighty articles of merchandise to ballast the ship are always to be had there, and which will more than pay for the mere expense of taking in and discharging.

Thus we have shown how the packets, by their occasional low rates of freight, *insure* shipments, and are the means of exchanging many products, which without them would continue dead capital. Instance the Virginia and New York packets, which bring firewood when no freight can be had; the Savannah line, which brings cotton for less than a dollar a bale, and the New Orleans, a vast variety of merchandise, that never would have been sent to New York except for the extremely low freight. By such influences as these, exerted upon commerce in various ways, the packets are daily drawing New York nearer and nearer into the exact focus of foreign and domestic trade.

The facilities to transportation, continually presented by the speed and regularity in the sailing of the packets, caused many goods to be shipped to New York, which were intended for other cities, and oftentimes for foreign markets. These, the home packets and traders are ever ready to receive, and convey to their point of destination. So convenient have the packets become in this respect, that the merchants of Philadelphia and Boston are now in the habit of ordering large quantities of their merchandise, purchased in England, to be shipped in the New York liners. For the same reason, merchants from other cities, which but for the packets, would import directly, have found the most convenient channel for a large portion of their French and English trade, to be through New York. Thus, that city has become an entrepot for English and other goods—a repository for all the great staples of the South, and a mart in which the merchandise of the North is bartered for the produce of the South.

It frequently occurs, that several houses in Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, Mobile, or New Orleans, send each, large orders to England, for the shipment of merchandise. Not having bottoms of their own, the importation must therefore be made by some vessel al-

ready there. The orders are given without any concert at home, neither is there any between their agents abroad. And though the orders together call for a large cargo, those from the same house, or even from the same city, to any one agent, may not be sufficient to complete the cargo of a ship "up" for the very place. The goods have been purchased and are ready for shipment; the transient vessels advertising for freight, have no fixed day for sailing: that depends on their success in making up a cargo, which may be to-day, to-morrow, or ten days hence—the New York packets are sailing regularly once or twice a week; and home packets or coasters, are plying daily from New York to the place for which the goods are intended; the orders are pressing; *time is money*; consequently the shipments are made in the New York liners. The importer, by directing his goods to be thus shipped, knows beforehand when and by what vessel to expect them. In all of which the merchant finds his advantage. Besides the punctuality with which his orders are met and his importations made, he finds that the packets, by their "floating policies of insurance," offer another inducement to shippers, which transient vessels do not. By these policies, insurance in New York is effected, by the mere act of shipment, upon all goods shipped by the packets, and that too at a *lower* rate than is generally charged by other vessels.

These various operations have made New York the place of remittance to England. Hence, the heavy transactions there in foreign exchange. And these transactions, and their influence on trade exerted in favor of the packets, have made that city the London of America, and Wall street its Lombard street. Of her forty-eight packet ships to England and France, New York, during the boisterous weather of last winter, presented the rare spectacle of only one at her wharves, the value of those on the seas being estimated at twenty millions of dollars.*

Ever since the establishment of packets, New York has been gradually swallowing up the commerce of Philadelphia and Boston with England. We have seen that their merchants now make large importations through New York. Twenty years ago, and there were almost as many ships sailing from Boston, as from New York, to Liverpool. But if one ship sailed last year from that port to Liverpool, it is more than we know. British ships too are almost entirely thrown out of the trade from New York to Liverpool. In the months of December, 1837, and January and February, 1838, fifteen packets, and about as many transient vessels, sailed for Liverpool, but not one English vessel, though freights at this time were twenty-five or thirty per cent. higher than usual.

If then the direct trade of the enterprising cities of Boston and Philadelphia have been so much crippled in their contest for its advantages with New York, on something like equal terms, and before she possessed the facilities which she now enjoys from her packet system and extended commercial relations, what may the agricultural South expect to accomplish by her commercial conventions, which meet to *resolve* and not to *act*?

Such have been the effects, and such is the tendency of the packets on the trade of New York and the commerce of the United States; though some may say that the packet system has been the effect, rather than the cause of increased trade, and this may be true to a

limited extent. But none can deny that the packets, with their regularity, have been found to be a great improvement in the old system of commerce. They are to transient vessels what canals are to turnpike roads. And the packets, like canals, have rather led, or directed, than followed trade.

It may also be urged, that the packets were established from New York, because she had more capital than the other large cities. Were this true of the city, which we much doubt, it was not true of her Quakers; for, it is generally believed that they, when they established the first liners, had a loan from a Quaker house in Liverpool, the agents for that line. Besides, Philadelphia had the Bank of the United States: so that in banking capital, New York was her inferior.

The accessibility of the port may be urged as another reason. But in that respect, Norfolk is far her superior. A thorough examination into cause and effect will convince any candid mind, that it was the noble scheme of the enterprising Friend, Jeremiah Thompson, which made New York the packet port, the emporium of trade, and the centre of negotiation for these United States.

The practical solution of the Atlantic steam problem, by facilitating intercourse alone, will tend greatly to increase at home the power of New York, and to extend abroad her commercial sway. But let the success of Atlantic steam ships meet the just expectations of their most sanguine friends, many and great improvements must be made in the generation and application of steam, before this subtle means of navigation can compete with canvass, in the carrying trade of the ocean. For a long time to come, the steam packets must rely for their profits mainly on the transportation of passengers, small parcels, and letters.

The number of these parcels will rapidly increase. They will consist mostly of light and costly articles of merchandise, such as the demands of fashion and the change of seasons are continually calling for. If one merchant receive by steam ship the latest fashions and newest patterns from France and England, all the merchants of the same city, in self-defence, must do the same, or lose their run of custom. It is to this circumstance—to the advantages of the most rapid communication, that we wish to call the attention of those who have the will and the means to open a direct trade from the South. The trade of Bristol, like that of the South, has dwindled down into a mere skeleton of its former greatness. She has made a bold effort, and sent out her splendid steam ships, to invite commerce again to her wharves, and recover back to her piers the rich argosies of her merchants. In the example of that ancient city, let the South get understanding.

The plan talked of at the South, of sending their vessels, dragging along at uncertain periods, after foreign trade, must signally fail in the present stage of commerce. The South has not the market of the North to receive, nor the fleets of packets of New York to distribute her return, or to collect her outward cargoes; for she must have something more for commerce than raw cotton, tobacco, tar, pitch, and turpentine. The force of her own habits is against her; and to succeed in gaining her portion of direct trade, she must, as we have before said, go vigorously to work, and carry on the heat of the contest, not with the bulky trader, as might have been done twenty years ago, but with the crack liners of the present day.

* See newspapers of the day.

The packets that have been lost during the twenty years' existence of the various lines, are as follows :

In the Liverpool line—the Albion, captain Williams, on the coast of Ireland; forty-three lives lost: the Amity and the Nestor, both on Long Island, by captain Pease; no lives lost: the Liverpool, on her first voyage, on an ice-berg; crew and passengers saved in boats: the Panther, on the Welsh coast; no lives lost: the George Canning, on the New Jersey shore; no lives lost.

In the London line—The Crisis,* never heard of; supposed to have been lost in the ice: the Sovereign, on the New Jersey shore; no lives lost.

In the Havre Line—The De Rham, captain Weiderholt, on Long Island: the Louis, captain Macy, on the New Jersey shore: the Paris, captain Robinson, near Barfleur; and the Francis Depau, captain Robinson, almost within the piers of the harbor of Havre. The loss of the first two was attributed to negligence on the part of the pilots. No lives were lost in any of them.

If it be recollected, that no vessels that traverse the ocean crowd canvass as the packets do; that these various lines cross the Atlantic once every thirty hours, or two hundred and eighty-eight times a year; that they have been running twenty years; that they have carried to and fro not less than 200,000 persons; and that, of that number, and within that time only two shipwrecks have occurred with loss of life, the safety of the packets compared with railroads, steamboats and stages, will appear wonderful. The navigation of the packets calls on the captain for the sailor's best skill and judgment, and on the crew for untiring vigilance.

But if the packets, as we have seen, have operated to the aggrandizement of New York, placing the commercial sceptre of America firmly within her grasp, they have, in other respects, had tendencies of a more general character. In improving naval architecture, they have done much; and in increasing the commerce of the United States, they have done more. In a national point of view, the Thompsons, the Wrights, and Marshall—all of whom, except Marshall, have been gathered to their fathers—are, with their packet ships, scarcely less of public benefactors, than Fulton and Whitney were with their steamboats and cotton-gins.

The influence which the packets have had in naval architecture, is scarcely less important than that which they have exercised in the trade of New York. They, more than other ships, continually called for a combination of capacity to carry, with other qualities no less requisite—speed among the foremost. Constant efforts to produce such combination have effected wonders in ship building, and have adorned our commercial marine with the finest specimens of naval architecture known on the ocean.

In all improvements common to the two, the commercial has taken the lead far ahead of the naval marine of the United States. In the introduction of chain cables; in the economical substitution of iron for hempen cordage, as slings, ties, trusses, sheets and the like; in the modelling of ships, and in the masting and sparring of them, the former have invariably shown the way to public vessels. So far from taking the lead in all such improvements, the navy has lagged behind, and in many instances has actually been "whipped in."

In the introduction of cotton canvass, the South acted

* The Crisis was merely a temporary packet.

as "whipped in;" but generally the officers, not in the navy department, by their united voice, have performed this office.

In the use of steam, the navy is far behind the times. The most skilful of all nations with the commercial steamboat, it is not a little remarkable that the government of the United States should be groping behind all the maritime nations of Europe in the department of steam. Those who of late years have had control over the affairs of the navy, have shown an inertness on this subject, which true patriots cannot comprehend, and which intelligent officers heartily condemn. Present prospects are not much brighter than the past. The advocates of steam for maritime warfare have no cause of gratulation on account of recent changes in the navy department; for it is asserted, and we believe with truth, that the present head of that department is deplorably unenlightened on the subject, and therefore bitterly opposed to steam men-of-war. Must we be whipped into the use of steam also? We pray God, it be not by a voice louder than officers can give, stronger and more dreadful than the South can utter.

Any attempt on the part of a junior officer to invent improvements, or to introduce those of others, single handed, has been frowned down at once. In way of illustration, we might here instance the case of a young officer, who referred to the proper head, the plan of an instrument invented by him to facilitate the finding of longitude by lunar observations. It was referred to the board of navy commissioners, who, although it was founded on mathematical principle, condemned it as a piece of "hardihood," because, forsooth, the materials (those of all the nice nautical, and astronomical instruments,) were liable to expansion by heat, and contraction by cold. Such is the spirit that keeps the *materiel* of the navy behind the times; that has caused so many abortions, and occasionally produces things, instead of ships for the service.

With regard to every improvement concerning ships, ship-building or navigation, if the packets are not the first to present it to the world, they are the foremost to copy and to give it currency.

In the days of the Thompsons, it was thought necessary to put a new ship into the "line" every eight years. But this arose more from the desire to improve and build larger, than from actual necessity on account of wear. It is thought, that the "liners" which are now new, may be continued in the "line" for twelve or fourteen years with perfect safety; for there is a point in size, speed, and accommodation, (and they have nearly reached it,) beyond which it will not soon be expedient to go.

For many years, the old ships of the Liverpool were taken into the London line. But the practice is now discontinued, and within the last four or five years this line has been fitted out with twelve elegant new ships of about 650 tons, and receives as it deserves a larger share of public patronage than formerly. The passengers in it are landed and embarked at Portsmouth.

In the packets of 1818, the ladies' cabin was in the stern of the ship. The first innovation upon this, was made in the James Cropper in 1822, which was fitted with a centre house, and storm house over the wheel. Old sailors have ever had a prejudice to "top hampers;" and it was thought by many of them, the height

of absurdity to lumber up the decks of so fine a ship with such *stuff*. Those ships were sharper, and did not carry as many bales of cotton as the packets of 1838, in proportion to their tonnage, though a bale of cotton is much larger now than it was then; its size having increased in the ratio of four to three. In 1822, the freight going, was to the freight returning, as seven to eight; the usual amount of freight from Liverpool being about £800, and from New York £700. Until the present time freights from Liverpool have always been higher than from New York. In no one instance did the freights ever exceed £1400, till 1834-5, and subsequently.

The packets of the "Dramatic Line," (a new line to Liverpool, in opposition to the old, or "Black Ball Line,") have no cabin below, but a long poop cabin, reaching nearly to the mainmast. Old sailors are against all such innovations. But, notwithstanding, experiment has proven this to be an excellent arrangement; for, without affecting a ship's sailing, her safety, or her behavior as a sea-boat, it gives her the advantage of a larger cargo, secures it more effectually from damage, and protects the passengers from the "ship's smell" and other odors compounded of sulphur, hydrogen, and all the "what nots" of a ship's hold, which are so offensive to "*petticoats*" and invalids.

The difference between the packets of 1818 and 1838, most obvious to landsmen, may be found in the size and cabins of the latter. The size, in some instances, is more than treble, and in all, the cabins are more commodious, and much more extravagantly furnished and found. Barn-yards, cow-houses, soda-fountains, ice-houses and the like, are as indispensable to the packets now, as a jib was to Van Tromp.*

For a long time, the chief object of English merchant builders seems to have been (not to mention the effect of the old absurd way of measuring tonnage,) to construct ships with a view alone to their carrying, regardless of their beauty or sailing. Whereas, the ship builder on this side of the water, has made these the very elements by which he constructs his model, and lays out in such admirable proportions the length, breadth, and depth of his ship.

Were packets of 700 or 800 tons to be built now on the model of the *Amity*, or any of her sister ships, known as the *old packets*, they would draw eighteen feet water or more; they would not carry as much as the packets now do by at least one-fourth. The "*Oxford's*" register is 752 tons; her usual draft of water, when going to sea, is fifteen feet: never more than sixteen feet. She draws less water, and carries five or ten per cent. more cargo to her tonnage than the "*Independence*," and is said to out-sail even that celebrated "*liner*," except in light winds and smooth water. She will carry more cargo to her tonnage than almost any other vessel of the same depth of hold, and with knees, beams, and

keelson of the same size, that has been built even for the express purpose alone of carrying.

The *Oxford*, *Cambridge* and *Burgundy*, and all the ships of the "Dramatic Line" have deep keels, enormous keelsons, flat bottoms, and a large hanging knee under each beam. Their timbers are not so large, perhaps, as the timbers in the old packets; but the difference in this respect is fully compensated by their improved models, by the increased thickness of the planking and ceiling, and by improved methods in fastening. All of these models sail nearly on an even keel, trimming perhaps five or six inches by the stern.

The "opposition" between the "Black Ball" and "Dramatic Line" is very active. Coming and going, they steam to sea, and steam into port, and steam wherever a steamer can be had. They are said sometimes to have thirty or forty men before the mast, and to carry watering engines to wet their sails in dry weather and moderate breezes. Such competition is but the incentive to ingenuity, and leads on to improvement.

Speaking of the improvements introduced of late years in the packets, a gentleman in New York, who is now and has been in the packet business from its commencement, (for many years himself a master,) writes as follows:

"During my being in the line, from 1822 to 1832, I do not think the models of the ships were much changed; but they were increased much in size. The general impression then among merchants, and even among nautical men was, that to produce fast sailing it was necessary to build the ships with sharp bottoms, by giving them much *dead rise*, and consequently abridging their carrying qualities. It has been found, however, that our predecessors were altogether mistaken in their notions of gaining speed by *dead rise*: it has such a tendency to increase the draft of water, as to produce no speed. It was no uncommon occurrence for a ship of 400 tons to have, in those days, twenty-six inches *dead rise*. The present models are altogether changed. Our largest ship, say the *Cambridge*, has about seventeen inches *dead rise*, and were I to build again I would reduce it to twelve inches. The effect of this is to give buoyancy; and with fine ends so as to secure good steering, the ship will evidently go faster through the water. I should not be surprised if this model were to be adopted for vessels of war.

"The packets that have been built during the last few years, are much greater carriers than those formerly built. They are not only larger, but much fuller bodied, caused by less *dead rise*; preserving, however, the same sharpness at each end, and are much *faster* sailers, more comfortable, have less motion, and are much better sea-boats.

"I do not think their timbers so large in proportion, taking into consideration their increased burden and ability, from their peculiar model, to carry much more weight in proportion, without being deep, as ships built ten or fifteen years ago. I have talked much with the builders upon this point, but their defence is (and very justly) the increased fastening—increased number of knees, and much larger—wider keel and keelson—more breast hooks—solid bulwarks about the bows—heavy clamps and bilge pieces—and thicker plank, both for the outside and ceiling, altogether

* We have not within our reach the means of ascertaining the cost of the first Liverpool packet, but it is not probable that it exceeded \$20,000. The recently built packets cost from \$75,000 to \$80,000. Until within a very few years, after a packet had been strained by running, it was customary to take her out of the line, and sell her to the whalers of Nantucket and New Bedford. We have seen many such "blubber hunting" in the Pacific. Thus vessels which were thought no longer safe, or capable of running express on the Atlantic, were found admirably adapted for the perilous voyage of the whaler.

more than compensates for the deficiency in scantling; and another consideration is, that the present model labors and strains less in a heavy sea, than the former ones."

It is unnecessary to add, that every new packet presents some improvement over its predecessor; and that they are always among the first to take hold of any new contrivance, by which power, space, time, or economy is gained.

As in ship building and improvements in the economy of ships, so the packets, if not before, are certainly not a whit behind public vessels in the use of the best and most improved nautical instruments. The day has not long been gone by when chronometers were a mystery in the navy, and midshipmen were told that longitude was a secret with which they had nothing to do. But those times are history, and we hope a brighter era is dawning upon the navy. By a wonderful stretch of liberality, vessels of war are now allowed to have *libraries* on board, (if a row of twenty or thirty works may be called a library,) and the library of one ship is a duplicate of all the rest. By this judicious arrangement, all ships are furnished with copies of the same books, just as every boatwain's store-room is with the same sized blocks, number of coils of "two inch stuff," &c. When these wear out, they are replaced by duplicates, so that the libraries contain the same works now they did twenty years ago.

"Barometers and chronometers," says a well known packet captain, "were used in 1818, when I first entered the line. I also used a sympiesometer for the last ten years, and have the highest opinion of its utility, preferring it to the barometer." Barometers are to be found on board some of the public vessels: sympiesometers in none. We are credibly informed, that the only two of these useful little instruments in the navy, belong to the Exploring Expedition.

The shortest distance between Sandy Hook and Liverpool, is 2887 nautical miles—not allowing for the oblateness of the earth as a spheroid—which would make the distance a little less. The shortest line that can be drawn between the two places is represented on the annexed chart, by the dotted curve B, passing from Sandy Hook through New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Ireland, to Liverpool. But the route traced by this curve is of course impracticable to the navigator, and therefore that is his nearest route which admits of the least deviation from this curve.

If it be borne in mind that the shortest distance, between any two places on the surface of a sphere, is the arc of the great circle intercepted between them, it will appear obvious to our mathematical readers, why the *course* or line of bearing between them is *circultous*, and therefore is not the shortest distance.

When a vessel sails on a direct line of bearing from one place to another, (unless both places be on the equator, or on the same meridian,) she describes a section of a loxodromic curve, which may be defined as a spiral that makes constant angles with all meridians. But when she sails on the arc of a great circle, and performs the shortest distance, she continually changes her course, and passes over every meridian at different angles. Thus, a vessel which should sail the shortest route from Sandy Hook to Liverpool, would leave Sandy Hook by steering N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. When she reached lati-

tude $54^{\circ} 48'$, she would be steering E., and when she made Liverpool, her course would be E. by S. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. The distance by such a route would be one hundred and eleven nautical, or one hundred and twenty-eight, statute miles less than the distance on the line of bearing.

To illustrate more strikingly: a degree of longitude on the latitudinal parallel, say, of 70° South, is $20\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Suppose a vessel in longitude 0° on this parallel, to be bound to longitude, 180° on the same parallel; if she sail but one course, she must steer either east or west, and sail three thousand six hundred and ninety miles. But if she could sail on the meridian of the place by steering south, passing over the pole, then steering north, and thus describe an arc of a great circle, she would arrive at her point of destination after having sailed only two thousand four hundred instead of three thousand six hundred and ninety miles.

The packets, with which time is speed, distance, wind, and everything, have given this principle in the science of navigation a value which the navigator hitherto has seldom allowed to enter into his calculations of "course and distance." Steamboats can better avail themselves of it, and no doubt will render it an element in calculation, whenever the chart shall be spread for the course to be laid out upon it. The boat which shall shape her course always on the arc of a great circle, will thus, without any advantage of speed, accident, or fortune, in her favor, gain four per cent. of the distance between New York and Liverpool, over her competitors, that shall not take into account the difference between distance by a certain curve and by a straight line on the chart. To exemplify this, we have marked off the track of the Great Western on her trip to New York in April. It appears by her "log," that of the fifteen days passage to New York, she had but three days of easterly wind; and that she sailed on this route three thousand two hundred and twenty-three miles. Whereas, after having taken "departure," if, instead of standing to the southward and westward, she had steered to the northward and westward so as to make Cape Clear; then keeping on, or to the north of the curve C, she had made Sable island, and shaped her course thence by the south shoal of Nantucket, she would have shortened her distance two hundred and sixty miles, and might have arrived in New York at least a day and a half sooner: the distance from Bristol by this route being only two thousand nine hundred and sixty-four miles, instead of three thousand two hundred and twenty-three.

The average time for packet passage between New York and Liverpool is twenty-three days going, and thirty-five coming; while between New York and Havre it is twenty-four out and forty-four in. Havre is but one hundred and forty-five miles further than Liverpool: the distance from New York to each being measured on the arcs of great circles. But owing to obstruction, by the interposition of land on the shortest line, the difference between the distances practical in navigation is less than one hundred and forty-five miles. Yet this excess of distance, while it requires only one more day on the passage out, prolongs the homeward bound passage nine days! A cause which, of itself, is by no means adequate to such an effect. The explanation must be sought elsewhere; and we think it

may be found in the route pursued by the Havre packets on their inward bound passage.

Ships from the north of Europe or from Havre are too apt, when they come out of the English channel with a leading wind, to shape their course by the line of bearing of their homeward bound port; when no vessel coming out of the English channel should ever be found to the south of the dotted curve D; no odds what be her port of destination in the United States, whether in Maine or Georgia, or any of the intermediate states, she has no business to the south or east of this line, unless she be driven there by adverse winds.

The doctrine, that a vessel bound from Havre de Grace in latitude $49^{\circ} 30'$ to Charleston in latitude $32^{\circ} 50'$, and longitude $79^{\circ} 48'$, should not only go further to the north than her "departure," but actually continue to the north of it, until she has made 32° of longitude, will, we are aware, appear paradoxical to many old sailors: but the route to the north of this line to New York presents two advantages over what is called the "southern route;" for by the latter the distance is not only greatly increased, but the passage is frequently prolonged in consequence of head winds and calms.

The prevalent winds across the Atlantic, from the parallel of latitude 45° or 50° , to the northern limits of the "trades," are westerly, while above this parallel to the north, they are more variable and less constant from the west. The converse of this is eminently the case in high southern latitudes. The experience of all navigators in the southern seas goes to confirm the fact, that while for many degrees beyond the southern limits of the south-east trades, the prevalent winds have westing in them, to the south of these the winds blow almost constantly from the east. The westerly winds that most prevail to the south of the parallel of 45° or 50° , of north latitude, are no doubt counter-currents in the atmosphere, by which the breezes, that have once served to sweep the north-east trades along, are returned in eddies, to be ready in their turn to serve again as "trades." Consequently, if a vessel from Havre bound to New York keep to the north of her course, she is the more likely to meet with favorable winds.

The Liverpool packets in their northern passage do this, and although they have with regard to the distance to be sailed, but six or eight hours in their favor, they make a difference, in the average time of passage, of nine days; and they gain by the northern passage in three ways, viz: in distance, in wind, and in currents. The set of the gulf stream is said to reach into the Bay of Biscay. The Liverpool packet, on her northern passage, avoids the effect of this, (however feeble,) while the Havre packet, on her southern passage, encounters the full force of it. The "log" of the "Great Western" shows that in her first trip, (the track of which is laid down on the annexed chart,) she encountered south-easterly currents, which in the whole distance set her back one hundred and seventy-five miles.*

When the Liverpool packet puts to sea with the wind from the south or south-west, she should straightway make a fair wind of it, by running out through

the North channel; the distance from Liverpool to Sable island, and consequently to New York, through the North channel, being only twenty-five miles greater than the distance to the same points by the south coast of Ireland. Besides the advantage which she derives, by thus making a fair wind of a head one, she has the additional advantage of being further to the north, and consequently more chances of meeting with favorable winds.

The probabilities of a quick passage to New York, for a vessel sailing out of Havre or Liverpool with a head wind, are greatly increased by her standing off on the larboard tack, after she has cleared the land; even should the wind be so as to allow her to lay up on the starboard tack two or three points nearer to the direct line of bearing of her port, the other tack is to be preferred on account of distance, and the probability of favorable winds. The northern should be preferred as the homeward passage at all seasons of the year, unless with a leading breeze, except perhaps in April; May and June, when the winter has broken up, and so made the route dangerous on account of icebergs and floating fields of ice.

By an inspection of the annexed chart, it will be seen that the gulf stream describes in its course almost exactly the section of a great circle, such as the dotted curve D represents; and that all vessels bound out of Boston, or any port from the south of it, to England or to Europe, must pass to the south of Sable island, on account of the obstacles and dangers to the north of it. And furthermore, (the dotted curve D showing the shortest distance between any point on it and the Gulf of Florida,) that the nearest route for all vessels coming out of the Gulf of Mexico, through the Gulf of Florida, or from any port on the Atlantic coast of the United States, and bound to England, or to France on the Atlantic, or anywhere through the English channel, to the north of Europe, is down the gulf stream, and to the west and north of this curve.

If vessels could sail on any course without regard to wind, this curve would represent the extreme eastern and southern limits of navigation for all traders (always excepting those to the Peninsula or Mediterranean,) bound from the United States, or coming out through the Gulf of Florida, to England and all parts of Europe. The tracks of all vessels in the navigation of this route, would be convergent as far as the longitude of Sable island; entering into the narrow limits between this island and the curve D, as into a lock, their course would lie between C and D, which may be considered as a grand canal across the Atlantic, along which the richest products of the earth are carried. This at all times is the best route for steamers.

The curve C represents the northern, and D the southern limits of this commercial canal. New York is situated on the margin of it, commanding its resources, and exacting tribute from all who travel upon it. The ships from the South, without going much out of their way to the great European markets, can call there as at a nearer market; or touch there to complete, tranship, or commute their cargoes.

It is not a little remarkable, that the nearest route to Liverpool, from Charleston and from New York, should be, for more than two-thirds of the way, exactly in the same track on the curve C. And Charleston, or the

* The log shows that sometimes her latitude and longitude, per observation, are in advance of the "dead reckoning," and vice versa. When these two, without any apparent cause, are found to differ much, such difference is usually ascribed by navigators to currents.

South, in attempting to *force* a direct trade with Europe, has many difficulties in her way. The advantage of ships, of seamen, the force of custom, and the example of trade, besides exchanges, and the various influences that follow in the train of commerce, with commerce herself, are all in favor of New York.

Those who first established the packets, have placed New York on a commercial eminence, and put a sceptre in her hand, which she delights to hold; and she will neither come down from the one, nor surrender the other, until the balance of trade be lost to her ships. The plying of steamboats across the Atlantic will but make more absolute her sway over the commerce of the United States; for, besides making New York the channel of direct communication with England, both by letter and in person, they will further aggrandize that city in her commercial importance by bringing bills on America into the English market, and setting on foot a regular system of exchange with this country, similar to that between England and all parts of Europe. And New York will be the centre of negotiation for all these bills.

If the South would take away this sceptre and divide commerce with the North, she must be prodigal of her wealth, and attempt boldly—for the odds against her are fearful. The contest now cannot be carried on under sail, ship against ship; New York has become too skilful in the manœuvres of her fleets—too powerful and too swift in the chase with her packets. She must be attacked in her high places, and steam must be the weapon.

Havre is ripe for a steam enterprise across the Atlantic. That town is ready to co-operate with any city in the Union, and no doubt would receive with open arms, a proposition from the South, to run from Norfolk a line of steam packets, which, going and coming, might touch at Portsmouth, as the London packets do, to land and embark passengers. It may be perceived by the chart, that Portsmouth is but a step out of the direct track of a steamer to Havre; and that, by steam, Norfolk is only one hundred and eighty miles further than New York, from either place. But whatever be done, must be done quickly. Without the help of steam, and the improvements of the day, the commerce of the South must continue to dwindle.

The South has taken an honorable lead in Atlantic steam navigation. She it was, who, twenty years ago, sent the first steam vessel across the Atlantic, and thus acted as pioneer to the splendid steam enterprise which is now going into operation with a success that astonishes as much those in the old as it delights those of the new world.

Let the South bring her strong men to the enterprise, and get up, as we have said, her line of splendid steamers to England and France; and let the first blow be aimed to divide with New York the facilities of communication; and then withdraw from her, if she can, a part of the travel, and make the port of Norfolk the centre of exchange for New Orleans and the South. When she has done this, let her throw herself behind her cotton bags, and then with her ships make the gallant stand. And if, after all this, the proud spirit must succumb—if the South must sink into her, so called, vassalage to the North, and be ruined by her tribute to New York, her sons may say of her, as Wirt said of the General Armstrong privateer, "she has graced her fall, and made her ruin glorious."

WINTER.

I.

Spring is the time for joy;
For gushing from the heart's deep-welling springs,—
For the first fluttering of the soul's young wings,
Which the long sleep that winter's numbness brings,
Could chill, but not destroy.

II.

Summer's the time for love;
For the full heart to worship and adore—
For the strong river of the spirit to pour
Its flood of praise and gratitude before
The Lord of Heaven above.

III.

And Autumn brings its hour,
To gather in the harvest of the soul;
That peace of mind the world could never dole
To those who bend beneath its bad control,
Or court its withering power.

IV.

But, Winter! who hath sung?
What feelings, what affections in the deep
And hidden fountains of the heart asleep,—
What thoughts that now in frozen channels creep,
Thy power should lend the tongue?

V.

Thy clouds and silent snows,
Wrapping the hills in pall and winding sheet—
Thy whirling storms of wind and driving sleet—
Thy solemn voices where the dark pines meet,
And the keen night-wind blows;

VI.

Thy varied household scenes—
Thy fireside dreams, and the strange visitings
Of mirth and wo—of affluence, that clings
To selfishness—or want, that merrily sings,
Content with scanty means:—

VII.

These, Winter, wake my soul
To look beyond the present, and to view
In the dim future many a sky of blue—
Many a bright field of sunlight, glimmering through
The clouds that backward roll.

VIII.

Then let *thy* voice be—FAITH:
Let spring-time call for joy—Summer for love;
Let Autumn whisper peace, like murmuring dove;
But thou, O Winter, pointest us above,
And bid'st us look through death!

January, 1839.

C. P. C.

LINES, WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

BY CHARLES M. F. DEEMS.

I.

How slowly through the distance break
The sounds that tell the midnight hour!
Time, swiftly hast'ning, seems to speak
His warning from yon distant tower;
And to the sadness of his tale,
The response is the low wind's wail.

II.

But, hark ! it is a funeral chime,—
The passing moments now have led
The youngest child of father Time,
And laid him with the buried dead :
And who will stand upon the verge
Of that deep grave to sing his dirge !

III.

Midnight ! it is that fearful hour,
When, as we learn by nursery lore,
Spirits malign exert their power,
And walk our slumbering planet o'er :
Dark superstition stoops to hear
Their steps, and quakes with restless fear.

IV.

It is a pleasant hour to think,
When all around is calm and still ;
The musing spirit then may drink
At thought's unfailing fount, its fill—
All nature breathes a harmony
That sets the captive spirit free.

V.

Our quiet village wrapt in sleep,
From its still breast gives not a breath,
To tell of those who vigils keep—
But all is calm and still as death.
The breeze, as it sweeps gently by,
Whispers a mournful lullaby.

VI.

How many a young heart beating there,
In airy dreams of pleasure roves,
And freed from waking pain and care,
Hovers around the form it loves ;
Beauty's bright eyes are sealed in sleep,
While Loves around their watching keep.

VII.

Yon mountain range, with lofty top,
Throwing its girdle round our earth ;
The pensive moon, in fullness up,—
To what sweet thoughts do these give birth !
"The milky baldric of the sky,"
Can constant themes of thought supply.

* * * * *

Carlisle, Pa., 1839.

THE SPECTRE HORSEMAN, OF BOSTON.

The evening before the battle of Lexington a strange horseman galloped through the streets of Boston, crying "Woe, woe ! To arms ! to arms !"

Slow sinks the sun o'er Brighton's blooming hills,
And tints with fire the trees—with gold the rills ;
And while the last faint ray of mellow light
Rests on the gray-hair'd mountain's loftier height,
Peals o'er the deep the hoarse-ton'd evening gun,
And loud proclaims the busy day is done.

Now England's banner on the rampart falls,
And bugles echo 'mid the fortress walls ;
While round the flag-staff willing soldiers come,
To speak their presence to the empty drum ;
And now the last wild strain of martial life,
Has rolled away the accursed rank of life.

On yonder common, Boston's noble boast,
Slept on their arms the ever watchful host ;
And round the lines the weary sentry trod,
And thought of home or held commune with God ;
While polar fires lit up the northern sphere,
And glanced on snowy tent and gilded spear.

Night came apace, with darkness deep and long,
And wrapt the city's spires and busy throng ;
In dreadful gloom the streets and alleys slept,
Through which the lone civilian cautious crept ;
While loud and clear the old North's steeple told
The note of time—the night was getting old.

And now the moon, slow rising o'er the wave,
A silver softness to the scenery gave :
Bright glowed the spires—the bay in beauty shone ;
The waves, the set—the isle, the jewel stone—
The dark old man-of-war, a genii king—
The floating skiff, an angel's flashing wing.

The lordly Gage, upon his couch of gold,
Like Montezuma, agonizing rolled ;
Then starting up, and creeping like a mouse
Through the dark chambers of the Province House,
He stept upon the balcony that hung
Above the Royal Arms—when I was young.

And there, his head inclining on his hand,
He mused destruction to a "rebel land."
Thus dreaming o'er the narrow court that lay,
In moonlight glorious as the noon of day,
He hears—he starts—with terror in his eye—
What sound is that ? what means that awful cry ?

Along the street he hears the ring of steel,
As though the pavement felt a courser's heel.
"It is, it is, it nearer, louder comes ;
"And there, the picquets beat their warning drums
"Who can it be ? Such speed denotes surprise !
"Up ! all who love me ! Howe, Burgoyne, arise !"

Onward the horseman spurred his charger white :
Pale was his face—his burnished armor bright ;
A waving plume of raven deck'd his crest,
And the pale moon flashed upon his breast ;
While from his charger's steel-clad hoofs there rolled
The sparks of fire that speak the rider bold.

His look was brighter than the eagle's gaze—
And now before the balcony he stays,
And hollow rings his voice amid the night,
While round him glares a flood of dreadful light ;
His motion up, his words come wild and clear,
And Gage in terror lends a trembling ear :

"On Bunker's Hill the weeping patriot stands,
And prays the God of battles for his shield ;
The rude militia gather round their brands,
And seek to know their duty in the field :
The truant school-boy feels the holy fire,
And asks his rifle from his grey-hair'd sire.

"The blooming daughter bids her brother go
To free his country from a blighting foe ;
The anxious mother o'er her husband bends,
And up to Heaven her prayer for safety sends ;
The plough-boy leaves in furrowed field his team,
And e'en the sick man knows the patriot's dream.

"From sylvan hills to cliffs that line the deep,
The beacon fires like flashing meteors leap;
On earthen mound the patriot banner gleams,
And high o'er all the startled eagle screams;
The powers shall fail who seek to chain the mind—
And whirlwinds they shall reap who sow the wind.

"Woe! woe! to Britain! trembling tyrant hence;
No longer mock ye, with a vain pretence;
This glorious land, by Pilgrims' children trod,
Shall own no master but the living God!
Up all ye drones! ye cankering spirits fly!
Hear while ye may—to-morrow you may die!"

Then couching in its rest his pondrous lance,
He waves his plume and gives a lightning glance:
Down, down the midnight street he holds his way—
Around his charger's heels the lightnings play;
High o'er the house-tops shoots the awful glow,
And faint and fainter rings his cry of woe.

The awe-struck leader stands with list'ning ear;
Before him sweep the mourners and the bier;
Beside him yawns the soldier's hasty grave,
And drums low beat the dead march of the brave.
He starts! o'er western hills the night has curled,
And morning's crimson bathes a waking world.

The night has pass'd—the spectre gone;
And, hark! upon the tented lawn,
From idle lounge and beauty's charms,
The pealing bugles call to arms!
The die is cast—and with the sun
Night sinks on blood-stain'd Lexington.

And who was he, who 'mid the gloom,
Declared the vile oppressors' doom?
Whose armor spake of olden day,
When belted knights held honor's sway?
A spectre he, from noble urn,
The Bruce—the Bruce, of Bannockburn.

Washington, January, 1839.

J. E. D.

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES,

TO THE EDITOR.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

Now the truth of the matter is this, my dear Messenger: Some perhaps much too partial friends, have seen fit to suggest the continuation of those sylvan articles, some seven or eight of which have already appeared in your pages from my pen. They throw in my teeth the following passage from the closing paper of the series, published in your December number, and insist upon my using up my material *instantly*: "A mass of pencilled passages, marked in my books, by numerous *dog's-ears* offer themselves, for quotation," &c. &c. If you agree, I certainly can have no objection, other than the fear of boring the reader beyond his bearing; and so, if he will promise to cry "*oh! jam satis!*" when he finds me "coming it *rather* too strong," as Samivel Veller would say, here goes!

But I shall not confine myself to the forest in this new series of papers. I am "out of the woods," and

shall "hollo" in what vein I choose: discoursing, as freely of the "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing," as I have hitherto done, and shall yet do, of those eloquent "tongues in trees," some of whose teachings I have endeavored to translate, for the benefit of the indulgent reader.

And, by the bye;—did you see that most horrible of horrid puns, in what one "W" has written in the National Intelligencer, about your sylvan correspondent? He intimates that I have raised in his mind the presumption, that I am lineally descended from Titus Oates,—"*because vy?*" Because I have written *Trees-on!* Is not that too bad? *What-a-stone* must have been the heart of the perpetrator of such a pun! But all this, episodically.—*Revenons a moutons.*

Here is a string of the dog's-eared passages alluded to, which were turned down for use, but were not used, in the tree papers. I take them as they present themselves.

1. A LANDSCAPE, FROM POPE.

"See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned,
Here, blushing Flora paints the enamelled ground:
Here, Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand."

2. A NIGHT SKETCH, BY GAY.

"But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Striped of her fading pride all nature mourns.
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost."

3. FROM "THE GRAVE;" BY BLAIR.

"Oh! when my friend and I,
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down,
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid spring has slid along,
In grateful errors, through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love," &c.

4. AN INVOCATION; BY THOMSON.

"Ye woodlands all, awake! A boundless song
Burst from the groves! And when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise!"

5. A PENCIL DRAWING, BY MALLET.

"Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood."

John Dyer, the author of "The Fleece" and "Grongar Hill," is a true sylvan. He worships Pan with the true devotion of an orthodox believer. See!

6. A MOONLIGHT SCENE, IN FIVE LINES.—Dyer.

"When many-colored evening sinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and opposite
Rises, full-orbed, the silver harvest-moon,
To light the unwearied farmer, late afield,
His scattered sheaves collecting," &c.

7. A GLIMPSE FROM GRONGAR HILL.—Dyer.

"Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,

The yellow birch, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs."

8. THOMAS WARTON SAYS:

"Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees.
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean (?) never sere,
Towers distinguished from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter-vest."

9. THUS LANGHORNE:

"Has fair Philosophy thy love?
Away! she lives in yonder grove!
If the sweet Muse thee pleasure gives,
With her, in yonder grove, she lives!
And if Religion claim thy care,
Religion, fled from books, is there;
For first from Nature's works we drew
Our knowledge, and our virtue too!"

This should have been selected as the standing motto of "the tree papers." So apt!

Here is a fine passage, from "The Village Curate," a poem by James Hurdis, an English poet, who died in 1801.

10. A BOOK TO READ.—Hurdis.

"——Let us read

The living page, whose every character
Delights, and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new
Something to please, and something to instruct."

11. A PRETTY SIMILE.—Hurdis.

"But mark, with what peculiar grace yon wood,
That clothes the weary steep, waves in the breeze
Her sea of leaves!"

12. THE TRUE WOOD-FEELING.—Hurdis.

"How peaceable and solemn a retreat,
This wood affords! I love to quit the glare
Of sultry day, for shadows cool as these:
The sober twilight of this winding way
Leta fall a serious gloom upon the mind,
Which checks, but not appals. Such is the haunt
Religion loves,—a meek and humble maid,
Whose tender eye bears not the blaze of day."

"The farmer boy" was a true poet of nature. Hear him!

13. WOODLAND CONTENTMENT.—Bloomfield.

"Welcome silence! welcome peace!
Oh! most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief,
While rapture's gushing tears descend,
That every tree and every leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

"I would not, for a world of gold,
That Nature's lovely face should tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold!
Pure source of intellectual fire!"

Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquickened midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life!

"Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn,—that fields, and woods will cloy:
From Nature, and her changes, flow
An everlasting tide of joy!
I grant, that summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night,—
But both shall please,—and each, in turn,
Yield reason's most supreme delight.

"Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To rural gods,—or, prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
That one Great Spirit governs all.
Oh Heaven! permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;
And those, who from life's tumult fly,
With kindred feelings press my grave!"

There's "the baker's dozen!" Perhaps I will give you another batch, (to continue the metaphor,) hereafter. At present, I have a word or two of my own to say to you.

You may remember that the article you did me the honor to publish in your December number was dated at Newburyport, in the state of Massachusetts. I had intended to say something therein of that most beautiful of spots, but feared to tire the reader's patience. It is my native town, and rich, in my estimation, with a thousand treasured recollections. Beautifully situated upon the banks, and near the mouth, of one of the loveliest of American rivers, the Merrimack, down towards the margin of which it slopes gently, it affords a fine view from the river of its regularly laid out streets, and handsome buildings. It is about a mile in length, with a pretty and populous village adjoining it on each extremity, through all of which for some miles extends a wide street, bordered with fine old elms and sycamores, some of which are of enormous growth, and most affluent profusion of foliage. The upper side of this long street is the highest part of the town, and forms the summit of the hill upon which the whole is laid out, amphitheatrically. This ridge is chiefly occupied with dwelling houses of tasteful architecture, surrounded by verdant parks, and ample gardens, with an abundance of trees. There is a beautiful public common upon this street, in the rear of which, deep sunken in the midst of a circular range of hills, is a little lake, famous in that vicinity as the skating ground, for more than one century, of more than four generations. While I was enjoying my late visit to these scenes of my childhood, I derived much enhancement of that enjoyment from watching the progress of an improvement then going on, upon the margin of this mimic lake, which was peculiarly gratifying to my feelings and my taste. They were extending the promenade in front entirely round the pond, so as to take in the entire amphitheatre of hills, as a part of the common. This done, the citizens were called on, each who might wish to do so, to set out, his favorite tree upon the newly laid out grounds. The call was responded to with prompt alacrity, and ere I left the

banks of the Merrimack, the whole of the new promenade was lined with a double row of thrifty young trees, each planted by individuals, to be cherished as the legacy of one generation to another. This may be called the true *practice* of what your "tree" correspondent has so long been *preaching*. May the preaching and practice alike increase! There certainly is need enough of both, in this delightful, wonderful, matter-of-fact country of ours!

Adieu for another month!

J. F. O.

BEAUTY.

WRITTEN FOR MISS EMILY S.—Y.

"Where is Beauty? where?"

Earth's thousand voices cried;
And an answer, mute, filled earth and air,
From nature, far and wide.

The Alpine flower sprang up
High, in the cleft rock's side,
And the tulip lifted her gorgeous cup
By the dahlia—Tyrian-dyed.

And rose with graceful care
Unveil'd her glowing breast—
Gems of the morning glittering there—
Like a maid for bridal dress.

"Where is Beauty? where?"
Cried echo from her cell;
And the forest wav'd, and the streamlet there
In a silvery cascade fell.

The light clouds, floating high,
Threw shadows o'er the green;
And an unseen hand drew out on high
The bow of tinted sheen.

The setting sun-beams threw
On earth a livelier tinge,
And the clouds of a royal-purple hue
Were edged with a golden fringe.

Then autumn's wondrous wand
Touch'd forest, hill and sky,
And sky and hill and forest land
Did glow most gorgeously.

"Where is Beauty? where?"
Earth's eager ones still cried;
And the lover with exulting air
Led forth his beauteous bride.

The mother gazed with joy
On the babe at her breast that lay,
And glanc'd at the shouting, gold-hair'd boy,
With the butterflies at play.

* * * * *

Whirlwind and plague and storms,
Revell'd in earth and air,
Midst Beauty, in its thousand forms;
And Death stood victor there.

"Where is Beauty? where?"

Shall none its image find?"

Earth cried—and Heav'n responded there,

"'Tis in the immortal mind!"

Maine.

ELIZA.

THE BONES OF LEIPSIC.

"A ship laden with bones from Hamburgh arrived at Lonsmouth, on the 25th of Oct. 1839; the property of an agriculturist of Morayshire, and intended for manure. The master of the vessel states that these bones were collected from the plains and marshes of Leipsic, and are part of the remains of the thousands of brave men who fell in the sanguinary battles fought between France and the Allies, in Oct. 1812."—*Imperial Magazine, London, 1839.*

The bones of the heroes! yes, bear them away
From the spot where they fell on that blood-flowing day,
When Leipsic's wide marshes and trampled plains rung
To the cannons' wild music as dreadful they sung;
The captain and soldier no longer are known—
No crest speaks the rank, and no gold gilds the bone.

And England,—the power that o'er Waterloo roll'd
Her legions undaunted in crimson and gold,
And bore to the isle, in the midst of the wave,
The ruler of princes, the brave of the brave,—
Has now their white bones on her cold hill-sides spread,
Gathered up by the boor from the field of the dead.

Ha! there lies the arm of a prince of the blood,
And there a tall grenadier rests in the mud,
And yonder the spider his light web has spun,
Round the skull of the chief, and the breech of a gun;
The worm has dined well with the wolf and the raven,
And the blood of the bold tinges that of the craven.

And say, ye philanthropist, shall not the dust
Of the bones of ambition and rapine and lust,
Bring good to mankind, when they fatten the soil,
And hasten the end of the husbandman's toil—
Make the tall grass to wave and the moss rose to bloom,
Where floated the banner and fluttered the plume?

There leave them to moulder, both horseman and horse,
They slumber as sound as on rampart or fosse;
And plainer the lessons they teach shall be read,
Than when they lay whitening the field of the dead:
There pride may be taught, how the proudest have sank,
When the wolf howled their dirge as the warm blood
he drank.

And when the last trumpet of terror shall sound,
And the dead muster strong from the deep and the
ground—

When the Book of Offences is opened before,
With its pages of crimson and letters of gore;
Then ye shall be counted more worthy than they,
Who on the lone battle-field mouldered away.

Oh Leipsic! before me I see thee appear,
With thy hosts rushing on in their downward career;
Thy eagles of gold, that in darkness grew dim,
Thy death note, that pealed from the cannon's dark rim,
Thy onset, thy meeting, thy slaughter, thy fall,
Thy conquerors' shout, and thy bugles' recall.

Washington, 1839.

J. E. D.

DESULTORY SPECULATOR.

—
ACTORS.

It is a curious fact, that the greatest actors have been produced in those nations, where they have been the least esteemed as men. Among the Romans the theatrical art was carried to a higher state of perfection than among the Greeks, and the Romans held actors as slaves, while in Greece they were freemen, and devoted to a profession which was far from being considered as dishonorable. Among a people so lively, ardent, and spirited, this art made rapid progress. Eschylus is said to have performed in his own tragedies, and players were sometimes elevated to the offices of state. Among them may be found ambassadors and ministers. Aristodemus, the actor, was sent by Athens, as one of the ten ambassadors, to treat with Philip of Macedon, who did not look upon it as offensive. The most ancient Greek tragedian of whom we have any knowledge, was Archelaus. Lucian says of him, that when in Abdera, he personated the character of Perseus in the *Andromeda* of Euripides, and the effect of his performance was such that almost all the spectators were affected by a species of insanity, and ran about the streets for several days animated by the same passions, repeating the same gestures, and exhibiting the same fury as Archelaus. Satyrus, who distinguished himself as an actor, after Archelaus, though his acting had not the same effect, was, nevertheless, of great service to Demosthenes. It was he who corrected the defects of his elocution, and who taught him finally to declaim with as much elegance as himself. This celebrated orator had been ignorant of the art of giving force and grace to his orations, by a just and impressive elocution. His enunciation was embarrassed, painful, and defective, and he was often hissed in the midst of his finest discourses. Satyrus took him in charge, and succeeded in removing all his defects of elocution. Greece, however, does not seem to have produced any actor of very great eminence in his art, while the Roman writers speak in high terms of their *Æsopus* and *Roscius*, though the profession itself was regarded as infamous. Cicero has given to the actor the title of *artist*; and the two players referred to, by their superior talents and skill, caused the unjust humiliation of their state to be forgotten. These two men, the one in tragedy, and the other in comedy, attained to great distinction and wealth. Their income must have been immense. *Roscius* is said to have received daily about one hundred and eighty dollars. *Æsop* gave an entertainment on one occasion, at which a single dish was served up which cost from three to four thousand dollars, and he died worth several millions. It is related of this actor, that from the impulse of genius and enthusiasm, he so identified himself with the character he was personating, that he slew an actor near him, whom he mistook for *Thiestes*. Disgraceful as this art was esteemed, however—for the Papian law absolutely interdicted the marriage of Roman senators with women who had ever exhibited themselves on the stage—Roman knights were sometimes found willing to appear on the boards, even before the downfall of the republic. After this, theatrical enthusiasm continued to increase, and the

dramatic art to be more highly esteemed, and the emperors themselves would occasionally condescend to dispute the crown with a gladiator or a player. History informs us that the empress Domitia died of love for an actor named Paris. Caligula made Apelles a minister of his intimate councils; but this monster, it is well known, was very capricious—for, having heard on one occasion, the cries of a poor player, whom they were flagellating, as was then the custom, he thought his voice so very melodious, that, to prolong the pleasure he experienced, he caused the flagellation to be repeated. In the reign of Constantine, after he had embraced the christian religion, the dramatic art was denounced by the councils, and players were proscribed. St. Leo, in his epistles, has declared, that theatrical spectacles having been invented to corrupt the heart and destroy the soul, no one can doubt but that the Devil assists in person, in all these exhibitions—and in all past ages players have been pursued by the thunders of the church. But notwithstanding this hostility, theatrical representations were at last introduced into cathedrals and monasteries. Scriptural subjects were frequently thrown into a dramatic form during the middle ages, and exhibited by monks. These were called **MYSTERIES**, or the Sacred Comedy, and originated, according to Warton, in the following manner. At the fairs, established by Charlemagne in France, and William the Conqueror, and his Norman successors in England, the merchants, for the purpose of drawing to them large assemblages of people, employed jugglers, minstrels and buffoons to amuse those who attended. The arts of these men were gradually extended and improved, till the clergy observing that these annual celebrations made the people less religious, by producing idleness and a love of festivals, proscribed the amusements and excommunicated the performers. But finding that little or no regard was paid to their censures, they determined to take these recreations into their own hands, and turned actors themselves, and represented stories taken from the Bible. Music was introduced into the churches, which were employed as the theatres, for the representation of holy comedies or farces, such as the festivals among the French called the *fete des Foux, de l'âne, et des Innocens*, which became great favorites. Thus originated the **MYSTERIES** or Sacred Drama, which is said to have given rise to the first conception of Milton's sublime epic, the *Paradise Lost*. Warton also mentions a curious tragedy, written by a Jew named Ezekiel, in which the principal characters were Moses, Sapphira, and God, from the Bush. It was the first scriptural drama, and written after the destruction of Jerusalem, to animate, Warton supposes, the dispersed Jews with the hopes of a future deliverance. Moses delivers the prologue, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The following is a brief description of another of these religious dramas. The play opens with songs—a little boy first enters, and after wishing the audience great pleasure from the exhibition, retires. The Devil then makes his appearance, who drives before him, with a whip, a poor old man, who makes known to him his infirmities; but the infernal spirit, instead of being moved by pity, twists a serpent round his neck, which holds an apple in his jaws. The old man sinks senseless on the ground. DEATH comes, and is preparing to carry off the body, when JE-

as CHRIST rushes before it, and with a blow of the cross puts Death and the Devil to flight. He then touches the old man, who is Adam, and who revives by the power of his touch—puts a crown upon his head, and after making him repeat his prayers, carries him to heaven. The second act exhibits the ten commandments, and the third the sacrament of baptism. Tartarus is then taken, stripped of his habiliments, cast into a cave, and bathed in several pails of water. This is followed by a number of buffoneries—and when the play ends, the same little boy reappears and makes his respects anew to the audience.

The church has always denounced theatrical amusements and those who have made acting a profession. Christian burial has been denied to them—and even in the present century a cure of Paris refused his prayers and church to a beautiful *danseuse* of France. Yet, what will appear somewhat singular, the stage, after all, has furnished a greater number of saints than most other professions. The lawyers can boast of St. Ives—the physicians and surgeons, of St. Comes and St. Damian—the notaries, of St. Crispin, the protector of shoemakers; while the players claim one martyr, St. Gelasin—three male saints, namely saints Genest, Ardalion and Porphyrius, and one female saint, St. Pelagius. The latter flourished in the fifth century, and exercised her art at Antioch. She was converted by the preaching of Nonus, and, from that moment, renounced the world, its pleasures and pursuits, sold her property, and distributed the proceeds among the poor. She left Antioch, dressed in male habiliments, and, taking the name of Pelagius, retired near Jerusalem, upon the mount of Olives, where she lived as a recluse and led a very austere and religious life. The fame of her good works spread in a short time far and near, and she became in the end quite a celebrated saint. It was not, however, till after her death that her sex was discovered. Genest lived in the reign of Dioclesian who ordered him to exhibit the christian mysteries, for the purpose of turning them into ridicule. One day, as Genest was exhibiting the ceremonies of baptism, he is said to have been suddenly illuminated by an internal light, and publicly declared his wish to be baptised. This was at first supposed to be a mere feint to exhibit his character with greater effect. He was made to perform all the usual ceremonies—re-clad in a white robe, conducted before a statue of Venus, and ordered to worship it. But Genest openly protested that he was a real christian, and would not worship either prostitutes or wooden idols. This afforded much mirth to the audience at first, and the emperor himself supposed it was a mere piece of pleasantry in the actor; but as soon as they found he was in earnest, the lictors were ordered to advance and he was publicly whipped on the stage. Genest, however, remaining firm to his new faith, Dioclesian sent him to the prefect, and he was put to the torture; but nothing could vanquish his constancy, and he was finally decapitated in the year 303. Porphyrius and Ardalion, both players, obtained the honor of martyrdom in the same manner. They were both converted while representing the christian mysteries, and both beheaded. It was the opinion of St. Thomas that the dramatic art had nothing unlawful in it, and he cites the authority of St. Paphnucius, who asserts that it was communicated to him in a reve-

lation that an actor would participate with him in the joys of Paradise.

Modern nations do not seem to be less prejudiced against the professors of the dramatic art than the ancients. France has produced perhaps the greatest number of skilful and distinguished actors, and yet a strong prejudice exists against them in that nation. In England, however, this prejudice is not carried to quite so great a length. Actors of talent are sometimes received into the best society, and many into families of high rank. Lord Chatham corresponded with Garrick, and his ashes repose in Westminster Abbey, where those of Byron have been refused admittance.

In this country public opinion is not so favorable to the professional player as to the professor of the fine arts; although I do not think the one is less an artist than the other, or less entitled to the respect and admiration which genius and skill in those arts are calculated to beget. A little of the old puritanical feeling still subsists among the descendants of those who brought with them the strong prejudices which formerly existed in England against players; but this is beginning to wear rapidly away, and a more liberal, enlightened and rational sentiment respecting them and their profession now very generally prevails. The most distinguished for talent are admitted freely into the best society, and admired and respected in proportion to their genius as artists and their character as men. But in the United States, where the most splendid field is opened to legal and medical talent and industry, the occupation of a "poor player, who struts and frets his hour upon the stage," is not one, however alluring the fame may be which it promises, that will induce many to follow it. In this profession, however, no ordinary man can attain perfection or fame. A great actor must be a man of genius—must unite to the intellectual many of the best physical powers. The tragedian should be the creature of passion, and possess great sensibility and intelligence, as well as a fine person and a good voice. He should, according to Talma, (himself an admirable model,) be gifted with an imagination which "associates him with the inspiration of the poet, transports him back to times that are past, and renders him present and identified with those historical personages or impassioned beings, that have been created by genius—that reveal to him, as if by magic, their physiognomy, their heroic stature, their language, their habits, all the shades of their character, all the movements of their soul, and all their peculiarities, and that enable him to enter into the most tragic situations and the most terrible of the passions, as if they were his own." These remarks are very just. To express passion in all its shades and varieties, it must be felt, and the actor must be subjected to all the extremes and vicissitudes of passion, and consult and study in his own nature, before he can exhibit them in all the truth and power of reality. "In my own person," (says the same tragedian,) in any circumstance of my life in which I experienced deep sorrow, the passion of the theatre was so strong in me, that although oppressed with real sorrow, and in the midst of the tears I shed, I made, in spite of myself, a rapid and fugitive observation on the alteration of my voice, and on a certain spasmodic vibration, which it contracted in tears—and I say it not without some shame, I even thought of making use of it

on the stage—and indeed this experiment upon myself has often been of service to me." Lekain, another French actor of great celebrity, is said, in his latter years, to have fallen passionately in love with a Madame Benoit, whom he always placed in the first side wing of the theatre, whenever he played, and addressed to her all the expressions of tenderness and love, which he had to employ to the actress playing with him, to give real force and tenderness to those expressions. Much of this power is, however, the effect of imitation. Garrick is said to have witnessed the agony of a father who had accidentally let fall from his arms, while dandling it in a piazza, a child whom he almost madly loved, and the tragedian always availed himself of this terrible picture in his personation of Lear. But these imitations are not peculiar to the player: the poet and the painter are alike guided by them. Michael Angelo is reported to have stabbed his brother that he might transfer to the canvass, with greater truth, the contortions of his features in the agony of death. Ariosto excited a violent burst of rage in his father, and in ecstasy allowed him to indulge it, that he might describe an angry father, with greater power, in a comedy he was then writing.

A tragedian does not require more talent, but he must possess more sensibility and enthusiasm than a comedian. The comedian represents incidents and personates characters that he daily meets with, and with which he is familiar; his imagination has less exercise; he is acting in the sphere in which, he, in fact, revolves: he has only to employ the faculty of imitation in representing the little passions, follies and weaknesses of those in his own condition in life, but his observation must be close and accurate. If he exaggerate or fall short of nature, it will be immediately noticed by those before whom he appears, who, from their own experience, are always capable of judging of the truth and correctness of the copy they are contemplating. "The tragic actor on the contrary must quit," says Talma very properly, "the circle in which he is accustomed to live, and launch into the high regions where the genius of the past has placed and clothed in ideal forms the beings conceived by his imagination or already furnished him by the pen of history. As to the physical qualities, it is evident that the pliability of the features, and the expression of the countenance ought to be stronger, the voice more full, sonorous, and more profoundly articulate in the tragic actor, who stands in need of certain combinations and more than ordinary powers, to perform from beginning to end, with the same energy, a part in which the author has frequently collected in a narrow compass, and in the space of two hours, all the movements, all the agitations, which an impassioned being can often only feel in the course of a long life." "When we," he then asks, "consider all the qualities necessary to form an excellent tragic actor—all the gifts which nature ought to have bestowed upon him, can we be surprised that such actors are so rare?" I will conclude these desultory remarks on actors, or dramatic artists, with an anecdote of the distinguished French tragedian from whom I have made the above extracts, which will illustrate the admiration sometimes entertained for great performers by enthusiastic lovers of the dramatic art. Having entered into an engagement to perform at Bordenaux, Talma

received the following curious letter, before his arrival, addressed

"TO THE SON OF MELPOMENE.

"Sir,—I have only six francs, and am without every resource. I hear you are to honor the town with your presence, and that, too, at the very moment I propose to put an end to my life. I shall, therefore, defer my project, in admiration of your talents, which I know only by your fame. I conjure you then, to hasten your visit, that I may admire you and expire. Refuse not the desires of your fellow creature, who, being able to live only four days, has divided the sum which remains as follows:

Four days' nourishment.....	3 francs	0 sous
Pit.....	2 "	10 "
Poison.....	0 "	10 "
	—	6 "

Forrest* has become a candidate for legislative honors, and if he succeed will be the first actor that ever became a legislator. It is not at all probable that he will ever reach the same eminence, as a parliamentary orator or statesman, that he has attained as a dramatic artist. It will be a singular fact in the history of the stage, however, should this distinguished and admirable tragedian be thrown into a sphere so entirely inconsistent with his professional pursuits.

Washington, Nov. 8, 1839.

G. W.

* Since the above was written, Mr. Forrest has declined the honor of being a candidate for Congress; but it still serves to show the rank which he and his fellow artists hold in the estimation of the people of this country.

G. W.

THE EXILE'S NATIVE LAND.

———"For what is slavery, but to be
Dependant for the spirit's life,
Upon the will of those not free."

I.

They wrong me much who say I fly,
With selfish sense, my native land,
And seek, with calculating eye,
The bounties of some foreign strand—
That, heedless of my country's weal,
I leave her in her hour of wo—
Neglect the wounds her sons should heal,
And aid her foes to strike the blow.

II.

'Tis true, my place of birth I leave—
Sad place, so known by many a grief—
And feel no pang, and scarcely grieve,
That, at the last, I find relief.
Nor weep I for the kindred thing,
Once known, alone—now known no more—
Nor feel the pang and parting sting,
To fly, for aye, my native shore.

III.

I leave, for aye, my place of birth,
The social dwelling lov'd so long—
I seek another spot of earth,
And hopes more high and ties more strong!

I snap each chain that once could bind ;
 I tear apart each early band
 That link'd itself about my mind—
 Yet leave I not my native land !

IV.

No! by the firm and fearless pride,
 That, when the little world conspir'd,
 To curse, or conquer, or deride,
 Still held its ground, unquench'd, untir'd—
 By the warm passions of my heart,
 By the unnumber'd hopes, I grieve,
 Though from my birth-place I depart,
 My native land I do not leave !

V.

Through blighted hopes and broken faith,
 And many a cruel wrong and jeer ;
 Through cares that brought, and came with death,
 And left me many a token there—
 Through many a trial, toil and pain,
 'Mongst foreign tribes, a savage band,
 'Tis thus, I break each early chain—
 I seek to find my native land !

VI.

What boots it where my infant eye,
 First met the garish glance of day—
 Or, in what clime beneath the sky,
 I wore my choicest hours away—
 If there, the heart was never free,
 Or, all unknown, or barr'd and bann'd,
 It pined for life and liberty—
 That never was my native land !

VII.

What boots it though its skies are bright,
 Pure as the gentle spheres that glow,
 Where, on the traveller's dazzled sight,
 Italia stands, a heavenly show—
 If Asian sweets are on each breeze,
 Circassian charms, and Peru's ores,
 Are things familiar to her seas,
 The freest fruitage of her shores.

VIII.

These make no land, alone, for me—
 Poor is the Switzer's realm of snow,
 Fruits gather not on every tree,
 Nor diamonds in his vallies grow—
 Yet there, a high abode, he dwells,
 Secure in rude simplicity—
 For freedom guards his mountain dells,
 And every limb and thought is free.

IX.

The Spaniard, with luxurious airs,
 Reclines beneath a fruitful sky,
 And, with no toil of his, uprears,
 With, but a word, each luxury—
 But does he lift a freeman's arm,
 Or does he feel a freeman's thought,
 And does he know that freedom's charm,
 For which his sword has never fought ?

X.

That's not my native land, though bright
 Each charm of fruit and flower may be—
 Its woods though green, its skies though light,
 Make not the native land for me.

I ask not if the hills repose
 In gentle slopes, beneath the sun,
 Or, if each mountain-streamlet flows,
 To sleep, a murmuring sleep, in one.

XI.

I ask not if the genial clime
 Is blest with many an hour of calm,—
 If, through the longest lapse of time,
 The flowers are bloom, the winds are balm—
 If plenty blesses labor's hand ;
 If rugged toil, in russet clad,
 Wins bounteous blessings from the land,
 To make his inmost spirit glad.

XII.

Let those who will, whate'er the fate
 Of freedom or of fortune be,
 Still hug the soil, a poor estate,
 That breeds no growth of liberty.
 I envy not the miser love,
 That lives but on a memory dead ;
 And nothing care, though all reprove,
 For the mere dirt on which I tread.

XIII.

That's not my native land, where power
 May lord it with a tyrant-sway,
 And find fit tools for every hour
 Of terror, through the livelong day—
 Where truckling parasites abound—
 A fawning crew that nought may save—
 To hug the chain, to lick the ground,
 And, for the offal, be the slave.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the two Literary Societies of Randolph-Macon College, June 19, 1838—by Hon. John Tyler. Published by request of the two Societies.

GENTLEMEN

Of the Franklin and Washington Literary Societies :

I am here this day in compliance with a request from the Franklin Literary Society, that I would deliver an address before your two Societies. That request having been urged upon me for the second time since this college has gone into successful operation, seemed to deny to me the liberty of opposing my personal convenience to your wishes. I felt myself highly honored by your repeated call, and resolved, if possible, to meet it. It is no small matter of self-congratulation that I have been able so to master my time, as to be with you on this interesting occasion. I have felt, from the first, a deep interest in the prosperity of Randolph-Macon. I have learned with pleasure, the rapid strides she was making to extensive usefulness ; and the spectacle which she on this day exhibits, is honorable to her founders, and indicative of the elevated rank which she occupies among the colleges of Virginia. She bears a name which is well calculated to recommend her to our affections ; or, more properly to speak, she unites two names in one, and blazons them forth upon her escutcheon. Those names are identified with high intellect and devoted patriotism. It was my good fortune to be personally acquainted with both the distinguished citizens who have been selected as the tutelar saints of this institution. To the first, was given

a genius splendid and brilliant above that of his fellow-men. I have often felt the warmth of its rays, and been spell-bound under its influence. Whenever John Randolph rose to address either the assembled multitude, or the legislative body, all eyes were eagerly bent upon him, and all ears were open to catch every word and every syllable that fell from his lips. Few men ever lived who had so perfect a command of language. Every word used by him, was precisely the very word, best suited, of all others, to express what he intended. His mind was the capacious reservoir of knowledge, and when it poured forth its treasures, an intellectual repast was furnished to his auditory, rich and luxurious. The stream of his eloquence flowed on so clearly and smoothly, that through its shining mirror you beheld in the depths below pearls and gems of inestimable value. In speaking, he could not be regarded "as copious and Ciceronian," but every word sparkled and every sentence burned. It is true, that in much he was eccentric; it could not well be otherwise, for his mind was never at rest. New speculations and new theories were continually crowding about him, and in chasing them over the fields of space, no wonder that he should sometimes have departed from his orbit. On one subject, in particular, he was remarkably uniform, and, from the early dawn of manhood to the close of his life, consistent. He properly regarded our central government as a federative system, the result of the voluntary adoption of the several states. He saw that liberty could only be secured by preserving a due balance between the general and state governments. He believed also that the tendency of the system was to consolidation, and every advance in that direction he opposed uncompromisingly. Neither honors conferred, nor honors expected, could win him from his allegiance to his principles. The last act of a public nature which he openly advocated, bears testimony to this, and exhibits his character in an attractive light.*

Of Nathaniel Macon, I cannot well speak too highly. There was a beautiful consistency in his course, from the moment of his entering public life to the moment of his quitting it. Nothing sordid ever entered into his imagination. He was the devoted patriot, whose whole heart, and every corner of it, was filled with love of country. He was a moralist, who set forth his precepts, not in ponderous volumes, but in his daily actions. Not remarkable for the brilliancy of his intellect, he was most distinguished by the solidity of his judgment. Called by the state of North Carolina to high political station, he presented in his person and conduct, a true type of the state and people he represented; nothing gaudy, nothing glaring; no fret work or curiously wrought mosaic; but all about the building betokened strength, and enduring strength. He united in his person the meekness and humility of the christian, with the calm and unpretending dignity of the philosopher. In the house of representatives, he was the firm and unflinching republican—and in the senate chamber, the venerable patriarch—the co-temporary, in fact, of Washington and Franklin, and most worthy to have lived in the same century with them. He had no regard for those forms and ceremonies which constitute the pageantry of what is called high life.

* The resolutions offered to the people of Charlotte disapproving the doctrines of Gen. Jackson's celebrated Proclamation.

They appeared to him an unreal mockery, a mere show of friendship, the shadow of social intercourse; and the plain republican who had been reared amid the realities of the revolution, despised them heartily. And yet I doubt whether there ever lived a man who possessed or practised more of the genuine hospitalities of life, or whose heart was more entirely filled with the christian charities, or the christian virtues.

Such were the two men whose names have been adopted by this college, and are united into one. There was wisdom displayed in the adoption. You, and all who have preceded, and all who may come after you as alumni of this institution, are thus constantly reminded of the fame and glory which attend, invariably, on intellect highly cultivated, and on the unceasing practice of virtue. A model of almost absolute perfection, if properly blended and successfully imitated, is presented. Wit, genius and fancy, are placed in close connection, with a judgment so inflexible and so erect as rarely ever to have been shaken. The first adorns and beautifies; the last shelters from the storm and protects from the blast. The first spreads over the earth a carpet enamelled with the brightest and sweetest flowers—peoples each star, and fills earth and heaven with harmonious and dulcet sounds. The last sees in each floweret, and every blade of grass, as well as in the glorious heavens, evidences of a power unseen, infinite in wisdom, and boundless in benevolence. The one creates, the other preserves. The one embellishes and adorns the judgment-seat with the gayest and brightest garlands; the other holds the scales with an untrembling hand, and weighs out the decrees of good and evil to mankind. The one, if I may so speak, is the capital to the pillar; the other, the pillar itself, which upholds the edifice.

God has most wisely endowed the human mind with various faculties. The imagination springs forth like the falcon in its upward flight, seeking to reach the sun, while reason, by restraining cords, draws it back again to earth ere its wings are scorched. To cultivate these two faculties so that the first shall not attain the mastery, is the true secret of successful education. The mind is thereby matured, and its energies are brought forth, as required, into beneficial action. The man of mere imagination is almost useless in his day and generation. He lives in a world of his own creation, and peoples it after his own untamed conception. Man is not the creature that God has made him, nor is the earth fitted for his residence. Man, nor the earth, according to his wild imaginings, are neither suited to their appointed destiny. He either elevates man to an equality with his Creator, or sinks him below the level of the wild beasts. The realities of life torture and distract him. There is nothing to him of harmony, nothing of beauty, in the frame of the universe. "This goodly frame, the earth, seems to him a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, appears no other thing to him than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors." He would, like another Phaeton, mount the chariot, snatch the reins from the hands of Apollo, and drive the horses of the sun. Blind and infatuated man! and yet he is the creature of education—and that, misdirected, has overwhelmed him in misery. What, if the volume of

nature had been early opened to his sight; what, if the chain of being had been traced out for him from the merest atomite to the infinitely great and all-glorious Creator; what, if he had been taught the adaptation of the parts to the whole; what, if man's position on the map of existences had been pointed out to his eager and curious gaze; what, if mind itself, and each and every of its elements, had been exposed to his view; what, if he had been instructed in a knowledge of the human passions, and the volume of his moral duties had been opened before him; he would have arisen from the instruction another and a better being: he would then have seen order and harmony in all around him. Each little flower which bloomed by the way-side, as well as the lofty tree whose top aspires to the clouds—the pearly dew-drop, as well as the broad ocean itself—the lowly ant-hill—as well as the snow-clad mountain—the smallest insect, as well as the eagle “when towering in his pride of place”—the glow-worm, as well as the bright and golden sun—all, all would have united in unveiling to him the face of Omnipotence. He would have learned that “order was Heaven's first law,” and would have taken his appointed place in society with the volume of his duties in his hand, and obedience written on his heart. Love to man would have arisen as a necessary consequence of love to God. The copious stream of his moral duties would have flowed from a knowledge of his Creator; his bosom would have swollen with a desire to be useful in his day and generation; a pure ambition would have possessed him—an ambition to be distinguished among the benefactors of mankind. True glory would have waved him on to that high eminence on which stands the temple of true fame, and he would have aspired to immortality on earth, and endless reward in heaven. What, if difficulties and dangers had at any time beset his path; what, if persecution and obloquy attended his footsteps; what, if man, for whom he labored, maligned him, and society, for whom he toiled, disowned him—he would still have persevered, and persevered to the end: his name would, ultimately, have been inscribed on the pillars of the temple, and its tablets would bear record to his noble virtues. Such would be the results of a well directed system of education. The two men whose names you have adopted as the representatives of your two societies, verified in their lives the character and results which I have described as proceeding from well disciplined minds. George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, each in his own appropriate sphere, ran the race which was set before him, and terminated his career in glory. The first, under Heaven, gave to his country freedom, and assisted to open that heretofore sealed book, in which is written the rights of man; the other taught to philosophy new lessons, and unfolded more fully the great book of nature. The one snatched the rod from the hands of oppression and broke it; the other grasped the thunderbolt and deprived the lightning of its wrath. Around the temples of the one was entwined a civic wreath, richer and brighter, and purer than had before adorned the brow of the proudest conqueror; the other was the darling child of philosophy, to whom nature disclosed her most secret mysteries.

There was a wisdom and power exerted in the formation of man, inexpressibly great, and most truly wonderful. In the anatomy of the physical system

there is much to excite our admiration. The heart, like the ocean, at each pulsation pours out the blood through the arteries, giving life and activity to the whole mechanism. The thews, the sinews and the muscles, nay, every bone and thread and fibre, performs its appropriate function, and concurs in producing and preserving that most inexplicable of all mysteries, animal life. Look upon the form divine of the youth who is in the act of transition from puberty to manhood; his blood runs frolic through his veins; and the deer, bounding over the dewy lawn, is not more agile or airy in its step. His eye and cheek bespeak the varied emotions which arise from time to time within his breast. His voice is attuned to harmony, and the graces of his person, and manliness of his form vie with each other for excellence. He would constitute a model worthy the chisel of a Phideas or Praxitiles. It is full of life and beauty and majesty—that youthful form. But how much more to be wondered at and admired, the human mind! How mysterious its operations? How astonishing its results? The body, however beautiful, is of the earth, earthy—its sphere of action is limited and circumscribed—it has speed of feet, but no wings with which to fly—it may reach the summit of the loftiest mountain, but it can rise no higher. But what can circumscribe or limit that ethereal essence—the human mind? On the wings of the morning it flies to meet the sun at its rising, follows it in its course through the heavens, and watches it to the moment in which, with its last ray, it bids the world good night. And when night throws its mantle over all things, it follows each star along its path of light, numbers the myriad host, and chases the comet in its eccentric flight. Turned to earth, it penetrates her darkest abodes, walks among her hidden fires, plunges into the depths of ocean, and makes companions of the monsters of the deep. Standing on the present, it looks back upon the past, and contemplates the future. It holds converse with the men of other days. It sits by the side of the Ptolemies on the throne of Egypt; beholds Achilles in his wrath, and Troy in flames; attends Æneas in his flight to Italy—and with the twin brothers, lays the first stone in the walls of imperial Rome; it holds converse with Socrates and Plato, and is familiar with the academic groves and with the philosophers; it is in the assembly of the people with Demosthenes, or in the senate chamber with Cicero; it listens to Pindaric strains, or hears the tuneful Maro sing. It follows the course of empires and of states—marks alike the causes of their greatness, and of their decay and downfall. Loaded with the riches of the past, it goes to work for the present and future; it conceives, it plans, it executes; chains cannot restrain, or dungeons confine it. How mysterious and how grand its operations! And yet, if we are lost in astonishment at the capacities of the mind of man, how absolutely inexpressible become our thoughts, when we contemplate, as far as finite capacities are permitted, the infinitude of mind possessed by the great Creator. The human mind is but a spark struck out from the sun—a mere emanation from the centre of all light—and yet, I repeat, how wonderful its conceptions, how sublime its operations!

Such, gentlemen, are the high gifts of body and of mind, which we have received at the hands of our

Maker. But these gifts are useless if they be not cultivated and improved. From the first, a decree designed for man's happiness has gone forth as the accompaniment of these high capacities. They must be brought into action by our own exertions—the gem lies buried in the caves of ocean, and it would lie there forever, if efforts were not made to rescue it from its pearly bed. You have been laboriously engaged during the collegiate course, now about to terminate, in this work of improvement. Under the direction of wise instructors and watchful guardians, you have unremittingly pursued your studies, and many of you on this day will receive the honors to which your exertions will have entitled you. The road over which you have travelled was crowded with difficulties. A morass, apparently deep and impenetrable, often intercepted your progress. With weary footsteps you lingered upon its brink, in doubt whether to attempt to pass it. The gloom was deep and the pathway narrow, but truth stood on the firm land and beckoned you to follow. Again your spirits rallied—your purposes and resolutions again became fixed—the morass was penetrated, its difficulties were overcome, and you stood once more on the firm land, prepared to encounter future difficulties, and in like manner to overcome them. Such is the process by which the human faculties develop themselves. They slumber in our infancy, they wake up by slow degrees as we advance in years. How pleasing to witness their development. The infant slumbers in its cradle almost without consciousness of being—its eyes open to the light, and mind forthwith begins its work. Faculty after faculty exhibits itself. For a time the child delights itself with the fairy forms around it. It is, in truth, a fairy world in which it has awoken. The bright and fleeting things of earth attract it; its foot-print is seen amid the early dew, chasing the butterfly, or it watches the flower as it opens and stretches out its hands to gather it. The spirit of inquiry at length takes possession of this beautiful boy; he begins to compare and arrange; he is no longer satisfied with merely beholding the beauties of creation. He regards them but as effects springing from causes to him unknown. He goes in pursuit of causes; a change has come over his feelings and his actions; the bauble no longer delights; a thirst after knowledge possesses him, and he turns over the pages of the philosopher and flies to the shades of the academic grove; he seeks to converse with the learned and the wise, and to hear from their lips lessons of instruction. He now enters the temple in which nature performs her mysterious rites; he sees her at her laboratory, and learns the processes which she there adopts. He is a votary of science, and at her altars he worships. All his faculties are now awakened, and his mind is stored with the rich treasures of knowledge. A new theatre now awaits him—the groves of the academy are to be quitted, and he enters upon the world's busy stage. His theories are now to be reduced to practice, and he has to read out of a new volume, in which are written the results of the passions. He has heretofore studied their anatomy only; they are now to be exhibited in connection with the daily business of life. He is now to see how the peace and harmony of society is broken by their direful conflict; how completely one of the passions often attains

the mastery over all the rest; how ambition swallows up patriotism, or avarice deadens with its touch all the more noble and generous feelings; or how the most noble and generous feelings may themselves degenerate into vices. Generosity, prudence being dethroned, becomes wasteful extravagance; and prudence itself, liberality being silenced, terminates in poor and narrowless parsimony. Fear, the instinctive principle by which danger is avoided and human life preserved, attempts to usurp the mastery over courage, and in the struggle the first degenerates into cowardice, and the last into rashness, and so with all the rest. The lessons of his youth will not now be lost upon him. From his knowledge of the structure of the human mind, he well understands, that man would have been imperfectly made up without all the passions—that the absence of any one of them would have left the work unfinished: That, consequently, to permit any one of them to slumber—and much more, to yield the mastery over all to one—is to produce that very defective arrangement, which man, as a free agent, may produce, but which God never designed. To preserve well their balance, is to approximate to perfection. Where this is done, each passion discharges its appropriate function, and conduces to a state of blissful harmony. Reason sits on her throne in all her supremacy, holding in subjection the complex mechanism of man, with all its emotions, passions and desires. No idols are erected by the senses, or false gods set up to be worshipped. Absolute perfection, it is lamentably true, is rarely, if ever reached. As the hurricane or earthquake disturbs the quiet of the natural world, so some unruly passion from time to time bursts forth in its fury, dethroning reason, and shaking most terribly the animal system. In view of this, the ancient of other days hung his head in despair, and the lover of his species had almost ceased to hope. Let the truth be confessed: resting upon our own unaided resources, we are like mariners on the stormy deep, at the mercy of the fitful winds and unsteady waves, without chart or compass. We are driven we know not whither; no peaceful haven in view, and no friendly star shining amid the darkness, by which to steer our course. There is but one hand strong enough to save us. Our Creator must be our preserver from the dangers which threaten. To him alone we can raise our eyes in hope and confidence. Reposing on him, our frailty is converted into strength, and the storm rages harmlessly around us. In his infinite goodness he has deputed among us a divine teacher, and under the influence of his teaching the world has already been reclaimed from barbarism to civilization; from ignorance to knowledge. Before his coming, man mistook rashness for true courage, and a rude stoicism for virtue. The warrior, clad in his armor, and trampling with his heel on the fallen, was esteemed the chief among men; and the war-cry, which was sounded over every land, affrighted peace from the earth. Man was not only the enemy of his fellow-man, but the great enemy of himself. The passions were in fearful conflict. A new star rose in the heavens, and there came healing on its beams. The spirit of anger, the darker spirit of revenge, hatred, with its kindred and gloomy host, was rebuked, and love and charity spread their mantle over the earth. Would we then know to what refuge we may flee from the

madness of the passions? that refuge is to be found in the christian doctrine; in the charity which it teaches, in the love which it inculcates. The Bible is the great moral code, whose lessons address themselves with resistless power to the heart and to the understanding. Where, amongst the boasted philosophy of the schools, shall we look for any thing to compare with its pure and divine instructions? What lamp, lighted up by all their proud wisdom, shines with so brilliant and yet so mild a lustre along the pathway of life? What so elevates the soul to a sublime conception of the attributes of the Deity? In striving to attain perfection, where shall we look for an exemplar but to the meek and lowly Nazarene? Let the champions of infidelity, in their infuriate zeal, declaim as they may. Until they shall have furnished to the world something better than in their idle ravings they have yet done, they and their works will go down in darkness to the same grave. They have striven in vain to shake the edifice of christian faith; but its foundations are laid deep in the affections, and their assaults have ended only in their own destruction. The banner of infidelity has been struck down to the dust, while the cross has been set in the all-glorious heavens.

Under the influence of these convictions, gentlemen, you are destined to enter upon the theatre of life. You will do so at an eventful period in the history of man. The gloom of the Gothic ages has long since passed away, and intellect has gradually awakened its energies. Science has now lighted up all her lamps, and at her altars are found innumerable votaries. Nature, so long veiled in mystery, exhibits herself in all her beautiful proportions to the enraptured gaze. The chemist is at work in his laboratory, and the philosopher in his closet: a flood of light has burst upon the world—and things heretofore hid from the observation of man, are now laid open to his view. The long and intricate chain of cause and effect, is in the process of exposure. Mind is most powerfully at work, and no where is it more actively engaged than in this our father-land. What heart can fail to beat with delight at contemplating the mighty results which are transpiring around us? Improvement meets us in all our walks. The mechanical arts are ceaselessly engaged in moulding existences into new forms and new shapes, and the great ocean bears witness to new triumphs achieved by man's inventive genius. Time and space are almost annihilated. The most remote parts of this wide-spread confederacy are brought near to each other, and the dweller upon the distant lakes is made familiar with the inhabitant of the sea shore. Much, however, remains to be done, and a wide field has yet to be explored. A country most highly favored by heaven, with every diversity of soil and climate, will demand your aid. The generation which has passed, and the generation which is passing, will commit to the hands of those who are to succeed, the task of improving, adorning and preserving. To you, in common with others, will also be entrusted the task of fortifying and protecting civil liberty against the attacks which may be made upon it. This is a task of fearful difficulty, and will require vigilance the most unceasing. The spirit of change is ever active. There is a restlessness in the affairs of men, which hurries on with equally rapid pace, from evil to good, and from good to evil. The past tells us many a

tale of freedom won and of freedom lost. Nations have grown up in strength—have flourished, and have passed away. The mighty ones of the earth have long since gone down to their graves and are forgotten. The tide of time has rolled, in its resistless course, over empires and states, leaving no traces of their former renown, but broken pillars and fragments innumerable. In knowledge of these facts, we, who are now actors on the stage of life, turn to our colleges and universities as to the arks in which the great covenant of freedom is deposited. There, history opens her volumes, in which are recorded the causes which have led to national greatness, and in which are traced out, as with a pencil of light, the causes of their final overthrow. There, religion and philosophy preside over the physical and moral world. There, are taught those great principles on which government should properly rest; and there, the youthful mind is early imbued with a love of liberty, and an abhorrence of tyranny. Our own system of government, apparently complex, is explained in all its parts. A political orrery is developed, which shows how the state and federal governments, like the sun and the planets, may each revolve in its separate orbit, and may roll on forever, without danger of collision—if the people be wise and their rulers honest. Who, then, can feel other than a lively interest in the prosperity of each, and all of our literary institutions? Who, worthy to be a legislator, could for a moment hesitate to increase their pecuniary endowments, where necessary to extend their usefulness? And actuated, as they are, by the same motives, and impelled by the same high considerations, how unworthy would they be of their exalted calling, if the base spirit of envy or jealousy could find admittance within their halls. I come to declare to you, masters and professors of Randolph-Macon, that if such spirit has obtained entrance into other halls, it has no abiding place within those of the venerable college of William and Mary. It is known to you that I hold a seat at her visitorial board, and I have full authority, therefore, to declare that she witnesses your prosperity with pleasure, and hails you as an ally in the cause of literature, of science, and of freedom. You both fight under the same banner—the banner of truth and of justice. You war upon the same common enemy—error in deed and, error in opinion. Your trophies are the same—the trophies of religion and philosophy. Your labors terminate alike in the good of your country and of man.

And to you, students of Randolph-Macon, permit one, who, like yourselves, has been the inmate of kindred halls to those which you have frequented, to extend to you the right hand of friendship, and to express to you a few more parting remarks. The race of true glory lies before you. A close and diligent application to your studies, and a ready obedience to the advice of your instructors, will best prepare you to run it successfully. Like the racers at the Olympic games, you will keep the goal of honor evermore in view, and strain every sinew in order to win the prize. In after life many of you will meet together in legislative halls. Then will be revived the recollections of your college life, and under the influence of the lessons which you will have there received, the only rivalry amongst you will be an emulation in the great cause of your country's happiness. To that country, in every calling of life,

your usefulness may be manifested. At the council board or at the plough, in the senate chamber or in the work-shop, your light may be made usefully to shine before men; for, in the language of the moral bard of England,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Your duty to your country, no matter what may be your ultimate destiny, will remain the same. You will keep your eyes steadily fixed upon her institutions, and will be prepared to stand by them in weal and woe. You will remember that free governments have been more frequently overthrown by fraud than force. You will therefore stand ready to make a bold sally from the citadel of liberty, the moment the sappers and miners have pitched their encampment before it. You will drive them off before they have had time to throw up an entrenchment behind which to shelter themselves. In all the agitations and convulsions of party, to which popular governments are particularly exposed, there will still be a post of absolute safety—it is to stand by the constitution. There is no other post of safety. The party of to-day may not be the party of to-morrow. The political idols which men set up and worship at one moment, may in the next be overthrown and trampled in the dust. Let, then, those who may have the folly to do so, fall down before the car of Juggernaut and be crushed; but you will not follow their example. You will still rally in support of the constitution; and, when the storm is at the highest, you will cling to its pillars—and, if needs be, will esteem it glorious to perish amid its ruins. It may be your fate to be denounced by those who would betray the public liberty. Heed not their denunciations. You may be persecuted even unto exile. Summon to your aid that moral courage which will enable you to achieve a victory more full of renown than ever conqueror won—a triumph over the weakness of human nature and over the temptations which most easily beset us. You will thus entitle yourselves to the respect even of your enemies; and when success shall once more perch on your country's standard, and the ravens be frightened from their prey, you will have a reward richer than crowned monarch can confer—the approval of your own unsullied consciences.

Many of you are about to separate yourselves from those scenes which have been so long familiar to you. You will bid a long adieu to those friends who have been associated with you in your studies, and partaken in all your amusements. You will bid your kind instructors an affectionate farewell. In after-life the scenes through which you have passed will often gather around you. Memory will recall the past, and the light of other days will break in upon your dreams. Ofttimes, like the young eaglet who has left the nest in which it has been nurtured, you will wish to recall the days of your youth, and to revisit these halls. The star of your destiny may be hid by dark and gloomy clouds, or your argosy of life, freighted with all your hopes, may be tossed on angry waves, which threaten to devour it. Remember then the instructions of your youth, and resting on the consciousness of a life well-spent in the practice of virtue, you may bare your bosoms to the fury of the storm, and stand erect before God and man.

I would address a few words to those of the other sex, who have honored us with their presence on this occasion. Upon woman rests much of the destiny of the human race. She is the flower planted in the wilderness of life to adorn and beautify it. We love the gay, and the bright, and the beautiful; and in the morning of our lives we are ready to admit, that in the olden time, "the angels in heaven fell in love with the daughters of men." But youth is the period of romance. Philosophy is the companion of more advanced age—and regarding her in its calm light, what on earth can be more interesting than *the mother*? How many recollections and ideas crowd upon the mind at the repetition of that single word—our *mother*! She who has nurtured us in infancy; watched over our cradles; taught us to raise our little hands in prayer; followed us in our infantile rambles, and reared us to manhood, in the love and practice of virtue—such a mother is of priceless value. No loud-toned trumpet sounds forth her praise. She drags at her chariot wheels no miserable captives made in war; but her path is strewn with flowers, and the virtues attend upon her footsteps. An elysium reigns around her, and countless blessings are her's. God will bless her, and man adores her.

DRAMATIC EPIGRAMS.

I.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S SAYING SHE WAS IN LOVE
WITH THE DRAMA.

Shakspeare has said that "All the world's a stage;"—
With pretty Bess the play's so much the rage,
So wholly claims her heart, one may infer
That this same "stage" is "all the world" to her!

—

II.

ON MANAGER WARD'S ANNOUNCING THAT HE MUST
CHANGE HIS THEATRE INTO A CIRCUS.

Manager loquitur:

When wit is lowest, and its powers are spent,
Then to the highest do they raise my rent:
And I, (poor Shakspeare driven from the course,)
Am doomed to cry, "My kingdom for a horse!"
And, as the public taste is sunk so low,
That nothing will go down but noise and show,—
And, as the only critics influential
Are gallery loafers, with their voice potential,—
Pray, who can tell but soon 'twill come to pass
I'll have to cry "My kingdom for an ass?"*

THE PROMPTER.

Washington, 1839.

*The eccentric comedian, Edwin, of England, was in the habit of burlesquing the characters of Shakspeare. On one occasion he travestied Richard the 3d—and after the exclamation on Bosworth field, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse,"—he added, by way of improvement, "If I can't get a horse, a jackass will do." The memoirs of Edwin abound in the most amusing anecdotes.—[Ed. So. Lit. Mes.]

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,

INCLUDING AN EMBASSY TO MUSCAT AND SIAM, IN
1835-36 and 37,

By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, Surgeon U. S. Navy; author of
"Three Years in the Pacific." Carey, Lea, & Blanchard,
Philadelphia.

This voyage was made in the United States' ship *Peacock*, the second man-of-war, that under the "stars and stripes," has performed a voyage of circumnavigation from west to east. One object of the cruise was to exchange on the part of the United States, ratified treaties of commerce and navigation with the Sultan of Muscat, and with his Magnificent Highness, the King of Siam; thus opening new channels of commerce between the old and new worlds, and preparing the way for American enterprise.

A consul has since been appointed to Muscat, who is now on his way there, with the view of establishing in the dominions of His Highness, the Sultan, the first American factory, which is to be connected with a respectable mercantile house in New York.

Besides the Persian Gulf and the coast of Arabia, this treaty with the Sultan has opened to the commerce of the United States a line of coast reaching south in Eastern Africa from the straits of Babelmandel to Cape Delgado; the latitudinal limits of which exceed in extent, by several degrees, the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. But whether the commercial edifices, which American citizens may raise in this country, are to be built in the sand, or on a rock, experiment will soon decide.

The principal exports from the dominions of Syeed Syed bin Sultan, and which might find a market in the United States, are, Mocha coffee, wheat, raisins, drugs, horses, ivory, tortoise shell, ox and rhinoceros' horns and hides, gurn copal, rice, cocoa-nut oil, and bees wax. While the necessities or fancies of his subjects create a demand for cotton and woollen goods, and many "Yankee notions."

A thrifty, trading people are the Yankees; (for when abroad, the southern, the eastern, and the western man are alike proud of this patronymic.) We, ourselves, have "put a girdle round about the earth," and we have never sailed on any sea, nor visited any people, whether savage or civilized, where was not to be found some enterprising, trading son of brother Jonathan's, with his ships, his schemes, or his notions. When a Russian navigator was congratulating himself with the discovery of the South Shetlands, a Yankee was there to pilot him into port. While John Bull was boasting of the honor of the first discovery of the same islands, brother Jonathan was there laying out the seal in lots, to kill, *flipper*, and skin.

We once made a visit to Robinson Crusoe's island, and not expecting any one there our "right to dispute," we had drawn largely on our juvenile favorite for reminiscences, and from the adventures of the skin-clad bucanier and his man Friday, we had conjured up a feeling of romance, to which the sight of herds of wild goats, clambering over the precipices, gave a zest. And the sea bird heightened it as she flew from her nest, screeched and sent an echo from the cliffs. Fancy took wing—and we were already indulging in the an-

icipated luxury of a visit to the island and cave, as solitary and as lonely as they were when Robinson Crusoe left them. Our vessel came to her anchor, and the spell was broken; for no sooner were we brought to, than appeared along side of us a long-legged, bare-footed "Tom Coffin" of a Yankee, who introduced himself as the lieutenant-governor of the island, and said he had come on board with the compliments of the governor, to offer us the civilities of the place, and cod-fish to buy.

These two functionaries were sons of New England; they had landed in a whale boat a short time before, with a crew of six Sandwich Islanders, and taken possession of the island in the name of the United States.

It is this ready spirit of adventure, and quick perception of expedients, that have made us the commercial nation we are. From the Arctic to the Antarctic circle, every breeze that blows upon the water, is a fair wind to American ships. They are found in all seas; and wherever the man-of-war goes, she finds herself always within the limits of American commerce, and within the sphere of usefulness to American citizens.

The *Peacock* has performed an important service, though in the early part of the cruise she came well nigh being wrecked near the Isle of Mazeira. In the event of shipwreck there, the officers and crew would have been massacred, or made slaves of by the Bedouin Arabs, who were hovering around the ship in their dâus.

"About twenty minutes past two o'clock, on the morning of the 21st," says Dr. Ruschenberger, "all hands, except the watch on deck, were roused from sleep, by a horrid noise, caused by the ship's bottom grinding and tearing and tossing on a bed of coral rocks. When she struck, the ship was sailing at the rate of seven and a half miles the hour, and her progression was not suddenly and fully arrested, but she ran on for some minutes after the helm had been put up. When I reached the deck, it was starlight, the breeze was fresh, and neither land nor breakers could any where be seen; the wind had been brought on the starboard side, and the sails, no longer opposed to it by their surface, were fitfully flapping and slashing as the wind swept past them. The ship rolled with an uncertain wavering motion, grinding and tearing the coral as her sides alternately came against it. The uncertainty of our situation, threatened as we were with destruction—the crashing of coral—the darkness of the night—the wallop, wallop of the sails—the fast succeeding orders of the officer of the watch, and the piping of the boat-swain and his mates, produced an impression not easily described nor forgotten. There was an appearance of confusion; but every thing went on with as much regard to rule as if the catastrophe had been anticipated. Every one asked, 'Where are we?' but no one knew, nor was it easy to explain, at this time, by what means we had got on shore.

"The first gleam of day discovered a low sandy desert, about three miles to the eastward of us. The water was in spots of a bright green, from its shallowness, but dark where it was deeper. The work of lightening the ship was continued. A raft was constructed of spare spars, and several ton of shot were thrown overboard.

"About 10, A. M. a large canoe, manned by four

men, approached the ship. We sent an unarmed boat towards her, with an indifferent interpreter. When near enough, he hailed the Arab, who manifested strong repugnance to communication. While our boat pulled rapidly towards him, his wild companions stood up, and we could see their broadswords flashing in the sun, as they flourished them over their heads, in a manner not to be misunderstood; our boat, therefore, returned, without opening any amicable intercourse, and the canoe anchored close to the shore.

"Later in the day, an officer was sent towards the beach to ascertain the state of the tide. Immediately on perceiving our boat near the shore, an Arab sprang from the canoe, and ran along the sand, brandishing his sword, intimating that he would offer opposition to the landing.

"About one o'clock, P.M. four large canoes were seen approaching from the northward. They joined company with the one above mentioned, and then they all anchored close to the ship, now very much careened from the falling of the tide. In this fleet, besides several negro rowers, we counted twenty-nine fighting men, each one wearing a 'khunger' in his girdle, and there were spears and broadswords and matchlocks enough in sight to fill their hands.

"After anchoring, several persons left the canoes in which they had come and assembled on board another, which was paddled near the ship. A tall old man, with a white beard, stood up, and throwing up his naked arms, and nodding his head, hailed us; from his gesture, we gathered that he demanded to know whether we would cut his throat, if he should come on board. After a few minutes consultation, they came along side, and two of them climbed on deck. * * *

"The elder of the two was very talkative, and had rather a cunning expression of face; while the younger was more taciturn. His figure was slight, but every one, in strong terms, expressed admiration of his beauty. A thick fell of curling black hair, which reached to the shoulders, keen, dark hazle eyes, regular features, smooth, dark skin, white teeth, and above all, the intelligence of his countenance, imparted to the beauty of his face a feminine character; but the jetty mustache and curling black beard stamped him as a young warrior. * * They inquired how much money we had on board, and said forty more dâus were coming.

"In a few minutes they left us. The young warrior removed the 'khunger' from his girdle, and secured it by the folds of his turban to one side of his head, and then lowering himself by a rope down the ship's side, dropped into the sea, and swam gracefully to his canoe, followed by his companion. Soon afterwards they all weighed anchor, and stood away to the southward.

* * "Our situation was every hour becoming more critical. We were satisfied the Bedouins had not paid us their final visit, but were inclined to believe they would soon appear in greater numbers, to attack the ship; and though we were more than a match for them at this moment, when the ship was on an even keel, and the crew not very much fatigued, in the course of a few days the case would be different; our supply of water was inadequate to our necessities for more than a few days, and incessant labor must soon exhaust the powers of the crew. * * *

"The prospect of getting the ship off was distant;

and as the surest means of obtaining relief, the second cutter was equipped with a crew of six picked men, and despatched early the next morning to Muscat. * *

"On Tuesday morning, the 22d, soon after the departure of the second cutter, the work of lightening was continued, and we saw, with feelings of regret, one-half of our guns cast into the sea.

"The upper spars and sails were sent down from aloft, and on renewing our efforts to heave, at the top of the tide, we discovered with pleasure, that the ship moved. This infused new life into all hands. The men broke forth in a song and chorus, to which they kept time, as they moved round the capstan, or hauled the hawser in by hand. * * And at 3 o'clock, P.M. we anchored in three and a half fathoms water."

His highness, the Sultan of Muscat, with much promptness and great liberality, despatched a frigate and squadron of dâus to the Peacock's relief. He proffered a sloop of war to bring the officers and crew of the Peacock home, in case she should be lost; and offered to send the United States' special diplomatic agent, Mr. Roberts, on his mission in one of his highness' own frigates. And after the ship had been docked at Bombay, she received her lost guns, which the Imaum had had weighed with much trouble, and sent at his own expense.

True, as our author apprises his readers before setting out, '*No vamos a bodas, sino a rodear el mundo.*' But though not bound in search of pleasure or adventure, he has entertained his readers with a very interesting narrative of incidents and facts. Every thing he sees and learns is told *off hand*, and in a way that at once turns the reader into a companion; and makes him feel that it is a feast he is at, which his 'patrón' only went round the world to cater for. And in this he has spared neither pains nor expense; for his work abounds with statistics, agreeable narrative, and just such information as the practical man would seek.

We have been puzzled to gather from his book, satisfactory ideas of the Doctor's peculiar sentiments with regard to the business of foreign missionaries, among whom he has been and seen much. Without being warmly in favor, or strongly opposed to their cause, he freely expresses his opinion of whatever passes under his own observation; which, however honestly intended, will nevertheless induce the missionaries themselves to consider his VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD less the work of a friend than of a foe.

"I have long entertained the opinion," says the Doctor, "that the little success attending the missionary labors in general, is owing to the demonstration of too much religious zeal on their part, without any attempt to show the worldly advantages attending on a full belief in christian doctrines. Greater success might be anticipated, if the minds of the misbelievers were first prepared by instruction in general knowledge, before attempting to convince them of the religious errors in which they live. We are not aware of more than three or four distinguished instances of conversion to christianity, effected by missionaries, where the individuals have been through the remainder of their lives, intrinsically pious." * * p. 126.

The experience of nations has shown, that knowledge, without a code of sound morals, to impose restraints, is a fearful thing. Witness the engines of per-

secution, which were set up in Spain and elsewhere by the evil passions of men, who were guided by knowledge that was neither tempered with the wholesome precepts of true religion, nor chastened by the moral influences of early religious education. Wisdom that is learned before the nature of religious errors is understood, only sets the passions of the human breast more cunningly to work. It teaches those who have the power, the art of drawing more closely around the *people* (who in few countries are *learned*) the chains which bind them to old habits and superstitious notions. One age back, and catholic Europe dispensed knowledge to the world. But the Bible was a sealed book to the *people*. The church preached example to them, only to set precept at nought, and to grind them the more with persecutions and oppressions.

The enterprise of foreign missions had its origin in the United States among the Congregationalists of New England. The American Board of Foreign Missions was organized, as it now exists, under a charter granted in 1812 by the legislature of Massachusetts. Though not itself an ecclesiastical body, the board of missions has acquired its ecclesiastical relations from the Congregational, Reformed Dutch, and Presbyterian churches, under the joint auspices of which it acts. Besides these, and independent of them, other denominations have also their missionaries.

The missionaries acting under the authority of the American Board, had in 1836 reduced seven languages to letters, made translations, printed, and taught reading and writing in them. They have raised up forty-nine churches, at which 2147 native members (heathen converts) go to worship. They have established 359 schools and seminaries, from which about 13,000 pupils receive instruction. More than 100,000,000 pages have been printed under the auspices of the Board, in twenty-five different languages, which are spoken by nearly 500,000,000 of people.* This shows that the missionary has neither been idle, nor fruitlessly engaged; for all of it has been done in one-third of a life time, and that too by a feeble band of American citizens, (half of which is composed of women,) who, claiming no reward for their services, and craving no boon but the charity and prayers of their countrymen to sustain them, have nobly forsaken all the endearing ties of home, and boldly encountered, for the sake of their cause, dangers of the most appalling kind. The adventures in India of the accomplished Mrs. Judson, of missionary memory, exposed her to sufferings, in which she displayed a courage and devotion that seem more like fictions in the beautiful stories of romance, than sober acts of the staid missionary.

Setting aside its high and principal object, no institution is more national in its results, than that in America of foreign missions. And we may add, that no men, under the auspices of any association, deserve more than do the American missionaries, to be considered true patriots. Wherever these men have been,—and they pick out the darkest spots of the earth for their work,—they have nourished science and added to our knowledge by their labors. They have gained the respect, and often the confidence and esteem, of those with whom they sojourn. Abroad, they have always presented their nation in a favorable point of view; and

*Missionary Herald.

in no one instance, have they failed to promote its interest, either directly or incidentally.

Within a few years, the missionary enterprise with its sister scheme of colonization, has done more towards suppressing the slave trade on the coast of Africa, than the laws of the most powerful nations on the globe, enforced with all the vigilance of their men-of-war, have been able to accomplish. Owing to the manner in which native Africans have been operated upon by colonists and missionaries, the slave-trade on the western coast has become a mere shadow of what it was.

With talents that would grace their country, with affluence, friends, and bright prospects at home, men conceive themselves called to labor in the missionary field. Without a murmur, they forego all considerations of a personal character, and enter upon the work with glad hearts. Nor is there any privation, or hardship, or danger, which they do not unhesitatingly encounter. In the midst of the murderous customs of India, and the idolatrous islands; among the cannibals of Sumatra; on the burning plains of pestilential Africa; or wherever his duty calls him—we behold in the American missionary, the philanthropist and christian, on his beautiful errands, striving with the Bible, as with a lens, to throw rays of pure light upon the heathen darkness around him.—“Among the most agreeable hours spent at Bangkok, were those passed in the society of the American missionaries. * * * *

Dr. Bradley, assisted by his wife, dispenses medical advice and medicines daily, to at least one hundred afflicted Siamese. I spent several hours at their dispensary, and left with feelings of admiration and respect for individuals, who appeared more in the light of ministering angels of beneficence, than that of human beings. When I contrasted their present situation with what it must have been in the United States; and viewed their active and incessant labors in behalf of objects more calculated to excite disgust, than call forth active piety—the risk of health and life they were daily incurring—I could not help suspecting that they were acting under the influence of an enthusiastic zeal, tending rather to retard than advance their cause. Their efforts are too strong, and must defeat themselves: a more leisurely and cautious manner, for the first few years at least, ought to be pursued. Of the truth of this opinion they are inclined to be convinced, but say, ‘How can we thrust away from us the afflicted, who hourly petition our relieving charity?’ They are aware that their own unacclimated constitutions are incapable of long enduring so much fatigue: they know from experience, that over-zeal has been a rock upon which many bright prospects of the cause have been wrecked: they know that steady perseverance is likely to achieve more in this, as in every thing else, than interrupted efforts, however strong; yet they pursue the impolitic course, unable to repress the ardent desire of doing good, notwithstanding that ‘doing good every day’* is contrary to the laws of the land.

*The residence of the missionaries was moved, soon after their arrival, to its present place, by the Siamese authorities, because, as it was asserted, they were too near the residence of his Magnificent Majesty, who once a year passed that way. Besides, the missionaries were doing good every day, and thereby obtaining too much merit, which was contrary to law. His Magnificent Majesty himself, not being allowed to ‘do good’ for more than ten days successively.

"I accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Bradley from their humble dwelling, where they leave all the little comforts which circumstances allow, to the dispensary, a small floating house on the river. The voyage was made in a sanpan of the commonest kind, without shelter from a blazing sun.

"We found nearly a hundred individuals crowded under the veranda, and many still in their boats, awaiting the Doctor's arrival. Among the number was a considerable proportion of talapoins* in their yellow robes, and I thought all manifested pleasure at our coming.

"The males on the veranda were separated, but a stranger would be unable to distinguish the sexes by their features, and, being aware of this, the Doctor very kindly said, 'These are females, and those the males.' The front of the dispensary is divided into two apartments,—one occupied by Mrs. Bradley, who dispenses prescriptions to the women, and, where the treatment of the case is continuous, manages the detail, thus leaving Dr. Bradley more time to bestow on new, or more urgent cases. In every instance, the prescription is written on a slip of paper, upon the reverse of which is a text from scripture, in Siamese, and the patients have acquired the notion, that this is an important part of the treatment. Whether this plan of disseminating the scriptures be a feasible one, I question; seeming very much like exhibiting chippings from the sculptor's chisel, as a sample of a fine piece of statuary, or a brick as a specimen of architectural structure. Besides it may lead to the impression that these texts are spells essential to the cure of the disease." p. 311-312.

Instead of likening these texts to 'the chippings from the sculptor's chisel,' the Doctor would have been more happy in his simile, had he compared them to specimens from the quarry, which may induce some to examine it carefully with the hope of finding a treasure there.

This plan of distributing texts is a beautiful little artifice, which the missionary, in honest zeal for his cause, resorts to. With him, it is an object of primary importance to disseminate the scriptures; accordingly he cuts them up into texts, disguises them under the forms of tracts, stories, incidents of conversation, and like the lapidary with his jewels, presents them in every light and shade, hoping to attract attention to his pearls.

The missionary's cause is the cause of humanity; and he has to resort to many little expedients to advance it. It is a scheme for nothing short of revolutionizing more than half the earth, and of crowning all people with the blessings of civilization. Like all great revolutions in the condition of men, much human misery must necessarily be involved in it; and though the sufferers themselves may not enjoy the price of their misery, those who come after them, will say the price is well worth the cost.

Philanthropists are in favor of speedy civilization; and justly so. Yet, nevertheless, that generation through which a nation passes from a savage to a civilized state, must needs be a miserable generation. The old see the social system of their fathers broken up; they are called on to cast forth their penates, and to resist the force of confirmed habits and early education, all of

which have afforded pleasures in their way, and which are foregone by many, only with a broken heart: the young, without the predilections of their fathers, are pioneers in a new order of things; with yet no social relations established, without the proper checks and balances to their new condition, they resort to untried expedients; and while it is gradually regulating itself, they meet with reverses, are cast down, and in their generation, only succeed by many trials and disappointments in preparing the way for those who come after them.

We have had an opportunity of seeing the missionary plan for christianizing heathen nations in operation, and of witnessing it in practical detail. We have compared the system of the American Board with the system of England. A residence of several weeks among the laborers of each, served only to confirm first impressions, and to satisfy us that the American *works* much better than the English plan. The difference in result is mainly attributable to the difference in the organization of the two corps, and the manner in which the plans are carried out; for, philologists have shown that the two people among whom our scene is laid, are descendants from the same race; and their condition in all respects, when the missionary first made his appearance among them, approached as nearly to one and the same, as the influence of climate, the difference of latitude, productions and resources of countries will allow. Although on opposite sides of the equator, there is a striking resemblance, indeed scarcely any obvious difference, to the casual observer, between the Society and Sandwich islander, either in manners, customs, features, or language.

The English have a missionary station at the Society Islands; the Americans at the Sandwich. When we were among them, the laborers in the first field had been there thirty-four years; in the second, nine years. The latter had been more profitably worked, and gave promise of the better harvest.

Our voyage lay from the Marquesas to the Society Islands, and thence to the Sandwich. In it we saw the savage in his rude state of nature, and in his transition thence to civilization. We had an opportunity of contrasting the social condition of man in his *fig-leaf* state, as at the Marquesas, with his condition in his *chrysalis* state towards civilization, as at the Society, and in his dawning life of civilized existence, as at the Sandwich Islands.

At the Marquesas Islands, the climate is a delightful one of perpetual summer; the soil and the sea, of their own accord, yield fruits in abundance; no labor is required of the hospitable native, but to pluck the ripe bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and plantains, almost his only food, from the trees. With his smiling face and cheerful countenance, he has but few necessities, and knows no want: happy in his ignorance, he fulfils the conditions of the familiar apothegm, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' His island is the dreamer's Utopia, where nature is law, and law is love. And if human happiness be that ideal thing which philosophers have described it to be; and if we estimate the condition of the savage, not by our, but by his, standard of what constitutes true happiness, by far a greater portion of it falls to the lot of the unlettered and simple-hearted Marquesan, than to the Society islander, who,

* Siamese priests of the Budha religion.

in his pilgrimage of thirty-four years towards civilization, has become familiar with the vices, but rude indeed in the virtues both of savage and civilized life. We speak of the mass; of course there are individual exceptions.

We shall not pretend to discuss the policy of the course pursued in the missionary system at the Society Islands. We only speak of what our own observations and conclusions have presented to us, without intending to censure, or disparage. For certain it is, that the labors of the missionary at the Society Islands, have not been crowned with success, by any means commensurate with the fruits of similar labor at the American station, on the opposite side of the line.

The thirty odd years of missionary labor at the Society Islands, seem to have brought the natives, (we speak of the mass,) to that state in which they are neither able to supply the new wants, which the change in their condition has made necessary to them, nor to substitute new sources of amusement and happiness for those they have been taught to despise. Like mischievous schoolboys, their principal study seems to be to cheat their teachers.

At church, we saw breechless wardens stationed among the congregation, with wands in their hands, which, by frequently goading and tapping remiss members, were used to preserve proper decorum. Some, whom we saw officiating at a prayer meeting afterwards, in "*puris naturalibus*"—because the dark would conceal their copper-colored skins from view—came to us by night, but with far other than Nicodemus' intentions. The views of the untutored Marquesan, we could pity; but the hypocrisy of these, we despised.

Filthy in their persons, the missionary has found it expedient to introduce the fashion of *shaven* heads, both for male and female. An assemblage of them in holiday dress, some with a shirt, some with a coat, some with breeches on, as an only garment; while here and there a few with the more comely rig of whole garments or the clean tappa, afforded to the unmissionary eye of the stranger by no means a pleasing sight; on the contrary, it presented to his mind, ideas of the squalid wretchedness and abject poverty, which would be called forth by the same motley group in more civilized countries.

Of less commercial importance, and consequently more isolated in their situation than the Sandwich Islands, the missionaries at Tahiti have neither attracted as much public attention, nor had the opposing influence of foreign residents among the natives, to contend against, which their brethren across the line have. This faction among resident foreigners has not failed to create partisans, and to make the missionary sensible of its strength; for it has exercised strong influences against him and his cause. True, the Tahitian missionaries have their enemies in the *Tuteoures*, a band of natives who will neither hear their doctrines nor receive their instructions; but these have neither the influence nor the cunning of foreigners.

The most sensitive nerve, and that which whenever touched, is sure to rouse man into action, has been placed by those who have studied the secret springs of human action, not among the blood vessels of the system, but in the pocket of the man. The collateral results of missionary labor have sometimes twitched

this nerve; and being irritated and inflamed, its tendency with all who have felt its influence, has been to make enemies of those who should be friends of the mission.

In the march to civilization, made under the wool-white flag of the missionaries, the islanders have learned duly to estimate the value of their property; and, consequently, under their improved system of barter and trade with foreigners, the latter are continually reminded by this delicate nerve, that the natives do understand the problem of "*quid pro quo*" in its practical operation.

We have heard such gravely urged among other reasons equally sound, as a cause why the foreign trader should oppose the missionaries, and triumphantly adduced as an instance of the injury which these have been to the Sandwich Islands. "The time was," said a respectable ship-master, who had been trading there for more than a quarter of a century; "the time was," said he to us, "in the days of old *Tommy-hommy-haw*, and before old Bingham, or any of his psalm-singing crew had ever been here, when I could lay in a full supply of pigs and poultry for an old coat, and with a bit of red flannel, or a string of beads, buy *vegetation* enough to last a week. In 1804, I put in here for refreshments; and among other old clothes that I had, was a threadbare black coat; I had it brushed up and the seams inked, and traded it off with the king, who for it, supplied the ship with vegetables while we staid, and with live stock when she sailed. The coat was always too small for me, and the king was a much larger man than I am, and one day he came in great trouble, complaining that he could not fix the coat to look on him as it did on me; it did not meet by about a foot. So I told him it was because he was a *great* warrior, and that in Cook's country, soldier man wore blue ribbons in his button-hole. I put some loops of blue ribbon to it, and buttoned them up across his breast, and he went away much pleased with his soldier coat. But times are changed since then, and whatever you get here now, you must pay for. And its all owing to these missionaries."

As we approached Honolulu, but while yet in the outer harbor, and before we had any communication with the shore, we were boarded by a person, the only object of whose visit, appeared to be, to bespeak our prejudices in favor of the anti-missionary party. In a short time this worthy had read over to us the whole catalogue of charges and specifications against the missionaries, the most grave of which were that they lived meanly, and worked with their own hands. Nor did we afterwards hear any of a different character, except that of the oft-repeated Catholic missionary affair, and insinuations that certain of them had a back stairs' influence in the councils of state which they used to missionary purposes.

The principal missionary station is at Honolulu; though the condition of the mass has undergone more ameliorations at those ports and islands of the group that are less frequented by foreign shipping. At these latter, where the natives are not tempted by the lurements of foreign vice, nor the missionary thwarted in his business by the example of white men, he gains more of their time and attention for his work, and consequently they are more industrious, less vicious, and

therefore in a more prosperous state on some of the other stations than they are at Oahu.

We visited several of these "out-of-the-way" stations, and no where, in a single instance, did we witness the slightest misdemeanor among the islanders; but on the contrary, a rigid and scrupulous adherence to honesty and morals was observed in all their dealings. "They learn the Bible by rote," said one of the missionaries, "faster than we can print it. It is distributed to them in single sheets just as we get it from the press. They are continually asking for more, and frequently want to know, if after learning the next one, they will not have learned all the books in the world. And in our walks, we are constantly called on to point out the right from the wrong." Every where we were forcibly struck with the improved and improving condition of the islanders, and had palpable proof that the missionaries had so far conducted their nine years of labor in the most judicious manner.

"The missionaries stationed at the Sandwich Islands, as a class, are inferior to all those whom it has been our fortune to meet at other stations during the cruise. Many of them are far behind the age in which they live, deficient in general knowledge, and I think I can trace in them more of the lineaments of the Mucklewraths and Poundtexts of by-gone days, than is desirable in divines of the nineteenth century. Belonging to a sect, many of whose numbers, by some unusual combination of circumstances, have been made to reflect, and consequently change their manner of life suddenly, they have quitted their workshops to expound the scriptures; fancying all to be as bad as they themselves were previous to conversion, they go zealously to the work, and, feeling the deep importance of their subject, deal damnation and destruction, in a peculiar slang, to all whose opinions and course of life differ from their own. This is no sketch of fancy, and we can only lament there is no power to shield the pulpit from the vulgar spoutings of unlettered ignorance. It is heard in the United States, and I have no doubt, but the 'Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions' sends abroad the best they have at command. In some rare instances we find combined in the person of the missionary polished manners, knowledge of the world, unimpeachable piety, and a mind firm in solid learning, and graced by various acquisitions of elegant literature. But it unfortunately happens that such men have generally held the subordinate and least distinguished places in the missions, doomed to be ruled by the majority, and labor in the detail of systems which their intelligence will not approve. I might mention such an one, but I must not individualize." p. 475.

The manner in which the missionaries have reduced the Sandwich Island language to letters, does not show any deficiency of talent among them. In the structure of an edifice it is not essential, or even expedient, that all the laborers should be master-workmen. The missionaries had much rubbish to clear away at the Sandwich Islands, but they have laid the foundation of their edifice upon firm ground, and have built it up thus far in admirable proportions. The workmanship shows no want of skill. But "perfection is like the mountain of the talisman, no one has ever yet reached its summit."

We have been led unwittingly away by this interesting subject. If the missionary err, *humanum est*, and

over his faults, if faults he have, we would cast the mantle of charity, as long as it contains any virtue in its folds.

The Doctor's motto is, "Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance." And whenever the missionaries came up to his standard, which we think is pitched too high, he does not withhold from them their due meed of praise, nor deal it out grudgingly. He bears ample testimony of the devotion and success with which the American missionaries in British India have labored in their cause. He gives an interesting account of his visit to the missionary school at Bombay, in charge of Miss Farrar. Under the judicious management of this lady, her school constitutes the only neutral ground, which has ever been afforded where the haughty Mussulman, the persecuted, but honest fire-worshipper, and the exclusive Hindoo, with all his prejudices of caste, could ever meet on any thing like terms of equality. "Already," continues our author, in his interesting narrative, "the feeling against caste has received a shock, and the little girls associated together without much repugnance; and their parents, for the sake of what they learn from their worthy instructors, suffer them to attend the schools." p. 127.

The Doctor left Miss Farrar's school "fully impressed, that the plan of educating native females must succeed, and in the course of time be attended with very beneficial results throughout India"—and adds, "that the great obstacles which the missionaries have to contend against there, are the prejudices of caste; and these are incredibly strong." p. 125.

The *Monolithic* caves of India, are splendid temples of Hindoo antiquity, hewn, as their name signifies, out of the solid rock. They are found among the mountains of Elephanta and Salsette; they are adorned with verandas, spacious and elegant apartments, supported by pillars and columns; and ornamented with massive pieces of statuary, and numerous specimens of the sculptor's art on the walls and near the doorways, many of which are wrought out of the living rock.

The learned of different ages have in vain searched history, inquired of tradition, and tortured their own ingenuity, for some account of the origin of these caves. But the remotest history is silent on the subject, and the people who carved them out, are lost to tradition. All that is known of them is gathered from the stony idols and silent monuments, which a heathen people, at a remote period, and with immense cost of time and labor, had erected to their gods. From the grandeur, number and style of them, it is inferred that they were executed under some powerful dynasty in the East, which must have reigned many years before works of such extent could have been completed.

There is a striking similarity in the architectural style of these caves, and the Monolithic temples of Nubia. The manner in which they are decorated, the resemblance between the symbolical representations found in the two cases, and other traces of like forms of worship, favor the conjecture, that the people who hollowed out these temples in the mountains, had a common descent; for they bowed before similar idols, and worshipped the same powers of nature and spirits of the universe.

The recent discovery in ancient Edom of the Mono-

lithic city of Petra, adds plausibility to the conjecture that the upper Nile was peopled from Western India. Though the biblical history of early times rather favors the hypothesis, that the bloody Bozrah* was the *father-land*, whence commerce, by means of caravans, found her way into India and Nubia, carrying along with other customs in her train, the stone-cutting art.

The ancient temples of Hindoostan and Egypt, the city of Petra, and the ruins of Palenque, afford an interesting field of research to the antiquary, who shall seek among their remains for traces of similar architectural designs, or other monuments of art, that may serve as a connecting link between the nations of the old world and the aborigines of the new.

Besides the caves of Salsette and Elephanta, among the other subjects of general interest touched upon in the "SKETCHES IN HINDOOSTAN," are the policy of the English East India government, many graphic sketches of rides, scenes, manners and customs about Bombay, and a short account of the Parsees or fire-worshippers.

Without the avarice, or the Jewish curse upon them, the Parsees are among the heathen what the Jews are to the christian nations of the earth. Both of them have been driven from their land, and neither of them have a country. Conducting a thrifty trade wherever they are known, both people have preserved, among all nations, and through every revolution, their peculiar religion and forms of worship. The Parsees are celebrated for their upright dealing and honorable bearing. In some parts of the East, it is said, that sealed bags of money are received and passed currently among merchants, with no other knowledge or voucher of their contents, than that afforded on the outside by the brand of the Parsee merchant.

Moore's beautiful oriental story, the *FIRE-WORSHIPPERS*, is familiar to every one. The deep-toned pathos with which this poem is sung by the young minstrel to his tulip-cheeked bride, delights the fancy, and, in the youthful mind, flings an air of romance around the gallant Hased and his devoted band, which the mention of fire-worshippers in after-life always calls to memory.

They suppose the throne of the Almighty to be situated in the sun, which dispenses light and heat to the earth; hence the worship of that luminary;† hence also their worship of fire which is emblematical. The stated times for their devotions are at the rising and setting of the sun. They will kindle a fire, and make use of it in their household economy; but they pay it reverence, and will not extinguish it. We recollect an instance of grave offence to a Gheber, by a *squirting* son of brother Jonathan, who, on a visit to the "rebel son of fire," spit his tobacco juice into the blazes of that emblem of deity.

More than a thousand years ago the fire-worshippers were driven from Persia, their country, by the Arabs, under the father of the "dark-eyed Hinda."‡ Fleeing from the persecutions of their Mussulman tyrants, they sought refuge in various countries of the East. At last they found an asylum among the Guzeratees, who allowed them to exercise their religious rites, on condition that they would reveal the mysteries of their faith, and conform with the customs of the country. Whence, in the pursuits of commerce, they have emigrated to all parts of the East. At the age of

seven years they are invested with the "Gheber belt" of goats' hair, which they never take off, or put on, without prayer. They believe in one God, and that Zoroaster was his prophet. After their expatriation they had no temples, "but morning and evening they assembled on the highways, or near some fountain, where they worshipped the rising and the setting sun. They are generous to all classes of men, without regard to their religious opinions: they often display their charity and benevolence by purchasing slaves, and, after instructing them in some useful art, giving them their liberty." p. 137.

Their number, their union, and their wealth, have excited jealousy, and sometimes made them objects of suspicion; but such is the mildness of their manners, and the rectitude of their conduct, that instances are rare of their being cited before a judge for any misdemeanor. They are fond of poetry. And a Parsee, while tolerant of all religions, has never been known to change his own. p. 133.

From Bombay the squadron proceeded to Colombo, (Ceylon,) and were the first American men-of-war that have anchored there. The officers were cordially received, and hospitably entertained. The Doctor's "SKETCHES IN CEYLON," are replete with valuable information, and entertaining accounts of incidents and things. "Spicy breezes,"* salt, government, cinnamon gardens, commerce, pearls and missionaries, are only a portion of the varied and agreeable topics discussed in these delightful sketches. The chapter on pearl fishing is particularly instructive. The fishery is a government monopoly, and is farmed out for only a few days in the year, during which time alone, the pearl banks are fished. The oysters taken are sold on the spot to the highest bidder. And those who consider a pearl oyster a treasure, will be astonished to learn that a bushel of them may be purchased for a less sum than a bushel of common oysters costs at Faversham or Colchester. p. 190. The missionaries have met with more success at Ceylon than in any part of India. And what may be flattering to our national pride at least, is, that though the American missionaries there, have been passed over in silence by writers on British India, "they are acknowledged on all hands," says the Doctor, "to be more exemplary and more useful, and more eminently successful than any other religious people in India." p. 166.

Passing from Ceylon, the reader joins hands with our author, and is "shown about" Batavia, where his fruit-loving mouth waters for the delicious mangustin; thence he accompanies him to Bankok on many a pleasant jaunt, and amidst curious scenes and people. Here the treaty was exchanged with his magnificent majesty, the king of Siam.

Thence, on a short allowance of provisions, and with languid minds, under the exhausting influence of an enervating climate, to Turon, where they failed in the second attempt, on the part of the United States, to open a commercial negotiation with the Cochin-Chinese government; and from here they hie merrily on with a leading Monoon, to the celestial provinces of the cousin of the sun, and brother of the moon.

A few days after their arrival at Canton, they were called on to perform the last sad offices of friendship to

* Isaiah lxiii.

† Lalla Rookh.

‡ Lalla Rookh.

* Vide Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn.

Edmund Roberts, Esq., the diplomatic agent, who had executed the treaties on the part of the United States, with the courts of Siam and Muscat, and to Lieutenant Commanding Archibald S. Campbell, commander of the United States schooner *Enterprise*. The officers and American merchants at Canton, erected monuments over the remains of these two officers.

The kind attentions of the foreign merchants at Canton, served to divert the minds of the officers from these calamities, and the squadron again put to sea, after a sojourn of three or four weeks, of which the *SKETCHES IN CHINA* afford many interesting details. The cave, whence the gentle Camoens charmed his countrymen with the soft melodies of his verse—graphic sketches of scenes, manners and peculiarities—and the chapter on the “*TEA PLANT*,” will all find favor in the eyes of the general reader.

After touching at the Bonin, the *Peacock* arrived at the Sandwich Islands on the 7th September, 1836—not, however, without leaving on her trackless way, the body of another gallant spirit. On the 25th July, the remains of J. D. Mendenhall, purser of the *Enterprise*, were committed to the deep.

“A funeral at sea is always impressive. The present was particularly so; for, we were paying the last tribute to one who had been generally beloved and respected by the officers of the squadron.

“The flags of both vessels were at half-mast; the coffin, covered by a flag, was placed in the lee gangway; the tolling of the ship’s bell summoned the officers and crew on deck; a solemn silence every where prevailed, broken now and then by a slight swash of the sea against the vessel’s side. While the service of the church was being read, the *Enterprise*, with tolling bell, passed under our stern, and came close under our lee. Her bell was silent; the officers and crew were gazing from deck—one plunge, and the broad blue bosom of the Pacific ocean, closed over the mortal remains of one much loved, leaving no trace to mark his grave.” p. 451.

A few statistics and graphic sketches, other than those already noticed at the Sandwich Islands, with “*SKETCHES IN THE CALIFORNIAS AND MEXICO*,” bring this interesting volume to the conclusion.

It has already been published in England. It is a more interesting, a better written, and a more valuable work, than “*Three years in the Pacific*,” by the same author, which went rapidly through several English editions.

IMPROMPTU.

Impromptus are generally, like much of Sheridan’s wit, cut and carved for the occasion. The following is an exception to the general rule:

I love thee, girl, e’en as the saint
Loves his bright dream of Heaven!
And if such love were sinful deemed,
For mine I’d be forgiven—
For loving graces such as thine
Is only loving what’s divine.

[*Hesperian*.]

BRIDAL ADDRESS.*

To E. F. M****.

RECITED AT HER NUPTIALS BY HER SISTER.

’Tis done! their hands are joined—the vow is given—
Angels are regist’ring that bond in Heaven!
The blessing of the man of God ascends,
Rebreathed by father, brothers, sisters, friends,
And prayers of loving and of loved ones rise,
Invoking richest blessings from the skies.

Hail to the bridegroom! hail to the youthful bride!
Be rosy mirth and joy on every side;
Let age forget its hoary hairs to-night,
And revel youth in unrestrain’d delight;
Let folly, gorged with pleasure, sink oppressed;
Leave discontent, in frowning sadness dressed:
But, here, let every lip, new hope impart,
And all be bliss, where heart meets kindred heart.

Bride of all happiness! in this bright hour
What gift is left for man, or Heaven to shower?
See—love-lit eyes their radiance round thee fling,
Joys in thy path like early flow’rets spring;
And—*more than these*—brighter than sunbeams ray—
A father’s holy smile illumines thy way;
A parent’s benison is on thy head;
Oh! blest with that alone, though all were fled!
He too—whose breast is throbbing wild and high—
Whose soul is filled with love—whose speaking eye
Sees through this mazy crowd one form alone—
Who, than thy bosom, asks no other throne—
He stands enraptured by thy side—*thine own*!

The bond—’tis sealed—thou’rt his; through good or ill,
His wife, his counsellor, friend, companion still;
To smile away the clouds—if clouds should come—
And make an Eden of that dear spot, *home*!
To weep that he doth mourn—and wake thy song
Of mirth, that friends and blessings round him throng—
To watch o’er him, like to a fadeless star,
That lights the gloom and keeps dark grief afar;
To have no thought, no will—no wish avow,
Unsanctioned by his voice—meekly to bow
Before his riper judgment—and fear nought
On earth, save loss of love by gold unbought;
When sorrow pales his manly cheek, or care,
To soothe his anguish—tenderly to bear—
By frets unvexed—and in thy heart to wear
That love which baffles time or change—whose power
Is strongest, firmest in the darkest hour.
All this thou’lt be—and well shall he repay
A love, too deep for minstrel to portray.

Behold! it fades—the veil of future years—
In fancy’s mirror, lo! thy form appears;
Thou’rt ill, upon the couch of pain—but he
Is by thy side, and all thy suff’rings flee!
Thou weep’st—he cheers thee with his whispered words;
Thou’rt sad—he touches memory’s tend’rest chords—

* This address was recited immediately after the ceremony of a marriage, which took place lately in the city of New York, before a large assemblage of friends. It was written for the occasion by a sister of the bride, and spoken by a younger sister nine years of age.—[*Ed. So. Lit. Messenger*.]

His anxious eye is bent upon thy face,
Even as now. Oh! when can time erase
The truth, the love, the holy confidence,
All sweetly mingled in that thrilling glance!
Again thy step is bounding, and thine eye
Its tale of mirth is telling; wild and high
Thy merry laughter rings, and joy once more
Illumes thy cheerful hearth, as oft of yore;
While, bending o'er thee, fondly murmurs he,
"Did not I tell thee such our joys would be?"

Pure, as the veil flung o'er thy virgin brow—
Fond, as the dreams that in thy bosom glow—
Bright, as the rose of beauty on thy cheek—
True, as the faith thou *feels* but can'st not speak—
Deathless, as Vesta's temple flame, be all
Thy love—changeless as Heaven, whate'er befall!
Thy every grief be light, as summer's wind,
Which shakes the flower, but leaves no blight behind.
THINE be the mind-born charms, which coming years
Rob of no sweets, and time but more endears;
And HIS, the holy truth, which still loves on,
When friends forsake, and youth and beauty's gone!

November, 1833.

THE FALLS OF BASH-PISH: OR, THE EAGLE'S NEST.

To the Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

Two of our friends, who were on a pedestrian tour, called to see us last week. Their way of life is sedentary, and they wisely chose this mode of repairing the waste (I should more deferentially say expense) of mind and body, in their studies. As men of taste, they combined with a plan of exercise the purpose of turning aside from the highway, to see the natural beauties of our romantic county of Berkshire. But on inquiring by the wayside and at the inns, they could obtain no information but that there was a "sightly view" at such a point, or a "fine prospect" descending such a mountain. Of the manifold treasures hidden in our hills they could get no report, and this led them to suggest that residents in a country worth visiting should write some account of their surroundings, which should be a sort of guide-book to the explorer. It struck me this was a reasonable species of hospitality, and having just returned from a visit to some falls in our neighborhood, quite unknown to fame, I determined to send to you a copy of the notes I made at the time of the excursion. A description of the favorite haunts in our immediate neighborhood, would be a more literal compliance with the suggestion of our pedestrians, but besides, that in speaking of these domestic lions, I could scarcely divest myself of the partiality resulting from fond associations with such old and familiar friends as *Monument-Mountain*, the *Ice-glen*, the *Roaring-Brook*, the *Precipice*, &c., the journal to Bash-pish is already written, a resistless argument in its favor.

September 11, 1833. A bright, warm September morning. Our party is arranged, and we are on the point of starting for Bash-pish. Every thing is propi-

tious, save that the rain we have so earnestly desired to lay the dust, has not fallen; but what signifies it? with such a party we surely may endure without complaint dust, heat, rain, or any other of the lesser evils that may chance to "light o' our shoulders." While we have Mrs. — and the —'s with us, we have moral influences that are equivalent to sunshine and showers, and all the life-invigorating and life-restoring powers of the natural world. Our party includes eighteen persons, counting by that respectable designation five school girls. As far as they are concerned, it is sure to be a party of pleasure; for, all the miseries ever heaped on a devoted party of pleasure, so called, could not counteract the joyful sense of escape from music lessons, French, Latin, arithmetic, and all those tasks at which they assuredly sow in tears, if they are hereafter to bear their sheaves rejoicing. But here is our omnibus, a long open wagon, and merry voices are ringing round it; and there is the appendix to this great work, a barouche, in which the more delicate members of the party are to take their turn, with the little unconscious traveller, who, having travelled but four months on this road of life, as yet neither looks backward nor forward.

We proceeded down the county road: a soft, and as the travellers among us said, Italian atmosphere, seemed like a transparent veil between us and the mountains, and made them look blue, and hazy, and distant; while every nearer object was clear and defined. The Mountain Mirror on our right, true to its name, reflected like those polished silver plates, anciently used as mirrors, and gave back clearly the image of the sylvan beauties that stood thickly around it; while Scott's pond, on our left, looked as blue as the heaven above it.

At Stockbridge a portion of our party were awaiting us, and congratulations poured in upon us on our happy prospects. The clouds that threatened yesterday have vanished—we run no risk in the open omnibus—the wind is westerly, the most trustworthy of winds, and so kissing hands to our God-speeding friends, while one of our party was muttering, as he clambered over the high wheels of the omnibus, "*Jual diavolo di Carro!*" we proceeded onwards, and next drew up at the inn, in the pretty village of Barrington, where the street is enfolded in the mighty arms of old elms. What beautiful memorials of the departed are the trees they planted, with their roots struck into the earth whence we have all sprung, and their stems mounting heavenward whither we all tend! Some one suggested that the Barrington inn furnished tolerable claret, and it was voted prudent to secure a few bottles for our lunch, to which, in the true vein of travellers, we were looking forward to as the next great event of the day. Our admirable purveyor, A—, went to procure it. The man who happened to be serving the bar,—for the honor of our county I trust he was not an accredited official of the Barrington inn,—seeing A—'s blonze, and observing his foreign accent, deemed it an apt occasion for a speculation; and having delivered the claret, said it was two dollars a bottle. "*Due scudi!*" (two dollars,) exclaimed our friend; "my good sir, the bar-keeper asked me but half a dollar for a bottle yesterday." The man drew in, muttered some apology, and quietly took the tendered half dollar per bottle. Such a circumstance might have been noted down by our

travellers abroad, or foreigners here, as characterizing a district; and yet we have passed up and down this good county, for the better part of half a century, without meeting a similar instance—so reliable are the conclusions of generalizing travellers!

The drive from Barrington to Sheffield is along a meadow road, and for the most part on the margin of the Housatonick. Green fields and a stream of water, great or small, will always constitute beautiful scenery; but when that stream has been the play-fellow of your childhood, and has smiled on you through all the chances of life, there seems to be a soul breathed into material things. Some of us needed all this spiritual communion, to endure with christian patience the clouds of dust that enveloped us, even through that

"woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink,
Had given their stain to the waves they drink;
And they whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue."

We trust that the poet from whom we quote, when he shall have cast off the burden, we are sure he unwillingly bears, of a party-paper, will come back to the more genial task of illustrating other points of his native county, as well as he has done "Monument Mountain," and "Green River."

Sheffield has far less rural beauty than most of our villages, but it has a compensation in lying in the shadow of the Jahconick, and in having their western horizon defined by the beautiful outline of that lofty mountain. At Sheffield we proved the virtue of a name; for having called for *lunch*, a table was spread for us with stacks of eggs, bread and butter, cakes, pies, &c., besides a smoking quarter of lamb—in short, a fair country meridian dinner, for which, being called a *lunch*, we paid only eighteen cents each!

At Sheffield, some slight indications that we were a party of pleasure appeared; for all such seem to share the curse that fell on Seged, when he devoted nine days to happiness. There were various signs of fatigue, restlessness, and anxiety. Some were lolling on the beds—others stretched on the floor—some bewailing the dust—and others noting mares' tails and mackerels' backs, that promised we should at least have no dust to complain of after to-day. But what are we to do with rain in our uncovered ark? "Wait till the rain comes," wisely says one of us, who never sees any evil in the future, and bears every present evil so lightly, that to her it seems to have neither form nor weight. From Sheffield, in spite of various guide-boards, inviting us to shorter and better routes, we adhered to that which follows the course of our favorite river, that now, though it has lost nothing of the grace of the infant, is dilating into a breadth that ranks it among rivers in our land of mammoth waters. It is, in this dry time, somewhat in the condition of the sixth age, its bed being a world too wide for its shrunk sides. Well may it linger, and turn, and double on its track, like a good spirit loving the smiles it makes; for, in some sort, it is the creator of this scene of abundance, beauty, and contentment. But oh, the dust! the dust! we can hardly see our fellow travellers through the clouds between us; and feel that farthest from them is best. We have now

left the county of Berkshire, and entered the state of Connecticut; and in passing over a high hill to the village of Salisbury, we stopped on a summit, called, I believe, Prospect Hill; but where in this country of far-stretching views, of valley and upland, is there a hill that might not be so designated? From this hill we first saw the two lovely lakes that lie cradled in the valley, separated only by a strip of *terra firma*, wide enough for a carriage road. Mrs. — gave them the fitting name of the *Twins*; and the curious little hill on the right, whose natural inequalities present to the eye the image of terraces, battlements, and turrets, she called *Castle-Hill*. There is much use in associating names with points of a landscape; besides that, that seems hardly to have an individual existence which has no name. They serve as a sort of "open sesame" to the memory; and when afterwards we hear them, they, and their dependencies, and surroundings, pass before us almost as vividly as when the eye first rested on them. There is good sense as well as good taste, in giving a name that is obviously descriptive—it stands some chance of being generally adopted. Our people do not readily change the homely designations of "Great Pond," and "Little Pond," for the fine and foreign names bestowed by amateurs. The west was mottled with clouds which reflected the last rays of twilight, when we drove up to one of the two inns in the old village of Salisbury. Our arrival produced a change in the little dwelling, like setting the wheels of a factory in motion. All the energies of the landlady, who, her husband being absent, has double duty to perform, are put in motion. Here are twenty persons to be fed without any previous preparation for such an onslaught; twenty persons to be accommodated with lodging and all its accessories, and some among them habituated to whatever there is of refinement and elegance in the country; but luckily there are half a dozen girls, in their teens, easy material for stowing, who will sleep soundly on feathers, straw, or a bare floor, and be sure of a merry waking after; and all of us have learned Touchstone's true philosophy, "When we were at home we were in a better place, but travellers must be content." A party of pleasure must be poorly fitted for their vocation, if they cannot convert the incommodities of a narrow inn into materials for laughter. After a due investigation, it was settled that Mrs. —, and her tail of girls, should take possession of the *ball-room*; that Mrs. —, her nurse, and child, should have a little nest of rooms, some ten feet square—a strange penning up for one what last year at this time was fêted in lordly palaces, the cynosure of all eyes. To M., and F., and F., was assigned the only carpetted apartment as compensation for their French couches, psyches, mirrors, dressing-rooms, bathing-rooms, &c. at home; and I sent two of my young handmaidens to secure apartments for the rest of us at the inn over the way. They returned, charmed with their success. They had engaged for the gentlemen the refinement of separate apartments, and for the four of us that remained, "such a delightful room—so Saxon!" I had some misgivings as to the quality termed Saxon; but what was my dismay, on retiring to my quarters, to find a town-hall, (called by courtesy, ball-room,) built by the good citizens of Salisbury for their civil assemblings. By the feeble glimmerings of our lamp, I perceived at the upper

extremity of the apartment, some fifty feet long, an orchestra, which the fervid imaginations of my young purveyors had, I presumed, converted into a *dais*. The room was illuminated by eight windows with not even a paper curtain—nothing but the dark scarlet bombazet demi-curtain, which seems the favorite ensign of our country inns. Beside the windows, there is a door opening on to a piazza, large enough to have afforded egress and ingress to all the gods of our Saxon fathers, and quite in character for their impartial hospitalities: it had no fastenings to exclude volunteer guests. And further, this “delightful Saxon” apartment had a sanded floor, which, as my young companions chose to course up and down its fifty of length, was rather unfriendly to the sweet offices of sleep. But in spite of this—in spite of the windows rattling in their casements—in spite of a rising northeaster—of the blowing open of the door, and the pelting in of the rain, a king might have envied our sound sleep on the teamsters’ beds of this “delightful Saxon” apartment! Such wonderful transmuters are exercise and fatigue, of straw-beds and coarse coverings into down and fine linen.

Wednesday morning.—The winds are howling, and the rain driving, and our strolling company must be housed for the day. Picturesque travellers, we must make our own pictures. Shadows are always ready, and it will be strange, if with the bright spirits around us, we cannot put in our own lights. Half a dozen propositions are already afloat for the amusements of the day. “Shall we get Mrs. — to read Shakespeare to us?” or “shall we prepare for waltzes and tableaux?” It is agreed that the blonzes of our Milan friends will make charming costumes for the girls, and the scarlet curtains will work up admirably into bandit gear—it will be the first real service the detestable things ever rendered. In the meantime, I have set my merry girls and our Italian cavalieri to sweeping the sand off the floor. A— is decorating it with a series of family portraits he has discovered, evidently painted by some unlucky tinto, who had no other mode of furnishing the *quid pro quo*; for the landlord has sat for three portraits—once with folded hands, then reading, and then meditating; and the landlady is presented in the vanities of a most versatile wardrobe. Our Italian friends seem to produce strange perplexity in the minds of our entertainers. The woman who waited on our little party at breakfast, came to me after it was over, saying, in a most apologetic tone, “I am afraid you can’t understand me any better than I can you;” and my assurance that I was her countrywoman, brightened her countenance with the first perception that we were not all outlandish folk.

The floor is swept. A— has crossed the brooms as trophies over the door—some are tossing B— in a blanket—others galloping, and the rest waltzing with the family portraits! We shall have no lack of amusement.

At eleven, the whole party assembled at the upper inn, where a centre-table having been tastefully arranged by the young ladies, so as to give a most civilized aspect to the apartment, we gathered round it. Our amateur artists busied themselves with finishing up the sketches of the previous day. The girls cajoled the landlady out of her knitting work, and sat most demurely at it. Our Italian scholars translated English

into Italian poetry; and one of our foreign friends improvised verses in his own language, till, by common consent, each individual occupation was abandoned, and every eye and ear was devoted to Mrs. —, while she read to us the first scenes in the Merchant of Venice. I doubt if a theatrical representation of Shakespeare, with all the aid of scenic effect, and dramatic illusion, can equal such a reading of the play as Mrs. —’s. The acted play is necessarily cut down and garbled, and nine-tenths of what remains is travestied by bad actors; but, read by Mrs. —, Shakespeare is truly interpreted, and every word delivered in a voice that is the most effective, as well as the most delicious organ of the soul. That voice, with her electrifying eye, and her miraculous variety of expression, breathe a living spirit into the written words, and each character appears before you in its individuality and completeness; not only the intellectual Portia, the cool, subtle and avenging Shylock, but the grave and generous Antonio, the sagacious Gratiano, &c. &c.—such characters as on the stage, are either automations or buffoons. But Mrs. —, who seems in the versatility of her talents as well as in her genius, to be “near of kin” to her great master, had no sooner closed her book than she sprang up stairs into the ball-room, to teach L— a gavot, and finding in a corner of the room an old crimson banner, belonging to the citizen-soldiers of Salisbury, and a sort of helmet-cap that had probably graced their commander, she donned the one and flourished the other, impersonating an heroic chieftainess, who might have appropriated the words of Clorinda—

“Son pronta ad ogni impresa;
L’alte non temo, e l’umill non sdegno.”

Here is the summons to dinner. How has the rainy morning been charmed away!

It is a pity that metaphysicians instead of scoffing at the theories of philosophers older than themselves, and striking out new systems to be scoffed at in their turn, do not observe the minds around them, and the laws that govern them. Here is our kind little landlady who has been perfectly happy all the morning in the satisfaction she was preparing for her guests. How cheerfully she has performed the multifarious labors of housewife, cook, and maid of all work, crying “anon, anon!” to every one’s bidding, and casting her smiles like sunbeams beyond the clouds that were scudding before her. The odor of a turkey roasting for dinner, (a rare dainty at this season in these country parts,) acted as a charm against fatigue and disquietude of every sort. The dinner hour came—the turkey was served—the hungry guests sat down to dinner. It was a moment of honest triumph to the good woman—a moment when the little vanities of the housewife were dignified by the benevolence of the woman. But, alas! night is next to day; and not more dismal is the change from light to darkness, than the vanishing of the poor hostess’ smiles, when she saw the strongest, skilfullest hand among us laboring in vain to separate the joints of the ancient gobbler, who, though the father of generations, she had undoubtedly brought to a most untimely end. The poor woman, for the first time that day, sat down. All the toils of the day—all the runnings to and fro, were accumulated at this moment. Hope had cheated her into unconsciousness of her burdens, and at

the touch of disappointment she sunk under them. Now our metaphysical result is, that there are certain powers of the mind, which, brought into action, abridge labor even more than spinning-jennies.

After dinner we fell into an argument on the tendencies of the Catholic religion, to prolong the dominion of absolute governments. F—— earnestly contending against it in spite of his sixteen years in the dungeons of Spielberg; which we might have expected would have prejudiced him in favor of our argument.

Thursday morning.—We sent through a pelting rain, a mile and a half, for a fiddler, ensconced him in the orchestra, lighted up our tin chandelier and began dancing, though we had but one cavalier who did not declare himself *hors de combat*. Fortunately two wandering stars suddenly rose above the dreary horizon of our young damsels. The one was a young man who introduced himself as Hermann Hinklinker, a German student, and his companion, a Count Catchimetchikoff, a Pole. They both spoke English well. The German student was a sort of admirable Crichton. He seemed an universal genius, and whatever he was called upon to do he did marvellously well. His eye was that of an inspired poet, and his countenance, conversation and manners, had the witching charm that belongs to the knight of bower and hall. As if by instinct he selected the lady of our fair company, who has been presented at foreign courts, and might grace an epic poem, and having called in vain on our rustic fiddler for various dances foreign, he gracefully joined a quadrille, a country dance, and Virginia reel, and danced with as much glee as if they were the dances of his own land and fondest associations. His companion, the Polish Count, with the unpronounceable and almost unwritable name, was boyish and unpractised, but he had the freedom of a seemingly happy nature, and a certain air of the well-born and well-nurtured, that was pleasing. At half past nine our dancers had exhausted their superfluous activity, and we adjourned to the little parlor where our wondrous student sang German, Italian, French, and English with equal facility, and with an expression that waked all the soul within us; and that, perhaps, is the prosaic interpretation of what the poet means by "creating a soul under the ribs of death." The young Polish prince sang an accompaniment, that at least showed long practice, with his more accomplished friend. Our hostess sent us in a refection of cakes and peaches, and we separated at twelve, bidding our strange visitors "good night," as if they were of us. Who were they? Whence came they? Is it possible that their advent was connected with the disappearance of two of our party, Mrs. — and Miss —, who left us after tea, and did not appear again till this morning?

It is still raining, and has rained all night, as it did upon the drowning unbelievers of Noah's time. The wind is still east, and our pictorial party will probably go home again without either seeing Canaan falls, the lakes, or Bash-Pish.

Ten o'clock.—Good, as well as evil, comes unlooked for. The wind has changed—the clouds are breaking away—the carriages are ready—Ho! for Canaan falls! Our friend, R. A——, has joined us. This is his home, and he has undertaken hospitably to show us the beauties to which he is native, and which he rightly appreciates, and unostentatiously enjoys. The rain has done

us nothing but good—it has laid our enemy, the dust, quietly at our feet—washed the trees—greened the fields—and brimmed every little brook, so that this seems the land of fresh and gushing streams.

The elements had ceased their hostility, and air, earth and water, were ministering to our enjoyment, when, lo! on descending a hill, we came upon a stream that had overflowed its banks and flooded the road for a long distance. We stopped to take counsel of an old resident, who assured us there was no danger, and those among us who were as brave as the Duke of Marlborough—that is, who feared nothing where there was nothing to fear—proceeded, in spite of the outcries of sundry of our juveniles, who were suddenly pervaded with a sense of Falstaff's alacrity in sinking. After all it was but one of Andrew Marvel's dangers, and only served to add one to the pictures laid up in our memories; for it was a pretty sight to see the omnibus' horses dashing into the water, and to watch their passage, as they were now nearly hidden by the light foliage, that almost embowered the narrow road and now emerged from it. At Canaan falls we rejoined, by appointment, some dear friends who had come from home with us, and who, during the rainy day, had enjoyed a welcome that might have been envied by him, who boasted that his kindest welcome was at an inn. Canaan falls have long been known as furnishing valuable water privileges, and as being the location of profitable furnaces, but being far from the grand routes, they have been little visited by amateurs, and few of this dainty body probably know that there is a fall of sixty feet in the Housatonic. Human beauties have their "handsome days," and so have the beauties of inanimate nature, if that can be called inanimate that breathes harmony, and speaks to the soul. Never, I am sure, were these falls seen in a more becoming light. The river was filled by the rains of the previous night, and literally verified what was said in another sense, by our good woman of the inn, when she told me "the falls were well worth seeing—there had been a great addition to them." "What, more water?" "Oh no, more furnaces!" And, in truth, furnaces are not very bad "additions." They certainly are far less offensive accessories to falls than factories, which are so upright, so freshly painted, and so full of windows. Whether it is that Ketch's marvellous pencil has redeemed a furnace from all utilitarian and anti-picturesque associations, so that you cannot see one without thinking of the young page Fridolin, and his beautiful mistress; or that there is something that harmonizes with trees, rocks, and water, in these buildings, that always look old, brown, dingy, and ominous, with their glowing fires gleaming through their port-holes. Some of our party who had seen Schaffhausen, were struck by a resemblance of these to those celebrated falls, and had the courage to pronounce them little less beautiful. I shall not attempt to describe them. Painting even is an ineffective presentment of a water-fall; and words, without the spell of genius, cannot conjure up to the imagination the motion and force of the river, as it rushes over the precipice—the rocks above, that seem in vain to have tried to repel and obstruct its passage—the pretty islands—the steep banks, with their dark cedars—the rustic bridge below—the long stretch of the river, and the far distant hills that bound the horizon, and all touched

with a light that would have set an artist or a poet off into ecstasy.

But the majority of our caravan were neither artists nor poets; so after running up and down the bank, to the bottom and the top of the fall, wondering, admiring, and exclaiming as much as could be reasonably expected, we returned to enjoy a very nice lunch, in a degree that could not have been exceeded by poets or artists. *En passant*, we commend, as in duty bound, the nice inn at Canaan falls to the wayfarer, where he will be sure of finding that rarity, fresh eggs *fresh*, and cakes and pastry most skilfully compounded.

We had yet a drive of five miles in extent round Furnace lake to Salisbury, and then a tour round *Salisbury lakes*, so called—*par excellence*. The views returning, of upland and lowland, were most beautiful. We were driven to the summit of a hill whence we saw all the Salisbury world and the glory thereof. We passed a rill that our rainy day had swollen into what appeared a mountain torrent, and finally passing round the lower margin of Furnace lake, reached our inn at three o'clock. The day was still unclouded, and as the shadows were lengthening, every hour added to the beauty of the scenery, so that the eye, not satisfied, as it is never satisfied with such seeing, our party, excepting Mrs. — and myself, set off for the lakes.

Opposite the inn there is a very green field, and this field is traversed by a little stream, that is, I believe, the outlet of the lake on Mount Rhiga; at any rate its birth-place is on that high mountain, and as it flows through this fresh bit of meadow land, it retains its free and joyous mountain character. There is always in the sound of running water a voice of invitation; and Mrs. — and myself, having no heart to resist such a bidding, passed through an open barn, which afforded us the readiest access to the meadow, and then strolled along the margin of the brook to a clump of sycamores, from whose roots the earth had been so washed away as to afford a good seat, and their clean white stems a far better support than our perpendicular country chairs. The trees along this brook are not the willows and light shrubbery that usually affect our water courses, but groups of noble oaks, elms, maples, and sycamores, (the original growth I believe,) disposed as if they were planted by the most skilful artist—and were they not?

"If this were in England," said Mrs. —, reverting to her English associations, "it would make the fortune of our innkeeper. There we have a large class who haunt such places. That barn would be removed, or rather it would never have been placed there, and the little aid that nature needs to give it all the attraction it is capable of, would not have been spared; but in your country the supplies that nature yields to physical wants is all you get from her. There are a few individual exceptions; but for the most part those of your people who can afford the luxury of travelling, throng the watering places; they go in herds, and must eat, drink and live, in crowds. To love and enjoy nature, requires a certain degree and kind of cultivation, which your people have not."

In spite of the *amour-propre*, which one instinctively extends so far as to embrace one's own people, I could not but admit that there was much justice in my friend's strictures. The denizens of our cities, who, for the

most part, make up that class that can indulge in the luxury of travelling, and summer excursions, do not spend their short holiday in exploring their country and making acquaintance with its lonely solitudes—and why should they? We must be content to let people be happy in their own way. There are no daily papers at Bash-pish or Canaan falls—no prices-current—no reports from the stock market—and the most irresistible French dresses, or (as one of my fashionable friends styles them) even the most *romantic* French dresses, and the most perfect "loves of capes," would be worse than wasted there. But, as I urged to Mrs. —, is there not a much larger class in our country, than the privileged aristocracy of any land can furnish, sufficiently educated to relish the beauties of nature? A love of nature, amounting to a passion, is innate with a few—but a very few. With the greater part it needs to be awakened and cultivated. In the eager pursuit of the first necessities of existence, this love or taste has been neglected among us; but it is precisely one of those pleasures that suits the mass of our people, for it is rational, most moral, and *unexpensive*. Nature exhibits her pictures without money and without price. Her show-rooms are every where open without respect to persons, seasons, or hours. And are there not at this moment, scattered in our secluded places and retired villages, numbers who quietly and unostentatiously enjoy the festival nature has spread, and who are getting that 'wisdom' which

"is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies?"

And are there not prisoners pent in our cities, who hunger and thirst after the green meadows and misty mountain tops?

With the shadows, we again all gathered at our head quarters, and passed the evening in representing a secret meeting of the Carbonari. One of our Italian friends, who, for the project cherished in these meetings, had suffered sixteen years in the dungeons of Spielberg, showed us the mode of inaugurating a new member of the society; and different members of our party, being instructed in their official duty, regularly initiated a young black-eyed girl into the secrets of membership.

We went early to bed, to prepare for the fatigues of the next day. Little did we know what preparation was necessary. Pity that one cannot take in an extra quantity of rest, as Dalgetty did of provant!

Friday morning—after being joined by Miss — and her brother, our Salisbury friend, well fitted to be our guide and companion, and indeed furnished to every good work, we began the ascent of Mount Rhiga, on our way to Bash-pish, which was to be the crowning point of our excursion. The road begins alongside the little brook aforesaid, and continues its delightful companionship for four miles to the summit. There is but just space enough between the brook and the close set trees for a road. The branches of the trees often stretch over and interweave above your head. The flowers of the season, the gentians, asters, and golden rod, were thick set and blooming among the turf, and the long ferns hung over like green plumes. "This," said Mrs. —, as she marked the laurels planted all along the roadside, "must be paradise in June; it is just such a drive as our noblemen obtain in their parks

at almost unlimited expense and trouble." As we wound upward, we had glorious glimpses into the open world we were leaving behind us, of hill-side and valley; but there was one point at which we stopped and remained for some moments in breathless admiration. Here there was a wide, deep and wooded chasm between us and another eminence, that presented a semi-circular front like the wall of an amphitheatre—but an amphitheatre built by an Almighty architect. The trees grew over the side of this mountain so close that they looked absolutely packed with a surface resembling a rich turf, and giving the appearance, I have remarked, of a green wall.

The greater portion of our company, the hale and the merciful ones, had alighted from our vehicles to walk up the mountain. A—, who either perceived that I was lagging, or wishing to provide a picturesque variety, struck a bargain with a butcher's boy, who was wending his way up the mountain with supplies for Rhiga, and having huddled the meat into the back part of the little wagon, he placed me, with my pilgrim's staff, on a board that served for a seat in front, where I figured as a vender of beef and tallow. The Doctor soon overtook us, another type of civilization, with his symbols, a sulkey, and a leathern sack, containing the torments of social existence for those that enjoyed few of its benefits. After passing the furnaces of Mount Rhiga, (called Mount Raggy by the natives,) we came upon a lake, four miles in extent, with the Katskills for a background. Oh how beautiful that lake and those blue summits were, when we returned at twilight—mountain, lake, and skies, all glowing with the 'last steps of day!'

From Rhiga we drove over a very comfortable mountain road seven miles to Mount Washington, and were again in our own county of Berkshire. By the way I had a little chat with the Doctor, and was congratulating him on his *ride*, embracing these far stretching and sublime views, when, in reply, directing my observation to a point in the Katskills, he said, "My father was killed there felling a tree, and left me, with several other children, orphans, in a log-hut hard by. I always see the place when I pass this way, and it is a dreary ride to me." There was much food for thought in this; but turning from the proof that the mind gives its own hue to the outward world, I remembered to have heard that this gentleman and his brother were eminent in their profession, and I thanked Heaven that the stream of life, in our land, runs to prosperity, even though its beginning be in a log-hut on the Katskills.

We stopped at a farm house in the village of Mount Washington, where we deposited our youngest traveller, with her nurse, and three of our little girls, who we thought incompetent to the labor before us—and having secured three riding horses for the least strong among us, the rest proceeded, under the guidance of an old mountaineer, through woodland and ploughed land towards Bash-pish. The distance was not more than two miles and a half; no frightful achievement for the poorest walker among us—but the ground was broken and rugged, and when two miles were accomplished we had to descend a precipitous hill, where there had been a road, now only to be marked by the heaps of stones from which the earth had been swept during the late furious rains. After much fatigue we did get down

without breaking our necks or dislocating our bones; but, if "*facilis descensus avari*," what the *ascent* would be we hardly dared to think—and think of any future evil we could not, while we were lured on by the music of the water-fall, which came up from the depths like the song of a siren.

Here ended my journal. We were perfectly exhausted with fatigue when we arrived at our Salisbury inn, at eight in the evening—and the next morning, before starting for home, I had only time to bring up my notes to where I have ended. But what signifies it? I could not have described that most graceful of all the water-falls I have ever seen—that treasure which Nature seems to have hidden with a mother's love, deep in the bosom of her hills.

We were afterwards told that we did not, after all, see what was grandest—that we should have approached on the other side, where the access was easy, and gone to the rocky breast-work,* at the summit of the hill, whence we should have looked off a sheer precipice of three hundred feet into the ravine through which the water passes away. I believe it, for the fall as we saw it was no more sublime than a child in its wildest frolics, or a fawn gamboling through the glades of its woodland home.

If any of my readers have been good-natured enough to follow me thus far, finding my story without an end, they may deem me guilty of an impertinence in publishing the journal of a home excursion, which has neither a striking point nor a startling incident. But if I should lead any to seek the healthy pleasures within their reach, which will cost them no great expense of time or money, I shall be content.

In spite of the old ballad which gravely tells us that "to travel is great charges," as you know, in every place, we spent five days, and saw and enjoyed all that I have, perhaps too tediously, detailed, for less than the amount of a week's board at a watering place.

* It is from this rock, where eagles' eggs have been found, that the place obtained the name of Eagle's Nest. Bash-pish is the corruption of a name given by some Swiss settler.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830.—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire—and translated from the French for the Messenger, by a gentleman in Paris.

SPEECHES IN THE CHAMBERS.

Strangers, and particularly the English, never fail to exhibit, on visiting our legislative chambers, their surprise at seeing a speaker, after ascending the tribune, draw a little stitched manuscript book from his pocket, and commence the regular reading of a discourse to an assembly which rarely seems to listen to him. This habit of writing speeches is gradually disappearing, and it is well that it is so. Under the restoration, the deliberation over almost every law was preceded by a general discussion, during which the chamber was condemned to hear, I do not say to listen to, the reading of some thirty or forty written discourses, in which the principal object, the *projet* of the law, generally disap-

peared to make room for commonplaces, and irrelevant and unmeaning declamation, uttered with the most ambitious emphasis in the midst of the noisy confusion and conversation of the members. The attention of the chamber was only secured at the moment of deliberation on the different articles and the various amendments. Then the speakers—those who spoke without written discourses—seized the tribune; then alone commenced the true debate. The written discourses, with a few exceptions, are a sort of letters of exchange drawn upon the electors—a certificate of parliamentary life, which the *Moniteur* was called upon to despatch.

Now the deputies quit their places, and save themselves in the conference rooms, at the mere sight of the sheets of a written discourse. This repugnance to listening to written discourses, had been long discovered by men of capacity, accustomed to captivate public attention; and if they ever wrote their speeches, they committed them to memory, and afterwards improvised them from the tribune.

General Foy, whose eloquence was so brilliant, was several times indebted to this innocent stratagem for success. With him it was the result of pure modesty, for never were his speeches more powerful than when really improvised. General Lamarque was endowed with a wonderful memory; in 1828 he delivered twelve discourses on the budget of war, without having a single sheet of paper before him; and yet (I have proof of the fact,) these twelve discourses had been written in advance.

Another deputy, whom I will not name, (he belonged to a different side of the chamber, and did justice to himself by giving in his resignation in 1830,) had also, like General Foy and General Lamarque, the talent of appearing to improvise his discourses. But if, as has been said, few are great men to their *valets de chambre*, there are likewise but few orators for the journalists, charged with reporting their discourses. No pains are taken to conceal any thing from them, and frequently one may, in the tribune of the reporters, follow in the manuscript the improvisations of certain orators.

The deputy of whom I have spoken, was accustomed to send his manuscripts to the journals of his party, before the sitting of the chamber; but he took one precaution, which I never knew General Foy or General Lamarque employ. This was to note, himself, and beforehand, the interruptions, exclamations, or applauses which he supposed might accompany any of his periods.

I have seen—I say I have seen—seen with my own eyes, one of these manuscripts. The words *laughter, very well, murmurs on the left, applauses on the right, general approbation, &c. &c.*, had been added in the handwriting of the orator, on the sheets of the copy. I read at the end of this manuscript the following sentence, written out in full, and in the hand of the speaker:

The honorable orator, on descending from the tribune, was surrounded by his numerous friends, who hastened to congratulate him in the warmest manner.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND, IN JULY, 1830.

I could easily imagine the policy which induced the members of the last cabinet of Charles X. to keep the

ordinances of July a profound secret to the very last moment, had that secrecy been preserved for the purpose of concealing preparations for defence, extraordinary assemblages of troops, or other means of security; but there was nothing of this sort to be concealed. The government which declared war against the nation, commenced the struggle entirely unprepared. I might perhaps, have imagined some advantage from this secrecy, had it been intended that the *coup d'état* of 1830 should have broken out unexpectedly—had it been designed to take France by surprise—but there seems to have been no intention of accomplishing even this. The *coup d'état* was announced in the journals of every shade of opinion, and no ministerial sheet had been authorized to contradict the report; so far from this, the most ardent journal of the absolutist party every morning invited the government to make use of force for crushing the opposition it had to encounter; and yet, to the very last day, the ministers energetically denied the *projets* attributed to them.

The Austrian ambassador, whose wife was at the baths of Dieppe, and who was anxious to go for her, interrogated M. de Polignac with some anxiety:

"If any thing is in preparation," said he, "I should not leave Paris; I ought to be at my post."

"You may go, without fear," replied the minister; "I will be responsible that nothing happens."

The same answer was given to the English ambassador, who did not, however, put implicit faith in its truth, since he wrote to his government: "Serious events are about to take place: the minister of foreign affairs denies all intention of a *coup d'état*—but I know from a good source that the scheme is determined on."

M. de Rothschild, acute, full of foresight, and generally well informed, reposed in confidence upon the denials of M. de Polignac and M. de Peyronnet, who were interested in his operations at the Bourse. M. de Rothschild, whose immense capital is employed in every country in Europe, turned a deaf ear to the reiterated warnings which he received from all quarters. Urged on Saturday morning, the 24th, to guard against the fall which would be the inevitable result of the publication of the ordinances, which he was told, would appear on Monday morning, he replied with a sneer: "It will be time to think of that on Monday; I am about to set off for Boulogne." M. de Peyronnet had said to him: "There will be no *coup d'état* so long as I am a minister; my resignation is ready; time is always necessary to recompose a ministry."

This also was the language of M. de Chantelaume and of M. de Guernon-Ranville; M. d'Haussez and M. de Monbel preserved silence.

M. de Rothschild thought himself so certain of the truth, that he did not return to Paris during Sunday the 25th; and on Monday the 26th, one of his secretaries having found the ordinances in the *Moniteur*, hastened to meet his patron on the road from Boulogne, to inform him of the fact. The surprise of M. de Rothschild on reading the *Moniteur* was so great, that he swooned in his cabriolet.

A secret so well kept by so many persons is so extraordinary a circumstance, that one is forced to believe, that, until Sunday the 25th, nothing had been determined in the cabinet; and that, if the ministers had in a preceding council received information of the *projets*

of Charles X. (at first confided only to M. de Polignac,) a sufficiently strong opposition had been manifested to leave room to believe that these *projets* had been abandoned, and that it had been determined to wait as long as might be necessary to secure those who were still undecided.

M. de Talleyrand, whose perspicacity will not be questioned, also refused to believe in a *coup d'état*, or at least that it was so near at hand.

M. de Talleyrand did not love Charles X. and Charles X. detested him. He could not bear, it has been said, even to see his face; and M. de Talleyrand, always malicious, never failed to profit by all the opportunities which his dignity of grand chamberlain afforded, to present himself before the monarch. He did not hesitate to travel sixty or eighty leagues to procure this petty enjoyment of but a few minutes.

At the time of the revolution in Piedmont, the French ambassador near the court of Sardinia, having quitted Turin, came to render Louis XVIII. an account of the events of which he had been a witness. The Count d'Artois, informed of the presence of this ambassador in the cabinet of his brother, hastened thither: M. de Talleyrand was present at the conference. The Count d'Artois expressed himself at first with great vehemence on the events in Piedmont, and blamed with much energy the conduct of the ambassador in the circumstances in which he was placed. The ambassador proved that his conduct had been perfectly conformable to the instructions of the minister of foreign affairs. "You received some letters from M. de Blocas," replied the Count d'Artois, with some quickness; "those were the instructions to which you should have conformed." M. de Talleyrand defended the ambassador with much warmth, and Charles X. never forgave him, as he never pardoned the resistance to his wishes which had been offered by the minister of foreign affairs in 1815.

When the Count d'Artois and the ambassador had withdrawn, Louis XVIII. said, with a sad manner, to M. de Talleyrand, "You see, prince, I am no longer king; there are really two governments in France; and that which it is necessary to obey, under pain of disgrace, is the government of the king who can mount on horseback."

A short time after the ascension of Charles X. to the throne, M. de Talleyrand solicited the survivorship of the grand chamberlain's office in favor of his brother. The great offices of the court were in some degree hereditary in a family; but M. de Talleyrand had too much reason to doubt the good will of Charles X. to omit soliciting a promise which, to a certain degree, would have tranquillized him. "I not only cannot promise to comply with your request," replied Charles X., "but I ought to inform you that I have disposed of the place of grand chamberlain the moment that you leave it vacant."

A few days before the revolution of July, M. de Talleyrand had been entrusted with the discharge of a confidential mission near Charles X. The king of England, who, like his ambassador, placed but little confidence in the denials of M. de Polignac, had written to Charles X. to represent the danger of the measures which he was preparing, and to urge him, with a view to the interests of all the princes of Europe, to renounce *projets* which might endanger every throne.

In terminating his letter, he stated that his views on this subject had been developed to M. de Talleyrand, who would make them known to him.

On Saturday the 24th, M. de Talleyrand despatched the letter of the king of England to Charles X. and solicited an audience, which was appointed for the next morning, Sunday, the 25th of July, at three o'clock.

M. de Talleyrand proceeded to Saint Cloud at the appointed hour; the council was assembled, and Charles X. presided. It was in this council that a moral violence was exercised over the minds of such of the ministers as were opposed to the *coup d'état*, that an appeal was made to their personal devotion, and that the ordinances were at last signed.

M. de Talleyrand waited from three o'clock until six. Charles X., on leaving the council chamber, perceived him in the saloon, and observed: "I am very sorry, M. de Talleyrand, but it is too late; it will do to-morrow."

The next morning, M. de Talleyrand, having read the ordinances in the *Moniteur*, comprehended that it was indeed too late, and did not think it necessary to go to Saint Cloud.

Wednesday, the 28th, M. de Talleyrand, who was almost the oldest member of the Chamber of Peers, assembled at his house his colleagues then in Paris, to deliberate, after the manner of the Chamber of Deputies, on what was best to be done in the grave circumstances in which they found themselves.

THE MARSHAL, DUKE OF RAGUSA.

The Marshal, Duke of Ragusa, has been exiled from France since the revolution of July. After having the misfortune to make war upon his fellow-citizens, he committed the crime of suffering himself to be conquered. Let no one cry out against the position in which I have placed the two words, *misfortune* and *crime*, in the preceding sentence. It is always a misfortune to have to make war upon one's fellow-citizens; but this *misfortune* only becomes a *crime* in those who allow themselves to be overcome. Marshal Marmont was not the first French general reduced to the hard necessity of firing upon the people. Suppose Bonaparte, for example, had been defeated in his struggle against the sections of Paris, on the 13th *vendémiaire*, and you will concede that he would have been condemned even more severely than Marshal Marmont has been. Since 1830, the French soldiers have been frequently condemned to fire upon their fellow-citizens at Lyons, Paris, and in other places. No one thinks of reproaching them, because they were successful.

There is a cruel fatality in the lives of certain men. Nobody will deny that the Duke of Ragusa possesses distinguished military talents, vast information, and precious qualities; he is a man who in every respect gains immensely by being known. In 1814, he was accused of treason. Those who are well acquainted with the facts of the history of that period, and who judge without prejudice, know the injustice of this charge. But it seems to be a necessity with us to cry treason whenever we sustain a reverse; it is a satisfaction which we allow our own self-love. The marshal passed fifteen years under the weight of public reprobation. I say *public*, because those who are acquainted with facts, and appreciate them justly, are always in a minority in any nation.

New circumstances present themselves: the Duke of Ragusa is charged to defend a government which he did not like, and acts which he loudly disapproved. If he had followed the impulse of his heart, he would under these circumstances have betrayed, and no expressions would have been found strong enough for the patriotism of his conduct. For not having been a traitor, the marshal is compelled to seek an asylum in a foreign land. It is melancholy to think, and cruel to say so, but every thing tends to prove the fact, that in politics success changes the nature of things and legitimizes all.

Unimportant an individual as I am, I was in a situation to observe the secret opinions of Marshal Marmont, on the subject of the ordinances of July. I have long known him. The Duke of Ragusa had been consulted, in 1816, by the commission charged to prepare a complete plan for a system of defence for France. He came into a bureau in which I was employed, and taking me, because I was the first person he met, he dictated to me for nearly four hours, and with the most perfect lucidness, his opinion on one of the most difficult questions of military science. Whenever I have seen him since that period, he has received me with extreme kindness.

The ordinances of July had appeared in the *Moniteur* of Monday the 26th. Being connected, at that period, with a very liberal journal, the *Journal du Commerce*, I had been present, during the morning, at a meeting of the editors, in which it had been decided, notwithstanding the prohibition, that the journal should appear. Every one had then to occupy himself with the particular department which fell to his share. I had to report the proceedings of a solemn session of the Academy of Sciences, which was to be held on that very Monday. I proceeded to the palace of the institute, and was sitting in the library waiting the opening of the meeting. The Marshal Duke of Ragusa was the first member of the Academy whom I observed. I went up to salute him, and was instantly struck with the change in his appearance; he was walking alone, absorbed in his own reflections, and appeared to be suffering under the weight of violent chagrin.

"What are you going to do here?" he said to me.

"I have come to report the proceedings of the sitting of the Academy."

"To report their proceedings!"

"Yes, Marshal."

"Then you have not read the *Moniteur*?"

"I beg your pardon."

"And your journal will appear?"

"Yes."

"You have then asked permission?"

"No—and we do not mean to ask it."

"And it will appear?"

"Yes, while our presses remain unbroken."

"You are right—it is your duty."

The Marshal, after having said these words in a grave tone, resumed his silent promenade, carefully avoiding such of his colleagues as he was the most intimately connected with. When the sitting was opened, he seated himself at the extremity of a bench, and remained there, with his head resting on his hand, more than two hours, without exchanging a word with any of his neighbors.

I never saw the Duke of Ragusa again; but I have seen a letter written by him to a lady, shortly after the events of July, 1830. I wish this letter belonged to me, and that I was allowed to publish it: it would completely justify, in the opinion of many worthy men, the conduct of the Duke of Ragusa, both in 1814 and 1830.

M. DE POLIGNAC IN 1830.

It is known, that towards the conclusion of the struggle of the three days, many houses in the *Rue Saint Honoré* were occupied by detachments of the royal guard, which, abandoned in this perilous situation by the retreat of the rest of the royalist troops, could only exhaust their last ammunition and then surrender. One of these houses was taken by assault, and all the soldiers which it contained were killed and thrown from the windows. There were two officers in this house—one perished in the struggle, and the other was indebted for his life to an accident which he could never explain. Some minutes before the house was attacked, he heard himself called to from the street: it was in consequence of an order from M. de Polignac. He instantly proceeded to the Tuilleries, and received directions to throw aside his uniform, to cover himself with an overcoat, and to proceed immediately to the camp of Saint Omer, with an order to the commanding general to direct all his troops upon Paris.

The officer of whom I speak was but a sub-lieutenant; he was a man of high character, but his merits were only known to his friends, of whom I was one. He was brave, but possessed of none of those brilliant qualities, of those extraordinary talents, which distinguish a soldier, and cause him to be remembered in a moment of difficulty, when great energy or great activity are required. He was a man of intelligence, of a high character, but of a cold temperament, sufficiently certain of his own courage to make no parade of it, and discharging his duties conscientiously, but without ostentation. He believed himself, and ought to have believed himself, in his subaltern grade, entirely unknown to those who filled the principal offices of the government.

At the Tuilleries M. de Polignac had the whole staff of the Marshal Duke of Ragusa at his disposal: he had near him officers personally devoted to him—soldiers accustomed to discharge confidential and difficult missions; he left them aside; he did not reflect that a general or at least a superior officer was necessary to carry so important an order as the one he had to despatch. Despatches might be seized, or the bearer might judge it advisable to destroy them, and therefore it might be necessary to deliver a verbal order; and a general-in-chief might accord to an officer of elevated rank the confidence which he would perhaps refuse to a sub-lieutenant. Good luck would have it that none of these thoughts struck the mind of M. de Polignac: he asked for an officer, and he stopped at the name of a sub-lieutenant whom he had never seen, but whose name, which he then heard, perhaps for the first time, struck him. Why was this? No one knows. It was a mere accident. Without knowing it, M. de Polignac saved the life of a very good officer; also without knowing it, he happened to make a very good choice, for the mission was discharged with intelligence and rapidity—but events marched too rapidly to allow the expected succor to arrive in time. [To be continued.]

THE BRIDE OF THE DEAD.

The wanderer came from the far-off clime,
Where long he had wasted his life's fair prime,
To the home of his birth—the hallow'd spot
Of the vine-wreath'd hill and the shelter'd cot.
He came with the hopes of his youth no more—
His soul's glad dream had been shadow'd o'er—
And his pallid look told, with fearful power,
That death was at work in his manhood's hour.

But *she* was there, who had watched for him,
'Till her cheek had paled and her eye grown dim—
In whose thought his name, by a thousand ties,
Was linked to all blessed memories.

She heard but *one* step on the threshold stone,
(For deep through her heart had the echo gone,)
And the crimson tide to her forehead rush'd,
As fast on his bosom her full tears gush'd.

Then slowly she lifted his clustering hair,
But marked not the *change* that was written there;—
For oh! the measure of weeks, and days,
And distance, was lost in that fond, fixed gaze.
She saw, in the depths of his wasted eye,
But the holy light of the years gone by—
And voices and tones that the past time brings,
Were sweeping, like music, her spirit's strings.

"I have come for thee—I have come for thee,
From my exile home o'er the far bright sea!
But the dream of my youth with its joy hath flown,
And the golden cord of my life is gone.
I bring not riches, nor high renown,
And but withered hopes for thy bridal-crown!
And wilt thou be his, who greets thee now
With the seal of sickness upon his brow?"

"Will I be thine! Can the soul forget
The yearning thoughts which it clings to yet?
Will I be thine! Can the heart despair,
When love hath once lighted its shrine-fire there?
Oh! I *will* be thine, 'though thy hopes are crush'd,
Though the song of my life is in spring-time hush'd,
And the blossoms of joy are, like rose-leaves, shed;—
I am thine!—though I be but the bride of the dead."

* * * * *
They gather'd there in the humble church,
And the garlands were hung in the lowly porch.
They knew him when erst from that maiden's side,
He went to the world in his hour of pride,
And they marked now his step and his feeble smile,
As he totter'd slowly along the aisle;
And bright tears fell like the April rain
For him who, "*so changed!*" had return'd again.

They stood up there by the altar-side,
That wasted man and his gentle bride.
* * * * *
On the sacred book, with a golden ray,
The pleasant light of the sunshine lay,
And the words had been spoken for good or ill;
But why was the bridegroom so strangely still?
Low, down to the shrine, he had bowed his head,
And that fair, young bride, was *the Bride of the Dead.*

Richmond, January, 1839.

E. H. C.

THE NEW-ENGLAND GIRL.

I love the brow that scorns to wear
The shadows of a vain deceit,
That boldly fronts the monster care,
And lays him powerless at her feet;
I love the heart that loves in grief,
That gladly leaps at other's joy;
I love the hand that gives relief,
Tho' clasped not by a jewel'd toy;
I love the feet that haste to bring,
Glad tidings to a broken heart;
I love the voice, whose music's ring
Bids sorrow's heavy sigh depart.

I love the mind that soars above
The littleness of life's vain round,
Whose flight can compass worlds above,
And wander thro' mysterious ground;
Whose faith on God is firmly based,
Whose glance the infidel forsakes,
Whose words by modest merit graced,
The dull cold chain of fashion breaks.
I love the mother who can give
Her offspring nature's stream of life,
Nor think it misery to live
In all the duties of a wife;
I love the laugh of innocence,
That calls her little ones around,
Nor cheats them with a vain pretence,
Nor mocks them with a hollow sound.

And where shall such an one be found
Amid the thoughtless ones of earth?
Is she on fashion's changing ground,
Where cold precision stifles mirth?
Is she amid the gaudy things
That flutter round the lighted halls?
That haste in swarms to hygeian springs,
To waste their time in midnight balls?
Is she amid the *azure* crew
That study life to limn its faults?
That love the title of a *blue*,
And dose their friends with attic salts?
Is she amid the throng that spin
Their everlasting yarn by day?
That scorn to own a hidden sin,
Yet hasten on their downward way?

No! far from these my fancy strays,
Where some lone spire in beauty towers,
Where hoarse the mountain streamlet plays,
And sweet contentment makes her bowers.
There, o'er the dairy's richest store,
Or 'mid the fruits and flowers of earth,
Behold! the maiden I adore,
Baptized to innocence and worth.
Are roses worthless on the cheeks,
Tho' brighter far than those of spring?
Is the eye valueless that speaks
The soul's unspotted offering?
No! give me in my joyous day,
That gentle heart, that priceless pearl,
Whose smile shall chase life's gloom away,
The ruby lipp'd New-England girl.

Washington, January, 1839.

J. E. D.

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1838.

By Rev. H. Ruffner, DD., President of Washington College, Va.

CHAPTER I.

From Lexington to Kanawha.

After ten months' confinement to the sedentary duties of a college, who would not be disposed to roam for healthful exercise and for change of scene? Curiosity prompted me on this occasion, to direct my course towards Tennessee; partly because I had heard a good report of it, and partly because having never crossed the 37th parallel of latitude, I was desirous to dip, so far as might be safe in the hot month of July, into the fiery regions of the south.

My design in these hasty notes, is simply to record such things relative to this tour, as may afford some information or amusement to the reader. Of personal incident and adventure, I shall have little to relate: descriptive sketches of scenery, and general observations on the countries visited, and on their inhabitants, will occupy the chief part of these notes.

Business led me first to Kanawha, where I would be on the high way, by stages and steamboats, to West Tennessee.

The route from Lexington, by Covington and Lewisburg to Charleston in Kanawha, presents many objects worthy of a traveller's attention. Few routes in the United States pass through so much fine mountain scenery. Lexington itself is the centre of a panorama of farms and woodlands, of vallies, hills and mountains, rarely equalled in beauty, variety and magnificence. The scene appears to great advantage from the college observatory.

An excellent turnpike-road leads from this pleasant village to Covington, on Jackson's river, where it meets the old state turnpike, that conducts the traveller by Kanawha to the border of Kentucky, at the mouth of Sandy river.

On leaving Lexington, the traveller going westward first crosses the gentle swell of the Brushy hills; and passing near the southern buttresses, that prop the huge mass of the House mountain, he comes, at the distance of twelve miles from Lexington, to the western boundary of the great valley, at the foot of the North mountain. Here he begins an ascent of nearly four miles along the mountain side. Not far from the top, he comes to a remarkable turn in the road, where the direction had to be reversed at a rocky and precipitous part of the mountain, and the road to be supported by high and massive walls. At this point, the traveller's eye is irresistibly attracted by the sublime prospect of the valley and adjacent mountains. Eastwardly, the view is bounded by the many-topped barrier of the Blue Ridge, at the distance of some fifteen miles. The interjacent country is diversified with cultivated vales and slopes, woody hills and rugged mountains, of every shape and size—green dells, where streamlets water the meadows, round-topped hills and long ridges, and nearest and greatest of all, the gigantic bulk of the House mountain, which stands apart in the valley, and raises its double top, like Parnassus, in superb grandeur over the hills of the country below.

Turning to a little gap in the North mountain, the road then passes to the western side, and descends to the valley of the Cowpasture river; and thence crosses some hills to the valley of Jackson's river at the Clifton forge. Here the traveller is struck with another kind of scene. He passes through the gap of a high mountain, which has been cloven through, and barely affords a passage to the river between rifted rocks, still jutting out almost over the passenger's head, and displaying to his uplifted eye the interior formation of the mountain. Cut an onion in two from the root to the stem; lay one of the halves on a table, and again cut it crosswise; the arched form of its coats will show how the curved layers of hard sandstone constitute this mountain, rent in twain by some convulsion of nature, to afford a passage to the waters from above.

This rupture of mountains, to give passage to the rivers from the main Alleghany to the adjacent vallies, and from the great valley to the sea, is a common and a remarkable feature in the geography of this country. The chief ridges of the Appalachian chain run in parallel lines; the waters which collect in the intermediate vallies, seem to have burst their way through the opposing ridges; but the effect is too great to be accounted for by the pressure and attrition of water. An upheaving by subterraneous force, probably first cracked these mighty barriers of solid rock; then the rush and the tear of pent-up floods, and the gradual wear of many centuries, would finish these sublime gaps, through which all the rivers of the Alleghany region have found a passage to the sea.

At Covington, the road leaves the river, and enters the Alleghany mountain beyond Callahan's. Nothing remarkable occurs in this part of the route, except it be, that a high precipice of limestone at Callahan's is filled with sea shells. This is no rare phenomenon; but one is struck with the circumstance, that a deep mass of sea shells should be found so near the very *backbone* of the great Alleghany mountains. But I have found shell-rocks also on the high ridges near the White Sulphur Springs, just on the other side of the same backbone of the Alleghany. Time was, therefore, when old ocean slept long and deep on the high bed of these mountains. So say the geologists, and so it must be: yet it seems strange to us, new comers into the world, that it should be so: and some of us are so certain that the world must always have been what we find it to be, that we won't believe the shells, even when we see them with our own eyes.

I shall pass by the springs without comment. They have had note and comment enough, of late years, from visitors and tourists. The traveller reaches Lewisburg by one day's journey in the stage from Lexington. I should have had a very pleasant day's ride, but for the company, most of the way, of a pair of blackguards. I have perhaps never in all my *staging* suffered so much from this sort of annoyance. Their souls seemed to be a slough of nastiness, which came belching forth whenever they opened their mouths. They soon had all the talk to themselves; for, who could mingle his purer thoughts with such a current of oaths and ribaldry? And who that regarded his own feelings or the sanctity of religion, would cast pearls before such swine? Yet these fellows were going to the springs, forsooth! And talked of having been regular visitors at all the fashion-

able watering places! I discovered a solution of the enigma: they were gamblers; and where the carcass is, there will the buzzards be gathered together. These birds of prey are said to have special accommodations assigned them at some of the springs, where they may securely pluck and fatten on the silly fowls who suffer themselves to be decoyed into their holes—or hells, as they are usually called. Report speaks truly of this fact, I fear: for I have seen evident signs of it myself. I have unexpectedly dropped this note on the springs. But let it stand; it may be useful.

Lewisburg is a thriving village; and it thrives from three causes: it is near the principal springs; it is on the great central road to the west; and it is the seat of many courts of law. With such three-fold feeding, any village would grow fat. It is situated on a deposit of limestone between the Alleghany and the Sewel mountains. The basin in which the town is built, was once filled by a lake. When found by the white settlers, it was an open savannah, surrounded by woods, and the border line of trees was perfectly horizontal, following the same level as it curved irregularly about the hills on every side. Certain strong remains of aquatic animals, yet found in the soil, give additional evidence that the savannah was once the bed of a lake. But whence came the water? And whither did it go? The answers are ready. At the northern extremity of the town is a large cavity or sinkhole, about one hundred yards long; at one end issues a spring which formerly supplied the lake; at the other end is a hole into which the water falls and disappears; the opening of this hole drained the lake; the closing of it (a very possible thing) would cause the lake to fill again and immerse the town.

About five miles west of Lewisburg, a creek turns a large mill on one side of the road, then flows under a bridge, and within two hundred yards strikes the base of a mountain, where it falls into a cavern, and pursues a subterranean course for several miles to the bank of the Greenbrier, where it rushes forth from the mountain into the river. A few miles west of this, the road crosses successively two narrow vales of limestone, full of deep *sinkholes* or depressions in the surface. A creek is known to flow under each of them. One of the creeks is appropriately called Sinking creek. This sub-Alleghany deposit of limestone, is therefore a very cavernous region.

About two miles west of Lewisburg, a spring issues at the head of a ravine, and flowing about half a mile, falls into an open-mouthed cavern. It first pitches down in a cascade, about twelve feet perpendicularly, upon a flat rock several feet wide; over which it tumbles again, and so from rock to rock, till it reaches an unknown depth. Long ago I heard in Greenbrier a story of a pig, which suffered an awful fate in this cavern. The poor swine, by reason of some false step, while rooting about the mouth of the cavern, fell in, and made a lodgment on the platform of rock upon which the water first falls. There he kept his station with due care, until by chance he was discovered, and an attempt was made, by means of a rope, to noose and hoist him up again to his native light and liberty. But not understanding what his friends meant by tossing their cord about him, he started aside, and lackaday! fell down the next descent beyond the reach of assist-

ance: nor could he stop any more; but went tumbling from rock to rock, with the falling water; and as he fell from stage to stage, he sent up to the ears of his astonished assistants the rumbling echo of his sounding body, mingled with his shrill squeals of despair; till all gradually died away in the distance; and the disappointed men with the rope, turned their steps homewards; consoled, however, with the reflection, that they were not themselves tumbling down, down, down, that gloomy abyss, from which neither pig nor man could ever return.

Westward of the valley of *Sinkholes*, the road soon enters a different sort of country, called the Meadows, at the base of the Sewel mountains. These meadows consist of flat sandy marshes, overgrown with shrubbery and grass, among hills topped with sandstone (as all the hills of this country are,) and a brown shale which imparts its color to the soil. The vegetation of these moist grounds is somewhat peculiar. In the summer they are adorned with a profusion of wild flowers, chiefly on shrubs; among which the swamp rose, the shrubby St. John's wort, (*Hypericum*,) the St. Peter's wort (*Ascyrum*,) and the beautiful wild honeysuckle (*Azalea*,) are conspicuous. When the native shrubbery is removed, fine crops of grass are produced, among which some wild annual plants spring up, and exhibit a variety of bloom to entertain the traveller and to excite the curiosity of the botanist. As I do not pretend to much science in these notes, I shall pass by this flowery region, with the single additional remark, that the sluggish streams which meander through it, creep into the Gauly river, among the Sewel mountains, which the road begins to ascend immediately beyond the Meadows.

The name of Sewel has been given to an irregular mass of mountains between the Meadow river and New river. A mountainous tract of the same general character, but under different names, extends beyond these limits, in a direction parallel to the Alleghany in some places of about equal height, and constituting the western limit of the sub-Alleghany region of limestone. From Sewel mountain westward, to the Ohio, the rocks are all sandstone, of the sort called secondary. Here the coal region begins.

The country of Sewel is so high, that winter may be said to rule about half the year. On the old road, which crosses New river at Bowyer's ferry, I have seen the mountain top exhibit all the deadness of winter; while half way down, the bursting buds and early flowers showed the first opening of spring; and on the water side below, the full grown leaves of the maple gave signs of approaching summer. Yet all these changes of climate occurred within a ride of three hours.

At Bowyer's ferry, a moderate current at an accessible point of the river, gives almost the only opportunity of crossing for the space of thirty miles, from the mouth of the Gauly upwards. The rest of the way, the narrow channel is choked with fragments of rock, and the current is all foam and fury.

The turnpike road does not cross at Bowyer's ferry, but pursues a more northerly route, from "mountain top to mountain top," till it takes a long declivity, which brings the traveller down to a sort of inter-vale, between the mountains of Sewel and Gauly, where it strikes the border of the chasm through which the river dashes.

Then it winds along one side of the awful breach made by the river—or, as I should say, *for* the river by some mightier power,—in the Gauly mountain.

Here are scenes of wild romantic sublimity, unsurpassed in the United States:—in their kind probably unequalled. After passing through a lane between fields, you find yourself suddenly in a gorge between high mountains; but the mountain on your left separated from you by a gulph, whose bottom you cannot see distinctly; but if you listen, the roar of invisible waters strikes the ear from below. Presently you may catch glimpses of deep precipices and foaming waves at their feet. You soon reach a place by the road side, where a path leads out to a projecting brow of the precipice, called the Hawk's Nest. Follow this path some fifty yards, and suddenly the chasm opens to the depth of nearly one thousand feet beneath the crag upon which you stand. Take courage and proceed to the farthest verge, where by stooping forward, you can look perpendicularly down. You may grasp the limb of a sapling, if your head grow dizzy, as it will probably do. Under your feet you see a sloping mass of rocky fragments between the precipice and the river. If not too much awe-struck to think at all, you think that you could throw yourself into the river, so narrow apparently is the ledge below. The height of your position seems not to be so great, as it is reported to be: the opposite cliff beyond the river, seems to be just at hand: you will cast a stone against its mighty wall. You draw back and make the attempt, but behold! your stone drops far short into the foaming waters. Your growing estimate of height and distance is further enlarged, when you observe that the trees at the base of the cliff seem to have dwindled to saplings, so many times must their length be repeated, to reach the top of the rocks.

Now turn your face up the stream. Oh, what a chasm! For miles along each side, you see a straight unbroken wall of rock, like that on which you stand; tall mountains slope out above the cliffs; shelving beds of broken rock slope down from their base; and between them all the mingled white and azure-green of the river, which must be large to rush with so heavy a sound, and to break itself over its rocky bed into such foaming billows. Now turn about, and look down stream. Here the view is suddenly arrested, within a mile, by stupendous precipices, interposing and seeming to close the chasm and to ingulph the river. If disappointed at first by this limitation of the prospect, the imagination is soon roused to conceptions not less romantically sublime than before. You look at the great mountains, which tower before you in this direction to a greater height, and with a more confused magnificence, than on the other side; and you think how deeply imbedded, and how closely confined, this wild and lonely river must be; working, as it does, its angular and rugged way through these deeply rifted rocks, which nothing less than almighty power could rear at first, and then break asunder, to let the troubled waters pass down to the far distant ocean.

Returning to your vehicle, you now wind your way along the mountain side; once in a while turning down into a ravine through which a streamlet flows, and then ascending again to the mountain side over the river; where, if riding in a coach upon the outer side,

you seem to be suspended over the tremendous gulph, and you find yourself instinctively drawing back, lest you “topple down headlong.”

Six or seven miles from the “Hawk's Nest,” you reach Manser's farm in a nook of highland, half enclosed by a bend of the river. Here, where the road begins to descend to the river, the scenery changes. You look down into an open valley, and are surprised to see a broad sheet of water spread out before you like a lake, enclosed by the same high mountains and perpendicular cliffs. On coming down near the river, you see the waters issue from the narrow chasm, and pour along between broad ledges of solid rock; until freed from confinement, they gently lave the feet of mountains five or six hundred yards apart. The road takes the sandy margin of the water, under the tall cliffs which now rise in broken columns over the traveller's head. Between these columns streamlets flow out of the mountain, and fall, in murmuring cascades, into basins by the road side; where overhanging cliffs and embowering trees invite the traveller to refresh himself with the cool shade and the pure juice of the rock. The summer heats sometimes dry up these falling springs; but still “the shadow of the great rock,” and the vine-covered trees, would, if found in Arabia, be of themselves a paradise in “a weary land.”

Midway of this broad water, between banks adorned with the elm, the maple and the holly, comes in the Gauly river, one hundred yards wide, and the united rivers form the Great Kanawha. From the Gauly down to the great falls, the lake-like river becomes shallower and ripply; the channel is diversified with islets and huge naked rocks standing out of the water. The largest of these is nearly opposite to the mouth of the Gauly, just above which, in the angle of the rivers, is a tall projecting cliff that overlooks all this river scene. With that taste for *diabolism* which characterizes a certain class of our people, especially the rude *pioneers* of the wilderness, the cliff has been called “The Devil's Pulpit,” the huge rock in the river, “The Clerk's Desk,” and the whole of this mountain-bound water scene is of course “The Devil's Church!” I allude to this diabolical nomenclature merely to remonstrate against it, and to urge upon all men of taste and of sense to purge this sublime and beautiful work of God of the disgusting associations which vulgar minds would attach to it. This propensity to defile grand and beautiful objects with satanical and other vile names, has been carried far enough in our country.

I will give an example of the effect which one of these names once produced on my mind. I was riding through Kentucky on a fine April morning, when I came to a clear stream, that ran cheerily along over a gravelly bed, between banks adorned with fine trees, and flowers that perfumed the breeze. So sweet and lovely was the scene, that I began to feel quite poetical, as I forded the limpid current, while the birds gaily carolled to the rising sun, and the air was filled with fragrance from the dew-bespangled flowers. Oh (thought I) how delightfully could a poet sit here on these turfy banks, and draw inspiration from this scene of rural beauty! Just then I met a citizen on horseback. “Pray, sir,” said I, “what is the name of this beautiful river?” He smiled at my enthusiasm as he answered, “*Bullskin*.” “*Bullskin*?” muttered I, with an empha-

sia which indicated the explosion of all my poetic enthusiasm, "who in the world could ever make poetry on the clear waters and flowery banks of the *Bullskin*? I wonder how even the birds can sing by a river with such a name!"—But a truce to this digression on the miserable fashion of our geographical nomenclature. Some mighty satirist ought to ring its absurdities and cacophonous vulgarities through newspapers and magazines, till something is done to reform it, or at least to check its progress on the frontiers.

Two miles below the Gauly bridge, the traveller arrives at the Great Falls of the Kanawha. Here a ledge of sandstone runs diagonally across the river, dipping gently under the current above, but terminating abruptly, like a wall about twenty-five feet high, on the lower side. The fall at low water is confined to a gap worn into the form of a horse-shoe, near the opposite shore from the road. To see it advantageously, one must walk two or three hundred yards over the bare surface of the ledge, and take his station on some projecting point by the gap. Here he may see and hear the heavy current, a few rods above him, tumbling and thundering over the rock, casting up a cloud of vapor, and making the atmosphere, and seemingly the solid rock, quake with its massive fall. This is certainly not to be compared with the incomparable Niagara; yet I hesitate not to pronounce it a sublime and fit conclusion to the wild, romantic and magnificent views along this extraordinary chasm in the mountains.

Below the falls the river flows with a rapid current through a narrow valley between high mountains: but after some miles the valley becomes wider; rich low grounds begin to appear; the river becomes broader and gentler, and the mountains assume a less lofty and rugged aspect. Twenty-four miles below the falls, where the bottoms are wide enough to admit of large farms, the salt works begin and extend down to the neighborhood of Charleston, a distance of eleven miles. The furnaces send up columns of smoke and vapor, which, about the village of Saltborough, where the furnaces are most numerous, darken the atmosphere over head, and give the valley a gloomy appearance. But when the traveller observes the dense and active movements of industry, the numerous boats on the river, the thick array of salt barrels on the shore, the rail-road cars passing between the coal-beds in the hills and the furnaces on the river bank, together with the sound and bustle of mechanics and laborers on every side, he is pleasantly affected with the signs of a thriving and productive manufacture.

The discovery of this great deposit of salt is an important event in the history of the west. In earlier times the difficulty of procuring salt was a serious evil to the settlers. At a few places in Ohio and Kentucky a brackish water was boiled down to a very impure salt, at a cost to the purchaser of eight or ten cents a pound. Foreign salt could be got only at an enormous price, on account of the long rugged ways over the mountains, and the difficulty of navigating the Mississippi, before the introduction of steamboats.

When the first settlers came to the valley of the Kanawha, buffalo, elk and deer resorted in great numbers to a lick at the margin of the river, near the mouth of Campbell's creek. Here, on sinking gums or hollow trunks of the sycamore into the sand, a weak brine

was obtained and occasionally small quantities of salt were made.

In the year 1795, Joseph Ruffner, of Massanatten in Shenandoah, purchased the fine bottom in which Charleston stands, and the tract containing the salt-lick. Here he settled with his large family, and died in 1802. Shortly after his death, his two eldest sons, David and Joseph, commenced a series of experiments about the lick, with the view of obtaining better salt-water. After much labor and expense, they got a gum sunk by the river side to the surface of the rock, which underlies the river and low grounds; but the salt-water was not improved. Too persevering to desist while any thing remained to be tried, they determined to bore into the rock, with the sort of chisel used in blasting. On boring down about thirty feet, they discovered that there was strong brine at the bottom of the hole; but how to get it out unmixed with the fresh water above, was now the difficulty. After infinite trouble, in an enterprise where every thing was to be invented, they finally got a tight head, like that of a cask, fixed at the lower end of the gum, and through an aperture in this head, a tube tightly inserted into the hole of the rock, so as to leave only the brine from below a free passage into the gum, from which it might be raised by a pump. The brine rose to the level of the river, and the manufacture of salt was begun. This was in 1808. In the same manner, wells were afterwards sunk on the neighboring lands along the river, and salt water obtained, until the works reached their present extent. The wells have from time to time been bored deeper; some of them now reach the depth of five hundred feet. The brine was found to be, in general, stronger as it was drawn from a greater depth.

The western country soon felt the benefit of this discovery. In a few years, the price of salt fell from four dollars the bushel of fifty pounds, to twenty-five cents! There is no reason to doubt, that the progress of western population and improvement, has been materially aided by this providential supply of a necessary article.

The annual produce of the works is now about two millions of bushels, and could easily be doubled or tripled according to the demand.

Wood was for ten or twelve years the only fuel used; and so great was the consumption, that all the country near the river for twenty miles, was stripped of its fine forests. The manufacture was beginning to languish for want of fuel. Divine Providence had deposited inexhaustible beds of coal in the mountains parallel with the salt-wells, and within a few rods of many of them; but the manufacturers knew not how to use this fuel, though several attempts had been made. Col. David Ruffner, one of the original discoverers of the water, at length applied his mind to the subject, and invented a construction of furnaces which succeeded perfectly, and which has, like his method of obtaining the water, been universally adopted.

An important improvement, originally from England, but somewhat modified, has been introduced at these works by Mr. George Patrick from New York. This is the application of steam in the crystallization of salt. The steam is generated in the boiler, which reduces the brine to the requisite strength, and is

conducted by pipes through cisterns filled with the strong brine. The uniform heat imparted by the steam, produces beautiful and pure crystals of salt, which may be made coarser or finer by a little variation of the process.

DORCAS LINDSAY:

OR, THE BACHELOR'S WRITING DESK.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR'S DEATH BED."

Oh sex, sex, sex!

Young.

The wounded dove, when dying, feels the smart;
Closing her wings, conceals the cruel dart:
So, love abandoned flies from every eye;
Conceals its woes, in solitude to die.

Irving.

"His breath became harder and harder—his groans less and less audible; when suddenly raising himself, he grasped my hand with a dying effort,—said faintly—'You will—find—all—explained—in—that—.' I followed with my eyes the motion of his hand, as he pointed to a small writing desk, and when I turned them on him again, he was dead!"—[*The Bachelor's Death Bed.*]

The gallant ship dashed on through the billows, as proudly as if she were the pursuer, instead of the pursued. The aching hearts with which she was freighted were receiving the inspirations of hope, on the wings of the freshening breeze. But as the heavens began to frown and the storm to gather, the siren rode swiftly away on the rushing blast, and the leaden veil of despair shut out the sunlight of her presence.

The pirate ship, that, for a time, seemed waxing dimmer in the distance, now came flying, swift as a judgment, through the boiling waves. Her crew were noted as the bloodiest of their craft. Their hearts were not softer than the red-mouthed cannon that spoke death to their victims, and as the cannon to the match so were they true to the voice of their leader. Had their thirst for blood been insatiable as the cravings of the horse-leech, it would never have wanted gratification while he was its caterer. His name was their watch-word, and whenever it rose above the din of carnage,

"Hope with'ring fled, and mercy sighed farewell!"

But the present conflict was not to be surrendered without a struggle. The tall Indianman, for the sake of the loved and lovely who crowded her decks, would gladly have avoided it; but since come it must, she was ready both for the onset and the issue. She had been manned and equipped with special reference to the pirates who at that time swarmed the seas, and moreover left her port in convoy of one of the first ships of the line. But adverse winds had separated them; and now she was to encounter, alone and unaided, the most daring of the ocean scourges. However, the discipline to which her men had been subjected; the desperate

ardor that inflamed both crew and passengers; and more than all the holiness of their cause, armed them not only with the panoply of might, but of right.

"Oh God!" exclaimed a lovely girl, as she clung to the manly form of a youth, and shuddered at the warlike implements with which he was girded—"it is not for myself, for I am alone in the world; but you! that you should die."

"Say not alone, dearest," replied the youth. "If God has taken to himself your father and mother, he has left one who will be father and mother to you. But there is no time now—come with me to the cabin—although my doubts are not quite so gloomy as your's, yet heaven only knows what may happen; but if I die, the last word on my lips shall be your name, and if I live, my first aspirations shall be those of gratitude for your safety—come."

"Tyler Ethelwaite," said the maiden, and the fire of her eyes dried up the torrent of her tears while she spoke—"Tyler Ethelwaite! you know not Dorcas Adelmarr! She has not plighted you her love in the season of mental anguish, to forsake you in the hour when only the body is in danger. It is true that for a moment she felt a woman's weakness—but it is over! where you are, there will she be; and if you are to die, and the last word on your lips is to be her name, it shall be breathed forth to her, ere she dies with you; and if you are to be spared, she will be by your side, to pour out her soul in thankfulness for your safety, while your praises are going up in gratitude for her's."

"Dorcas,—deeply as I love you—this is madness! What will you, what can you do, amid the rain of bullets that will soon be pouring in upon us? What if a chance shot should take away the better half of my life, by depriving you of your's?"

"Is it Tyler Ethelwaite, that dignifies the devotion of a fond, trusting heart by coupling it, even in thought, with the ravings of a maniac? If such be his estimate of true love, it is indeed madness to feel it for him."

"No, Dorcas; you wrong me. Imagine if you can my sensations at the thought of your exposure to the tender mercies of a band of ruffians!—of the signal danger you must incur even in the event of our success, and the awful fate that must await you in case of our defeat and my death: and then ask yourself, if I love you less, when for my sake and for your own, I insist upon your retiring to a place of comparative safety."

"It will matter little to Dorcas Adelmarr, what may await her in the event of which you speak. Her cold clay will be insensible to insult when her spirit has accompanied your's to God who gave it. The men of blood, who even now are upon us, if victorious, will be too much occupied in their orgies over the living to feel any concern for the dead."

A shot from the pirate interrupted the remonstrance of Tyler, who reluctantly obeyed the command that summoned all to the guns. The pen even of a master could convey but a poor idea of the horrors of the conflict, and we are glad that it falls not within our range to attempt them. Suffice it to say that victory was perched now on the mast of one vessel and now on that of the other. The band of pirates had evidently no previous idea of the force they were about to encounter, but the contest once opened, they maintained it with vigor, and at length succeeded in boarding. Now

* This story, though properly a sequel to "The Bachelor's Death-Bed," is in itself complete. The Bachelor's own manuscript would have been forwarded to us; but being difficult to decypher, the author was compelled to catch here and there a hint, and fill up the burden of the story himself.—[*Editor Mess.*]

came the crisis of horror. Each fought for their all: these, for their friends; for the endearments of life; for the homes of their childhood; for the sight of the loved ones who were far away—those, for blood! These had every thing to hope in case of victory—those, every thing to fear in case of defeat; and, thus nerved, each fought fiercely and in silence. They needed no word of encouragement. Blade to blade and breast to breast, the work of carnage went on, till the worn-out crew of the good St. Catharine were about to resign themselves to despair. But suddenly the cry came from the mast-head of the pirate, “a sail! a sail!” and the sound was hope herself to the almost vanquished. Slowly and with deep curses the pirates were securing their retreat, when one of them, more daring than his fellows, rushed to where the shrinking girl was supporting herself by a rope, and snatching her in his arms, was about to leap over the side of the vessel. Swift as thought, Tyler intercepted him, but as he struck him dead, received from him in return, a stunning blow on the forehead, and fell prostrate beside the lifeless maiden.

The fight was over. The ship which had relieved them was the convoy under whom they had started. Her accomplished officers and gallant crew administered every comfort to the wounded, performed every office for the dead, and then proceeded in pursuit of the late baffled enemy.

When Tyler was restored to consciousness, he was relieved the necessity of inquiring for Dorcas, by the sight of her bending over him. Her joy seemed like the joy of the other world. No violent manifestations broke from her—what she felt, she felt in silence. The spirit of joy is like the spirit of grief. Its feebleness may be communicated to our fellows; light occasions may make us loud in our expressions; but as the sense increases upon us, it absorbs our words—it concentrates, for the time, every thought, feeling, passion and emotion of the soul into one grand point, and our tongues are chained as by a spell. The babbling rivulet, that winds its shallow tide through a rocky channel, has a laugh and a sound for every beholder; but when the stream swells to a river, it borrows a dignity from its dilation, and rolls on, broad and deep, but in silence. It is so with grief, and so it is with joy. The current of gladness that ripples over every happy heart, has a double office to perform—it must not only gladden the one who feels it, but those with whom that one is brought in contact. But when the current is swelled to a spring-tide, it is locked up within the recesses of the single heart, and appeals not to the sympathies of others, save by the eloquence of tears.

Between this heavenly, elevated joy, and that displayed by the other passengers, the difference was as great as that between the holy of holies and the vestibule of the temple. Here was the nabob, rejoicing that he still remained alive to be able to roll on in luxury; here the trafficker, chuckling that his gains still enriched his own coffers. An epitome of the whole world was to be found within the sides of that noble vessel, and each had his own selfish reasons for rejoicing in the general good. One of the noisiest of them all was an individual, who was well content to share the glory, though he had kept himself aloof from the danger of the deed. He was one of your fat, bustling characters, who make up in sound what they want in sense,

and in boasting what they want in courage. Prior to the late emergency no one had been louder in exhorting others to do their duty, and as he was not seen during the battle it was supposed that he had fallen a victim during the early part of it; but after it had been decided, he suddenly made his appearance, and was as bustling and active as ever. Nor did he seem at all disposed to take any discredit to himself, but according to his own account had played Richard the lion-hearted, instead of Bob Acres.

“You see, gentlemen,” said he, “I never in my life could shoot straight without a rest, and it seemed specially ordered by Providence that there was one convenient to the very place where I had taken my station. A high coil of rope seemed to have been placed there just on purpose for me, and the way I popped over them devils, when I got behind it, was a rarity. You see I knew it wouldn't do no good for me to let them know I was there, because in that case they might just have put me out of the way and seized on the place themselves. So I just kept my eyes pretty wide open, and every time I saw them all looking some other way, I would let fly at 'em and then dodge behind again. I thought moreover that I could in this way keep a good look out to see if any of you were in danger, and if I saw any of you likely to be overpowered, I could send a quiet ball and settle the matter. But you see when the pirates got to moving over that way, I knew it would be nothing short of madness to keep the position; so I slipped along, Providence only knows how, behind the gang-way house, where I thought I could act as a *corps-de-reserve*, in case of your being driven back so far. When I seen that young lady was there too, I felt a double thankfulness, for her own and her dead father's sake, who was my particular friend, and so I tried to get her to slip down along side of me out of the way. But she would stand up, and took no notice of me except once, when she asked me to lend her my sword, and she would go and take my place among the men. This looked like an insinuation, but I said nothing, and only longed for an opportunity to defend her. And gentlemen, it came! thank heaven, it came! For when you were falling back upon me, just as I put my sword between my teeth, and took my pistol in one hand and gun in the other, to run out to your assistance, you know we heard the cry of ‘a sail!’—and just as that fellow rushed out to snatch the young lady, I fired my pistol and gun at him both at once, and he fell dead, but not till he had given that young man a dig on the head to pay him for his rashness. Where was the use of his running out in that way at the man, when he saw I had finished him? I don't suppose he wanted to deprive me of the honor of killing him, but”—and here the little big man folded his arms across his breast, raised his eye-brows, and accompanied each word with an oracular nod of the head—“but—it—*looked* like it. But I won't harbor malice. I look upon this act, gentlemen, as the crowning act of my life, not only worth living, but dying for; and I here repeat solemnly that I would this moment give my life to have it in my power to perform such another, or my name's not Sam Blaze.”

During this declamatory burst, sundry sly winks had been passing around the audience; but when the hero had coolly and deliberately appropriated to himself the

honor of a deed, to which his fear had made him hardly able to be even an eye-witness—the expression of disgust predominated, and each one turning away, “left him alone in his glory.” One of them, however, made him a sign, and withdrew to a place where they could converse together, unobserved.

“You say,” said the stranger, a short, stumpy man, whose nose was a perfect note of interrogation, “you say you knew the father of that young lady; perhaps you can give me some account of herself. It’s not often one sees so pretty a creature and so young know so much about grief as she seems to. Why, she’s rigged out in black, as if she had stripped a half a dozen hearses to provide herself with mourning.”

“Well she may,” said the little, big man, glad to find another vent for his self-importance; “well she may; for such fathers and mothers as she lost don’t die every day—but, sir, it’s because they don’t live, sir. If the world was only made up of such people, I’d never ask to go to heaven, sir, because I’d think I was in heaven already. Intimately acquainted with both of them, sir, and a better man I never saw, and his wife, sir, seemed an angel sent direct from heaven to keep him company, sir. Because, sir, it would have been just as unnatural, sir, and the Lord knew it, sir, for such a good man to intermarry with the children of this world, as it was for the Israelites to intermarry with the heathen nations around them.”

“And how did they get to India?”

“The old story, sir; married for love and found it wouldn’t do to live on; so they took ship for where they wouldn’t have the rich old folks to be all the time casting it up at them, and saying, ‘We told you so.’ And depend upon it, sir, the opposition of parents has been the means of making more happy marriages, than all other causes put together. You see, sir, a young man courts a lady, and her parents don’t like him. They think him a sorry, no-account sort of chap, and don’t want their daughter to have any thing to do with him. May be he is, sir; but he’s got human nature enough not to like to have it cast up to him, and so he runs away with the daughter, and not only that, but makes a first-rate husband, just purely to spite the old ones. I believe in doing things out of spite, sir; and there are some people, sir, that won’t be influenced in any other way. They are like the Irishman’s pig, sir; he could be driven to Cork very well, if you’d only turn his head towards Kilkenny.”

“But you don’t mean to say this young lady’s father was one of that sort?—If you do—”

“Bless your soul, no, sir! Their families, sir, were tip-top; but some old quarrel had been kept up between them, ever since the old rebellion, and they’d no more have agreed to intermarry, than they would to have jumped into Mount Vesuvius! And when they found these young folks had run away together, they made no more ado about cutting them off with a halter apiece, than they would about snatching a bone from a dog’s mouth. But it made no great odds. They went to India, sir, and made something right pretty, sir; but they lost it all, and what’s worse, themselves too. That horrid climate, sir; if it was a man, how many murders it would have to answer for!”

“And this young lady?”

“Well, sir, I’ll tell you. You know life’s a thing

that wasn’t made to last forever, and by-and-bye the time came for the old folks in England. The wife’s father, as wives’ fathers generally do when their daughters marry against their will, died cursing her; and the father of the other one would have done so too—but a day before his death, news came that his son and son’s wife had gone to their account before him. I suppose he didn’t like the idea of meeting them at the judgment seat, without having done something to repay for his cruel treatment of them; so he left their daughter something, and ordered in his will that she should be sent for to come over and live with her relations.”

“And this young man?”

“Why, sir, he’s the one that was sent over to take charge of her. His servant tells me that he is a fatherless young man of handsome fortune, who with his mother, is residing with a widowed aunt of his in the north of England. This young lady is to receive an annuity from her grandfather’s executors, and the aunt, who belongs to the family, was bequeathed a legacy on condition of receiving her under her roof. The servant tells me that the young man’s mother is one of your easy, timid, good-hearted sort of women, but that his aunt is a real devil. The gentleman seems to be quite a nice young man, and I liked him very well, till he rushed forward in that cowardly way, and tried to deprive me of the honor of killing that pirate.”

They were interrupted by a loud laugh from another part of the vessel, and a call for Mr. Blaze. This personage went forward to comply with the summons, while the queer-nosed man, having taken out his note-book, sat down to add his newly acquired information to its contents. His informer was none other than the former butler of the young lady’s grandfather. He had been allured by the prospect of bettering his condition, to make an apparently disinterested offer of his services to his young master, and accompanied him to India. In that country, where every body must make money, he had contrived, in the service of his master, to amass something considerable, and was now on his return to England. He found the party who had called him, engaged in inspecting a couple of shot-holes in the back of the gang-way house, behind which he had ensconced himself, during the engagement.

“We were making up a subscription,” said the most quizzical looking one of the group, “to buy that gun and pistol of yours, with which you killed the pirate. They must be natural curiosities—something like the Irishman’s gun that was made for shooting round a hay stack. Look here; your two bullets went through this plank, and when they got to the mouth of the gang-way, turned short round the corner, picked out the fellow that was jumping overboard with the young lady, and knocked him in the head. It’s a God’s mercy that they didn’t complete the circle, and come on round where they started from and kill yourself. But I suppose the pirate’s head, was so hard that when they had gone through it they had to stop, and couldn’t go any farther.”

Blaze was a man in full possession of some of the happiest facilities of our nature. Among these was a settled, well-regulated impudence, that was perfectly indomitable. On the present occasion he merely glanced around an expression of complete wonderment, and said,—

"Why, gentlemen, I really cannot see a great deal of meaning in all this merriment. I certainly never pretended that my bullets made such a circle, as that gentleman is disposed to insinuate. Them holes I made there myself, I know—but I made them there to fire through; one for my musket, and one for my pistol. You see, I didn't want the pirates to know where I was, or they might have cut off my usefulness."

"But it seems to me," rejoined his tormentor, "that if more than one charge had passed through, the holes would have been a little larger."

"May be they would, if I had been one of your trembling, cowardly rascals, that can't hold a gun steady or shoot a black-bird, without shutting their eyes. But I tell you I put the musket as steadily to the hole as if I was pointing at it with a broom-stick, and how then was it possible for it to grow any larger? The bullets were all of the same size."

"But if you meant it for a port-hole," said the other, "you ought to have made it a little bigger so that you might take sight through it. How did you know but that your balls might save the pirates trouble, by doing their business on some of us? And how do you know but that some of the poor fellows, whom we have just thrown overboard, were sent to their long account by you? Several of them, I noticed, were wounded in the back, and if you murdered them, may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"Why in that respect," said Sam, pausing a moment, and looking for the first time a little foolish, "why in that respect, I must say—I—trusted to Providence."

"Yes! trusted to Providence! and the next time we are placed in such a predicament, I 'trust to Providence' I may be any where, rather than on the range of your bullets. But you lie! you poor pitiful wretch," said he, losing his temper and advancing upon him, "you know you do! and we know it! you were so frightened that you didn't know what you were about; you only fired once, and that when the danger was all over; and you wouldn't have fired then, only your gun and pistol were so ashamed of not having been used during the fight, that they went off themselves! I wish to heaven I could give you what you deserve; but I do not want to stay on quarantine forty days longer than the rest of the passengers, for having been contaminated by the touch of such a leper as you are!"

Sam blushed—as much of an epoch in his life as the Hegira was in Mahomet's; but like all men of his calibre, pocketed the insult.

"And how is my mother?" said Ethelwaite to the coachman, who was on the wharf, awaiting his arrival.

"Very well, sir; only a little fretted about your being away so long."

"And my aunt?"

"As usual, sir," said the man, with some degree of significance, at the same time touching his hat. "The coach is this way, sir."

In a few moments, Tyler and his betrothed were seated in the family vehicle, and whirled on rapidly towards their destination.

"I do not know why it is," said Dorcas, "but instead of feeling my heart uplifted with gratitude to the Author of our recent and various deliverances, I find it weighed down by an indefinable dread—a lurking pre-

sentiment, that all will not be well. My dear Tyler, I seem to myself doomed to be the child and sport of affliction."

"I do not know, Dorcas; it is just as natural for us to be troubled with the forebodings of grief, as it is for us to be enlivened with the anticipations of joy; and these feelings are not only inherent in our nature, but exert upon us a tempering, a moderating influence, that may make us less violent, but certainly more uniform in our temperaments. Anticipations of grief are often sent to moderate the wild zest, with which we indulge in our revellings of joy; and prospects of happiness often float over our sky, when the horizon is darkened by the shades of grief. Perhaps your present forebodings are but a discipline, preparatory to your entrance upon the scenes of happiness that are in store for you."

"God grant it! and if so, it is well. But you have told me very little of the friends whom we are so soon to meet."

"I am sure, you will like my mother," said Tyler, "and equally sure that she will like you, for my sake, until she has learned to love you for your own. Your opinion of my aunt, will depend very much on her opinion of you; and that is giving you every thing to hope, and nothing to fear. She is a woman of violent prejudices, and has no hesitation to manifest them, whatever be their nature. Her daughter you will find a passable companion, and only passable. But you will never lack society, so long as you can have the communion of your own thoughts, any more than I shall, so long as your thoughts can be communicated to me. On the whole, you may prepare yourself for a very comfortable time. I have written to them something about you, and can predict for you a very cordial reception."

"A man may smile and smile and be a villain"—so may a woman! and there is a concentration, an essence of meanness, in a woman's villainy, that makes even devils blush! The very masculine cast of a man's vices gives them for the most part a towering feature, and they are, generally, redeemed by some relics of a better nature. Thus, we have honor among thieves; chivalry among brigands; and we often see the beautiful millennial peace, exemplified in the subordination of the swart pirate, to the gentler dictates of the child of love. The pride of sex—the conscious dignity of manhood, is seldom wholly eradicated, and prevents a total prostration of the moral sense. But a mean woman is the meanest thing in nature. It may be from the contrast between what she is, and what she ought to be—but we never gaze upon her without feelings of the most unqualified abhorrence. So soon as, Esau-like, she leaves the exalted standing which is her birth-right, she exchanges the throne for the footstool, and is prostrated irretrievably. She even seems to acquiesce in her own degradation. The sense of her social inferiority becomes merged in a damning conviction of moral weakness, and she displays the depravity of the lost angels, without the majesty of their ruin!

Such a woman was Mrs. Harris. She had read the letter which her nephew had written, and from the terms in which he spoke of his fair charge, prognosticated the overthrow of what had been her most darling hope—the union of Ethelwaite with her daughter. It is true that for purposes of security she had refrained

from the divulgement of her expectations, and been content to play her card in silence. She had never even dreamed of disappointment, but calculated as confidently on the issue as if the game had already ended in her favor. But now, when the revelations of a moment had dashed the cup from her lips, she felt all the workings of the fiend. She loved her daughter—as the tigress loves her young; and she felt chafed and revengeful, that her daughter had been slighted. She was a woman who plumed herself greatly on that low kind of ingenious shrewdness, which the fox displays in its doublings, and she felt a something stronger than chagrin, a malicious spitefulness, that for once, her shrewdness had failed her. But she was not one to bear disappointment with folded hands. She vowed that if Tyler would not marry Martha, he should not marry Martha's rival, and rejoiced that Dorcas was to be under her own roof, and therefore the more exposed to her designs. There was one circumstance that operated greatly in her favor. Mrs. Ethelwaite, Tyler's mother, was a weak woman and completely under her control. Her violent character was a rod of iron over the yielding disposition of her sister-in-law; and a certain terrible secret in regard to the latter was in her possession, and she used it as a whip of scorpions.

"You are my own husband's sister, Mrs. Ethelwaite," she would say, when she had a difficult point to carry, "you are my own husband's sister, but were you ten times his sister, you should not trifle with and triumph over me. I have no malice towards you, Mrs. Ethelwaite, but if I was to mention a Mr. Somebody's name in a particular way, I could, and you know it, put you in a condition that nobody would hire you to scrub their kitchen. I don't say I'll do it, but I do say I can't see the use of so much obstinacy when I only ask a small favor of you." While she would be going on in this way, poor Mrs. Ethelwaite would sit, pale as a corpse, and trembling like a leaf, and such was the effect upon her, that she would have been willing to sign her soul over to eternal perdition in the next world, if she only could have avoided infamy in this.

On the night when the travellers were expected, the three inmates of Bellevue were seated around the parlor fire. Mrs. Ethelwaite was running to the window every few moments to listen for the sound of the carriage; Martha, was biting the nails of one hand and thrumming the centre-table with the fingers of the other, while Mrs. Harris, was gazing moodily on the fire, and making a final disposition of her plans before entering on their execution.

"I do wish, Mrs. Ethelwaite," said she, breaking the silence, "you wouldn't keep flying about the room so. They'll be here not a bit the sooner for it, and so much fuss is enough to shatter one's nerves to pieces."

"Well, sister," said Mrs. Ethelwaite, her eyes filling with tears, "I beg your pardon. Indeed I did not mean to disturb you. And now to punish myself, I won't stir from my chair again till he comes."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, and go to crying about it. I declare you are the strangest woman I ever saw. A body can't speak to you but you must make a baby of yourself."

"Well, sister," said she, forcing a smile, "don't scold me, and I'll sit just as still as I possibly can, and do

whatever you wish me to do; only let us all meet Tyler with a smile on our faces."

"Why, as to that, I love the boy, just as much as you do, and as much as I could if he was my own, but I am not going to make a fool of myself for him, or for any body else. I will do my part towards meeting him with a smile, but I doubt much whether you will do yours, unless you get a little of the tombstone out of your face, before he makes his appearance."

"I shall not have much time to do it in, then, for here he comes now," said she, running out of the room, as she heard the carriage coming up the avenue.

"Has he come?" drawled out Martha lazily, as if it was an effort to speak; "well, I believe I will go out and meet him too. And has Dorcas come, and may she sleep with me, mother?" And without waiting for an answer, she left the room in a slipshod gait that she took to be the ne-plus of refinement.

"Fool!" muttered her mother with the deepest scorn, as she closed the door. "Sleep with you! yes! you'll hug her to your bosom, and find her a viper!" and with her hands clenched and the face of a fiend, she fairly stamped with rage. Mrs. Harris would have been wanting to her nature, had she lacked the common attribute of meanness—hypocrisy. She had a perfect control, an absolute despotism over her emotions, that would have made the fortune of a diplomatist. And she needed it all; for her plot was no child's whim, that a breath might alter. It was grounded deep as the foundations of her malice, and as she unfolded to herself its various windings, she became so elated with the certainty of success, that to meet the party with a cheerful smile, required not even an effort.

"Well, my boy," meeting them as they entered the door, "how do you do?—and you, my dear? I am glad to see you. We have been expecting you a long time, and you are right welcome to Bellevue. Let me assist you in taking off your things."

Who then thought that this affability, this cordiality, this excess of frankness, was but the playfulness of the painted snake, before it darts upon its victim!

The acute observer might have noticed a slight, momentary shade of vexation on the features of Mrs. Harris as she removed the bonnet of Dorcas, and saw revealed a face like those that tempted the angels. But she easily recovered herself, while she turned to give the article to a servant; and perhaps the very beauty of her victim gave her additional complacency from the thought how much more signal would be her triumph. She therefore conducted Miss Adelmair to the fire, and used all her fascinations to inspire her with affection and confidence.

"You find us in a rather retired situation, my dear. We have but few visiting acquaintances, so that for our enjoyments we are very much dependent on ourselves."

"You certainly have no lack of resources," replied Dorcas, as she glanced at the centre-table, loaded with the choicest books.

"Why, yes; Martha is fond of reading, and I am always happy to encourage her taste. Some of them have just arrived from London, and I hope will please you. I sent for them on your account, fearing that you would, in such a lonely place, find little enough wherewith to amuse yourself."

"I cannot call any place lonely, ma'am, where my friends are so kindly solicitous to anticipate my desires," said Dorcas, overjoyed that she had succeeded in making an apparently favorable impression, which she had been assured was all that was necessary, and completely fascinated with the affability and tenderness of her companion.

A gleam of satisfaction darted across the features of Mrs. Harris, which Dorcas very naturally construed into an acknowledgment of her own sensibility.

During this time, Mrs. Ethelwaite had been sitting on Tyler's knee, examining him with all the minuteness and curiosity with which the South-sea islanders inspected the first white man; ever and anon throwing her arms around his neck; weeping, kissing him again and again, till in the course of her fondlings she discovered the scar which had been effected by the death-blow of the pirate. Her loud exclamation of surprise was followed by the most repeated and importunate inquiries as to its cause.

"Why I forgot to tell you, mother," said Tyler, "that we had a pretty hard scuffle with the pirates on our return home."

"And did they kill you?" said she, hurriedly; and then recollecting herself, "no, they couldn't have killed you, or you wouldn't have been here. But did they almost kill you?"

"No, mother; they neither killed me, nor almost killed me. One of them, however, set his mark upon me, but I soon recovered, and here I am as safe and sound as when I left you."

"But you have not told," interposed Dorcas, "in whose behalf, and to save whose life, you so generously exposed yourself."

"It was to save my own life, Dorcas."

"Come, come; that will not do. I am much obliged to you for the compliment, but I must insist upon your telling the whole story."

"Why I should have shown myself a strange pattern of manhood, to have let that fiendish pirate jump overboard with you; and I'll warrant, every one there was ready to die with envy, that I had deprived them of the honor of rescuing you themselves."

"Mr. Blaze, in particular," said Dorcas, smiling.

"We will tell the story about him, to-morrow. In the meantime, aunt, Dorcas is fatigued, and I think would be glad to retire—I know I can say as much for myself."

When the party had retired to their dreams, and left Mrs. Harris alone in the parlor, she gazed stealthily about the room, and then rising from her chair, muttered, "Yes! saved her life! another difficulty in my way; but I'll make him wish and her too, that she had been made food for the fishes instead of having come here to tamper and interfere with me! I have got to go to hell, any how; and since it is no use for me to try to go to heaven, I'll make up for it by doing as much harm as I can while I stay here, to recommend me to the favor of the devil!" and with this blasphemy on her lips, she snatched the candle and strode out of the room like a fury, to seek the darkness, but not the slumbers of midnight.

For several days after the arrival of Dorcas and Tyler, a growing change in the disposition of Mrs. Harris was universally perceptible. Her tone of voice

was subdued and bland; her address to inferiors considerate and mild; her intercourse with equals self-denying; and all her aims, to promote the general happiness. She was conscious that such a change must necessarily excite wonder, and a most finished plan did she adopt to prevent it from appearing unaccountable.

One day, when seated alone with Tyler, she remarked to him seriously, "there is one thing, my son, that, ever since your return, I have been anxious to confide to you. About a month ago, I found in my head a white hair, and it has had upon me the strangest effect imaginable. I am continually haunted by the thought that the day is not far distant when my head will be entirely silvered over; and when I think that from that stage of the journey of life it is but a hand-breadth to the tomb, the question repeatedly occurs, 'am I prepared to die?' Oh Tyler, I cannot tell you what I have felt. I cannot speak to you of the sleepless nights I have passed, and how much worse than sleepless my nights have been, when slumber has chanced to fall upon me. The midnight visions, the livid forms, the semblances of the other world that have affrighted me, are known but to myself and to Him who sent them. Of late I have felt more peace. Your return; the dear disposition of the angel whom you have brought home with you; her fondness for me, (for our souls have become perfectly knit together in love) have all had an assuaging influence: but oh! that I might hope my peace proceeded from a higher source—that He who pierced me with the arrow of conviction has had compassion on me, and bound up the wound with the oil of His grace!" and here, applying her kerchief to her eyes, she sobbed bitterly.

Tyler paused a few moments, and replied, "I am sensibly affected, my dear aunt, by your disclosure, and only wish that my competence to give you spiritual counsel equalled my solicitude in your behalf. But I shall ride by the parsonage this morning, and should be happy to invite the minister to call upon you."

"Do not ask him to day, Tyler. I will send for him; but just now I feel as if I could unbosom myself better to one of my own sex, and of these I know of none in whom I could confide unless in our own dear Dorcas."

"And a truer christian you will not find this side heaven—let me send her to you now."

Tyler left the room to fulfil his commission; and that evening Dorcas told him, "I had before been bound to your aunt by the ties of nature and affection, but to-day a new tie has sprung up between us—the bond of christian fellowship. I do love her next to the best friend I have on earth, and if you knew how devotedly she speaks of him, you would not wonder at the strength of my attachment."

At the next communion season, it was publicly announced that Mrs. Harris had connected herself with the church; and the simple peasantry remarked that the Lord had not performed such a miracle since the day of Pentecost.

Since the arrival of Dorcas, Walter Roberts, a young man residing a few miles off, had been an almost daily visiter at Bellevue. He was of fascinating address, and possessed of every accomplishment, but at heart an unprincipled libertine. He had, however, the discretion to keep his principles, or rather want of principles, to himself; and in consummate

hypocrisy, his only superior was Mrs. Harris. He was very familiar with polite literature, and had always an abundance of news, which made him what ladies call a right charming fellow. He was more showy than Tyler, and perhaps generally more agreeable as a companion. There was this difference between them: The one had read a great deal, but thought very little; the other was a man more fond of communing with his own thoughts than those of others. The one had read more from a desire to pass with the crowd as a man of parts; the other looked upon knowledge as a sacred spring, and felt too much reverence for the holy fountain to let its bubbles flash up incessantly to win the admiration of the common herd. The one was calculated to be caressed by the many and despised by the few; the other to be cherished by the few and overlooked, not despised, by the many. Roberts had a ready self-conceit that gave him, in his own opinion, a high place in the estimation of others; Tyler, on the other hand, had a distressing humility that made him think others as blind to his real merits as he was himself.

Roberts, on his visits to Bellevue, was generally accompanied by his sister—a young lady who embodied many of the follies and a few of the virtues of her sex. Mrs. Harris, during their riding and walking excursions, invariably managed it that Miss Roberts should be under the charge of Tyler, while Dorcas was handed over to the charge of Roberts himself. This part of the plot was the more easy to be effected, because Roberts on a party of pleasure, would not of course be expected to gallant his own sister, any more than would Tyler to devote himself exclusively to those of his own household. So that indeed it was hardly necessary for Mrs. Harris to interpose her agency here, for matters went on just as she wished, without her interference. This was an art of hers. She had a most profound knowledge of human nature, especially of its weaknesses,—for of these she had a chart within herself—and she knew exactly when it was necessary for her to come forward with her open influence, and exactly when it was necessary for her to remain behind the curtain and pull the string in secret. She knew the fascinations of both the Roberts'; she knew that Walter was the directly opposite of Tyler, and Sarah equally so of Dorcas; and therefore that any partiality shown by Dorcas to Walter would be as grating to Tyler, as any partiality manifested by himself to Sarah would be unpleasant to Dorcas; because naturally if one person seems partial to the known opposite of another person, his regard for the latter of the two is supposed to be proportionally weakened. This was the reasoning of Mrs. Harris, and she knew that the golden chain of sympathy once broken, her triumph would be complete. She would therefore take occasion to incite the coquetry of Sarah, by imploring her not to make such sad havoc of her nephew's heart, and would have treated Walter in the same way, but as she saw he was sufficiently bent on taking the castle for himself, she only threw out occasional hints of encouragement.

In the meantime she was to Dorcas the tenderest of mothers. She ingratiated herself thoroughly in her confidence, and used many unobserved arts to draw forth her feelings in reference to the attentions of Tyler to Sarah Roberts. But Dorcas was a high-souled, queenly girl, and seemed to cherish not even for a moment

the thought that his affection for herself was weakened. She was conscious in her own breast of such a wealth of devotion to him, that judging of his feelings by her own, she would as soon have thought the needle false to the pole, as to have indulged the suspicion, that she had ceased to be his cynosure. She saw that he was attentive to Sarah, and only loved him the better for his politeness; and as to the attentions of Walter, they were even disagreeable to her—not that she suspected them to be designing, but because to one of her nature the attentions of any one, beside the one, would be unsatisfying. Yet she would laugh and chat with him as freely, as if he were entitled to the greatest intimacy; for she was so perfectly artless and innocent, that it would have done her as much annoyance to suspect another, as to be herself suspected.

Not so with Tyler—and for the simple reason, because he was a man. Men are, naturally, more jealous than women, because they are, naturally, less constant. He was moreover, as we have said before, of an humble disposition, and when he reasoned with himself he felt rather surprised that Dorcas had found any thing at all in him to admire, than that she manifested a superior admiration for another. Yet when they were alone, with no eye to gaze on them, she would pour out to him such fond tokens of tenderness, that she would beguile him insensibly from his despondency. But when the succeeding day would bring with it the unwelcome form of Roberts, who had become enamored to distraction of Dorcas, he would fall back again upon his own gloomy thoughts, unless when piqued to make himself as agreeable as possible to Sarah.

Mrs. Harris saw the state of his mind, and was rather at fault to perceive nothing like it in Dorcas. A great mind may thoroughly comprehend a little one, but a little mind can never understand a great one. Mrs. Harris had the right theory in regard to the every-day characters we meet with; but Dorcas Adelmair was as far above these, as the heavens are higher than the earth. She was as infinitely remote from every petty jealousy as the east is from the west, and she could not possibly have been aroused to discover any impropriety in the attentions of Tyler to Sarah. He was happy, and that was enough for her. Mrs. Harris soon learned better than to make any unguarded attempts with this design; for, if she was in this one instance too blind to see, she was too prudent not to feel her way. She soon found out where she could direct her exertions to the best advantage, and accordingly began with Tyler. She observed him one day when his countenance was sad, and having withdrawn with him, she sat for some time with her hands folded and her eyes bent downwards. At last she said—

"Tyler, my dear son, do I love you?"

"Yes, my aunt; I can believe that you love me, though I doubt all the world besides."

"And my dear boy, does the world contain any in whom you have a right to trust, yet whom you are forced to doubt?"

"Aunt!"

"Nay, Tyler, my own son, I cannot see grief working its way through your heart without feeling a correspondent emotion in my own. We need not talk in secrets. My dear boy, let me entreat you to hasten your marriage with Dorcas. She is a dear, good

girl, Tyler, and you may never meet with such another, should you lose her."

"Aunt, you have been to me a mother, and in this have proved yourself more than a mother; but do not be offended that I follow not your advice—I reject it simply because there seems to be a necessity for its being given. What I have felt and do feel I can never express, but the reason you give for hastening our marriage shall be to me a reason for deferring it; and if in the meantime Dorcas is confirmed in her attachment to Roberts, I will release her from her engagement, though the act should release my soul from my body."

Mrs. Harris gazed upon him as he left the room, and hardly waited for him to get out of hearing before she exclaimed triumphantly—

"Why, the very fates are in my favor! It could not possibly have turned out so, unless, they had interfered. But to improve advantages—ah! here comes Dorcas! the very thing!"

When Tyler left the room, he walked moodily down stairs, and met Dorcas in the hall. "Oh!" said she, running gaily up to him, "I have just been out to walk, and I met Mr. Roberts, and he said he would ride with us to-morrow—but, dear Tyler! what is the matter?"

"Nothing; I have a headache, and was going out to enjoy the fresh air."

"You will let me go with you?"

"No, Dorcas; I had rather be alone. I shall return soon." She gazed at him as he went out, and stood motionless. It came upon her like a torrent, that he had more than once of late spoken to her coolly, and the thought bewildered her. She looked up toward heaven, and exclaimed, "Father, look upon me;" and then turning, said to herself, "I have but one mother to go to, and God be thanked, she is not only a temporal but a spiritual adviser." With this confidence she sought her—'temporal and spiritual adviser!'

Tyler took refuge from the approach of intruders in the solitude of a neighboring grove. "Why," mused he, "should I repine, that Dorcas has transferred her affections to one so much better calculated to make her happy? It is true he cannot love her more, yet he can not help loving her as much as I do; for, love for such an angel is an irresistible impulse as involuntary as obedience to fate. She loved me, because she was grateful to me; and shall I make her gratitude the plea of insisting on an alliance that is disagreeable to her? What have I done for her that the most iron-hearted would not have been glad to do—and is not the fact of my having benefitted her, the dearest consolation of my life? It is I who ought to be grateful for the opportunities afforded me of being of service to her; and shall I make her pay so dearly for what has been my own gratification, as to force her to give her hand to me when her heart is another's? Perish the thought! and if I cannot have the joy of possessing her, give me at least the consciousness of having nobly resigned her."

Dorcas, with a heavy heart, entered her aunt's chamber, and throwing herself into her arms, poured out to her the source of her grief.

"My dear daughter," said Mrs. Harris, "it is our duty to take meekly the chastenings of our Heavenly Father."

"I know it, my dear mother, but my heart will rebel. Tyler has been my all in all. I have loved him too well

for my spiritual good, and it is but just that I should be punished with the frowns of my idol. Yet oh! that some milder instrument of punishment had been mercifully adopted."

"Be patient, my dear," said Mrs. Harris encouragingly; "it is but the infirmity of men to be jealous. His suspicions will soon die away of themselves, and then you will again be happy."

"Ma'am?"

"Do not take it to heart: it is only a passing whim. He feels hurt; it is true, because he thinks you manifest a partiality for Roberts; but believe me, my dear, the feeling will be but transient. In the meantime it perhaps might be as well to be a little less pointed in your manner towards Roberts. You know we are commanded to feel for each other's infirmities."

The words of Mrs. Harris drove away every tear from the eye of Dorcas, who, rising in her own simple native dignity, said: "I do know it, aunt; but I cannot help Tyler bear a burden that implicates my own honor. Walter Roberts has entitled himself to my esteem, and I have but treated him as he deserves to be treated. If Tyler is offended that I reciprocate the attention and courtesy of your visitors, I must submit to lie under his displeasure—though it be my sorest trial, next to the frowns of my Maker. I trust, though called upon to endure those of the one, I shall not be visited with those of the other; and though my heart be wrung by the reproaches of its best beloved, it will still be enlivened with the peace of conscience."

"I leave you, dear Dorcas, to your own meditations. Look to Him who is the strength of the weak, and the helper of the helpless."

As Mrs. Harris closed the door behind her, she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed in a low voice, though from the bottom of her heart—

"Good!"

"And has it come to this?" sighed Dorcas bitterly, as she cast herself on the bed. "Slighted, despised, suspected by the idol of my bosom! I could bear his frowns—but his suspicions!" and here the poor girl wept as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Harris had rightly conjectured. Dorcas was a proud, high-souled girl, and supposed others as free from guile as herself. But to be suspected! this, if any thing, could force her to fear that she was not beloved; and she said, sorrowfully, "oh! had he felt for me as I do for him, he never could have believed me so unworthy his regard;" and with this thought she rang the bell, and sent for her aunt to come to her immediately.

She was in tears when Mrs. Harris entered the room, but drying them, she said, "mother, do you think if Tyler had loved me as he ought, he would have acted so towards me?"

"My child," said Mrs. Harris, "do not ask me."

"But are you not my only adviser?"

"I know I am, my dear, and this alone forces me to confess that as much as my heart has been set upon your union with him, yet I have been forced to entertain fears, when I have observed his very apparent partiality for Sarah Roberts. I have loved him from his cradle, but though he were in truth my own son, I would cast him off forever, should he prove himself capable of such perfidy."

"Say not so, dear aunt; he has known me under pe-

culiar circumstances, when his sympathies were all alive; and these may have prompted his affection for me. But why should I hope that he is the same now? The circumstances that gave birth to his feelings have been buried in the past, and it is but natural that his feelings should have been buried with them. What claims have I upon him? It is he who has claims upon me, and gratitude alone should prevent in me a desire to interfere with his happiness. I will write to him and tell him so."

"You had better not be too hasty," said Mrs. Harris, affectionately. "We may be wrong, though I fear we are but too right. But let me watch for you, and you may depend upon my faithfulness. Besides, should you thus write to him, you would make yourself liable to misconstruction, especially if our fears are correct. In the meantime, my dear, act with the same high-minded propriety as ever. Appear not too anxious by altering your due treatment of Mr. Roberts, and be assured that if Tyler's feelings toward you are of the proper stamp, they will compel him to be the one to make the becoming overtures."

"Bless you, my mother, for this and for every thing else. I will show my sense of your judgment by following your advice, and of your affection by repaying it with my warmest gratitude."

That evening, Dorcas from a sense of duty, treated Tyler with as much cordiality, as his coldness and her own wounded sensibility would admit of. The next morning when Walter called, she cheerfully complied with her engagement, but her heart did faint within her, when Tyler said that he believed he would stay at home, if Sarah would consent to remain with him and look at some pictures. She of course gladly consented.

The reader's imagination can easily supply to itself how matters went on for several days subsequent to this event. The breach became gradually wider and wider. Tyler endeavored to stifle his emotions by being particularly attentive to Sarah, and Roberts had become more than ever enamored of Dorcas.

About two weeks after the ride, Sarah rode up hastily to Bellevue, and running into the parlor, said to Dorcas, "do throw aside that sober look for just one minute, while I tell you the best news in the world. My uncle has just written to me, that a large party of pleasure is about leaving London for Paris, and that I must come on and go with them under his protection. I am to start immediately, and have ridden over but for one minute to say good-bye. So here it is—good-bye. But where is Tyler? ah! there he is;" and kissing the party farewell, she ran out of the house to meet him coming up the avenue. Dorcas felt sick at heart as she saw him turn his horse to accompany her home.

"I have been thinking, Tyler," said his aunt, one day, when they were conversing on the subject, "that you would have a better opportunity of really testing the attachment of Dorcas, by going away from home for a short time, and leaving her entirely unrestrained. Ardently as I desire your union, I cannot consent to it at the expense of your happiness. Suppose then you make a short trip to the continent—say to Paris, and in the meantime Roberts can develop his intentions, and Dorcas feel at full liberty to pursue her own inclinations. I know you desire to act honorably."

"You are right, aunt; and the sooner I follow your

advice the better. I can endure any thing but this suspense, and will start to-morrow."

"Dorcas," said Mrs. Harris, when they were holding their nightly consultation a little before bed-time, "I am grieved to tell you, but have you not observed Tyler to be unusually gloomy since Sarah's departure?"

"I have."

"You will be less surprised then when I tell you that to-morrow he leaves for Paris, and, as I strongly suspect, by a previous arrangement between themselves."

"I am by my fears prepared for the worst, as I am by your counsel and by heavenly assistance fortified to bear it. There are but a few drops remaining in my cup of bitterness, and these I am prepared to drink."

"Bid him farewell affectionately; and I cannot advise you to hint a word to him about the past, present, or future."

"Mother! I am a woman—and trust me, not wanting in a woman's pride."

"I can trust you, my dear; but it is late—shall we not to bed?"

"Yes, but I fear not to sleep—good night," and kissing her, she left the room.

"Not to sleep! no! but it will not be long before I shall sleep and that soundly. Revenge they say is a sweet pillow for the soul to rest upon, and I'll have it!"

Not long after this, Sarah wrote to her brother that she had been very agreeably surprised by Tyler's arrival in Paris; that he had been devotedly attentive to her, and that she had every reason to expect daily an offer of his hand. Roberts, overjoyed, communicated the intelligence to Mrs. Harris, who mused upon it for sometime and inquired,

"What then is to become of Dorcas?"

Walter replied, "if I might hope, my dear madam, that you and she would permit me to supply his place! especially since my own sister has captivated her swain."

Mrs. Harris looked at him steadfastly a moment and replied, "Mr. Roberts, I have noticed Dorcas and Tyler, from the beginning. I have always been fully satisfied that they were not intended for each other. I love her well enough, but I love him better; and, really, Mr. Roberts, between ourselves, (we understand each other?) I am not sorry that he has thought better of it—particularly, since he has been convinced of his folly by a girl of such tried worth as your sister. While then I shall be glad to second your inclinations, I will not attempt to force those of Dorcas. I will see her myself; convince her that she has nothing to hope from Tyler, and in two days from now you may call upon her yourself."

There is an old story of two sharpers who met, and by appearing each to each the most simple hearted of beings, cheated each other out of five hundred dollars apiece. Somewhat after the same sort was the game now to be played by Mrs. Harris and Roberts. Each had to affect the utmost disinterestedness and simplicity, and each put every art in play to make a tool of the other. We shall see how they succeeded.

Soon after the departure of Roberts, Martha came into the room and walked listlessly up to the glass, with the ostensible design of arranging her ringlets; but as these were already in perfect order, we may charitably suppose that there was some person in the glass whom

she felt inclined to call upon. She took one finger and lightly, very lightly, touching here and there a curl, said, while thus engaged, to her mother,

"What did Mr. Roberts want, mother? Didn't he ask to see me? As soon as I saw him coming, I took the papers out of my hair and dressed myself, and waited for him to send for me; but when I saw he didn't, I thought I would come down any how, and see what you were talking about. But he has gone, and I have had all my trouble for nothing. Did he say nothing about me—not even ask how I was? I think he might."

"He came over, my dear, to tell me that Tyler and Sarah are going to be married."

"Why, mother, I thought you said I might have Tyler?"

"I used to tell you so to keep you quiet when you were a little girl, but only then. Since the Lord opened my eyes, I think it wrong for first cousins to marry."

"But, mother, good people often marry their first cousins, and I don't see why I can't have Tyler. He's handsome, mother."

"We should feel it our duty to set a better example, and then, may be, they will not do it any more. But go and call Dorcas; she will feel more interested in the matter than you do, for you know she and Tyler were to be married."

"Well, if *she* wants Tyler, she may have him, for she is so good. But Sarah Roberts shall not, because I want him myself;" and, so saying, she went up stairs and told Dorcas to go down and tell her mother that Sarah should not have Tyler; "for," said she, "a letter has just come from Europe, I mean from France, that says they are going to be married. But, la! how queer you look! I am sorry—are not you?"

With an aching heart, Dorcas sought her aunt, and found her ready to confirm her worst fears. After having played about with her victim, and fully satisfied her that there was no hope, Mrs. Harris, and to provide for herself a plausible way of escape in case of accident, affected to turn consoler. She was careful, however, to delay her hypocritical conversation, until there was no hope of its being received.

"Cheer up, Dorcas," said she; "you know Sarah is, like all girls, fond of making conquests, and her natural desires may have led her to attach more importance to the attentions of Tyler than he actually designed. Perhaps, too, he only has devoted himself a great deal to her that he might forget his suspicious jealousies." This last was artfully brought in, and Mrs. Harris well knew the effect it would have upon Dorcas.

"I love you tenderly, aunt, for your attempt to pour oil on my wounds; but I have no hope of their being closed, until closed by death. It is not his attentions to Sarah, so much as his suspicions of me, that has given me up to despair. Had he loved, he could never have doubted me."

"Well, my dear, if clouds are about you, you know who sent them; and knowing who sent them, you know where to seek light amid your darkness."

"And I will seek that light," said Dorcas, gratefully. "And I will not forget to thank Him that I have one to remind me whence our help cometh."

"Know, who sent them!" said Mrs. Harris scornfully to herself. "She knows not that! but she *shall* know it."

Seated by a writing desk, in one of the splendid hotels in Paris, Tyler was inditing a letter to his aunt. "Soon," mused he, casting his pen on the table, "will my fate be decided. Roberts will take advantage of my absence to offer her his hand, and she shall not know the struggle it costs me to give her up." Resuming his pen, he wrote that Paris was the most delightful place in the world; that he was enjoying himself highly, and that he need not be expected home until after a certain event had happened, (meaning the marriage of Dorcas and Roberts); in conclusion, he begged to be remembered to Martha, Dorcas, and his mother. The letter he enclosed in a blank envelope, and the day after the conversation of Dorcas and her aunt, it arrived at Bellevue.

Mrs. Harris, herself, read it to Dorcas; admitted the clause in relation to a *certain event* to be "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ;" and wound up her torture by commending her "dear, forsaken daughter" to the favor and protection of the Almighty; vowing that if she was not to see Tyler before the certain event, she would not see him after it—for he should never cross her threshold as the husband of Sarah Roberts.

Her aim, her horrid aim, was to drive Dorcas to the commission of—suicide! She had never an idea of that mental and moral greatness, that borrows vigor from being trampled on, and distils energy from despair.

On the day following, Roberts, trembling with anxiety, called upon Dorcas. Heartless libertine as he was, he had felt how powerful is the holy alliance between virtue and beauty. He had been accustomed to look upon the sex as decorated wax-dolls, made solely for the convenience of man, and subject to his caprice. But a new light had broken in upon him; he had been brought under influences to which he had ever before scorned at the idea of being subjected: but the same soulless hypocrisy—the same unscrupulousness as to means, was still identified with his existence.

He found Dorcas buried in thought by the parlor fire. As he approached she rose, and extending him her hand, endeavored to veil her emotions under the semblance of cordiality. Now and then a faint smile would wander over her features, but it so belied her heart that she could with difficulty restrain it from being followed by a gush of tears. They, for awhile, conversed familiarly on their usual topics; but Roberts endeavored, step by step, to bring the conversation nearer home, until he made her an open avowal of his love and an unqualified offer of his hand.

Had a thunderbolt fallen from Heaven, it could not have shocked more utterly the heart of Dorcas. But, poor girl! thunderbolts *had* fallen—and they had so accustomed her to endurance, that the present shock was but one among the many. She had learned in the school of affliction to command her feelings, and rising from her chair, she said, with an ice-like calmness—

"Mr. Roberts, we have met too often. I admire you as a man, and esteem you as a friend, but we meet not again;" and when he awoke from the trance into which her words had thrown him, he found himself alone.

It may seem unnatural that Dorcas, during all this time, had fallen so unwarily into the snares that were spread for her. But it must be remembered that she was a perfect child of nature. She had been nurtured in a distant land, where her father and mother, sensible

of the dissipations of East-Indian society, had kept her secluded from it, lest she might yield to its enchantments. And here, we may observe, is one great error of parents. Fearing lest their children may become victims to the world, instead of giving them an early knowledge of its temptations, and at the same time instructing them by example and precept how to avoid them, they immure them in ignorant solitude, believing that the mechanical principles here acquired, will avail them when removed from their own influence. Hence they have no trials of faith to work out patience; no gifts of patience to work out experience; no treasures of experience to enliven them with hope. The consequences of disagreeable follies have never taught them discretion: they have no knowledge of human nature to guard them against its deceptions: their whole minority has been passed in the nursery, and when they leave its walls, their minds are the same unlettered, blank sheet, as when their eyes first opened on the darkened light of Heaven. The result is, that where one such, by a happy combination of circumstances, is saved from destruction, thousands become the slaves of the vicious, the victims of the vile, or the dupes of the artful.

Recovering from his stupor, Roberts exclaimed, "Rejected! 'Meet not again!' But we do meet again, and that speedily." As he uttered this, Mrs. Harris, who had been awaiting, feverishly, the termination of their interview, entered the room:

"Well," said she, advancing towards him; "What said my pretty bird? But what!—downcast?—dejected? Not nay, surely?"

"Even so, madam;" and here he disclosed the decided conduct of Dorcas.

"You opened your attack too soon," said Mrs. Harris, who had now struck upon a new vein, and thought if Dorcas could be forced to marry Roberts, her ends would be accomplished, though her malice would not be so completely gratified. "We have but yesterday received certain intelligence, (or directly implied, if not certain,) that Tyler and Sarah are to be married before their return, and she has not yet recovered from the shock. When she hears that they are actually married—as she doubtless will in a day or two—you will find her less impregnable;" and here she handed him Tyler's letter, with the envelope, telling him to read it at his leisure. She had given him his clue, and knowing her man, was just as well aware what he would do with that envelope, as if the future was already before her.

He took the letter, put it in his hat, and before he was on his horse, his plan was fixed. Going immediately home, he, by the aid of the letter in his possession, counterfeited Tyler's hand-writing—wrote that the marriage ceremony having already been performed, the couple would be home in a week. This letter he enclosed in the envelope which Mrs. Harris had given him, of which he had contrived to alter the date of the post-mark, and, three days after, dropped it into the letter-box of the neighboring post office. When Mrs. Harris received it, knowing well the source whence it came, she went immediately to Mrs. Ethelwaite, and commenced in her usual way:

"Mrs. Ethelwaite, you are my own husband's sister."

The poor woman, well aware what was coming, sat trembling in her chair, and simply faltered out,—

"Well, sister?"

"You know, Mrs. Ethelwaite, I have kept that ugly secret of your's *well*—too well, I fear, for my eternal happiness; for you know, as the Bible says, the partaker is as bad as the thief: I must now disclose it—and, first of all, to Tyler." She saw her sister was fainting, and handing her the camphor bottle, said, "Come, come; it is not time to faint yet. Do you want me to tell him?"

"Great heaven! No!"

"Well, listen to me, Mrs. Ethelwaite. That boy of yours was my darling hope. I meant him to marry my Martha, and he as much as promised me he would. He went to India, and there fell in love with that viper, and had the impudence to write and tell me of it. But he shall not marry her—I swear it; and you are to help me prevent him."

"But, sister, he is going to marry Sarah Roberts."

"It's a lie! and it's all my doings. I estranged him from Dorcas—I sent him to France—I started the report—I shall soon say he is already married, and at your peril you are not to deny it—nay, you are to affirm it, if called upon."

"But, sister, I cannot tell a lie."

"Very well—I then can tell the truth!"

She cast on her a scowl of the blackest malignity, and seemed about turning away. Mrs. Ethelwaite imploringly raised her hand.

"Your hand is up. Swear by it then, as you hope for peace, that you are mine, to do my pleasure."

She signified her assent.

"Well, then, have done with your folly. Your secret is yet with me—how long, depends upon yourself;" and so saying, she went in search of Dorcas.

"My dear girl, I did not think to be, so soon, the bearer of such unpleasant tidings—Tyler and Sarah are married—the heartless ingrate! Here is the seal of his perfidy;" and she read the letter.

Dorcas received its contents with a dumb, lifeless grief, as if the fountain of her soul was already frozen. Both sat in silence, till Mrs. Harris said, "Dorcas, be a woman! I would not advise you to your harm—but, be a woman! I feel my own nature outraged with yours. Consult your dignity, and if another inducement is necessary, save Tyler the remorse of having broken your heart."

"How?"

"You know Mr. Roberts—he is dying for you. Save his life and your own by marrying him. Be spirited!"

"My own life is of no consequence. I have another way of ending my griefs than that. Marry him! marry any body!—no body but death!"

Mrs. Harris thought a moment—"perhaps she means to —; better!" and then said, "well my own child, I only advised you as a woman. Now let me advise you as a christian. Remember!" and here she pointed heavenwards, and left her.

She saw Roberts, and told him there was no hope; Dorcas would die soon—and begged him to say nothing more about it. But he was not one to be so easily baffled.

Dorcas remained half alive and half dead, until the day before Tyler was said to be expected. Mrs. Harris arose every morning with the hope that she had destroyed herself; and her first demand of the servant was to

know how she was—expecting to receive the intelligence. But now she could wait no longer. “The fool has got no heart,” said she, as she mixed a cup of poison, intending to do herself for Dorcas, what she thought her too ‘pusillanimous’ to attempt. “But no! this is the last night: she may have reserved herself for this. Let her kill herself if she will, and then I shall be revenged on her soul too, if she has one. But if she is alive to-morrow morning, her shroud shall be made before nightfall;” and with this hellish design, she put the deadly mixture into the sideboard.

Dorcas’ room was an eastern wing of the house, and opened into the yard. Hither she repaired on that momentous night.

Roberts, thinking this the most favorable time for his designs, had stationed a carriage in the road, under the idea she could then be the more easily persuaded or compelled to abandon a place where she must die with misery, and retire to one of secrecy, where she could brood over her sorrows alone—without being mocked by the presence of Tyler, as the husband of another. This was to be his pretext; but once in his power, he intended to force her into a compliance with his importunities. He saw her enter the room, and felt his heart fail him as she sank upon her knees, and committed herself to the Father of the fatherless. A noise disturbed him, and he hastily retreated in an opposite direction, but still not so far but that he could see the candle burning. He watched patiently for nearly an hour: still it burned on. He stole up closer, yet saw no one—crept nearer—nearer—lifted the latch—opened, entered the door—the room was empty!

Maddened with rage, he stood undecided for a moment, and then proceeded toward the carriage. “Curse it!” muttered he, as he told the postillion he should have no more use for him that night.

“Looking for a lady, master?” said the man, who had been employed on such duties before; “cause I seed one get into the diligence when it came along, about a half an hour ago.”

The thought struck him that Dorcas had banished herself from home. “The very thing!” said he; “drive on; follow the diligence, but do not catch up with it. See where she gets out, and then we part.”

The horses dashed on. Morning revealed the object of their pursuit about a mile ahead. At breakfast they ascertained that a pale young lady, closely wrapped up, was one of the passengers. They followed on to London—saw where it stopped; and to the joy of Roberts, Dorcas left it and entered the hotel. Towards evening, he saw her driven away in a carriage, and was told that she had gone on board an American packet that was to start the same night. At midnight, he had himself conveyed on board the same vessel, just before she weighed anchor, and left England—forever!

In the morning, when the passengers came on deck, Dorcas was thunderstruck to behold Roberts standing before her. He addressed her—

“My dear Miss Adelmair, how have we met! Deprived by your coldness of all that made England dear, I last night left it forever. But most willingly shall I endure the transportation for life, if my fair judge goes with me to help me bear the burden of her own sentence.”

“Mr. Roberts, this will not do.” She took a minia-

ture of Tyler from her belt, and pointing to it, said, “Though I might blush to own it, my heart is still there. I am sorry that any thing from me has made you desert your home. Return there, and be happy. On this vessel you address me not at all, or only as a passing acquaintance.”

In the meantime, solitary amid the gaieties of Paris, with them, but not of them, Tyler came to himself. “What if I have been unjust?” said he, after returning one night from a crowded saloon. The next dawn saw him on his way to Bellevue.

His aunt met him at the door.

“Where is Dorcas?” said he, hurriedly.

“Gone!”

“And Roberts?”

“Gone too—with her!” She intimated they had eloped.

Tyler went to his room with a stricken heart. He threw himself on the bed; and shortly after, an old woman, a house servant, brought a letter, saying Miss Dorcas had left it. With a trembling hand he tore it open, and read—

“I have not a word of reproach. I love you too well to embitter one drop in your cup of joy. Be happy with your bride; and sometimes, when far separated from you by the waste of waters, cast a thought on
DORCAS.”

Stupified at first, and then frenzied, he rushed with the letter to his mother, and in an unguarded moment, drew from her the foul conspiracy.

Snatching her by the arm, he dragged her to his aunt, whom he also seized in the same manner, and thus confronted the guilty pair.

“Speak!” shouted he; “confess! or rather spare your confession, you fiend! My mother has confessed for you, you foul hypocrite!”

Mrs. Harris condensed her features into a withering expression of hatred, and rejoined—

“Your mother? do you call that thing your mother?”

“Yes! and you are a woman, or you should be taught how to speak of her.”

“And who was your father?”

Mrs. Ethelwaite burst out in a wild, piercing scream, and fell dangling from the unrelaxed arm of Tyler.

“My father died before I was born; but what is that to you?”

“He might have been your father, but he never was her husband! But listen to me, Tyler Ethelwaite.”

Tyler did listen till she cast the foul blot on his birth; and then the thought flashing on him that it *had* been involved in mystery, he fiercely clenched both his hands round her throat, and flinging her with all his might against the wainscoting, rushed from the house in a raging madness, and rode in a frenzy towards London.

When Mrs. Harris recovered from her stunning fall, she saw no one in the room but her sister, still lying where she had fallen when Tyler released her from his grasp.

“And so you thought me a fool like yourself, to be trifled with and betrayed with impunity,” said she, touching her scornfully with her foot. But immediately she started back in horror—

Her sister was dead!

She walked away mechanically, and opened the sideboard. There was the fatal cup she had prepared for Dorcas. Like Judas Iscariot, she felt that she had be-

trayed innocence. The deed was done! the scorpion was warmed into sudden being by the fires that were raging in her bosom. These she sought to quench in a moment with the deadly draught, and

"Sooner than the devils hoped, arrived in hell!"

When Tyler reached London, he immediately hastened around from quay to quay, inquiring incoherently if any one had seen Dorcas. Repeated insults aroused him to a sense of the fruitlessness of his search, till when turning away in despair, he was met by one of the lower order of the police, who said to him significantly—

"Looking for a gal—eh?"

Tyler shuddered at his profanity and turned to leave him.

"Look here, my larkey; may be you wouldn't look so spiteful, an' you knew as much as I do."

He put a guinea in his hand and awaited his intelligence.

"Well now, that's clever. Pale, and wrapped up as if she didn't want nobody to see her?"

Tyler bowed assent.

"Seed her myself—went aboard the ship *Caroline*, and is this minute three days out, bound for Ameriky."

Tyler having given him another guinea, took ship immediately in another packet that was just starting for the same port. On the way, enlivened by the prospect of finding Dorcas, he became more calm. He had a rough passage, and during a gale was the happy instrument of saving the captain's life.

When the pilot came on board, the captain asked what news—and was informed that the *Caroline* had been wrecked during the storm, and every soul lost.

"What's that?" said Tyler abruptly; "the ship *Caroline*?"

"The very same."

"Any ladies lost?"

"Every soul! captain, crew, passengers and all. Three ladies aboard, and by this time eat up by the fishes."

"Where is that ship going?" said he, as one came out the channel.

"She's the *Emperor*—bound to Russia."

"Captain," said Tyler, "are you my friend?"

"I ought to be—you saved my life."

"Well, then, put me on board that ship."

"Aye, aye, sir;" and he was on his way—to Russia, or any where else—to him it mattered not.

Had he kept on, he would have found that one of the passengers, a lady, had survived the wreck. She had been washed on shore, and with difficulty restored to life. When asked her name, she replied it was Dorcas Lindsay. Under this humble title she buried the proud old English name of *Adelmar*. She came to our village; spent her life in acts of charity and benevolence, and left a record of her worth not only on the walls of our temple, but in the hearts of our villagers.

Tyler, after wandering in other climes, came to America, where he learned the fate and shared the grave of his beloved.

But the saddest feature of the miseries of poor Dorcas, was that she never knew but that her sorrows were all deeply founded in reality. She wandered among us like a banished angel, never knowing how wronged, how injured she had been, until her soul expanded in the omniscience of heaven.

N. N. N.

ALICE RICHMOND.

CHAPTER I.

I had just left college, well satisfied with my academic laurels, and the progress which I had made in literary pursuits, recollecting little of the past with regret, and anticipating a bright future of success and happiness. The next step I thought would bring me into the world—the glad, busy world, which in the distance had always appeared so inviting. The privilege of laying aside studies imposed by others, and making free choice of a profession, is so gratifying to a boy's restless and eager spirit, that it gives him fine ideas of his own importance. And the temporary confusion which it produces in his mind, makes him feel like an independent actor amid the world's bustle and conflicting elements. Soon, however, when he finds himself again chained to a task, prescribed indeed by his own taste, but superintended by his former guardians, the illusion partly vanishes, and, gradually, the imaginary man becomes again a boy. But this latter change steals over him by slow degrees, and is oftentimes preceded by a goodly season of imaginary freedom, and of dreary pleasure. I was now in the full enjoyment of this intermediate state of happiness, and if my feelings had admitted of any higher elevation, there were around me a plenty of kind friends, to give ready ear and unmeasured encouragement to all my extravagant notions and wild schemes.

A profession must be chosen, and I fixed upon the law—the stepping-stone, as I thought, to the nobler calling of a statesman. I began to dream of one day making a figure on the floor of Congress; and even the presidential chair grew and glittered before my eyes, until it lost very much of its plain, republican look, and seemed a throne, shining in purple and gold. My father resolved that I should commence the new study forthwith, under the guidance of Mr. Richmond, an old friend and college class-mate of his, who lived about a hundred miles from us, in the vicinity of a large manufacturing town, where he enjoyed the rank of a grandee, being the best lawyer in all the country, for a circuit of fifty miles, and a man of wealth and great influence.

With many blessings and some few tears, very needlessly spent upon my head, and much good advice, to which I gave, if possible, still less heed, I was dismissed, one bright October morning, in the coach for Larksborough, the town above-mentioned, near which my intended preceptor resided. A trunk, containing all my worldly store of clothes and books, having been carefully fastened on behind, with many injunctions from my father, who was somewhat proud of the reputation of being "an old traveller," and of having had great experience in steam-boats and stages, that I should look if all my property was safe at every stopping place, I took complete possession of the vehicle, being the only passenger. With the last "good by!" and the first crack of the driver's whip, I forgot all about the home I was leaving, and fell into a pleasing reverie, to which the soothing sway of the coach-springs invited, a thousand bright, fanciful images sporting gaily through my brain.

At last I bethought myself of a letter from my aunt

Nancy, which had been put into my hands just in the bustle of starting, and which I had thrust into my pocket, without breaking the seal, intending to give it a leisurely perusal at the first opportunity. I had written to her a few days before, requesting a letter to Mrs. Richmond, with whom I knew she had been well acquainted in her school-girl days. Her kind epistle, covering what I desired and expected, a very flattering note of introduction, was as follows:

"My dear Henry,

"Inclosed you will find the letter which you request. Always happy to do you any service in my power, I am doubly so in the present case, knowing how advantageous and interesting may be to you the acquaintances you are about to form. I have been intimate with Mrs. Richmond ever since our days of girlhood; and, though for several years we have been far separated, friendship has been kept alive, if indeed it were possible for it to languish, by a frequent correspondence. We first met while at school in Bethlehem, just when our young hearts were beginning to expand to a capacity for lasting affection. The loves of childhood are evanescent; and the alliances of mature years, founded on calculating selfishness, engage not half the warm feelings of our souls. But there is an intermediate season, a time when the first bloom of spring has faded, and before the fruits of autumn are gathered, which sheds a 'tint of rose,' more permanent than the colors of May flowers upon the face of nature. There is a season between the trifling sports and wayward caprice of childhood, and the chastened feelings of ripe age, when the affections gush forth, as even warm and uncontrolled, in streams that fail not even when the source seems dry—when the heart has long ceased to beat with any new emotion of love.

"When Mary Harrison, soon after she left school, married Mr. Richmond, we parted, and since then I have seen her only at long intervals and for a few hours at a time. For my sake she will show you kindness—kindness which you should repay, in the only manner it is probable you can make any return, by duly appreciating and carefully acknowledging it. You will find her a woman of highly cultivated mind, agreeable manners, and above all, of a warm, affectionate heart. Of Mr. Richmond I know very little from personal acquaintance. You are well aware of his high reputation as a lawyer, and may be assured, that, as a man, he is full worthy of the trust which your father, who has long been on terms of strictest intimacy with him, reposes in his hands. I need not say anything of your duty towards a preceptor, and a father's tried friend; one to whom he has temporarily confided part of a parent's guardian office. Your own sense of right will regulate your conduct towards him, and your own perception of moral and professional worth claim for him respect and regard.

"They have but one child, a daughter named Alice, who is just on the verge of womanhood, being about a year younger than yourself—I think you were nineteen last month. Since, if you profit by your opportunities you will be intimate in the family, I ought to give you some insight into her peculiarities; or rather her peculiarity; for I believe there is but a single point in which she differs materially from other girls of her age.

I have seen her only once, so that I know little of her personal appearance except from hearsay; yet all agree that she is very like a portrait of her mother, taken just after marriage. If so, she is no doubt beautiful; but of this judge for yourself. It is no part of my object to excite in you, by anticipation, the least interest in Alice Richmond, but merely to tell you what you might not easily discover, and thoroughly understand, and what, if not understood, might cause you some painful feelings of doubt and self-distrust.

"It is a long story for a letter, but I will try to make it as brief as possible. Mr. Richmond had an elder sister, who, after living for some time a widow, died about five years ago, leaving a son, the only survivor of four children: all the rest had died in infancy. At the period of which I speak Edward Stockton was nearly sixteen, and, on his mother's death, was taken into his uncle's family, where he resided, for almost two years, the constant companion of Alice, and treated in every respect as if he had been her brother. You may easily imagine that the intimacy and affection which sprung up between these two young hearts was of no ordinary kind. Together they studied under private preceptors, and together were joined in nearly all their amusements. Being educated entirely at home, they knew nothing of the world, and had few acquaintances of their own age even in the adjacent town, the population of which is principally engaged in manufactures, and did not furnish many young people of either sex at all suited, by birth or education, to be companions for Edward and Alice. I have already spoken of having once seen her. It was about a twelvemonth after her aunt's death, when I spent a few hours only with Mrs. Richmond. She was then a wild, light-hearted girl, and was just at that changeable season of female beauty, when the child's features are beginning to settle into the lineaments of adult age, and when no one can tell what of loveliness a year, or even a few months, may develope or steal away. I did not see Edward: he had gone a hunting; and though Alice was sure he would be back, in season at least to bid me good-by, dwelling with undissembled interest on the topic, he did not come at the time appointed. When she kissed my cheek at parting, and I expressed regret at not seeing him, I thought a tear trembled in her soft blue eye, as she said—

"'I am afraid something has happened to him: he promised to be back two hours ago, and he does not often break his promises to me.'

"Soon afterwards I received a letter from Mrs. Richmond, in which, among other things, she spoke of Edward and Alice in connection. It is now before me, and I will transcribe a few lines:

"'They are inseparable companions,' she wrote, 'and seem never so happy as when together. They study together, read together, walk together, and play together. When Edward starts off with his gun, to spend the day in shooting, Alice accompanies him some distance beyond the garden gate, looks after him till out of sight, and then, in the evening, watches his return for whole hours. She frequently goes with him a fishing, and a sail on the small lake which skirts the farm on the west, often concludes their day's duties and pleasures. Just now, while I write, I can see them from my window, which overlooks the garden, seated to-

gether under the shade of an arbor, earnestly engaged with a book. Her arm is locked in his, while he holds the volume, and, alternately, they read aloud. I will see what it is, in which they appear so much interested. Excuse me for a minute.

"'Lalla Rookh, and they are in the midst of 'The Fire Worshippers.' All the neighbors speak of them as already affianced. This is not the case, though there is certainly strong ground for the report. I do not much like matches between cousins, but still would have no great objection to their union, if sure that they really know their own hearts in desiring it. Neither has yet seen anything of the world, and therefore no just idea can be formed of the strength of their attachment. It may be the creature of constant companionship alone, and absence may prove it too weak for trial. Well, in another year Edward goes to college, and will then be cast more upon the world, and learn something of its ways. If after such probation he returns unchanged, I cannot throw any obstacle in the way of their happiness—a happiness which union alone can consummate; though of this perhaps they do not often think seriously."

"So Edward went to college, but ere he parted with Alice, vows had passed between them, showing that they looked farther into the future than Mrs. Richmond gave them credit for doing. He promised to write to her at least once a week, and her answers were to be as frequent. For some time after his departure, she appeared listless and melancholy; straying over the scenes of their happy companionship, and sitting in the arbor where they had been accustomed to read together, lost in reverie. Her only pleasure seemed to be in writing to Edward, and reading his epistles. Gradually, however, she recovered her good spirits, and was again, at most times, light-hearted as before, though relapsing occasionally into gloom. For some months Edward's letters arrived regularly at the appointed season; then they became both shorter and less frequent, and he pleaded want of time and the pressure of study. Still, those that she did receive were in the same style of affection as ever, and Alice accepted the excuse, and, in her next fond epistle, begged him not to neglect his studies on her account; but, if anything happened to him—if he should be taken sick—to write immediately. This license had a very evident effect upon him; for he became more remiss than ever.

"The first college vacation brought him back to the longing eyes of his fair cousin. In all appearance, he still loved as fondly as before their parting; and Alice, in the excess of feeling, was wildly extravagant in her expressions of delight. Again, for several weeks, they were constantly together, joining in their former sports, reading their favorite authors, and visiting all the well-remembered haunts of their retirement-seeking loves. On bidding adieu the second time, Edward breathed more fervent vows of constancy than had, at first, warmed his lips; and Alice, fond girl, trusted in him as implicitly, as are wont to do they who know nothing of a deceitful world. Another season of gloom followed his departure, but shorter than the last. For a time he wrote frequently and at great length, seeming to pour out his soul without reserve; but, by degrees, became even more negligent than previously. Still Alice

dreamed not that love like his—for she measured it by her own—could change or diminish.

"The next vacation came, and with it, again, Edward Stockton to his uncle's abode, accompanied by a college class-mate, with whom he had formed a friendship, and whom his letters had sometimes mentioned, in the highest terms of praise, as a good scholar and a 'clever fellow.' On the strength of such recommendations, Mr. Richmond had given his nephew permission to invite James Elliott to spend a few weeks at Briar-Hill—the name which Alice had bestowed on her father's domain—and received his guest with the greatest kindness, magnifying a slight acquaintance, which he had once had with the young man's father, into a just ground for hospitality toward the son.

"James was indeed a 'clever fellow,' in the proper sense of the terms. He had been brought up very differently from Edward—in the city, and under the sole care of a weak-minded and indulgent mother, his father being dead. He had always done as he pleased, and yet did not exhibit the petulance and overbearing carriage which spoiled children usually manifest. He had not passed his life among servants and boys of his own age, but had early lived completely in the world, always aspiring to the company of those older than himself, and readily learning their manners and habits. Having excellent natural talents, his education had been derived, young as he was, more from men and women than from books; though the tasks set for him at school were so easily accomplished, that, without much study, he had usually stood among the first of his class; a distinction which he still enjoyed in college. His mental powers, however, had been thus early developed at the expense of his heart. He was cold and selfish, susceptible to few of the finer emotions, and regulated every action by the dictates of passion or self-interest. Yet, to appearance, he was the very reverse of all this—in manner, frank, warm-hearted, affectionate, and earnest—the insinuating manner of an accomplished man of the world, assumed by a boy of eighteen. He was not regularly handsome, but the whole contour of his face was good, and his dark eyes and hair and strong features did not contrast unfavorably with the more beautiful but less masculine countenance of Edward Stockton. The latter was undoubtedly dazzled by his friend's sparkling genius and imposing manner, and had, already, begun to reflect, in some faint degree, his chief traits, though not at all suited to the natural cast of his own mind. Especially did he aspire to the character of a man of the world; and even affected some of the selfish, worldly principles which young Elliott had unguardedly exposed, or skilfully insinuated.

"His manner toward Alice was now entirely changed. He professed indeed, though but coldly, to feel the same strong attachment as ever; but did not, as heretofore, seek to draw her away by herself, and enjoy her company alone. Words of endearment, though often essayed, seemed to freeze upon his lips. To be sure he spoke of the attentions due to his friend, to whom all his time must be devoted, and Alice admitted the force of the plea, even in her own mind, but still felt the change, while hardly crediting its reality. Mr. Richmond and his wife saw more clearly the true state of things, and lamented the alteration in Edward's charac-

ter, yet did not see enough of James Elliott, to know what a dangerous companion he was. The latter paid much more attention to Alice than did her cousin, though he knew of their betrothment; but she had soon taken an invincible dislike to him—which, however, she did not often manifest—partly, because his attentions did not accord with the sadness of her feelings; partly on account of sentiments which she had heard him utter in an unguarded moment; but principally because love had given acuteness to her perceptions, and half-revealed him, to feeling rather than to reason, as the chief cause of Edward's scarce realized alienation. One day, in bantering her upon the subject of her attachment, he hinted something of her lover's attention to others, while absent at college. Whether he did this merely to excite her jealousy, as a source of passing amusement to himself, or with the serious intention of aiding, thereby, his own suit, certainly, the effect upon Alice was as evident as he could have desired. That was the first moment that any well defined suspicion of Edward's treachery had forced itself into her soul. Rising hastily, she left her companion, with whom she had been seated on the piazza at the back of the house, and hurried to the privacy of her own chamber, there to give vent, in a burst of scalding tears, to the most bitter grief that had ever overwhelmed her young heart.

"Yet she demanded no explanation from Edward—she spake not one word of reproach; but only seemed more sad, and avoided as much as possible his presence. Her mother saw, directly the change, and with ease divined its cause; and soon, the tale of a daughter's crushed feelings and blighted soul was poured into her bosom, now throbbing with maternal anxiety.

"The time of separation again came, but it was a tearless, and, to appearance, a heartless separation; for Alice strove hard, and with all a woman's pride, to suppress her feelings, lest they should afford amusement to James Elliott, who had several times shown a disposition to rally her upon her melancholy looks. But, about a month after Edward's departure, there came to Briar Hill a floating rumor, that he was paying court to a young lady, residing in the town where the college was established. Mr. Richmond wrote, immediately, to a friend in the place for information, and, in answer, learned that his nephew had indeed, for some time past, been very attentive to a lady several years older than himself, to whom, as was reported, his friend Elliott had once plighted his troth; that they were generally believed to be engaged, and that if not, they certainly ought to be. I shall not attempt to picture the renewed agony of Alice at this announcement. To the world her pale cheek and melancholy air alone betrayed what she labored to conceal; but to her mother were confided her inmost breathings of hopeless grief, with child-like freedom and affectionate trust. That mother, though her own heart was very sorrowful, dare not give way to feeling; for hers was the solemn duty of binding up the broken heart, and healing the crushed spirit; of awakening new hopes, and renewing fond desires in her daughter's breast.

"Mr. Richmond, on receiving this information, was at a loss what course to take, and deferred for some days, during which his professional business was unusually pressing, all action on the subject. He then determined first to write to his nephew; but his letter

had not yet been mailed, when he received intelligence of Edward's being seriously ill. Without an hour's delay he set off from home, and, on the evening of the second day, stood by the bed-side of the deluded boy, to whom he had been, and still felt, as a father. The account of his illness had not been exaggerated: his disease was an acute inflammation of the chest, and the struggle was one of life and death. But youth and a vigorous constitution seemed to prevail, and, a few days after his uncle's arrival, he was pronounced convalescent, though his recovery advanced by very slow degrees. Distress of mind seemed to retard the body's return to health. Oh! how bitter was the anguish of that repentance. The poor boy could hardly wait until his physicians allowed him to converse freely, to relieve his heavily burdened soul, by pouring forth, in accents half-stifled by pangs of shame and remorse, the tale of his treachery to Alice, and his bondage to a woman, whom he had always in his heart despised, and a hundred times resolved, though in vain, never to visit again. Of Elliott he said little, but refused to see him; and Mr. Richmond was not slow to understand, that his nephew regarded this pretended friend as the chief cause of his numerous errors. He wrote daily to his wife, or Alice, giving account of Edward's situation; and, as soon as the latter was strong enough to bear the journey, by easy stages, set out with him on the return home.

"As they approached Briar Hill, Edward seemed to feel great misgivings in regard to the meeting with his cousin; and, when the white chimnies of the house and the tall trees around it first appeared in sight, he sank back in the carriage, and, for a moment, closed his eyes, as if to shut out a painful object. But Mr. Richmond sought to comfort and re-assure him, and, in a few minutes, pointed out Alice, standing in the arch-way of the gate, anxiously looking for them, and then, as the carriage drew nearer, running back to announce to her mother its arrival. Exhaustion from the journey and the force of his emotions had overcome Edward's weak frame, and he had to be carried into the house. As Alice sprang forward to meet him, already assured of his repentance and returning love, he could only say, with an inquiring look, "Alice! dear Alice, forgive!" She did not speak, but tears—warm, gushing, delicious tears—started in her eyes, and trickled down softly upon his face, as she hung over him and pressed his colorless lips.

"Edward's disease was not eradicated: it had only assumed a more lingering form. Consumption was slowly wasting his frame, and the color that sometimes mounted to his cheek, which comforted Alice, appearing like a harbinger of health—Alas, poor girl! it was the hectic spot!—the seal of the destroyer! But he grew strong enough to walk with her again among the garden flowers, and to sit with her in the arbor; and, while her parents watched over him as one doomed to an early grave, hoping but to smooth the descent thither, she, as if partaking of his own feelings—his deceitful hopes and vain imaginings—thought each brightening flicker of the light of life a token of recovery. Edward, himself, was the first to be undeceived, and to give her a warning which she heeded of his fate. Alas! the green sod now covers his grave, which you will find in a lone, neglected, rural church-yard, not very far from

Mr. Richmond's dwelling, whither he and Alice had often strayed, to commune with the dead of another age, and where he had desired to lie. None before him had been sepulchred there for near half a century.

"I shall pass over in silence two years of mourning, and give you, in the words of Mrs. Richmond herself, copied from a letter which I received only a few days ago, some idea of the present state of her daughter's feelings:

"Alice sends her love. She is quite well, and I think in better spirits than usual. To me she is the same affectionate, confiding child as ever, but grows daily more and more indifferent to the world around. She is occupied almost wholly with her books, while not engaged in household duties, to which you know I have trained her from a child, or in rambling over the adjacent fields and woods for exercise. She sees no company, and seems to dread the idea of ever again mingling in society, especially in that of the other sex. These feelings I have perhaps too far indulged: I must try to reconcile her again to the world. So entirely does her mind often appear to have swallowed up her soul, that one would almost think her incapable of any strong emotion, but for her devoted filial love. Once, however, about a week since, I surprised her in tears; but she quickly wiped her eyes, and soon looked cheerful again, seeming anxious to hide all traces of grief. I feel much anxiety about her, which is confined to my own breast. Mr. Richmond's business cares are so overwhelming, that I do not wish to add to the trouble which he already feels on this dear girl's account. And, yet, why should we forebode evil, while she is well, and, in a good degree, happy? Ah, my dear friend, you cannot realize all a parent's solicitude for a daughter, and an only child."

"In thus communicating to you something of Alice Richmond's history, I have been insensibly led into details, supplied by her mother's correspondence, to a much greater length, than I at first intended. Perhaps I may say, that, with more time at my disposal, I should have written a shorter letter. But, if at all interested in the above account, you will not thank me for a wire-drawn conclusion, however good the advice, or warm the expressions of regard which it might contain. So, good-by, from

Your affectionate aunt,

ANNE STEVENSON.

"P. S. Write to me sometimes—I would say often, if not afraid that you would consider it a task, rather than a pleasure, to correspond with a person of my age. If you make any inroads upon the heart of Alice, let me hear of your success."

The reader may easily imagine, that this letter, with its characteristically womanish *post-scriptum*, though of such formidable length, covering three sheets, in fine, close text, was read from beginning to end with deep interest. With the self-confidence of a boy of nineteen, I felt quite sure of making an impression upon the seared heart of Alice; and, for the remainder of the journey, which the end of the next day brought to a conclusion, she was continually flitting before me, in day dreams or visions of the night.

CHAPTER II.

Though at starting I had been the only occupant of the coach, it entered Larksbrough with a full load of

passengers, gradually collected by the way side accretion, until we numbered nine "insides" and two "outs," not including the driver. Being the youngest of the party, and my looks, perhaps, being rather boyish and deprecatory, the latter singled me out as a proper victim of his forbearance; and I had the pleasure of seeing all my companions safely deposited at their respective stopping places, and of watching narrowly, as my father had enjoined, the gradual apportionment of the "plunder," lest by some mistake my own trunk might be induced to try a change of situation, before, solitary as at first, I drove up to a rather respectable looking inn—"Hotel" it was designated on the sign—in the outskirts of the town. This had been selected as the place of my future abode for several important reasons. Though my father would have preferred a private boarding-house, none such at all decent or comfortable was to be found; and, therefore, having only a choice of evils, he had fixed upon the inn aforesaid, because it was nearer than any other to Mr. Richmond's—about half a mile distant therefrom—was blazoned forth in golden letters of extra size, illustrated by a subjacent representation of a capacious black bottle, inverted in token of emptiness, as a "Temperance Hotel;" and, consequently, had a good name for respectability and the moral deportment of its customers. The coach door was opened by the publican himself, who gave me as hearty a welcome, as if the arrival of a new guest had been quite an unusual and unexpected pleasure. He was a man of small stature, but otherwise, of portly dimensions, and his full, rubicund face seemed to belie the fanciful conceit of the inverted bottle; unless, indeed, the latter were considered as the appropriate representative of all the bottles which he might have been supposed to have emptied. But, notwithstanding his caskiform appearance, he was exceedingly alert and active, and hustled about to provide for my wants, with as great alacrity, as if I had been some distinguished stranger. "Captain" I found that he was called by his associates, and of course I fell in with the prevailing mode, without particular inquiry into my host's military achievements. I afterwards learned, however, that his valor had been proved chiefly in the command of a volunteer company of militia, a post of honor which he had resigned some years before, as he found himself growing too unwieldy for the active exercises of training-days, and, withal, very fast exceeding the utmost limits of his well-stretched suit of regimentals.

On finding that I was likely to be a permanent guest, Captain Smith's attentions were redoubled, and before the supper which I had ordered was on the table, he had conducted me over the whole house, showing the different apartments, which, as he said, *happened*, very luckily for me, to be all unoccupied, and giving a full history of the former tenants of each, not forgetting the encomiums which any of them might have deigned to bestow upon his household accommodations, or good cheer. After fixing upon a chamber, and concluding a plentiful meal, feeling at a loss for occupation or entertainment, I strolled into the bar-room, where a small company of the neighbors was collected round the fire—it was a cool October evening—discussing, rather boisterously, the merits of some candidate for office at the approaching election. Upon my entrance, the noise of dispute abated, our well-meaning host—worthy proto-

type of Captain Truck—took that opportunity of introducing me to all round; and, after several hearty shakes by the hand, I was admitted into the circle. My companions, I found, were men in the middling classes of life—farmers and tradesmen, dressed in the ordinary garb of labor. The conversation turned to general subjects, but I soon discovered that several of the company, among whom mine host was not the least prominent—for, I had told him nothing of my purposes, further than as regarded taking up my quarters at his house—were very curious to know the object for which I came. I amused myself for some time in baffling their inquiries. The school committee of Larksborough, a few weeks previously, had advertised for a person to fill the vacant office of teacher in the public academy; and the supposition which seemed most prevalent was, that I intended to offer myself for that situation. In this surmise, I found matter for a half hour's entertainment, by means of vague answers and remarks, which always increased their doubt, and apparently anxious inquiries about the office, which seemed to confirm their opinion. At length, however, as I was desirous of asking sundry questions in my turn, I set their minds at ease, by revealing my true object.

"Mr. Richmond is not at home just now: he has gone to attend a court thirty miles off, and will not be back for a week or ten days," said my host.

"That is unlucky," returned I. "Has he taken his family with him?"

"O no; his wife and daughter are at Briar Hill—the name they call his place. Perhaps you can begin your readin' with Mrs. Richmond. I guess she knows enough about it, to teach you a little at first like." And the Captain laughed heartily at his own humor.

"I dare say she would make a very agreeable teacher," I rejoined. "But you spoke of a daughter: what is her name?"

"O that's Miss Alice; but I tell you you needn't be a speerin' after her. She's a dreadful shy girl, and it must be a devilish nice fellow that brings her to her bearings. But perhaps," continued he, surveying me from head to foot, "perhaps you'll do for her: there isn't anybody in all Larksborough that she'll look at."

"No, there's Harry Bowne," said another of the company, looking at a young farmer's son, who stood beside the fire-place, and had as yet taken no part in the conversation: "Harry's been trying to catch the girl's eye this twelve months; but she no more looks at him, than if he never put on his Sunday-go-to-meetings at all."

"And who wouldn't rather just look at such a girl as Alice Richmond, without her ever taking any notice, than have Jane Grove starin' her eyes out at him, and marry her into the bargain?" returned the young farmer, casting a contemptuous look on the last speaker.

The fair one alluded to in such a slighting manner must have been the other's intended; for the blood rose to his cheek, and he seemed preparing for a tremendous retort, when Captain Smith interposed.

"Hold, Bill," said he; "that's what I call being personal. I won't have any quarrelling here. You know mine's a temperance house, and you musn't behave as if you'd been spreein' it out and out at the Black Bear."

"You needn't go so far from home as the Black Bear, Captain, for a regular built spree. All you've got to do

is to open that cupboard: there's enough there to put us every one on the dead list, 'shot in the neck,'" said Bill, with a laugh in which the others joined.

I have called the apartment in which we sat a bar-room, and it had the usual fixtures of such a place; but the shelves behind the bar were nearly empty, a molasses jug, a bottle of vinegar, and two or three empty decanters being their only furniture. But in the corner was a small locker or closet, the suspicious locality of which seemed almost to justify Bill's insinuation.

"O yes," said the host laughing, "quite enough to put us all on the dead list, though it's only a few vials of doctor's stuff. We have to lock it up to keep the children from poisoning themselves."

"I wish you would give me a dose of it, Captain," said Bill. "I've been ailin' these two weeks, and I'm not very particular what sort I take."

"Now that I come to think of it," answered the Captain, "there's nothing there but a few drops of peppermint, a little camphor, and some of the patent hive-syrup. I'm afraid there isn't anything to suit your complaint—the cold water ague."

"What will you lay me on that, Captain? I'll bet you there's some old cognac in that closet—a silver dollar against a sixpenny glass."

"Done!" said the Captain. "Stake your money."

Bill forthwith produced a shining silver dollar, at the sight of which mine host, somewhat dismayed, seemed willing to escape from the dilemma, in which he found himself; but the rest of the company, with sundry winks and nods at each other, cried out for fair play; and the stake-holder contended that, as the sixpenny glass of brandy, if any of that liquor there were in the closet, must be considered as in his custody, he should feel obliged to break open the door, unless the key were instantly forthcoming. So the Captain was at length forced to the proof, and reluctantly he opened the locker, but only so far as to introduce his hand, and draw out a decanter half-full of brandy, without displaying its other contents.

"It's nothing more than I told you," said he—"a little doctor's stuff: we can't give any of it without 'the prescription of a respectable physician,' as the cold-water pledge says."

"O you won't do us in that kind of style," rejoined Bill. "Here, pay me my sixpenny glass. The doctor allows me a little for my stomach's sake."

"Yes, yes," cried several voices—"yes, yes, Captain. Fair play!"

"You know, Captain, the wet season is just a comin' on; and, as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, we'll all take a drop, to keep off the dumb ague," said another.

"Well, Bill, I'll pay you your glass; but de'il a bit of the 'cratur' shall any of the rest of you have. Here, hold the tumbler."

"Do you call that a tumbler, Captain?" said Bill, as the latter reached to him a glass of the usual exterior dimensions, but funnel-shaped on the inside. "Why it wants boring out. Howsomever, fill it up twice, and that 'll come to the same thing."

Bill extended the glass, and the Captain began to pour out the sparkling liquor, as cautiously as if in fact administering a dose of medicine. The key was still in the door, and he glanced at it for a moment, as if to

measure the distance between it and one of the company, who appeared to be sidling up toward the closet, still continuing, however, to pour. Bill, watching his opportunity, clapped his thumb as a stopper over the mouth of the bottle, and grasping the neck, suddenly jerked it out of the Captain's hand, and retreated with his prize to the opposite side of the room. The latter sprang half across the floor in pursuit; but the click of the closet lock just then fell upon his ear, and looking back, he beheld, to his great dismay, the door standing wide open, and the inside array of decanters, well filled and labelled, fully displayed to view. For an instant he seemed undecided, but speedily faced about, with a motion very much like the floundering of some huge fish in shallow water, and made for the locker, which he reached just as another decanter disappeared from the shelf. To make sure of what remained, he hastily closed the door, locked it and pocketed the key: then, turning round, more deliberately surveyed the scene, as if planning the recapture of the spoil. In the middle of the floor stood the man who had seized the last bottle, holding it up exultingly to view; while, in the farthest corner, all the others, excepting the young farmer, before mentioned, who still retained his place, and myself, were huddling in boisterous merriment around Bill, who had just commenced, after taking a "smaller" himself, to serve out the liquor to them. Seeing that he was not likely to recover anything by forcible means, the Captain beat a parley, and at length agreed to sell the contents of the first decanter, provided the second was restored to its place. This arrangement being concluded, glasses and a pitcher of water were called for, and all invited to partake. Harry Bowne and myself declined, and were, at first, excused; but as the glasses were filled up for the last time, Bill, who now felt the spirit-fire glowing in his veins, insisted that we should both drink.

"Come, Harry," said he, "it'll brighten your ideas, and, no doubt, you'll say something smart at last. Come, and we'll drink a bumper to the health of your sweetheart, Alice Richmond."

"You'd better drink to the health of somebody that keeps such company as your's," returned the young farmer sullenly. "Perhaps you can find one that you know quite as well as Miss Richmond, who would be glad to hear that a set of drunken loons had given her a bumper."

"Keep a civil tongue, Harry, or you and I will have to square accounts. You recollect how we settled the last time, up at Squire Comly's mill."

This allusion seemed to kindle feelings that before slumbered in Harry's bosom. A burning flush mantled over his cheek, whether from anger or some other emotion I could not tell; but he turned away, and was silent.

"There, you shall have it whether you will or not," continued Bill. And he flung the contents of the glass into his face.

Here mine host who had drunk nothing, but stood aloof watching with great anxiety the progress of affairs, attempted to interfere; but quick as lightning Harry resented the insult. A single blow sent Bill Davis reeling from his seat; and both he and the chair measured their length upon the floor. But, in an instant, he rose to his feet again, nearly sobered by the

concussion, and there stood Harry patiently waiting the attack; his face pale with rage; his hair still dripping brandy and water; and his eyes smarting with the hot liquor, and suffused with tears. Bill confronted his antagonist for a moment, in motionless surprise at his hardihood. He was a stout, square-built man, of middle height, about twenty-five years of age, and, as I afterwards found, the bully of the neighborhood. His clenched fist, looking like a sledge-hammer, seemed as if it might crush, by sheer weight, such an opponent as Harry Bowne; who, nevertheless, though apparently little older than myself, and of a slight, but well-shaped frame, quailed not in the least, as their eyes met in defiance. The Captain made a motion, as if to step between the combatants; but a significant look from Davis, which plainly intimated that he would not in that way be balked of his revenge, arrested him, and he seemed too much terrified even to speak a word to prevent the breaking of the peace; while the rest of the company, just drunk enough to be ripe for sport of any kind, cheered them on to the fight. The Captain had presence of mind enough left, however, to put the empty decanter in a place of safety, and to lock the outer door, lest any new comer should witness the scene of disorder. All this passed in a moment, and I trembled to see Bill's fist raised and driven with tremendous force, though without much precision, full at his boyish opponent's head. Harry avoided the stroke, and I instantly perceived that he had the most pugilistic skill, and that the other, from the effects of what he had drunk, was growing, momentarily, less fit to do battle; for, before he could recover himself, he received a blow directly between the eyes, which made him stagger back several paces. All that followed could not easily be discerned, for the combatants came to closer quarters, and blows fell thick on either side, while each, alternately, advanced and retreated over the floor, the spectators giving way, or pressing forward, at every movement. But I saw that whenever Bill drew himself back for a full exertion of his strength, Harry always managed to dodge the stroke, or to break its force with his arm. Blood began to stream, plentifully, from the mouth and nose of each; and even the half-intoxicated bystanders seemed to be growing compassionate. At this juncture, Harry, losing in the heat of the conflict somewhat of his presence of mind, suffered himself to be cornered, and found Davis pressing upon him without the possibility of his retreat. The latter also perceived his advantage, and concentrating all his remaining force for a single effort, aimed a fearful blow at his antagonist, which threatened almost to annihilate him. Harry saw the imminent danger of his situation, and just as every one expected to see him crushed, dropped lightly on one knee, and the blow fell upon a closet door, just back of where his head had been, splintering the pannel from top to bottom, and making sad havoc among the plates and dishes piled up within. Bill was, himself, almost stunned by the violence of the shock; his hand was nearly disabled, and he reeled backward. Quick as thought his agile foe was again upon him; a single well directed stroke sufficed to complete his discomfiture, and he rolled heavily upon the floor, overpowered, perhaps, by his own violent exertions, and the stupifying effects of liquor, rather than by the force of his antagonist.

As he had not strength to rise, and mine host did not wish to leave him upon the bar-room floor, exposed to the sight of any one who might chance to enter, he was removed to another apartment, still sufficiently in his senses, to mutter imprecations upon Harry's head, and to vow revenge. The latter after finding that no great harm was done, and receiving in silence the congratulations of the spectators, who all had wished him the victory from admiration of his courage, quietly retired from the inn; and, a moment after, when I had perceived his exit, and followed, I found him washing the blood from his face and hands at the pump before the door.

"I hope you are not much hurt," said I, with an inquiring tone.

"O no; very little. I should'nt have come off so well though, or perhaps Bill Davis either, if he had'nt been too drunk to fight. But I wo'nt allow any body to impose on me in that sort of style, unless they choose to lick me into the bargain: I've borne it long enough."

Having finished washing, and wiped his face and hands with his handkerchief, he bid me good night and walked slowly off. It was a clear moon-light evening, and desiring to form a better acquaintance with the young farmer, I proposed accompanying him for a short distance, for the sake of the fresh air. He agreed, and we walked on together along the road, neither speaking for some minutes. At length he broke silence.

"Yes," said he, bitterly, and as if some painful recollection disturbed him; "I've borne it long enough. Bill thinks every body is afraid of him, and so he likes to play the bully. You heard him speak of settling accounts with me at Squire Comly's mill. That was twelve months ago, and I remember it as well as if it were yesterday: scarce a day has passed since then that I have not thought of it. He gave me a terrible flogging for a thoughtless word that angered him, and I swore vengeance against him. Well, the account is square between us now, and I don't bear him malice any longer; for I believe the fellow has a good heart at bottom, so that he isn't drunk, or in a passion."

"You seem to have learned something of the art of self-defence, from the way in which you handled your fists to-night."

"Yes, some little," returned Harry. "I knew that I should not soon be a match for Bill, unless I learned how to box; and so, for fear my blood should cool before I had taken revenge, I got Ned Stryker, a friend of mine, of about my own age, to give me a few lessons. He used to live in New York, and there picked up a thing or two in that way."

"But will not Davis try to revenge himself as soon as he gets over the effects of liquor?"

"I guess not," answered my companion. "He will know that he was in the wrong. If he does try it,"—and lowering his voice, as he spoke he grasped tight my arm with one hand, and, putting the other into his bosom, drew forth a long-bladed knife, the bare sight of which, glittering as it did in the moon-beam, made my blood run cold,—“this will stand by me to the last!"

He seemed to shudder himself at the thought, and replaced the weapon in silence. We had come to a stile, leading over into a field. He pointed out his father's house, standing far back from the road. I remembered that we had walked in the direction of Mr. Richmond's place, and asked him if that was in sight.

"Yonder it is," said he, pointing to a house at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. "You can just see the white chimnies among the trees. I'm sure I never thought of such a thing as loving the girl—much less that she loved me. I could'nt be so crazy as that; though I do often think"—and he put his hand upon his head—"that there's something wrong here. But when my poor mother was sick—she has been dead only six months"—he brushed away a tear as he spoke—"Alice Richmond used to come and see her every day, and bring a thousand little nice things that she knew mother would like. I almost love her for that.—No, no: you may love her, but I never may. God bless her for her kindness to my poor, dear mother!"

He pressed my hand, uttered a faint "good night," and springing lightly over the stile, hurried on towards home; while I slowly retraced my steps, and soon regaining the inn, sought, on my pillow, rest from the fatigues of the day, and the adventures of the night.

CHAPTER III.

The first sound that I heard in the morning was the voice of my host, who came himself to wake me, and make an apology for the occurrences of the previous evening. He assured me that nothing of the kind had ever been known in his house before; and that he never allowed any liquor to be drunk on the premises, except as a medicine, though obliged to keep a little on hand as a provision for sickness. I inquired after Bill Davis, and learned that he had become sober, and gone home before day-light. My breakfast would be ready the Captain said at whatever time I chose to name. As soon as he left me, I rose, and, not without many thoughts of Alice, arrayed myself in my best black suit, wishing if possible to make a favorable impression at Briar Hill, at my first appearance. This done, I surveyed myself, as much at large, as a glass eighteen inches square would permit, with great self-satisfaction. I should here inform the reader, that I was about five feet nine, standing in my boots, and—if I may be pardoned for saying so—of by no means an uncomely face or person. At least, I arrived at this latter conclusion, before leaving the glass.

Breakfast over, I waited with impatience till the hands of my watch, in their now sluggish course, pointed to eleven, and then sallied forth on the road to Mr. Richmond's. It was a most delightful morning, and the sun had taken from the air the chilliness of the preceding night. I soon reached Briar Hill. The house was very finely situated, about fifty rods from the highway, on an eminence, from which the ground sloped almost imperceptibly in front. It was a large, white, antiquated building, with a portico before the door, and two wings. A handsome pale-fence skirted the lawn on the road-side, at either extremity of which was an arched gate-way, opening upon a gravelled carriage track, that formed, altogether, a semi-ellipse, curving gracefully in front of the portico, and lined on the whole of the inner circumference, and on the outer, almost to the angles of the wings, with double rows of towering elm-trees, which, interlapping their boughs, exhibited a vaulted covering above, and nearly concealed the mansion from view. The space inclosed within the curve was an open, velvet-carpeted green, without a tree or shrub.

Between the inner rows of elms was the foot-path, and along it I slowly sauntered up to the door of the right-hand wing, on a tin fastened to which the word "OFFICE" was to be seen. The door stood ajar, and, after ringing the bell I stepped in. The rustling of a silk dress and then a light step on the office floor fell upon my ear: I walked forward, and caught a parting glimpse of a female figure making her retreat by the entrance from the wing into the body of the house, up two or three steps. Her face was turned from me, but imagination supplied that with every charm; and the reality of what was revealed to sight fulfilled my most ardent fancies of Alice Richmond. She was above the middle height, and dressed in a tasteful negligé, which exhibited, without any of the common disguises of fashion, the outlines of an exquisitely formed person, slightly inclined to embonpoint, and a refined grace in every movement. Her dark chesnut hair was still suffered, as in the first days of girlhood, to fall in a rich profusion of ringlets over her shoulders, confined only by a slight band of the same color round her head. And that ankle—fully displayed as she bounded on tip-toe up the stair—the perfection of nature's workmanship, shaped in so delicate a mould! The foot too—so light its tread, that it seemed scarce resting on the floor. One troubled with far less susceptibility than myself might have fallen in love even with the little shoe that clasped it. "No," thought I; "it can be none other than Alice Richmond: and the bright vision is realized!" I looked around at the office. One of the book-cases was open, and a chair stood before it: Alice had, perhaps, been searching after some book. I almost wished that I had entered without ringing the bell; and pictured to myself the blushes mantling on her cheek, and the lovely confusion of her looks. How glad would I have been to have assisted her in her search!

The entrance of a servant awakened me from the delightful trance, into which I had been momentarily cast by this lovely apparition. Mr. Richmond I found was expected home in a few days. I sent in to Mrs. Richmond my letters with a card, saying that I should call again; but had scarcely returned to the inn, when a note from Briar Hill was put into my hand. Mrs. Richmond expressed her regret that her husband was absent, and begged that I would take tea with her that evening. The remainder of the day passed wearily enough—it was a lover's probation; for I loved Alice Richmond, already, with a fanciful devotion—in fact had loved her, before the adventure of the morning had given any definite shape—any reality, to the glorious creature of my imagination.

The evening came, and again I found myself upon the road to Briar Hill. Mrs. Richmond received me in the most kind and affectionate manner; but Alice did not make her appearance. I inquired after her health, and the mother made a sort of apology for her absence, though without giving any particular reason for it. Yet I could not help looking towards the door every time it was opened, with a sort of nervous expectation that she would at length enter; and I believe that Mrs. Richmond half interpreted my feelings. She was a woman of about forty, retaining much of the comeliness of person and of feature, which had distinguished, in no common degree, her youth. A shade of chastened melancholy lingered over her countenance, softening, while

it slightly saddened, each lineament. Her manner towards me was already that of friendship. She made numerous inquiries about different members of my family, and talked much of the time when she and my aunt Stevenson had been schoolmates at Bethlehem. Tea was brought in, but still Alice came not; and, at length, I was so fascinated with the mother's conversation, in which there was a sprightly ease and grace, her features becoming animated, and losing much of their usual melancholy expression, as she dwelt on topics in which she felt an interest, that the daughter's charms were for a time almost forgotten. A portrait hanging against the wall, which I had not at first observed, drew my attention. I instantly recognised its likeness to Mrs. Richmond: it had been taken, she said, just after her marriage. I remembered that my aunt's letter mentioned such a portrait, which had been thought like Alice.

"It was never a very good likeness," remarked Mrs. Richmond: "the painter sacrificed something of the truth to the beauty of his picture. I value it now chiefly for its resemblance to Alice, which is quite striking. It is, perhaps, more like her, than it ever was like me."

I examined the painting, as may easily be imagined, with no ordinary feelings of interest. As a mere work of art it was of exquisite beauty; and I could not but believe it a faithful delineation of the original; not only from the still clearly visible resemblance, but also from an ideal expression, giving soul and character to the face, which, alone, if true to nature, must have determined the likeness; and which no painter, had it been the creation of his own fancy, could have so intimately blended with the corporeal features. I shall not attempt to describe the picture. My love was fast becoming an idolatry.

A window of the room where we sat opened upon the grounds back of the house. First came a large garden, thickly planted with fruit trees, with here and there a close arbor, covered with vines bearing luxuriant clusters of grapes. On one side was a yard containing capacious barns and stabling; on the other a large orchard; while behind, a rich meadow, skirted on both sides by woodland, sloped gracefully down to the borders of a small lake, about a mile distant, and three or four miles in circumference, beyond which rose a hill thickly wooded. The woods were clothed in the hues of autumn—the gay purple and scarlet, mingled with the rich or fading green, and the sober russet. As I looked over the scene, all the mournful story contained in my aunt's letter came back to me as a sad remembrance: then the prospect brightened; but Alice was still the companion of my reverie. "There," thought I, "she wanders—the fairy spirit of the hill, the forest, and the lake. I will watch her going forth, and in fancy, at least, follow her rambling footsteps."

Mrs. Richmond desired me to take my place in the office, without waiting for her husband's return. Accordingly, the next morning I began my studies; though it seemed as if Alice had breathed such an influence over the scene, that the inspiration of Blackstone had lost its charm. Mr. Richmond returned in three days: I need say only that I found in him all I could have hoped for in a preceptor and a friend—almost a father's indulgent kindness and care.

But I fear that I am growing tedious, if indeed I have not been so from the first. I must pass lightly over eighteen months, and resume my narrative at a point where it will be more likely to interest the reader. During this period I was a regular student in Mr. Richmond's office, and a constant, and I flattered myself, a welcome visitor in his family. Every sabbath morning, Alice, with her father and mother, attended church in Larksborough, and I felt no temptation to depart from the way in which from a child I had been led; but was always in my seat at the house of worship. Even the temple of God became the shrine of my idolatrous devotion; and yet my feelings were so elevated and refined by the presence of that pure, lovely creature, who appeared always completely absorbed in the fervor of her worship, that they seemed to me less earthly—less allied to sense, than they must have appeared in the sight of a judge higher and more impartial than my own conscience. Excepting in church, where, indeed, the fear of giving pain to Alice, and of affording matter for remark to the spectators, was a continual restraint upon me, I had only occasional glimpses of her, as she sometimes flitted past the windows of the house, while I was approaching or leaving it. Once or twice, when, on suddenly looking back, I saw her for an instant lingering at the casement, I "laid the flattering unction to my soul," that I had been the object of her attention.

Mrs. Richmond, as our acquaintance grew more familiar, talked to me of Alice with much less reserve; but a sadness always stole over her countenance when she adverted to the subject. From her I learned again at different times nearly all that my aunt Nancy had communicated. Still she often seemed to think some apology for her daughter's absence necessary.

Harry Bowne I saw very frequently after the adventure recorded in the previous chapter. As I have already said, he was the son of a farmer residing but a short distance from Briar Hill. His father's circumstances were slender, and since the death of his wife had gradually declined. Harry was by no means fitted, either by nature or education, for the lot in which fortune had placed him. His mind, strong and vigorous, seemed preying on itself for want of sustenance. Feelings so acute and sensitive—capable of being aroused into the fiercest passions, yet susceptible of the nicest shades of expression, and of the softest touches of sympathy—I have seldom known. His slight, though symmetrical frame appeared incapable of enduring the toils of husbandry; yet was he active and energetic, and never shrunk from the share of labor which his father's circumstances imposed. He had been his mother's favorite—had lingered still at her side, at an age when most boys undervalue a mother's companionship and love. Her death had been a rude shock to him: he loved others, but none with such a carefully nurtured affection. When the green sward had been levelled over her resting-place, the world seemed to him the abode of spirits all cold and uncongenial with his own. But existence, without some object for the carefully trained tendrils of his heart, torn from their first embrace, to twine themselves around, was impossible. And, over his mother's grave, a part of the love which he had borne for her, went forth as a tribute to the kind-hearted charity of Alice Richmond, who followed the mourners

in the lowly funeral. But what a difference! The love of despair, glowing in the fire of hopeless passion, instead of the serene, holy, softly-gushing emotions of filial affection! He, too, made the house of God the scene of idolatry; sitting afar off from the object of his devotion, and gazing at her with his lustrous eye, until she left the sanctuary, having been all the while unconscious of that burning look.

To the neighbors poor Harry was incomprehensible: they called him a "queer fellow," and made sport of his attachment to Alice Richmond. He had no companions, for he found little sympathy, and still less akin to his own sensibility of heart, in those among whom fortune had cast his lot. Becoming deeply interested in him, I strove, by various trifling acts of kindness, to gain his confidence, and in some measure succeeded. He seemed, at length to court my society; and though he always disowned his love, I could at any time call forth the wildest expressions of it, by the mere mention of the name of Alice. Often he talked so strangely that I feared, what he himself had hinted at on the evening of our first interview—that his intellect was sometimes disordered. While disclaiming his own passion, he frequently seemed jealous of me; and, in the midst of his raving, would stop short, and eyeing me for a moment with a searching look of suspicion, ask, doubtingly, "Do you love Alice?"

I always evaded the question, yet he seemed usually satisfied with my answers. "Poor Harry!" I often thought within myself, while listening to the outpourings of his melancholy—"Thy love, already, is but despair: how soon shall thy despair be madness?"

CHAPTER IV.

One morning in the sunny month of May, I was sitting as usual in the office at Briar Hill, my elbows on the table, and a book spread open before me, my thoughts, the meanwhile, dwelling on things in general and on Alice in particular, when Mr. Richmond entered, and requested me, as he had often done before, if any person should call on business, to step round into the garden and let him know. Very soon after his exit a gentleman came in, and requesting him to sit down, I immediately went to inform Mr. Richmond of his presence. He happened to be stooping over a bed, in one corner of the spacious garden, examining a plant which had lately sprung up, and I did not at first see him. After ranging through the principal walks in my search without finding him, I turned aside upon a by-path, leading to one of the close arbors before mentioned, the door of which being ajar, I thought that he might possibly be within. On reaching it I threw the door wide open; but, instead of my finding Mr. Richmond, lo! there sat Alice, her eyes intently fixed upon a book which she held in her hand! I stood rivetted to the spot by surprise and admiration. She evidently perceived my approach, and dropped the book to her lap, still, however, keeping her eyes upon it while she marked the place.

"Oh father," said she in a sprightly tone of voice, "did you see the flowers that I got——"

She looked up and saw me standing before her! A faint "Oh!" escaped her, and the blood mounted to her

cheek, suffusing her transparent complexion with a deep crimson blush. A smile seemed contending in her countenance with looks of embarrassment and fright; her color went and came, and the book fell to the ground. I thought she had never appeared so lovely. She was dressed very much as when I had seen her retreating from the office; her hair still flowed in luxuriant curls over her shoulders; her deep blue eyes were fastened upon me, and her confusion appeared to heighten every charm. In an instant I stepped forward, and, picking up the book, presented it with all the grace that I could muster for the occasion.

"I beg pardon, Miss Richmond, for my intrusion. I was looking for Mr. Richmond, and thought that he might be here. I should perhaps say," continued I, after a moment's hesitation, "that I am sorry to have interrupted you, but excuse me if my chief regret be, that I must suffer the punishment of an intruder."

After delivering myself of this speech I bid her good morning, and, bowing as I spoke, hastened off in pursuit of Mr. Richmond, who now appeared in sight. The rest of the forenoon I spent in pacing the floor of the office, except when the entrance of some one interrupted me, thinking over the words in which I had addressed Alice, and practising my bow to her, until I came to the conclusion, that the adventure might have been turned to much better account, and had prepared a brilliant speech, and perfected a most graceful form of obeisance, to serve for any future lucky occasion of the same kind. Days passed before the beautiful vision began to fade from my sight.

It was about three weeks after this occurrence, that I had been spending a day with Harry Bowne, in fishing on the lake which lay at the foot of Briar Hill. The sun had not yet descended to his bed of glory behind the green eminence which rose from the western border of the lake, when, tired of our sport, which had been rather unsuccessful, we moored our boat, and set off on the return home. We did not take the most direct path, but went a little out of our way to visit the secluded grave-yard, in which the remains of Edward Stockton had found their lone resting place. This spot I had often before visited: indeed I had made a pilgrimage thither the day after my first arrival in Larksborough. It was situated on a gentle acclivity about half a mile from Mr. Richmond's house, just on the edge of a wood, through which a narrow lane, now overgrown by the bushes that had once formed a hedge on each side, so as to be nearly impassable, led to the adjacent highway. Here had once stood a church, of which nothing remained but a portion of the southern wall, and piles of gray stones, covered with moss and overshadowed by the wild shrubbery that had struggled up through every narrow interval and crevice. Few, probably, had ever been sepulchred in this quiet seclusion, and of fewer still were the burial places yet visible. Here and there in making your way through the tangled bushes and grass you would stumble against a low mound, or half-sunken tomb-stone, which marked some long-forgotten grave; but there was none to clear away the dry, matted herbage, of a former year's growth, that concealed the neglected memorial from view—no pious hand to deepen the faintly chiselled record of mortality. Yet there was one spot within those ruined precincts, which exhibited the marks of a more recent

sepulture, and the cure of a yet cherished affection. Around the grave of Edward Stockton had been placed a slight iron railing inclosing a narrow bed of freshly turned mould, covered with May flowers, and surrounding a plain marble slab, on which appeared no other record than the simple name "EDWARD," and no ornament but a delicately carved wreath of roses twined with ivy encircling the wood. Without the railing the green sod, for several yards round, as well as a narrow path leading to the grave, had been cleared. Here Harry and myself sat down upon the fresh, velvet sward. It was the first time we had ever been together on that sacred spot, and having never conversed with him on the subject, I felt curious to know what he remembered of him who slept under the cold marble, and what feelings the place excited. I found his recollection of Edward Stockton very indistinct; but he told me that he had often watched Alice coming to the grave, and had seen her kneel beside it, and gaze for a long time upon the name sculptured in the stone. He then began to talk of her in his accustomed wild strain, until, in pity, I sought to turn his thoughts in another direction.

"The sun is quite high still," I said. "It seems unwilling to bid good-night to our side of the world."

"In less than an hour," returned Harry, measuring with his eye the lengthened shadow of the old church-wall—"In less than an hour you will have it playing at peep with you among the trees on the top of yonder hill. But I promised father to be home before sun-down; so I must say good-night."

"Good-night! I will sit here a little while longer, as we do not go any farther in the same direction."

In a moment Harry bounded over the low stone wall inclosing the yard, and in another was lost from view in the wood through which the path led. I remained sitting upon the grass in deep reverie, with the bright vision of Alice, as I had seen her in the garden, floating before my senses; and trying to picture to myself the appearance of Edward Stockton, and, in imagination, to associate the young lovers again in their rambles over the scene before me. I had been sitting thus alone for about half an hour, when I thought I heard a step on the dry, rustling herbage near me, and looking up, saw a female figure retreating along the path-way, at the distance of a few rods from where I sat. She disappeared behind the church-wall, and then for a moment was visible again hurrying through the wood. It was Alice: she had come doubtless to pay her accustomed tribute at her lover's grave, and seeing me seated on the turf, had quickly retraced her steps, thinking to have retired unobserved. Rivetted to the spot, I gazed after her as she walked rapidly away, without looking back, until she was far out of sight, and then seeing that the sun was near the horizon, slowly followed in the same direction. Just at the edge of the wood I observed a piece of white paper, neatly folded together, lying in the path; and, picking it up, found written on the inside these touching lines:—

"I stood by thee when death his icy finger

On thy pale brow and quivering lip had pressed,
But yet thy parting spirit seemed to linger—

Thy cold cheek softly pillowed on my breast—

Once more to whisper, in earth's love, my name:—

'Twas the last breath that stirred thy shuddering frame.

"I stood by thee again when death had given,
Back to the spiritless, cold, ruined clay,
The forms of beauty which disease had driven
E'en from the memory of love away ;
And fondly watched them as the light of heaven,
Breaking upon thee ere the final day.

"That treasured image shall love cease to cherish ;
The echoed whispering of that voice grown still ;
Ere memory, itself in ruins, perish,
Or heaven earth's shadowed destinies fulfil :—
Life trembling o'er the beautiful repose ;
The whisper hushed where angels' music flows ?

"Alas ! the soul in hope and love once single,
Is now divided : other forms, unblest,
Rise in bright vision, and glad voices mingle
With the soft tones that murmur from thy rest.
Where life flowed coldly, warmer currents tingle ;
And hopes, which sadness breathes not, thrill my breast.

"My holier thoughts have fled, but still they hover
Around thy grave—a spirit vigil keep—
Rise with the incense of the flowers that cover
Thy quiet bed, to upbraid me as I weep.
Yet on the cold stone will I pour my grief ;
For tears—the tears of bitterness, will bring relief."

The verses were in a neat, feminine hand and gave internal evidence of their authorship. I came at once to the conclusion that Alice had dropped them in the hurry of her retreat, and would probably return the next day to look for them. As the thought struck me, I found myself, almost without any well defined purpose retracing my steps toward the grave ; and, in a moment, was seated again upon the green sod. On the back of the paper I wrote the following with my pencil :

"Mourner, is this thy sorrow—
That on thine hour of darkness dawns a morrow ;
That bright-hued flowerets in thy path are springing ;
That happy voices in thine ears are ringing ;
That o'er life's visage is not always spread
The gloom that pallies the dead ?

"Would he whose ashes slumber—
Clay with its kindred clay, lest aught encumber
The spirit in its rest, where pain and sighing
Come not, all tears are wiped away, and dying
Invades no more, nor e'en Death's brother, sleep—
Say, would he bid thee weep ?"

Folding the paper as before, I returned along the path, and dropped it on the spot where I had found it lying.

CHAPTER V.

On the following afternoon, about the same hour at which I had been seated beside Edward Stockton's grave, writing the above "woeful ballad," as I closed my book for the evening, and made my exit from the office at Briar Hill, the recollection that I had not seen Mrs. Richmond for more than a week determined me to pay her a visit. The servant that answered my knock, showed me into the front parlour, and without looking to ascertain the fact, told me that she was there, and immediately retired. I found myself alone, but, observing that the folding doors between the front and back rooms were thrown open, walked forward, expecting to see Mrs. Richmond in the latter. In a corner of the recess of one of the back windows, upon an ottoman, sat Alice, the rays of the evening sun streaming oblique-

ly upon the opposite corner, and reflected upon her face, and shining, luxuriant hair. She sat in a pensive attitude, her forehead resting on one hand, while in the other, upon her lap, was a piece of paper, which I instantly recognised as that which I had picked up, the previous afternoon, in her path from the grave : in fact, on drawing a little nearer, I could distinguish the faint traces of my own pencil upon the side which she held uppermost. My step was light, and she was so completely absorbed in thought, that I stood at last within a yard of her seat, without her being conscious of my presence.

"Good evening, Miss Richmond."

She started at the sound of my voice as if it had given her an electric shock, and blushing deeply, and, at the same time shutting up the verses in a book, which I had not before observed, lying open in her lap, rose from the ottoman.

"Good evening, Mr. Drayton. My mother has just left the room : I will let her know that you are here."

"I did indeed ask for Mrs. Richmond ; but I am not on that account the less indebted to fortune for having thrown me once more into your company. If I dared to hope that the fickle goddess would be propitious, I should beg that she might not so soon desert me."

"If your prayer were granted," returned Alice, still blushing, but resuming her seat, "I should not well sustain the part of my mother's representative. However, she will return in a few moments."

"I fear that I shall not look very anxiously for her return, if on laying down your representative character, you must disappear from the scene. Though, even in that case, I shall have another bright recollection—the brightest one of all—to store up in my memory."

"A truce to all compliment, Mr. Drayton. You must remember that for the present I am but a proxy, and must address me as you would my mother."

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Richmond. May I ask how Miss Alice is this evening ? The last time I had the pleasure of seeing her, she was in so great a hurry, that I had not an opportunity to inquire after her health."

"What ?" returned Alice quickly, her cheek again suffused with a crimson flush,—*"Did you see me?"* and she looked earnestly in my face.

I had made the remark thoughtlessly, and saw that it had given pain. Answering her question by a monosyllable, I instantly changed the subject, and she appeared soon to forget it altogether, as I continued, in the tone of *badinage*, to address her as her mother. Her conversation was sprightly and playful, though reserved ; her eye beamed with intelligence ; and a glowing soul seemed embodied in the expressive lines of her countenance. It was full half an hour before Mrs. Richmond returned : of course I should have thought it just half a minute, if there had not been a clock standing on the mantelpiece. On entering the room, she stood for a moment in evident surprise at the spectacle before her, and, as she greeted me with an unwonted expression of pleasure, I thought a tear glistened in her joyful eye.

"Well, Alice !" said she. "So, to make up for past neglect, your first interview with Henry has been a *l'été-à-l'été*. I do not understand by what art he has encompassed this fairy region."

"O mother, Mr. Drayton's visit is to you : I have

been acting only as a representative, during your absence; and I must now resign my place."

"I must beg that before you accept the resignation, you will take time to judge for yourself how Miss Richmond has executed her trust. I confess, that I have not been able constantly to bear in mind her representative character; yet perhaps, I am not much to blame for this occasional forgetfulness."

Mrs. Richmond invited me to stay to tea, and, as may be supposed, I readily accepted the invitation, and spent the remainder of the evening at Briar Hill. When tea was ordered, and Mr. Richmond came in from his office, he seemed as much surprised at the sight of Alice as her mother had been, but said nothing on the subject, though I thought his spirits were lighter, and his tone more gay than usual. Almost immediately after the table had been removed, business called him away, and I was left with Mrs. Richmond and Alice. The latter joined occasionally in the conversation, and always with vivacity and ease; but whenever she was not actually addressed, or engaged in talking herself, she appeared to fall into a state of abstraction or reverie, and to take little interest in what was said.

Mrs. Richmond informed me, that she had that morning received a letter from my aunt Stevenson, accepting an invitation to visit Briar Hill, and promising to be there in a week or ten days; and that she had asked two or three of Mr. Richmond's relatives to spend a few weeks with her at the same time. This I was delighted to hear; for I had always been a favorite with my aunt, and felt a very sincere attachment to her. Besides, her visit would give me a pretext for being a great deal more at Briar Hill, than I could otherwise venture to be; and then I should see Alice much the oftener; in comparison with which last anticipation every other was as nothing.

The evening passed away, and I found myself once more upon the road to the inn. After walking some distance from Mr. Richmond's gate, I saw two figures on the opposite foot-path approaching; but, as it was a dark night, I did not discover that they were Harry Bowne and Bill Davis, until they came quite near. Both recognized me, and walked across the road to meet me, the latter showing a disposition to have a parley. He had evidently been drinking, though only enough to elevate his spirits and make him a little boisterous.

"Ship ahoy! How d'ye do, Mr. Drayton? Harry said it was you, but I couldnt believe that you'd be walking so fast away from Miss Alice, and not look back occasionally."

Under other circumstances perhaps I should not have borne this rough salutation so well; but I felt in good spirits myself, and not at all disposed to quarrel with any body; and I saw, notwithstanding the darkness, that Harry's face was flushed with ill-suppressed anger.

"You are out rather late to-night," I rejoined. "Have you paid our cold-water Captain a visit?"

"Harry has I believe," returned Bill; "but I've been at the Black Bear. You can get a glass there in a genteel, quiet way; though I must say that a little cognac, filched from the Captain's lock-up, tastes sweeter. But you look as if you hadn't seen a drop to-night. Why, man, don't they do the thing that's handsome up at the Hill? Well, I wouldn't go to see

the prettiest gal in all natur, if they didn't put something on the sideboard just by way of splicin' the conversation occasionally."

Disgusted with the fellow's coarse humor, I bade them good-evening, and passed on; though not without serious apprehensions, as I thought of Bill's insolent temper, and remembered Harry's irritability, and the flush which had mounted higher in his cheek at every word spoken by his companion, that the peace would be broken before they separated. I knew indeed that Bill Davis had never revenged himself for his defeat at the inn, and that he was, as Harry had told me, a good-hearted fellow when sober. I thought, too, that he was now hardly drunk enough to be quarrelsome; yet I could not help looking back after them, as they walked slowly on. They had proceeded but a few rods, when Davis burst into a loud horse-laugh, and threw his arm round Harry's body, as if prompted by a sudden feeling of friendship, and, pretending to be more drunk than he really was, staggered on, drawing the other along with him in sundry evolutions. Harry after struggling for a moment in his grasp, freed himself, and raising a slight stick which he used as a cane, repaid his friend's rude familiarity by a sharp cut over the shoulders. I saw at once that hostilities must ensue, and hurrying back, reached the spot where they stood, just as Bill had wrenched the stick from his companion, whose right hand was buried in his bosom, as if in the act of drawing a weapon. With horror I recollected the knife that Harry had before exhibited, and catching Davis's arm, as it descended to return the blow, stepped between the two. Not being so far gone in either intoxication or passion as on the night of the former conflict, and, perhaps, respecting me more than he had Captain Smith, Bill desisted, and I succeeded in restoring apparent harmony. Still fearful, however, that the quarrel might be renewed, I walked along with them until they parted, Harry and I turning off to the stile before mentioned, and Bill passing on. Until the latter was out of sight I stood talking with Harry; then we separated, and I made the best of my way home.

I saw Alice several times again before my aunt Nancy, who came about the middle of June, somewhat later than she had promised, arrived. These interviews served to wear off still more of her reserve, and increased my admiration so greatly, that I could scarce prevent myself from declaring the love that had so long struggled for utterance. But seeing that such a declaration, then, would be premature, I prudently deferred the avowal. The day before my aunt came, Mr. and Mrs. Ducachet, the former a cousin of Mr. Richmond, and their daughter, a girl of about fourteen, reached Briar Hill; and when I called on my aunt the day of her arrival, I formed an acquaintance with the whole party. The next evening, three or four ladies and gentlemen from Larksborough were invited to tea at "The Hill," as Mr. Richmond's place was familiarly called, and I, of course made one of the little company, of about a dozen persons, assembled. For some time, as is usual in small companies, the conversation was general, and Alice took little part. But after tea, just as a glorious full-moon was breaking over a low barrier of clouds, that skirted the eastern horizon, my aunt proposed a walk in the garden; and all agreeing, we sallied forth into the mild evening air. I gave my arm to Mrs. Ducachet; but,

before long, various changes had been made in the disposition of the parties, and I found a pretext for putting myself at the side of Alice, just as she lingered behind the rest, to pick a flower for my aunt.

"Well, Miss Richmond, if you do not take pity on me, I shall be entirely deserted. Anna Ducachet seems to think me too old for a companion, and clings to her mother's apron; and all the rest pass me by as a boy. However, I shall not complain, if my loneliness attract your compassion."

"I am sometimes afraid," answered Alice, "that the objects which most excite our sympathies, are often not so pitiable as they seem; expressions of distress are so easily affected, and cover so many different feelings."

"But you will find me really deserving of pity, and in return therefor I offer you my arm. If those hyacinths have imbibed a love of nature and of seclusion from the same air that has breathed it over you, or from the touch of the fairy hand that nurtures them, they will not thank you for transplanting them to aunt Nancy's fingers."

Alice took my arm, and, for the first time, I felt the pressure of her hand, which slightly trembled. "You must think, Mr. Drayton," said she, "that my love of seclusion is rapidly dying away. Perhaps it was foolish to shut myself up so entirely from the world; yet I confess, that I feel some regret—even some pain, at leaving my retirement." She spoke in a low, tremulous voice, and her eyes were downcast.

"No, Miss Richmond; I will not say that you have done foolishly: you have yielded to natural and commendable feelings, in thus shunning society. If you have erred, it has, at least, been an amiable error."

"You know perfectly well," continued Alice, "for my mother, as well as your aunt, has told you, the reason of this seclusion. I knew very little of the real world—indeed I know little of it even now, but still less then—when the world which I had created and peopled for myself—a world of bright fancies and ardent feelings—was made desolate. True my mother and father yet remained, and you know I love them; but am I wrong in acknowledging that this affection was not the strongest feeling of my soul? Besides, we do not think of life and hope in mourning over the dead—the lost. It was hard to forget.—Even the thought of forgetting was a cruel visitant."

I could feel that Alice sobbed convulsively as she spoke, though scarcely an audible sound escaped her. The rest of the party were some distance in advance and upon another path. We walked a few steps in silence.

Alice proceeded: "But memory cannot last forever; or if it live in the head, it dies from the heart. Time has gradually changed my feelings, though not always soothing them; for I have sorrowed almost as bitterly over the wearing away of my first grief, as over the desolation that caused it. The idea that my constancy could fail—that I could cease to be true to him—preyed incessantly upon my spirit, until time has diminished even that—that last comfort—for it was indeed a comfort, though you may think a strange one. You wrote those lines upon the back of the paper which I dropped in the wood—I knew your hand, and besides, there was none other to do it. I confess that they influenced in some degree my determination, even previously half

formed, of seeking, in renewed intercourse with the world, that peace of mind which seclusion no longer afforded. My mother knew of these feelings, and, without telling me of her intention, invited your aunt and our cousins to visit Briar Hill; thinking that in such society I might best wear off my first distrustful impressions of the world. But accidentally I met you. That evening something whispered to me, that it was useless to defer the hour of trial, and I remained in the parlor. Whether I am, or shall be happier thus, God only knows. Certainly, I can never again be what I might have been, if my fond hopes had never been crushed. Hope they say is inseparable from life. It may be so, but, if hope cannot die, it can, at least, fade and wither."

It was thus that the lovely girl artlessly poured out her soul to me. I was affected by her words, and still more from sympathy in her emotions. Silence again ensued for several minutes. I thought that she, perhaps, would proceed; but she had done. At length I said,—

"Happy, Miss Richmond, must have been the one who deserved such love. Happy will he be whom it shall yet bless. I dare not hope—much less ask for that happiness; but I thank you for this mark of confidence."

"No, Mr. Drayton, I can never again feel for any as I did for him. The miserable remnant of a crushed heart—of blighted affections, which is all I can ever bestow, would be a boon of wretchedness to both giver and receiver. No, no! When I enter the world again, it is not with the expectation of reviving anything more than the common, every-day hopes and interests of the world: as to all else, I expect but to deaden old emotions; not to replenish the sources of long forgotten delights. I respect you, Mr. Drayton; I can never do much more. If you can feel a friendship for me, and care for my friendship in return, it is yours. Ask nothing further."

"Your friendship then, Miss Richmond—give me that: I shall prize it far beyond the love of any other of your sex. I cannot promise to feel nothing more, but it is all I dare ask."

"Recollect, then, that our friendship depends upon your discretion. You can never, even if you should desire it, obtain aught beyond—I have it not to give; but you deserve no less than this."

"O yes, Miss Richmond, you may bestow something else—something more:—you may love me as a brother, and yet be true to him!"

"As a brother then—even as a brother;" and she pressed my arm convulsively. "I have never known what a brother was.—Yes, I will be your sister Alice!"

"Alice, dear Alice! God bless you for those words! I too have never before had a sister. Sister Alice! How sweetly the name sounds!"

"There, Henry, you must leave me for the present. Go, join the rest: I will be with them in a moment."

She relinquished my arm, and I moved slowly towards the other members of the party, who were collected round a strawberry bed, listening to a very learned dissertation from Mr. Richmond, on the culture of this delicious fruit. They were all in a gay mood, and did not seem to have taken much notice of our absence. A few minutes afterwards, Alice joined the company,

and, with a faint smile, presented the hyacinths, which she had picked, to aunt Nancy and Mrs. Ducachet. Soon after this we all returned into the house. During the rest of the evening Alice conversed very little, and appeared sad. I was not sorry when those who had come from Larksborough rose to take leave; or to find myself at length quietly seated in my own chamber, by an open window, from which the tall trees on Briar Hill were plainly visible, in the clear moonlight, and left to my own reflections.

In my conversation with Alice Richmond, I had spoken just as the feeling of the moment prompted; but I had knowledge enough of the world to see, in looking back over what had passed, that I had gained a great advantage—nearly all, in fact, that the most ardent lover could have hoped to gain in so short a time. Friendship, between two persons of different sexes, and of suitable age and condition, is certainly the high road to love. Some have doubted whether friendship can even exist at all under such circumstances. I think it may; but only in the state of a chrysalis; and no one can ever tell at what moment a warm breath may blow over it, giving it strength to burst its shell, and expanding its wings to flutter in the sunshine.

While the company remained at Briar Hill I was a daily visitor, and saw Alice so often that it did not seem probable that my aunt's departure would much disturb our intercourse. All of the party took a walk or drive every clear day, and an invitation to me was never omitted. Sometimes we made pleasure excursions upon the lake: in short, near a month glided away most agreeably, and no one hailed the approach of the day fixed for taking leave with satisfaction. It came, however, and Alice stood by me on the front porch as my aunt's carriage drove off, about an hour after the Ducachets had left the door.

"A month has gone like a day, Alice. It has been most delightfully spent, but I hope the future will give me no reason to regret the past. Sixteen months more and I shall have finished my studies; and then—" I hesitated.

"And then, what?"

"I don't know, Alice. But even brothers and sisters must part. I count the months and even the days that I shall remain in your father's office, with a jealous care, and they seem to glide away almost imperceptibly. Happily enough, indeed, for memory, but not for hope."

She did not speak, and, after a few moments, I added,

"Well, I must not lose the present in gloomy forebodings. I hope we need not give up our rambles, because our friends have gone. Will you walk this afternoon?"

"Yes; at half past five o'clock, if you have nothing else to do then."

"At half past five. Do not forget."

During the rest of the summer I continued to ride on horseback, or walk with Alice almost daily. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond seemed to favor our intimacy; and, as I knew that they had seen too much of the world to be deceived by mere names, I felt sure of their approbation, if Alice should ever consent to look at me in a still more endearing character, than that of a friend or brother. She was all confidence and affection, and ap-

peared to be gradually becoming more uniformly gay and cheerful. Her education had been conducted entirely at home—before Edward's death under private teachers, and, since then, under the eye of her father, who, in the midst of constantly pressing business, had always found time to direct his daughter's studies—more than direction she had never needed. In fact, her superior knowledge of books sometimes put me to the blush, though I had the advantage in point of acquaintance with the world. We frequently read together, and our intercourse often recalled to me my aunt's description of the happy companionship of Alice and Edward.

Autumn came, but brought no change in our occupations or amusements. One afternoon, early in September, we were rambling together over the fields and woods, between the house and the lake, Alice appeared rather sad, and little was said by either as we walked along, she choosing the way. At length we came upon the path, leading through the wood before mentioned, to the grave yard, and as she turned into it, the suspicion first crossed my mind, that she was taking me to Edward's grave. Before, she had always avoided it in our walks, though I knew that she still visited it as frequently as ever, alone. Her step was now more hurried than usual, as if she feared that her purpose might be defeated, and I followed at her side in silence. On reaching the church yard she led the way along the narrow path; and, coming to the grave, kneeled down, without saying a word, beside the marble slab, and gazed intently for several minutes upon the name: then burying her face in her hands, and resting them upon the railing which surrounded the marble, burst into tears. I kneeled down by her, and waited the abatement of this paroxysm of feeling. At length she looked up, and though the sight of me, in that position, seemed to affect her, soon became more composed.

"I feared that it would be so, Henry. I have never yet been able to restrain my grief, when kneeling beside this grave: why did I hope to do it now? However, it is past, and I am glad that you are here. You see what feelings the place awakens. Think you that this heart can ever be true to any, if false to him that sleeps? Here, again, I warn you, that I can never be to you but as a sister. Think of me only as such. Now leave me, Henry: I often go home alone from this spot."

I rose from my knees and walked silently away. On reaching the edge of the wood, I looked back, and saw Alice gazing after me with a sorrowful eye. I hurried on, but had gone only a few steps farther, when Harry Bowne suddenly appeared in the path before me. I perceived, at once, from the expression of his face, that he had witnessed the scene at the grave.

"Miss Alice! Where is Miss Richmond?" said he.

"I left her at the grave. How did you know that she had been with me?"

"How did I know? Do I not see her with you every day; and she talks to you, and smiles, and you call her Alice. Oh! I am afraid sometimes my head will burst! You have deceived me—you love Alice!"

I tried to pacify the poor fellow, and he became more calm. Sinking into a mournful silence, he walked along by my side for some time, and then left me to pursue my way alone. My spirits were scarcely as

buoyant as when I had set out with Alice. Her words at the grave still trembled on my ear, and more, perhaps, than ever previously, I desponded.

CHAPTER VI.

How time flies, when the past and the future are forgotten in the enjoyments of the present! Despondency soon vanished. There is a sunshine that beams over the world of spirit, as perpetual as that which enlightens the physical universe: sometimes clouds obscure its brightness, and sometimes the soul's perceptions are dimmed; but there are minds, like the regions blessed with skies ever cloudless, enjoying constantly its radiance—wearing a rosy hue that never fades away. If my own were at any time darkened, it was but by the passing shadow of a bird's wing, or of the light vapor that is driven before a summer-day's breath. Though the scene at the grave caused me a few hours of disquietude, my next interview with Alice restored my wonted serenity; for I fancied that there was an increased tenderness in her looks, more than compensating for the diminished gaiety of her spirits; and as the latter again recovered their accustomed elasticity, I could not gaze upon her sunny face, and think of aught else than happiness.

One morning when I came down to breakfast, Captain Smith gave me the important information, that a stranger had arrived the preceding night, at a very late hour, and taken lodgings in his best spare room, saying that he might possibly remain some days in Larksborough. My own chamber was the best in the house, and as I had been, for some weeks, the only guest, of course, the best spare room was the next in order of excellence to mine. This will explain the deep interest which the Captain took in the fresh arrival, and his eagerness to inform me thereof. His inn was very little frequented, and he depended for support chiefly upon the produce of a large farm in the neighborhood, which he owned, and which a tenant, who lived upon it, cultivated on shares. Indeed, his tavern-sign would probably have disappeared long before, if it had not been for the zealous interference of certain warm temperance-men; who, seeing a wonderful sublimity—a moral triumph, in the free swing of this tasteful, emblematic device—one of the evil spirit's own chosen inventions turned into an instrument of exorcism—were constantly at hand to strengthen the Captain's wavering faith, by various encouraging suggestions.

Mine host informed me that the new-comer was a person of the most gentlemanly appearance and prepossessing manners. He was travelling on horseback, and being very much fatigued with his ride, had given orders that he should not be disturbed until ten o'clock in the morning. He had made particular inquiries about Mr. Richmond and his family; and as he was quite a young man, the Captain thought it probable that he was to be a fellow-student of mine. The name which he had given was Brown—"James Brown" I found written in a blank volume lying in the bar-room, which the Captain had dignified with the title of the "Travellers' Book." The latter suggested that I should remain until Mr. Brown made his appearance, saying that he had mentioned my name to him the previous

evening, and would be glad to make us acquainted. This offer I did not choose to accept, and though mine host's surmise, as to the stranger's object, had excited some little curiosity in my mind, I reached the office at Briar Hill, and began my day's labor at the usual time. I had been there several hours, and was sitting with my chair tilted back against the wall, thinking of Alice and Mr. Brown, and of every thing else, excepting the book that lay open on my knees, when the bell announced a visitor. I opened the door and Mr. Brown stood before me. I knew him instantly from the Captain's description. He was apparently somewhat older than myself, well dressed, and altogether of a pleasing exterior. He asked for Mr. Richmond, and I showed him into the back office. The latter looked at him, for a moment, with an inquiring eye, but just as I closed the door, addressed him in a tone of recognition. What ensued I did not hear, excepting a word that now and then fell from Mr. Richmond, in a louder voice than usual, which led me to suppose that the interview was not a very agreeable one, at least to him; and the scowl that darkened the young man's flushed countenance, as he passed again through the front room, in about half an hour, showed plainly that its result had not been exactly what he had anticipated. A few moments afterwards Mr. Richmond came in to speak to me, and I could see that something had disturbed his wonted equanimity.

I dined that day at Briar Hill, and did not return to the inn till near evening; then the Captain introduced me to Mr. Brown, and we sat down to tea together. If I had been pleased before with his exterior, I was now doubly so with his manners and mental qualifications. He seemed open and warm-hearted, and conversed with ease and intelligence on every subject that presented itself, showing great natural strength of mind, an extensive acquaintance with books, and an unusual knowledge of the world. He had a ready wit, which was always refined, when he was talking with me, but sunk into broad humor, when he addressed Captain Smith, who was evidently delighted with his new guest. I conceived a strong liking for him, which he seemed to repay with interest; and soon after tea, having first had a private parley with mine host, he invited me to drink some wine with him; saying that he had contrived to squeeze a little out of the Captain, having removed his scruples by the offer of a large advance on the usual price, and the suggestion of a private room. I remarked that I seldom drank wine, but for the sake of his companionship would take a glass, and followed him into the room provided by the Captain, where we found lights and two bottles of champagne, with glasses, duly arranged upon a table in the middle of the floor.

We sat down, and drank each a glass. My friend pressed me to take more, but I declined. He seemed disappointed, and there was something, I could hardly tell what, in the expression of his face, that led me to suppose that he had some particular object, other than the mere testimony of his good feelings, in thus inviting me to drink with him. It flashed across my mind that this object was connected in some way with his visit to Mr. Richmond; and I resolved, at once, to satisfy my curiosity, trusting to my own ingenuity for the avoiding of disagreeable consequences. As if with

great reluctance, I consented to take one more glass, but, after sipping a drop, managed, while my friend was not looking, to throw the remainder out of the nearest window, which was open, as it was quite a warm evening. He began to grow more gay and talkative, as if the wine had exhilarated him; but I fancied that this elevation of spirits was affected. Feigning still greater animation, I began to laugh and rattle on immoderately, and thought I could discern a gleam of satisfaction lurking in Mr. Brown's face. We filled our tumblers again and again, and as often were the contents of mine disposed of as before. Once I imagined that a suspicion of some trick crossed his mind, for he looked at me very intently; but my mirthful eye, and the easy air with which I tossed off the contents of a glass, which I took care to pour only half full, completely deceived him and put him off his guard.

We had talked hitherto chiefly on subjects of common interest, very few allusions being made by either to Mr. Richmond or his family, and these of the most general kind. Now I perceived that my companion seemed anxious to lead me to this subject, and, not unwillingly, I humored him. I saw plainly the deep interest which my apparently careless remarks excited. Despite his efforts to appear highly exhilarated, it was evident that his head was little affected by what he had drunk, though the same amount would have put me under the table. How completely was he entangled in his own net! I soon discovered that he took the most interest in what I said about Alice; and this increased my curiosity ten-fold: in fact, it became at length so great, that I was in imminent danger of betraying myself, by growing sober too suddenly. Mr. Brown seemed to perceive a change, but noticed it only by replenishing my glass.

Unfortunately, I had succeeded so well thus far in getting rid of the wine, that I began to grow too confident and careless. Without the precaution of touching the glass to my lips, I flung its contents out of the window. My friend saw the motion of my arm and the empty tumbler; this was enough to explain all. In an instant every trace of pleasing excitement vanished from his countenance, and he turned pale with disappointment and rage. I saw that farther deception was hopeless, and directly was as sober as himself. For a moment we eyed one another without speaking, a smile of derision playing lightly around my lips.

"You have drunk nothing then!" said Mr. Brown, with a forced calmness of tone.

"Very little indeed," I answered, with the utmost nonchalance: "I have been amusing myself by throwing it out of the window. You must allow that I have played the game expertly, till that last unlucky hit."

"But why such deception? Why not tell me that you did not wish to drink?"

"Deception? I have but foiled you," returned I, "with your own weapons. I did decline drinking at first, but seeing that you were disappointed, and had some secret reason for wishing to ply me with wine, I determined to discover your purpose and defeat it. How have I succeeded?"

My companion bit his lip. "I have had no secret purpose to be either discovered, or defeated," said he. "You have deceived yourself as well as me—the frequent result of such tricks."

"Yes, it was a deception—a trick if you choose to call it so. But beware what language you employ to stigmatize the act. And beware, too, how you deny what was too palpable for the veriest fool to overlook. Yes, you had a secret purpose; and that purpose was in some way connected with your morning's visit to Mr. Richmond, and with his daughter Alice."

Evidently staggered by this assertion, Mr. Brown looked at me for a moment in silence, as if trying to recover his self-command. But in vain: a burning flush reddened his face, and, in a low, husky voice, driven through his teeth, he spoke,

"You lie! Every word is false!"

Both of us sprung to our feet, and, quick as lightning, I bent over the table and dashed my open hand into his face. Luckily the table was upset by these movements, and fell heavily upon the floor, while the tumblers and bottles were shattered into a thousand pieces. We could hear the hurried step of mine host approaching, and in a moment he tried the door, but it was locked. My antagonist had put himself in the posture of attack, but the Captain's voice, asking, in terrified accents, what was the matter, made him hesitate, while I remained standing in the attitude of defence.

"This is no time or place for the continuance of such a contest; but recollect—you give satisfaction for that blow. Captain Smith is there: it may as well be an accident to him." And he moved toward the door as he spoke.

"Yes, an accident," returned I, "since you have such a pious abhorrence of all deception. You shall have satisfaction, now, or whenever you please to demand, or take it."

Mr. Brown opened the door, and forced a smile as he met the Captain's frightened look.

"O nothing at all, Captain, is the matter, excepting that the table has preferred lying down to standing, and has treated the glass-ware rather shabbily; but you shall lose nothing by this singular freak: put all that's broken into my bill."

I could scarcely restrain a smile at my friend's coolness. But not wishing just then to give such an indication of feeling, I passed out of the room, leaving him and the Captain to square the account between them, and retired to my own chamber.

I spent a sleepless night; for after the excitement under which I had labored abated, and I began to reflect seriously upon the events of the evening, many disagreeable thoughts agitated my bosom. It was certain that a meeting would be demanded by Mr. Brown, which I could not well avoid, as I had pledged myself to give him satisfaction. All my principles were against duelling; and I knew with what horror my parents would regard the combat. And Alice! I have mentioned her last, but her's, on that night of trouble, was the first image that rose before me in the darkness. By one rash act was I to lose Alice forever? I knew well her detestation of that bloody code denominated the "laws of honor," for I had once conversed with her on the subject. What, if I should fall? What if I should retire from the field with crimsoned hands? But I cannot recall the various frightful forms, which stalked before my imagination, during the hours of night. After the morning had dawned, I sunk into a troubled sleep, which lasted, however, but a few moments; for an

awful dream disturbed me, and I sprang from the bed, not awaking until I stood bolt upright on the floor. Bathing my face and hands in cold water gave me some relief, and I began to dress myself, with a sort of desperate feeling, that, come what might, I must abide the issue without flinching. While thus engaged I happened to look out of the window, and saw that Mr. Brown was up before me. He was walking along the road, away from the inn, in company with Harry Bowne, and apparently engaged in earnest conversation with him. When breakfast was ready he did not appear, and Captain Smith said that he had gone out, after ordering his horse to be saddled, but kept standing in the stable. The meal being concluded, I took my hat, and strolled off towards the lake, not feeling disposed to go to Mr. Richmond's office, and face him with the troubled visage, that even Captain Smith had not failed to notice. On the shore of the lake I sat until noon, in the shade of a small copse, engaged in skipping pebbles into the water, and abandoned to harrassing reflections. Then I slowly sauntered back to the inn, not wishing it to appear that I sought to avoid a meeting with Mr. Brown. But he had not yet returned, and after taking a few mouthfuls from the dinner table, I retraced my steps, and soon found myself again upon the shores of the lake.

About five o'clock I started off on the path leading to Mr. Richmond's, determined that I would see Alice at any hazard. My feelings had become somewhat more calm, for I thought that Mr. Brown's early departure and continued absence from the inn were indicative of no great anxiety to press on the meeting. I had reached the corner of the garden, when, on looking back, I saw Alice at a distance, approaching by a different path from the one I had taken, accompanied by a gentleman whom I instantly recognized as Mr. Brown. The object of his private interview with me, on the previous evening, and of his morning conversation with Harry, whom he had doubtless met accidentally, at once flashed upon my mind. He had wished to discover how he might obtain an interview with Alice! Fearing that she might be in danger, I resolved to watch their approach, and be ready to interpose if it should seem necessary. Walking back, along the other side of a hedge that bordered the path, I stationed myself at a point from which I could observe every step of their way, without being myself seen. As they drew nearer I perceived that Alice hurried along at a quick pace, and that her companion was talking to her very earnestly, gesticulating all the while with considerable energy. I could not distinguish a word that was said, for he spoke in a low, suppressed tone, and she answered, without looking at him, only in monosyllables, until they came nearly opposite to where I stood, the hedge only dividing us.

"Then here we stop!" said Mr. Brown, in a voice half choked with passion; and seizing Alice by the arm, he fastened the terrified girl to the spot.

She uttered a faint cry. In a moment I sprang through an opening in the hedge, and stood before the unmanly wretch. He started at the apparition, and let go his hold on Alice.

"Henry! it is James Elliott!" she exclaimed in a tone of glad surprise, and fell to the ground in a swoon.

"Ha! villain!" cried I, springing upon the coward, who trembled as my hand grasped his throat. "Villain! you feared to meet me, after provoking the quarrel; but it seems that you dare attack a weak, defenceless girl. Now shall your courage be rewarded with a more equal antagonist!" I felt suddenly endued with a lion's strength, and shook him as if he had been a child; while he seemed to have lost all power.

"Beware!" he shouted, with a convulsive effort. "Beware! or your blood be upon your own head!"

Alice had speedily recovered, and now shrieked with horror, as we both, at the same instant, discovered a pistol glittering in my antagonist's hand. What followed I could not discern. The report of the pistol cracked upon my ear; I felt a sudden pain in my side, and my grasp relaxing, fell to the ground. Then followed several events in misty succession. Harry Bowne, leaped through the hedge, just after my fall, and pursued Elliott, who had instantly fled. Alice I knew was hanging over me, for I felt her hand, and heard her voice. Presently the report of another pistol startled me. I remember thinking that Harry had been killed: then all consciousness ceased.

The reader may easily divine that my senses had not taken their final departure; else how could I be writing these words? This is a common-sense way of reasoning that any one may understand without having paid much attention to the rules of logic. But then Alice, no doubt, thought that I was dead, and the scene was certainly as affecting as if the pistol-ball had passed directly through my heart, putting an end to my life and my love at the same moment. What a pity that my eyes did not remain open and unclouded for a short time longer, that I might now melt the reader's soul by describing the poor girl's grief! Probably, however, she was almost as insensible as myself, for afterwards she could give little account of what had passed; and she was found on her knees, bending over my body, as if seeking after some evidence of returning life. As such romances usually end, I first opened my eyes again, in a strange apartment, forgetting entirely, for a little while, what had happened, and then suddenly recollecting all, up to the time when I had fallen. I was in Mr. Richmond's house, and he, with his wife and a surgeon, was standing by the bed-side endeavoring to restore me to consciousness.

The surgeon pronounced the wound dangerous, but I bore the extraction of the ball very well, and he encouraged hopes of a happy result. The next day Alice was allowed to come in and see me, but neither of us was permitted to speak. Her eyes became suffused with tears, as she approached the bed-side, and she seemed pale and worn with grief and anxiety. The smiling look which I returned, however, brought a momentary flush of joy to her cheek. She remained only a few minutes: her mother, who watched over me continually, thought that her presence would be too exciting; for all excitement I was carefully to avoid. In two or three days I was pronounced decidedly convalescent, and then Mr. Richmond wrote to my father, which he had delayed doing, until he could say there was little ground for serious apprehension. The fourth evening after the letter had been despatched, my father and mother both arrived, and found me still gradually growing better.

CHAPTER VII.

Two months elapsed before I was able to leave my bed. During this time my mother and Mrs. Richmond watched by me night and day: it would have been difficult to say which exhibited the most of a mother's tenderness. Alice was allowed to see me often, and several times Harry Bowne was admitted into the room. He had pursued Elliott—for James Elliott indeed it was—on seeing me fall, and had narrowly escaped the shot from the other pistol. Finding that he could not overtake the fugitive, he had soon returned, and carried me in his arms for some distance, until succor accidentally arrived. Elliott had fled to the inn, mounted his horse, already saddled according to his directions, and hastened away; and all pursuit proved fruitless. Mr. Richmond, at first, offered a large reward for his apprehension; but, at my own request, when my recovery was no longer doubtful, he withdrew the offer. Elliott had called on him the day after his arrival, and proposed to become a student in his office; thinking no doubt that this would be a vantage-ground, from which he might make an easy conquest of Alice. Mr. Richmond had indignantly refused his application; but, not dreaming of his real object, or that he would pursue the purpose any farther, he had said nothing about the matter to his wife or daughter. The rest need hardly be told. He had watched for Alice, after artfully drawing from Harry Bowne some intimations in regard to her frequent visits to the church-yard; had met her returning from the grave; and the violence, which my presence had arrested, was a proof that his fierce passions had been terribly aroused, by the manifestation of contempt and abhorrence with which she had met his advances.

When at last I was allowed to sit up, Alice was almost continually with me. Sometimes her sprightly conversation relieved the tedium of hours of weakness, and sometimes she read to me from her own favorite authors; giving constant evidence of a most highly cultivated mind and refined taste. One afternoon we were sitting together before the fire, and both my mother and Mrs. Richmond had been called away. She had been reading to me, and had put down the book to ask if I was tired of it.

"No, I am not tired. I never grow tired of hearing your voice. At times indeed my weak body rebels against the too eager spirit, and demands repose. But let us talk for a little while now."

"Well," replied Alice gaily, shutting up the book; "What shall we talk about? I think we exhausted the language of flowers at our last conversation. What shall we take up next?"

"O Alice, I have much to say to you—much that I may never again have so good an opportunity to say. Yet I scarce know how or where to begin."

The smile which had played on her countenance instantly vanished, for she saw that something weighed upon my spirits.

"There are few, Alice," I resumed—"few who would not have rejoiced to give you the aid which I did, even at a greater peril than mine. I too, when I held Elliott by the throat, felt proud of having rescued you from his ruffian grasp. But, Alice, I have had many bitter regrets since that hour—not that I aided you, but that

you ever needed such succor. While I have been sick you have watched by me, whenever permitted to enter my room—you have sought to comfort and amuse me, as if you felt a load of obligation resting upon you. A sense of your feeling such a burden has weighed me down. I told you long ago, when you consented to regard me as a brother, that I could not promise to feel towards you only as towards a sister. No, even then, another feeling glowed within, and every day since it has gathered strength. Alice, I love you! The fire refuses to be pent up any longer. But you are wedded to another: you cannot give me your love. Yet I have feared that your gratitude might forbid you to refuse, that which love could never have bestowed. I love you—God only knows the fervor of that love! But I abjure you, by all you hold most sacred, tell me not that you love me, if gratitude alone prompts the declaration!"

While I spoke, Alice rose, and coming to me, bent over my head, and tears began to fall upon me, from her soft blue eyes. When I had done, she replied,

"Henry, if you knew all, you would have little fear that gratitude had much influenced my conduct. I am grateful—or, at least I hope so; but this feeling is lost in one far more intense. From the first day I knew you, your image began to dispute the empire of my heart with that one that had so long held possession. I struggled against the usurpation—struggled against it as for my life; but every effort only weakened the power of resistance. A thousand resolutions failed me in the hour of easiest trial; and I often wept with bitterness over what seemed treachery to the dead. When I stood by the grave, and warned you that I could never be to you but as a sister, the effort cost me the last remnant of the strength which I had convulsively gathered up. Then—even then, I felt that my love for you was unconquerable. A word—a look would have won me to your side, and from Edward's grave our vows might have gone up to their registry in heaven. That struggle has long since ceased. For months I have loved you, without a feeling to distract my heart, but the fear that your love had departed. Henry, if you love me I am blessed!"

What a moment was that! I folded the lovely girl in my arms, and pressed her lips to mine.

"Alice, I am happy! Dear girl! Tell me yet again that I am loved!"

CHAPTER VIII.

My tale hastens to its close. Once more I was able to leave my room, and to take up my lodgings with mine host of the "Temperance Hotel." Of course he was overjoyed to see me, and declared that he had not had a guest in his house since my departure, who should have had my chamber for double the price that I paid. This was, perhaps, strictly true, for but one person in all this period, had lodged with him, and that was a drunken pedlar. The Captain further descanted upon the consummate villainy of James Elliott, maintaining strenuously, that, from the first moment the fellow had set foot within the door, he had been convinced that he was a desperate character.

Months glided away, and spring was beginning,

though feebly, to dispute the despotism of winter. It was a cold, blustering night in the end of March, when, as I was sitting in the bar-room at the inn, after returning from my usual evening visit to Briar Hill, with a small circle of the neighbors, who had gathered close round the fire, that news was brought, by a trembling messenger, that an awful tragedy had just been acted at the Black Bear, the tavern before mentioned. He could not tell us all the particulars, but only that there had been a fight, and that he had seen Bill Davis lying upon the floor, weltering in blood. In an instant it flashed upon me that Harry Bowne had been the other combatant, and, while the rest waited to extract something farther from the boy who had brought the intelligence, I hurried off to the scene of horror. When I arrived, the whole inn was still in commotion, and on the bar-room floor was stretched the lifeless form of poor Davis, stripped almost naked, for examination by the coroner's inquest, that was just about to sit, and covered with blood from a ghastly wound, inflicted by a knife: the weapon had cloven its way through his heart. I was afraid to inquire who had perpetrated the deed, lest my surmise should prove correct; but the answer to a question asked by some one near, told me that I was not mistaken. The particulars I then learned from one who had witnessed the affray.

Bill Davis had been drinking before Harry came in, and, almost as soon as he entered, had begun as usual to taunt him with his love for Alice Richmond. A quarrel ensued, blows followed words; and Harry, pressed into a corner by his powerful antagonist, had at last drawn a long-bladed knife from his bosom, and, before his hand could be arrested, plunged it into Davis's breast. The latter fell almost without a groan, and instantly expired. I asked where Harry was, and was directed to a house in the neighborhood whither he had been taken for security. I followed the direction, and on reaching the house, found a crowd before the door, which was guarded by two or three men, who refused me admittance.

"He is gone raving mad," said one of them, "and attempts to tear in pieces every one that approaches. They have been obliged to tie his hands and feet, to prevent his doing injury to himself or some one else."

I begged that they would let me see him, and after some entreaty prevailed upon one of them, with whom I was well acquainted, to admit me. Two more guarded the door of the chamber in which he was confined: they allowed me to pass without hesitation, and I stood in the presence of the wretched prisoner. He was tied down upon a bed, and four men stood near to watch his movements, and, as far as possible, relieve his wants. When I entered he was quiet, having exhausted himself by his ravings and vain exertions to release his hands and feet. One of the men mentioned my name to him: he repeated it slowly, but without any sign of feeling. At that moment, however, his eye turned towards me, and he uttered a cry of frantic joy that pierced to my very heart.

"O save me! save me! You will save me! I killed him—I know I killed him; but I was mad! And I am mad still! Yes, mad! O save—do save me!"

I sat down by his side upon the bed, and bathed his bursting temples and brow with cold water. At length I succeeded in soothing him into a quiet slumber, but re-

mained all night to watch his repose. His intellect had often before seemed disordered: this dreadful catastrophe had overthrown the tottering citadel of reason.

"Poor Harry! now is thy despair madness!"

Harry was never brought to trial. He had drawn his weapon only in self-defence, and, besides, his insanity was too fearfully manifest to be called in question. It was not until after the dreadful event which I have narrated, that I told Alice of his devoted but despairing love. His father's circumstances were too narrow to admit of his providing a suitable place of confinement for him; and Mr. Richmond, at his own expense, placed him at the most comfortable private asylum which could be found. His case was pronounced incurable—he is still a raving maniac!

The reader will, no doubt, be anxious to learn whether anything has yet been heard of James Elliott. I did hear of him, about a year after his flight from justice, as a poor wandering vagabond: his friends had cast him upon the world even before his visit to Briar Hill. Subsequently, I was informed that he had gone to Texas. Nothing more can I tell, excepting that James Elliott was the name of one of those who fell in the bloody massacre of the Alamo.

"Alice, my dear, read what I have written, and let me add your authority to mine for its truth."

* * * * *

"Yes, Henry," she answers me, with the tears that recollection has gathered sparkling in her eyes; "it is all true, excepting that about my graceful form and pretty little ankle. However I will kiss you for it, as now-a-days, you do not often say such pretty things."

"But remember, Alice, that we have been married five years, and therefore I must have impressed you, by this time, with the full belief, that your form is a model of grace, and that your ankle is pretty: so what's the use of my saying anything farther about them. Why are you going so soon? Well, thank you for your kiss: it shall last me till—till I see you again!"

THE BEECHEN TREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLINTON BRADSHAW," &c.

As Love's own altar honor me;
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree. Campbell.

I.

He carved two names upon the beechen tree;
Encircling them with a deep graven heart:
Beneath its shade young Helen vowed to be
His love, beloved. When she rose to part,
As summer's twilight deepened into dark,
He staid behind her there, and carved the beechen bark.

II.

He staid behind her; for there was a feud
Between their houses; and he might not go
Beside her to the house beyond the wood;
Else might their loves be fruitful but in wo:
That tree became their trysting place—there she
Came often through the woods humming a melody.

III.

And, with a like intent, he careless came—

With fishing-line, maybe, seeking the brook ;
O ! how they spoke of the deep-nurtured flame !

And when they parted, how he loved to look
After that form that brightened so the wood !
And when, alas ! 'twas gone, how sad the solitude.

IV.

Years pass'd—unwished, yet by a master power,
Their vows were broken, and they met by chance
Beneath that tree in summer's twilight hour :

Each started, as they met each other's glance,
And strangely to their minds uprose their youth,
The tree, the graven name, the oft-vowed pledge of truth !

V.

Their names had been cut out from the tree's side ;

It's silky greenness showed how deep the scar—
He looked upon her with a sullen pride,

And she turned from him hurrying afar.
He did not watch her as she homeward went,
But left, with a dark brow, upon the past intent.

VI.

No other name can ever be graved there,
In the first freshness of that beechen tree ;
And she may listen to another's prayer,
And he to other maids may bow the knee ;
Yet in their hearts abides, for aye, the token
Of the first vows they made, now miserably broken.

AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1839.

The tenth number, or volume, of this capital work, is on the counters of the principal bookstores. Its 314 closely printed pages contain, as usual, many things, statistic, geographic, historical, and philosophical, which it is gratifying to know now, and which will be yet more pleasing to remember, hereafter. As a small and very inadequate sample of the kind of information which this almanac imparts, we extract a page and a half from its article on "FRANCE ;" adding, that a correspondingly clear account is given of the government, &c. of each state or kingdom in Europe, and of each one in America. There are also foreign and domestic obituaries, of distinguished persons—a chronological table of remarkable events in the year ending with August last—an ephemeris of the sun, moon, and tides, calculated for several prominent points in the United States—lists of the American Congress, and the British Parliament—and in short, more valuable things than we care now to specify. Let us proceed to the extract :

Government.

The government of France comprises three powers or branches, the King, the Chamber of Peers, and the Chamber of Deputies ; and their threefold sanction is necessary in order to give validity to every law of the country ; but in other respects their functions are distinct and determinate.

The King.

The executive power is vested in the King. Participating with the other branches the right of proposing laws, he alone is authorized to promulgate them. He is the supreme chief of the state, commands the forces both of land and sea, declares war, makes treaties of peace, alliance, and commerce, appoints to all offices of government, and makes the rules and ordinances

necessary for executing the laws, without having power either to suspend the laws themselves, or dispense with their execution.

The person of the King is inviolable and sacred ; but his ministers are responsible.

Chamber of Peers.

The rights of the Peers were formerly hereditary ; but, in 1831, their hereditary rights were abolished ; and they are now nominated for life by the King, who can select them only from among those men who have held, for a certain time, high public offices, such as those of ministers, generals, counsellors of state, prefects, mayors of cities of 30,000 inhabitants or more, presidents of royal courts, members of the Institute, members of general councils, or of councils of commerce, &c.

The Chamber of Peers participates the legislative power with that of the Deputies and with the King. It is convoked at the same time as the Chamber of Deputies, and it can hold no session at any time when the Chamber of Deputies is not also in session. Nevertheless, as it has cognizance of the crimes of high treason and of outrages against the safety of the state, it may, in this case only, and for the exercise exclusively of its judicial functions, form itself into a court of justice, even at a time when the Chamber of Deputies is not in session. The Chamber of Peers occupies the Palace of the Luxembourg, which has been successively the residence of Maria de Medicis, of the family of Orleans, of the Directory, of the First Consul Bonaparte, of the Conservatory Senate, &c. Its sessions are public.

The number of members of the Chamber of Peers is about 200. Baron Pasquier, *Speaker*.

The names of the Peers may be seen in the American Almanac for 1838.

Chamber of Deputies.

This body is composed of Deputies elected, every five years, by 459 colleges, distributed among the departments in proportion to their population ; and to these colleges all Frenchmen, who perform certain conditions specified by one of the fundamental laws, are summoned. In order to be eligible as a deputy, a Frenchman must be thirty years of age and pay a direct tax of 500 francs ; and, in order to be an elector, he must pay a direct tax of 200 francs. To the King pertains the right of convoking the Chamber of Deputies ; he may also prorogue or dissolve it ; but in this last case he must convoke a new one within three months. The Chamber of Deputies meets at Paris in the palace which formerly belonged to the family of Bourbon-Condé. Its sessions are public.

All the power of the Chamber of Deputies consists in deliberating and voting respecting laws, which must also obtain the assent of the other two branches ; but, with respect to the execution of them, it takes no part. Taking no part either in the nomination or the dismissal of functionaries of any class, it exercises, in relation to the government of the country, only an oversight and control. Every year, the law relating to the finances or budget, which gives authority for collecting the taxes, and for disposing, under certain restrictions, of the revenue which they afford, is submitted to its vote, before it undergoes an examination in the other Chamber. It is then by giving its assent, or rather its refusal, that it can make known to the country whether it approves or disapproves of the proceedings of the executive power.

The present Chamber of Deputies was elected in 1837. Number, 459. Charles Dupin, *Speaker*.

ACROSTIC

On a famous belle, who had just completed a "stuff shoe," of questionable utility.

Careless she is, every one must allow—
And oh ! how bewitching, we all must avow ;
There's a great deal of nature and a little of art,—
Howe'er, she finds way direct to the heart :
And though she has faults—has not many a belle ?
Reason, in time, will her vanity quell—
In fine, she's kind-hearted, virtuous and true ;
Never willing to work—except on a stuff shoe ;
Ever ready to do good—and—evil too.

MR. ADAMS'S LETTER,

TO CERTAIN YOUNG MEN IN BALTIMORE.

Mr. White.—One of the readers of your Messenger, has a reason for desiring the insertion in your next number, the following letter of Mr. Adams to the young men of the Franklin Association in Baltimore, in reference to the selection of a young men's library.

It is desired also to append some observations farther, on the same subject, which, if worthy of a place at all in the Messenger, the admirable thoughts of the learned ex-president may happily introduce.

Washington, 22d June, 1838.

Gentlemen:—I have no words to express my gratitude for the kind feelings and more than friendly estimate of my character, contained in your letter of the 9th inst., and am not less at a loss for language to utter the humiliation of a deep conviction how little your panegyric has been deserved.

Were it even so far deserved that I could feel myself qualified to give you the advice which you desire, it would afford me the most heartfelt pleasure to give it; but situated in life as you represent yourselves to be, I could scarcely name any list of books, or of authors which I could recommend as equally worthy of attention to you all. The first, and almost the only book deserving such universal recommendation, is the Bible—and in recommending that, I fear that some of you will think I am performing a superfluous and others a very unnecessary office—yet such is my deliberate opinion. The Bible is the book of all others to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life;—not to be read once or twice or thrice through, and then to be laid aside; but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters, every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity.

This attentive and repeated reading of the Bible, in small portions every day, leads the mind to habitual meditation upon subjects of the highest interest to the welfare of the individual in this world, as well as to prepare him for that hereafter, to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules of conduct for our conduct towards others in our social relations. In the commandments delivered from Sinai, in the inimitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the prophets, in the profound and concentrated observations upon human life and manners, embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job, an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay the book aside to think, and take it up again to-morrow, without finding in it advice for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth—and when we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality, founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and good will towards the whole race of man for this life and to peace with God, and an ever blessed existence hereafter.

My friends, if all or any of you have spiritual pastors to guide you in the paths of salvation, do not imagine that I am encroaching upon the field of their appropriate services: I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you *search the scriptures!* If ever you tire of them in seeking for a rule of faith and a standard of morals, search them as records of *History*. General and compendious history is one of the fountains of human knowledge, to which you should all resort with steady and persevering pursuit. The Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world; and in storing your minds with the facts of this history, you will immediately perceive the need of assistance from geography and chronology. These assistances you may find in many of the Bibles published with commentaries, and you can have no difficulty in procuring them. Acquaint yourselves with the chronology and geography of the Bible—that will lead you to a general knowledge of chronology and of geography, ancient and modern, and these will open to you an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge respecting the globe which you inhabit, and respecting the race of man, its inhabitant, to which you yourselves belong. You may pursue these inquiries just so far as

your time and inclination will permit. Give one hour of mental application,—for you must not read without thinking, or you will read to little purpose,—give an hour of joint reading and thought to the chronology, and one to the geography of the Bible, and if it introduces you to too hard a study, stop there. Even for those two hours, you will ever after read the Bible, and any other history, with more fruit—more intelligence—more satisfaction. But, if those two hours excite your curiosity, and tempt you to devote part of an hour every day for a year or years, to study thoroughly the chronology and geography of the Bible, it will not only lead you far deeper than you will otherwise ever penetrate into the knowledge of the book, but it will spread floods of light upon every step you shall ever afterwards take in acquiring the knowledge of profane history, and upon the local habitation of every tribe of man, and upon the name of every nation into which the children of Adam have been divided.

There are many other subsidiary studies, to which you may devote more or less of time, for the express purpose of making your Bible reading more intelligible to yourselves. It is a book which neither the most ignorant and weakest, nor the most learned and intelligent mind can read without improvement.

There are other books of great worth and of easy acquisition, which I suppose will be accessible to you all. The libraries of useful and of entertaining knowledge—the Family Library, the Monthly and Quarterly Reviews and Magazines, which are in a continual succession of publication in this country, as well as in England, will furnish you a constant supply of profitable reading; for the selection of which, time, inclination and opportunity will be your wisest counsellors. As citizens of a free country, taking an interest in its public concerns, I am sure I need not remind you, how strong your impulse should be to seek an intimate knowledge of the history of America, from the voyage of Columbus, and even of his supposed predecessors, Prince Madoc of Wales, and the North men, down to the Olympiads of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren. The American hemisphere—the continent of North America—the United States of America, before and since the acquisition of Louisiana, and every separate state of this union, is a series of historical problems of which you should systematically seek the solution. Read the constitution of the United States—the commentary of the Federalist—the constitution and history of your own state—biographies, beginning with Langhorne's Plutarch, and thence proceeding to the history of John Smith; to the American biographers of Belknap and Sparks; to Washington Irving's Life of Columbus; and to the articles of Penn, and Calvert, and Locke, and Oglethorpe, which will lead you on to others in the Encyclopedia Americana or Conversations' Lexicon. Then the *fashionable* novels and poetry of the present times: Scott, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, two Montgomeries, Cooper, Paulding, Willis, Mrs. Hemans and Lady Blessington, Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould, and worth them all, Miss Edgeworth—and lastly, the reports of your countrymen, travellers in foreign lands—Dr. Dwight, Dr. Sprague, Mr. Bigelow, Lieutenant Stillell, and Dr. Fisk; with many others whose names do not at this moment occur to me. But I have given you more than enough, and after all, hardly know whether the catalogue will meet your inquiries, or satisfy your expectations. After all I must conclude with the advice of the serving man to the young student in Shakespeare—"Study, what you most affect."

And I remain your friend and fellow student for life,

J. Q. ADAMS.

As a farther and succinct exhibition of the rich contents of that wonderful volume, which Mr. Adams so justly recommends, allow me here to insert an extract from the charge given a few years ago, by the late lamented Rev. James W. Douglass to his ministering brother, the Rev. Stephen Taylor, then inaugurated a professor in the Presbyterian seminary of our own state. The charge before me, speaks of the church and the Bible in the following graphic and just language.

1. "Your office supposes a church. Your duties will soon discover and describe it in its origin and progress from remote time. You will find it in the knowledge

and true holiness of unfallen Adam; in the believing worship of Abel; in the holy walk of Enoch; in the godly fear of Noah; in the faith of Abraham; and in the visible organization and endowments which it hath ever since enjoyed.

2. "For the first two thousand years, you will find it without a Bible, or a standing ministry; possessing only the Sabbath, the simplest forms of sacrifice, and guided by nature and tradition. In the next two thousand years, you will find it furnished with a few sacred books, to preserve the history which tradition was beginning to forget; to teach accurately the rules of moral conduct, which nature did not know, or could not enforce; and to put the church under such an organization, as suited its existing relations to the Saviour yet to come. You will find it again fully endowed with the Saviour's finished work; with the Bible complete; with a preaching ministry, commissioned to all the world; and with the promise of the Holy Spirit's presence and power always. Here it is advanced from Jewish types; disburdened of Jewish ceremonies; and loaded, to the Gentiles with only light, and constrained by love, it moves and is moving on to universal conquest. And finally, having described its conflicts, as the seals were opened, and as the trumpets were sounded, or the vials poured out, to our own times, you may venture into unfulfilled prophesy and show the church in its millennial glory.

3. "Under all these dispensations you will not fail to mark the strong and devoted affinities of the human mind for error and sin, and the remarkable expedients which infinite wisdom successively adopted to counteract and restrain them, and to withhold miserable man from the depths of ignorance, error, vice, misery, and hell, towards which he is ever sinking. (1.) During its first dispensation, the church, unprovided with a Bible, unrestrained by a written law, a standing ministry, or the fear of early death, became at once corrupt. The earth was filled with violence—behold it was corrupt. And as the church possessed no means adequate to sustain, much less to restore religion, that generation was abandoned to the deluge, the earth carefully cleansed of their corruption, and the race started anew in the person of Noah, who thus became the second Adam. (2.) The next expedient was to shorten human life from seven or eight hundred to seventy or eighty years; giving just a tithe and no more of the former probation. (3.) The third expedient was to separate men into small communities, by confounding their language, that they might not corrupt one-another. But still, though they knew God, they liked not to retain him in their knowledge. These distinct tribes—one and all—became idolatrous; and then (4.) God, as if weary of resisting the general current, set off a part, in the person of Abram and his descendants, for special training, and abandoned the rest to walk in their own ways. As their cup of iniquity became full, they were successively destroyed, and Abram stood to the true faith and worship of God as the third Adam. The general depravity, meantime, was powerfully held in check by the miraculous destruction of Sodom, and other cities, for their exceeding wickedness; by the plagues and ruin of Egypt, for resisting God; by the detail of law at Sinai; and by those peculiar dispensations in the wilderness, and in after ages, together with the prophetic warnings

and instructions, which accompanied them, all which would be reported among the nations, and would prove that there was a God in Israel. (5.) The last expedient is the universal publication of the gospel of Christ, accompanied by the Holy Spirit. If this fail, there remaineth no superior, no equal, no other device. There remaineth only fiery indignation to consume an incorrigible race. But this will not fail. Under this dispensation, our weapons are not natural, not ceremonial, but spiritual and mighty through God. In the first age the church advanced and triumphed; like Cæsar—came, saw, and overcame. But although the truth took strong hold of the memory, the conscience, the heart, the life of a moiety of those of our race, depraved man speedily disengaged himself, and returned to dark and indulgent heathenism. The church has at length resolved to republish the gospel in all the world."

Such is the nucleus of knowledge gotten from the Bible, and the history of the Bible alone. Definite and comprehensive as it is, it is the merest abstract, capable of indefinite, endless expansion, from the same source.

I am satisfied that Mr. Adams is right in teaching that the Bible is properly the sun and centre of the system of useful human knowledge, for this life as well as the next. All the lights of this world, while in their proper orbit, revolve around it.

1st. *Let us instance history.* Not only is it true, as the letter observes, that the Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world, but it is equally true that in the Bible alone, or gotten from it, *is the true theory of human history.* "*The Most High ruleth among the kingdoms of men.*" "*That nation that will not serve Him shall perish.*" "*The wicked shall be turned into 'hades,'*" (the grave,) (or shall be capitally executed by decree of the great sovereign of the world,) and so shall "*all the nations that forget God.*"

This is the true theory of history. Every nation is subject, in its organized or political capacity, to the general government of Providence. Willingly or unwillingly, they are so. There are no reserved (independent) rights. The government of God is one grand consolidated monarchy. Not a despotism—but a righteous government, perfect in itself.—"*God over all, blessed forever.*"

Remember this, and then read the history of ancient kingdoms—Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Medo-Persia, the empire of Alexander, and of the Cæsars; or of more obscure Philistia, Idumea, Moab, Ammon, and the rest; or of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, Tyre, Sidon, Ninevah, Babylon, Petra, Palmyra, or Thebes; or even of the still partially extant cities of Alexandria, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Corinth, and Rome. The Bible, here in the hands of the student of history, or of the traveller in ancient lands, is an instructive, perfect and necessary guide-book. It is the measuring line of the whole subject. The very best key to human history is the Bible. The very best commentary upon the Bible is the actual history of the world.

As the first map in the atlas is the round world—as the first plate in a perfect treatise on anatomy is the dry skeleton, (for the reader had often seen the living man,)—so the Bible is most appropriately the first book in history, and in a sense the compend of all. The commentary, in explaining the Bible, is obliged to tell you the history of the world; and this, as Mr. Adams says, is properly the

next book; and then turn to the most full and perfect history of the kingdoms and countries in succession, with all that Moses and the prophets say about them, before you, as the text. In this succession, Egypt naturally comes first—"the mother of kingdoms," as she is in history—"the basest of kingdoms," as she is in fact, up to the letter of prophecy. Then Assyria, with Ninevah, that "exceeding great city," her capital—until for her crimes she has a master given her, and thus sinks into the common grave of the nations that forget God. Then Babylon—in her day "the golden city," "the lady of kingdoms," "the glory of kingdoms," and "the hammer of the whole earth,"—with her wall three hundred feet high, and her temple of Belus surmounting the hanging gardens and overlooking those lofty walls—with her hundred brazen gates, and her hundred and twenty provinces, ruling over the kingdoms around her, till the maturity of her rebellion against the Author of the Bible, and head of the church, and father of the race, and sovereign of all—then her glory and her sceptre depart from her. Let the Bible and truthful history together tell it. In the same way peruse and ponder the annals of her successor, Medo-Persia—and then of the rising and the setting sun of Macedonia—and then of old Rome, down till the days of her miserable decrepitude. "The lone mother of dead empires, there she sits, childless and crownless in her voiceless woe." The Bible told it all hundreds of years—

"Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled."

Now thus balanced in the centre of the system, the Bible appears, in its perfectness, the light and the warmth of the whole subject. And the dark and intricate windings of human history are traced under an open sky-light.

The imperfectness of every historic work, written by uninspired man, is the complaint of every minute scholar. Some of them are written by infidels, and full of hollow-hearted and somewhat hollow-headed infidelity. But for the Bible, they would woefully mislead us. The Bible out of the question, they actually do. But it is peculiarly gratifying to find even Gibbon, and a score of such, with their hatred of the Bible plain enough upon their page, (about as plain as their ignorance of it,) yet writing out at immense labor and expense the literal proof and fulfilment of Bible prophecy. Perhaps this was the design of Providence, in having so much of the world's history written by enemies of the Bible. An intelligent and independent mind, enlightened in the serene and elevated principles of the Book of books, can safely enough accept the service of even infidel historians, in tracing out its wonderful predictions; and in such case will find himself richly stored in this great subject, from the pages in succession of Rollin, Gibbon, Hume, as also from Robinson, Watson, and others. A great deal of historic knowledge, both comprehensive and detailed, is gotten indirectly in the study of other subjects. Thus in reading the lights of the deistical controversy, such as Lardner or Paley, Watson, Wilson, Keith, McElvaine, Alexander, and others; and inferior to hardly anything of the sort, is, "Letters to Voltaire by certain Jews of the German and Polish synagogue." And minds of a certain order, will find themselves feasted beyond the comprehension of the multitude, in studying (not merely reading,) the works

of Isaac Taylor—Natural History of Enthusiasm, Fanaticism, Spiritual Despotism—Saturday Evening, &c. Of a somewhat kindred intellectual order are the Astronomical Lectures of Dr. Chalmers, and his book on Natural Theology, &c. Let us pass—

2d. To a hasty notice of another instance, in illustration of the point in hand. It is *Natural Theology*. If an individual of inquiring mind were to visit the wonderful temple of Jupiter Ammon at THEBES, he would ask, if he had an opportunity, and ascertain, if he could, the name and history of the architect. Well, the Bible has told us who is the architect of the much more wonderful temple of nature, with all its appropriate and interminable furniture. "By him (*Jehovah*) were all things created." Now the proof of this, found in the workmanship of nature itself, marks out the subject of natural theology. And in the general light of the true religion and the particular light of this definite Bible statement, is this vast subject explored—from the orbit of Jupiter down to the mechanism of a woodpecker's tongue, or a fly's foot, or a musquito's stomach. The work of Dr. Chalmers on this subject has already been mentioned—Dr. Paley's work on the same subject is inimitable; and the *Treatise of Ferguson of Dunfermline*, is simple, beautiful and satisfactory, and I know not how many others. But I am going beyond my intentions, and perhaps trespassing upon the editor's space and the reader's patience.

The observation is most just—that after a young man will take the trouble to make himself as familiar with the geography of our globe as A, B, C, and with the outlines of chronology, and with the simple Bible, the profit then of all his reading will be in a ten-fold ratio. Every biography he reads from Plutarch, or whoever else—every book of travels—every review or journal—every weekly or daily newspaper will naturally and almost without intention enlarge and perfect his store of knowledge.

A most valuable advantage in the acquisition of geographical knowledge is had in the missionary publications of our day. A most important help to an acquaintance with the Bible is enjoyed in the house of God every Sabbath. And a conscience at peace with the Bible is profitable unto all things—having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.

LECTURE

ON THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

Delivered in Washington College, Va., September 10th, 1838:
By George E. Dabney, A. M. Published by request of the students.

This is a pamphlet very neatly done up, in which Professor Dabney sets forth "the nature, the object, and the utility of this branch of education."

The author very modestly disclaims the purpose or expectation of being very original; and, indeed, how could he be, in proving "that ancient literature is not mere useless lumber?" An exceedingly conclusive argument that he is right on this point, is found in the fact that successive ages and generations, from antiquity down, have, without exception, given their practical testimony to the truth of his position.

Think of "*the vista of time*," so frequently spoken of in rhetorical efforts—a long bordered avenue or road, extending from dim and distant antiquity, down by us, and onward, till the view is lost in the future. Think of the lengthened succession of literati of all ages, travelling on it, and holding on their weary way, burdened with the thoughts of the thinking men of every past age, and proposing to show them and leave a copy of them with the living thinkers of every age as they pass. The question is whether that burden of theirs is "mere useless lumber?" Fools may think so, and doubtless do; but no one else thinks with them. The calamity is, that so much of that invaluable burden has actually been lost. Ancient literature, and foreign literature, is stored away in ancient and foreign languages; and a knowledge of these languages, particularly the ancient, Professor D. offers as "the key which will unlock these stores of information infinitely diversified, and of which there is no end." They are the record of every science and every art known to comparatively ancient times—the record of more than the half of human history—the materials of the history of language itself—the early annals of the human mind—the frame-work of intellectual philosophy—and the entire original record of inspired wisdom. Is this key a useless trifle—and because, forsooth, some few of every age, and of our age, gifted with the knowledge of its use, have gone in and brought forth for our edification, some fragments and samples of that incalculable store?

Professor D. assumes, without enforcing it, the important fact that elementary education is intended to learn students to think and investigate, rather than to store their minds with thoughts, and the results of investigation. The latter is a consequence of the process almost as much accidental as designed, while the former is the very end and essence of the enterprise.

Of course, in learning young minds to think, we must make them think—"practice makes perfect;" and in making them think, we must give them something to think about, something to think after, and something to think for. In this view of the case simply, it matters no great deal what the subject is, provided this process actually go on, and go on by rule, and go on with vigor. The lecturer offers the ancient languages for this purpose: their orthography, etymology and syntax—their structure, their spirit, their graces and embellishments—the new skies they open—the new worlds of thought and knowledge to which they lead, and the exhaustless mines of literary, scientific, and intellectual discovery, to which they are the avenue and the entrance.

"This study," says he, "when properly conducted, may be made a sort of gymnasium of the mind, giving more or less exercise and discipline to all its faculties." "If the mind should retain no single idea from the study of the classics, it will have acquired habits of thought—a muscular power—which will be of infinite advantage in the prosecution of its future researches."

In justice to the author, we insert the following paragraph as a sample of his style—reminding him, however, that the word "mobocracy" is of illegitimate composition, being the union of an English word, (scarcely English,) and a Greek one. Democracy is the word, and it is sufficiently expressive,

"This argument has been hitherto conducted, as if classical studies were merely a means to some end, extraneous to themselves; as if the Greek and Roman languages contained no ideas worthy of preservation—no specimens of true eloquence—of genuine poetry—of elegant history—of valuable moral and philosophical discussion. But the concurrent opinion of learned men, since the revival of learning, has been, that they abound with excellent models of composition and argument on all those subjects; that in them, the statesman, the poet, the philosopher, and the historian, may find materials for thought, and examples to correct and elevate the taste. The standard authors in English, as well as the other modern languages, owe much of their excellence to the study and imitation of the ancients. They abound so much with quotations from Latin and Greek, that no modern can fully understand the masters of his own literature without some acquaintance with those languages. It is not my purpose to unite in that senseless and indiscriminate praise of the ancients, so common with many, who have never really appreciated the excellence which they are in the habit of lauding. The classic writers are fair subjects of criticism, and blind admiration of them is as absurd and pernicious, as it ever must be, when its object is a mere human composition. Some authors, indeed, have been consecrated by the united approval of succeeding generations of scholars. In examining their writings, we should recollect that what appears to the superficial critic a blemish, is often a beauty in the estimation of profound scholars. A proper appreciation of their qualities requires an independent, but not a rash and conceited exercise of judgment. An examination in this spirit must bring us to the conclusion, that in works of taste and imagination the ancients have never been surpassed; while in treatises on moral, physical, and perhaps political science, the writers of Christendom have all the advantages, which increased experience and revelation can give them. To the poet, the orator, and the historian, the classic writers furnish excellent models for imitation, and constant subjects of meditation and admiration. Their simplicity, their condensed power, their ardent bursts of feeling, the perfect finish of many of their compositions, are worthy of all praise. Would that their noble models of eloquence could be imitated by some of the prolix orators of our own day, whose only excellence consists in multiplying words without either knowledge or taste! Our sickly, sentimental poets, too, whose strains abound in flowers, sunbeams, and other such common places, might well derive energy simplicity and taste from the pure masters of the ancient lyre. It is by no means my wish, if it were possible, to depreciate, in your estimation, the great men whose writings have immortalized British literature. Still farther is it from my intention to advocate the study of ancient authors, to the exclusion of an acquaintance with our own. On the contrary, I regard it as one of the happiest effects of a classical education—that it qualifies the mind for a more entire appreciation and higher relish for our own standard authors. Our Erskine, our Burke, our Milton, and our Hume, do not yield the palm to the Demosthenes, the Cicero, the Homer, and the Tacitus of ancient times. But a comparison of distinguished authors on similar subjects at periods so remote, enlarges the understanding and improves the taste. The moral and philosophical speculations, contained in the Latin and Greek writers, although not corrected and purified by the infallible knowledge since derived from revelation, are well worthy of an attentive consideration. They have much valuable truth mixed with error and absurdity. It is delightful to perceive, through the midst of pagan darkness, those gleams of moral and religious light in authors, who were not destined to see the sun of revelation arise in its brightness. In politics, too, although their authors do not deserve to be held up to unqualified admiration, as their poets and orators may be, they had many valuable ideas. The ambitious aristocracy of Rome, the licentious mobocracy of Athens, and the unnatural government of Sparta, are certainly undeserving of imitation. Yet the history of their rise and downfall, with the reflections of their great men on the excellencies which elevated, and the errors which sunk them, deserve an attentive examination and perusal. Minds, such as those of Demosthenes, Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and Tacitus, must of necessity throw light on every subject on which they touch. They point out to us the weakness, as well as strength of the governments under which they lived, and enable us to derive lessons of encouragement from their partial success, as well as of warning from their ultimate failure."

January, 1830.

THE AMREETA, OR, DRINK OF IMMORTALITY.

*A Hindû Fable.**

BY CHARLES M. F. DEEMS.

I.

On Mount Merû,—whose top sublime
Knows not the stealthy step of time,
Around whose form, forever bright,
Is thrown the radiant robe of light,
Whose brilliant diadem,
Of many a glittering gem,
Is with the eternal glory blended,
Where human thought has ne'er ascended,—
In deep debate
The hosts of heaven in council sate.

II.

Each sinless soor,†
Spotless and pure,
Bent all his matchless powers of mind
The much desired drink to find :
And every soul
Seemed burning with an inward fire—
A deep, absorbing, fixed desire
To seize the bowl,
To quaff the nectar, and forever be
Clothed with immortality.

III.

Narayan first the silence broke,
And to creating Brahma spoke :
" With a mountain stir the ocean ;
In its raging, wild commotion,
In its billows you shall see
The drink of immortality :"
The god consented, and at his command
The soors went forth, a potent, heavenly band ;
And called from Padalon's‡ hot floors,
To aid their work, the cursed asoors.†

IV.

Frowning in the distance, far
Above the clouds, stood Mount Mandar ;
Yet, in the depths profound of earth,
That lofty mountain had its birth.
The king of serpents went, by Brahma told,
And tore the mountain from its giant-hold,
And to the ocean's side,
With his vast load he hied ;
While soors and asoors, in expectant mood,
Around him stood.

V.

The tortoise-king stood
In the depths of the flood,
And on his back the ponderous weight bore up ;
And the serpent-king wound
His soft fold around
The monster-mountain like a pliant rope :

* The fable (of which this poem claims to be little more than a paraphrase) may be found in all its details, in the last note to Southey's "Curse of Kehama."

† The soors or suras are the good spirits, and the asoors or asuras, the evil spirits of Hindoo mythology.

‡ Padalon, the place of eternal torment.

In combination strong,
They ranged themselves along ;
Each spirit showed himself intent to be
The first in gaining immortality.

VI.

And as they drew the serpent out,
A cloud of smoke
Upon them broke ;
The hurricane wind and the flashing flame,
From the dragon-mouth of the monster came,
And played about
The pure and heavenly band,
That stood upon the strand,
And licked the shore,
That echoed to the troubled ocean's roar.

VII.

The light flame leaped to the side of the mountain,
And herb and flower,
And woody bower,
Threw their blaze high
To the lurid sky ;
And the bubbling fountain
Hissed as it threw its waves away
In misty spray ;
And round the lofty pyre
Were spread the dazzling wings of fire.

VIII.

Then came a mighty cloud,
And on the conflagration raging loud,
Its dashing torrent fell ;
And the juice of the herb and the sap of the tree,
Floated downwards to the sea,
And mingled with its swell.
This was the amreeta pure,
For which many a soor,
From age to age, had heaved a sigh—
The drink of immortality.

IX.

The scathed mountain still was turned ;
And as they churned,
The moon, with her soft, silvery beam,
Forth issued from the stream ;
The goddess Fortune, from her lily throne
Came out ; then the divine
Elivening spirit of wine—
And in her cause
Followed the snow-white horse :
All bent their footsteps upward to the sun.

X.

Then came a spirit with th' amreeta drink ;
And as he stood upon the brink,
And slowly lifted up
The precious cup—
The asoors claimed it as their due,
And quickly to their weapons flew :
Narayan stooping low,
Stood 'mid the tumult, in a beauteous form,
As the bright bow
Plays on the frowning visage of the storm.

XI.

Before his smile
The cloud of battle floated back awhile,
And in the contest, from the hand
Of Narayan, the heavenly band

Received the precious cup,
In which was all their hope,
To slake their burning thirst—
And for a moment all was still;
But ere the spirits had their fill,
The asoors like a tempest on them burst.

XII.

Onward with a cry they went—
And in their wild, discordant yell,
It seemed as though the voice of hell
And all the damned were blent.
Forward their course they wended,
And like a storm, descend'ed
To sweep the earth, to crush and break,
With brand and stake,
And shouting long and loud,
Pressed on the infernal crowd.

XIII.

Then from the sun
Narayan called his weapon down—
Lovely, yet terrible to view
The sheckra* through the inane flow;
The asoors admire
That dreaded instrument of burnished fire;
And as they gazed, the lambent flame
Slowly to Narayan came,
Who seized it in his mighty hand
And dashed it at the affrighted band.

XIV.

Forth it leapt,
And o'er the earth in terror swept:
It tore, and burned, and crushed a path,
As through the asoors it rushed in wrath.
Awhile 'twould shoot on high,
And flash across the sky,
And then 'twould drop from heaven,
And run along the earth like liquid levin,
And lap the blood
That on the ground in stagnant puddles stood.

XV.

With tree and rock,
And dreadful shock,
The asuras in their desperation rushed,
And would have crushed,
The purer spirits in the fight;
And with superior might
They tore the lofty hills asunder,
And dashed them to the earth with thunder;
But in a moment all the hellish host
Were in a shower of golden arrows lost.

XVI.

O'erwhelmed with fright
The evil spirits turned to flight,—
Some threw themselves in the wild commotion
Of the raging, tempest-tost ocean,
And others found
Retreat in caverns under ground,
And sought again
The raging pain
Which fate has doomed them to endure,
Forever and forevermore.

* The *sheckra* is an instrument frequently seen in the representations of Hindoo idols. It is double-pointed, and when used is held in the middle.

XVII.

Mount Mander, the monstrous, to its former bed,
With songs, and rejoicing, and praises, was led;
The sheckra, all harmless in beauty, ascended,
And with the warm light-flood of glory was blended;
The thrice blissful spirits, their vast labor done,
Quaffed free the amreeta, so painfully won.

Then the suras rejoicing, in gladness gave out
The token of triumph, a rapturous shout—
And the sea, and the shore, and the firmament rung,
As the psalm of victory by millions was sung.

Dickinson College, 1839.

MOLA DI GAETA.

A SKETCH FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAVELLER.

Tu quoque litoribus nostris, *Æneia* nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam, *Caleta* dedisti:
Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus; ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magnâ, si qua est ea gloria, signat.

Virgil *Æneid*, Lib. VII.

The faintest signs of dawn were scarcely visible, when we set out from *Velletri*. We had left Rome on the previous morning for Naples, and our route this day traversed the celebrated *Pontine Marshes*—a region of disease and desolation. This "Serbonian Bog" stretches from *Cesterna* to *Terracini*—a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles—between the first range of the *Apennines*, and an extensive forest, which bounds it with short intervals, upon the sea coast. It is caused by the want of declivity, which prevents the streams that flow from the mountains, from discharging themselves freely. Two small rivers traverse it, besides several minor streams. Many efforts have been made to drain it, both by Roman emperors and modern pontiffs: the last of which was that of *Pius VI.* in the eighteenth century, but without complete success. A fine modern road, elevated above the general level, and bordered with rows of elm and poplar, has been constructed along the course of the ancient *Appian Way*. Parallel with it is the principal canal, with which numerous smaller trenches communicate. The soil is generally let to large farmers, who reside in Rome, while the labor is performed by overseers and husbandmen from the interior, who do not long resist the deleterious influence of the atmosphere. The produce in grain is large in some places, and the pastures are rich, affording sustenance to numerous buffaloes, while great herds of swine roam through the dense forest, which, with slight intervals, shuts out the view of the sea. The popular opinion which ascribes the unhealthiness of Rome to the *Pontine Marshes*, is, I am persuaded, erroneous. They are too distant, and moreover separated from the capital by spurs of the *Apennines*, besides which the *Campagna di Romagna* itself affords a sufficient explanation of the melancholy phenomenon. As we passed through this "marish, vast and foul," this dreary "slough of despond," my feelings soon partook of the gloom of the scene, and I sank into no enviable state of mind. The sombre landscape was wrapt in a profound stillness, which was not repose, but the lethargy of "summer's noontide air." The silence of day is more impressive

than that of night. It addresses itself to the eye as well to the ear. The oblivious veil of darkness is not then thrown over nature, which seems paralyzed and oppressed rather than at rest. I could not resist the general contagion; and in spite of the popular prejudice which deems it fatal to sleep while crossing these pestilential plains, I fell back upon my seat and lapsed into a profound slumber.

When I awoke, we were already in view of *Terracina*, where we were to halt a couple of hours during the greatest heat of the day. This town, which is at the south-eastern extremity of the Pontine Marshes, though formerly of some note, is now a miserable place, notorious as the resort of bandits and outlaws. It has a population of nine or ten thousand, and boasts among its edifices, a cathedral, a dark and gloomy structure, as well as a palace, built by Pius VI., who made *Terracina* his frequent residence while engaged in the effort to drain the territory which I have just described. It is built in the vicinity of the Appian Way, and traces of the ancient port of Antonius Pius are still visible. The ruins of the ancient city of Anxur are also to be seen in its environs.

Terracina has an aspect strikingly wild and desolate. It lies immediately upon the shore of the Mediterranean, whose waves lave the very walls of the houses, stretching also upon a craggy, precipitous eminence, which rises abruptly from the centre of the town. It was here I saw for the first time, and not without singular emotion, palm-trees of spontaneous growth, whose gaunt, towering stems, surmounted by a radiating canopy of enormous leaves, struck me as fit emblems of barbaric Africa. We were detained at this desolate looking place, until my patience was nearly exhausted. I will not, as is the wont of travellers, dwell upon the discomforts of the inn, or the wretchedness of the repast. To me the greatest inconvenience was the delay, and it was with no small satisfaction that I heard, at length, the cry of the *returino*, "*Andiamo Signori!*"

In passing out of the town, I was struck by a peculiar discoloration of the rocks and adjoining waves, which emitted a noisome, sulphureous odor. These phenomena, frequent in the volcanic regions of Italy, never failed to fill me with solemn and painful emotions. They speak of a power beneath, at war with the arts of man and the beauties of nature. They vividly recall those awful calamities which have covered some of the fairest portions of the earth with "blackness and desolation." They are prelude of that final doom, which we are assured is to involve our world in a universal catastrophe. Alas, poor Italy! how many causes have combined to lay waste the beauty of her features! The enmity of nature, the violence of man, the hand of God, have all been upon her, and have left of her nothing but a lovely ruin.

Alas, o'er these fair scenes
Wild terror strides; their stubborn rocks are rent;
Their mountains sink—their yawning caverns flame;
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompelian towers,
And Herculaneum.

Dyer.

The road continued, at intervals, to wind along the coast, and the sea was rarely entirely out of view. The country through which we passed, formerly the theatre

of interesting events, the site of flourishing towns, and the abode of a crowded population, has sadly declined from its ancient prosperity. The traveller sees nothing but marshy plains, with here and there a wretched looking town, straggling along the edge of the water, and apparently inhabited exclusively by fishermen. Among these the most considerable is *Fondi*, which, although situated in a fertile plain, covered with poplar, orange, cypress and myrtle, presents a most dingy and desolate aspect. Its inhabitants, who do not enjoy a very good reputation, suffer much from the malaria of the surrounding plains, which are subject to frequent inundation. It is built upon the Appian Road, which is composed of large flags fitted together without cement. How admirable must be the work which has survived so many centuries!

Altogether the scenes and emotions of the day had been of a melancholy cast, and I was in no enviable state of feelings, when, fatigued in mind and body, we approached *Mola di Gaeta*, where we were to put up for the night. But how shall I describe the sudden transformation which both the scene and my feelings underwent? In the midst of a rich and fragrant valley, a lovely village lay reclined in the bosom of a gentle bay, which yields not even to Naples in the softer features of beauty. The white walls of the houses, embosomed in gardens, shone, from their contrast, with the dark verdure by which they were partially screened. Groves of orange, and citron, and fig, and mastic, and myrtle, with other beautiful or fragrant trees and shrubs, and here and there a shining cottage, or dimly discerned ruin, were scattered along the shore, which terminated in a promontory, crowned by the white walls and castellated towers of the town of Gaeta. On one side rose the blue hills of the Appennine, while on the other the eye traced an extensive outline of coast, gay with villages, vineyards, gardens and cottages. Numerous skiffs—their white sails impelled by a gentle breeze—were approaching the land, to take refuge for the night in the coves and inlets which indented the shore. The rays of the sun, which was just sinking beneath the horizon, burnished a sky of unclouded brilliancy, while the soft expanse of the water beneath, glowing with the horizontal beams of the descending luminary, and the brightness reflected from above, seemed literally to flow with molten gold. Presently a milder flush diffused itself over the gorgeous scene, which gradually invested itself with the soft, voluptuous tints of an Italian twilight.

Never had I been so affected by the tranquil beauty of nature; never had earth appeared so lovely to my eyes. I could not sufficiently contemplate the enchanting spectacle, whose charm held my spirit absolutely spell-bound. I roved among the luxuriant groves and fragrant gardens, inhaling with delight the perfume that floated on "*Favonian airs*," and listening with rapture to the song of the nightingales among the branches. By slow degrees the shades of evening came on, changing but not withdrawing the beauties of the scene. The queen of night succeeded to the king of day, shedding a mild and pearly lustre over the distant hills, the bright walls, the rich foliage and mellow waves, which broke in sparkling ripples upon a spotless beach. A gentle breeze, floating through flowers and fruitage, filled the air with fragrance, and fanned the

fevered temples with its cooling wings. The dark verdure of the orange and the cypress seemed tipped with silver, as it rustled with the stirring air. It was an evening never to be forgotten. A delightful calm diffused itself throughout my whole frame, and plunged my soul in a delicious reverie. It was not the quietude of languor, but the eloquent silence of thoughts too big for utterance. But I fear to give expression to emotions which must have been felt to be believed. Nothing, it has been said, cools us like the enthusiasm of others.

Sweet Mola di Gaeta! How often amid scenes of gloom and hours of sadness, has my spirit taken unto herself wings, and revisited thy lovely shore! How often amid the strife of factions, the din of business, the heartless sounds of gaiety, the fever and the agitation of the world, have I turned wistfully from the present to the past, and wandered in soul among thy "gardens of the Hesperides!" Sweet Mola di Gaeta.

J. L. M.

THE FIRST STATUE OF CANOVA.

(Translated from the French for the "Southern Literary Messenger.")

There are, doubtless, few of our readers who have not heard mentioned with honor the name of the great Canova, that skilful sculptor of modern times, whose admirable statues have almost taken rank amongst the master-pieces which Grecian antiquity has transmitted to us. Canova, like many other great men, owed his rise solely to himself. Diligent labor was the only source of his fortune, and the first attempts of his infancy presaged the success of his mature age.

Canova was an Italian, the son of a mason. All the education which he received from his father consisted in learning the business of his trade. As soon as his strength permitted, he learned to handle the trowel and the hammer, to mix the plaster and to place the gravel—occupations which he discharged with sufficient zeal and activity to be soon able to serve as the journeyman or rather the companion of his father, notwithstanding his youth. But in the frequent intervals of repose, which his weakness rendered indispensable, he amused himself by observing the different objects which he saw about him—with sketching them roughly with brick or hard stone upon the wall against which he leaned, or even with modelling their forms in the plaster and cement which he had just mixed. These constant exercises, practiced with as much perseverance as intelligence, soon rendered him familiar with the practice of drawing and of sculpture in relief. But his youthful talent was unknown to all, even to his father, who only concerned himself with his greater or less skill in passing the plaster to the sieve and in pouring enough water into the trough.

A whimsical event suddenly occurred to reveal it to all the world.

His father had been summoned to make some repairs in the country house of a rich lord of the neighborhood. He had taken his son with him, according to custom, to

act as his journeyman, and the genteel carriage of the little Canova soon procured him the affection of the chief cook and of all the scullions of the house, so that, the day's work being ended, Canova did not stir from the pantry, where he executed in crumb of bread or in plaster grotesque figures and caricatures, which delighted the valets, and in return they fed him in the style of my lord.

One day there was an entertainment at the country house. Canova was in the kitchen, playing with the scullions, when they suddenly heard a cry of despair from the pantry, and saw the head cook coming out in alarm, throwing up his cap, striking his breast and tearing his hair. After the first moments of astonishment, they crowded round him. "I am lost," he cried, "I am lost! My magnificent master-piece! my palace, which I had built for the dinner! see in what a condition it is!"

And with a pathetic gesture, he showed an edifice of pastry, which he had just drawn from the oven. Alas, it was burnt, covered with ashes, and half demolished. There was a general cry of surprise and grief.

"What is to be done?" demanded the chief cook; "here is the dinner hour. I have not time to make another. I am lost! My lord expects for the dessert something remarkable. He will turn me away!"

During these lamentations, Canova walked round the demolished palace and considered it with attention.

"Is this for eating?" he inquired.

"Oh! no, my little one," answered the chief cook, "it is only to look at."

"Ah well, all is safe. I promise you something better than that in an hour from now. Hand me that lump of butter."

The chief cook, astonished, but already half persuaded by his boldness, gave him all he wanted; and of this lump of butter, Canova made a superb lion, which he sprinkled with meal, mounted on a pedestal of rich architecture, and before the appointed hour, exhibited his finished work to the wondering spectators. The chief cook embraced him with tears in his eyes, called him his preserver, and hastened to place upon the table the extemporaneous master-piece of the young mason.

There was a cry of admiration from the guests. Never had they seen, said they, so remarkable a piece of sculpture. They demanded the author of it.

"Doubtless one of my people," answered my lord, with a satisfied air; and he asked the chief cook.

He blushed, stammered, and ended by confessing what had happened. All the company wished to see the young journeyman, and overwhelmed Canova with praises. It was decided at once that the master of the household should take charge of him, and have him go through studies suitable to his precocious talent.

They had no cause to repent of this decision. We have seen that Canova knew how to profit by the lessons of his masters, whom he soon excelled. Nevertheless, in the midst of his celebrity, he was pleased with remembering the adventure of the lion of butter, and said he was very sorry that it had been melted. "I hope," he added, "that my later statues will be more solid, otherwise my reputation runs a great risk."

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE ILL HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

By Harvey Lindely, M. D., of Washington, D. C.

The remark has often been made by Europeans, who have visited this country,—and the melancholy truth has been confirmed by Americans who have travelled on the eastern continent,—that American women suffer much more from ill-health than those of other countries. My attention has for some time past been particularly directed to this subject, and I am convinced that the remark is undoubtedly true to an alarming extent, and that it is the duty of the medical profession to examine into its causes, and if possible to suggest and urge upon the public the appropriate remedies.

Not only is the average health of our country women much less robust than that enjoyed by corresponding classes in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, but it is much more infirm than that of the other sex in our country:—I mean, after making due allowance for those diseases and afflictions peculiar to their situation and duties in society.

With respect to their inferiority in point of vigor, strength and robustness, to the women of England, as well as of the continent, I believe there is not one dissenting voice among those who have enjoyed the most ample opportunities for comparison, and whose attention has been attracted to the subject. The European has a much more florid and healthful complexion—a much more vigorous person—and is capable of enduring much more fatigue and exposure, and of performing much harder labor. The slender, and delicate, and fragile form—the pale, sallow and waxen complexion—which are so common among us, are comparatively seldom seen abroad. The feats of pedestrianism which are almost daily performed in England, even by ladies of rank and fortune, would appear almost incredible to our feeble and sedentary country women.*

That the females of our country are likewise much greater sufferers from ill health than our sex, is a fact, which the daily observation of medical men has abundant opportunity of confirming—and the class of diseases, from which they suffer most, are precisely those which we would suppose would be produced by the peculiar causes operating upon them. They are, derangements of the digestive and nervous apparatus. Every physician of much experience must have been

* As an illustration of this remark, it is mentioned by a recent traveller, in his letters from England, that while staying for a few days at the house of a friend in the interior of the country, it was proposed one morning that the family, including the ladies, should make a call on another friend, who lived about five miles distant. They accordingly started on foot, without any remark being made as to the mode of locomotion, as if it were an ordinary occurrence, and on their way home, were on little fatigued as to be desirous of making a digression of some two or three miles, in order to exhibit some picturesque view, which they thought might be interesting to their guest, as a stranger. Such a pedestrian excursion by an American woman, would be an event to be talked of for life!

struck with the fearful extent and obstinate nature of these affections—always difficult to remedy and frequently even to alleviate—and they seem confined almost exclusively to females and men of sedentary habits. They are always productive of great and protracted suffering.

It is important, if the existence of these premises be admitted, to ascertain the causes which operate to produce them. There are, no doubt, some circumstances beyond our control, which may tend to render the health of our country women inferior to that of females in Europe; but even if this be granted, there seems to be no reason why it should not be as good (with the qualifications before mentioned) as that of our sex. The deleterious effects of our changeable climate, is the only irremediable difficulty. It is a general impression that the climate of our country is less favorable to robust health than that of Europe: that it is more variable—being subject to greater and more sudden vicissitudes of temperature—and that this fact alone is sufficient to account for much of the ill-health that exists among us. This is perhaps partially true, although I am persuaded, at the same time, that a great deal more is attributed to the influence of climate than its importance deserves. It is said that not only are our summers hotter and our winters colder than in corresponding latitudes in the old world, but that the range of the thermometer within short periods is vastly greater here than there: and that these sudden and violent changes are productive of disease in all its Protean forms. Something must undoubtedly be yielded to this cause; but still I am persuaded that its influence both by foreigners and ourselves has been vastly overrated. It is probably true of Great Britain, which, on account of her insular situation, enjoys a much more equable climate than the rest of Europe. The extremes of winter and summer are not so great as with us, and the changes are much less within any given period. The mercury seldom rises above 80° of Fahrenheit in the shade in summer, whereas here it almost always rises to 90°, and occasionally to 100°.* This, and the corresponding mildness of winter, present a striking contrast to our temperature; but this difference is much less obvious on the continent, where, although the cold may not be as intense in winter, or the heat as oppressive in summer, as with us, yet the variations of temperature are quite as sudden and as great. I do not recollect ever to have seen a greater change than forty degrees recorded as taking place within twenty-four hours, in this country—while I have the authority of a distinguished

* At Penzance, in the south-west of England, for several years in succession the mercury has not risen above 75° in the shade. The mean temperature too of our summer months, is much higher than that of England; and, of the winter months, proportionably lower. The mean temperature of the winter months in New York and Philadelphia is from 28° to 32°, while that of London, for the same season, is about 40°. The mean temperature of the summer months, in the former places, varies from 72° to 76°, but in London reaches only 62°.

traveller for asserting, that a change of fifty-three degrees has been occasionally witnessed in the old world in the same period. The sudden and violent changes that are frequently exhibited in Italy, have become almost proverbial—where the scorching sirocco, “Auster’s sultry breath,” and the freezing transmontane, hold alternate sway, and with such short intervals, too, that the unwary traveller, who has sought this fair but treacherous clime in search of health, often discovers to his sorrow, that he has left the comforts and pleasures of his own fireside but to find a grave in a foreign land! Nor are those sudden and fatal vicissitudes of temperature confined to Italy. Although more striking, perhaps, “in that land of glory and of song,” they occur in a greater or less degree in France, Germany, and every other part of continental Europe.

The difference as to climate then, I am persuaded, is so slight, as to produce but little effect in favor of European health—and in fact (always excepting that portion of our southern country bordering on marshes and stagnant water and swamps,) I firmly believe that the climate of America is as favorable to health and longevity, as any equally extensive portion of the eastern continent.* The United States, it should be recollected, cover almost as great an area as the whole of Europe, and of course, taking in their whole extent, as much variety in the temperature of the weather is to be expected. Indeed, the middle, Atlantic, and north-western states of our confederacy, possess as salubrious a climate as any in the world. The difference then which we suppose to exist between the health of American and European women, cannot be attributed in any considerable degree to the difference of climate; and of course this can have no effect in rendering it inferior to that of the men, as here the causes operate equally on both.

There is a variety of causes tending to deteriorate the standard of female health in America, some of which are common to both sexes, and some peculiar to females. The former I consider as of no great importance, comparatively, and I shall, therefore, merely glance at them.

A much greater quantity of animal food is eaten here than in any other part of the world; and I have no doubt, that with females and men of sedentary habits this is no inconsiderable source of ill health—while, very probably, with the poorer laboring classes it is decidedly beneficial, and (together with more comfortable

abodes and better clothing,) is the principal reason that dysentery and typhus fever are much less frequently epidemic, and much less fatal in American than European cities. There, a vast number of individuals being congregated together in crowded, filthy and ill ventilated apartments, and living on crude, indigestible food, and this in scanty quantity, furnish a very hot bed for these and similar fatal diseases. In this respect we are pre-eminently favored.

But while a sufficiency of animal and other nutritious food is important to the health and comfort of those who labor hard in the open air, it is equally certain that a large quantity of meat is injurious to others whose pursuits are of an inactive and sedentary kind. Every body here is too much in the habit of using animal food three times a day, whereas once a day, and then in moderate quantity, is as often as any, except the hard-working laborer, requires it. Its excessive use tends to derange the general health, to debilitate the digestive organs, and produce a plethoric state of the whole vascular system, and should therefore be proscribed by every medical man, to all females, with very few, if any exceptions.

Perhaps a still more injurious practice is that of using hot, unleavened bread at our meals, and particularly at breakfast. Almost every family in this country, and more especially in the southern portion of it, is in the habit of having hot bread of some kind, and frequently three times a day. Every physician knows that this is much less digestible than bread which is properly leavened and has had time to become cold after being baked. It is, in fact, often but little better than half risen dough, and its digestion is a most unreasonable task to impose on any stomach, except such as can form chyle out of brick-bats. To make the matter worse, large quantities of tea and coffee are taken at a temperature little less than that of the boiling point, as if we were determined to do our utmost to violate the laws of nature and derange the functions of the animal economy.*

Another habit, in which undoubtedly all classes here are deficient, is the daily practice of ablutions. This subject has of late been frequently discussed, and its importance urged upon the attention of the public; but still I am afraid that little progress has been made in its general adoption: and yet every one who reflects a moment on the nature and functions of the skin, the importance of removing every obstruction to the insensible perspiration, and the increased danger of cutaneous diseases from want of cleanliness, knows that the importance of frequent friction and constant ablution can hardly be overrated. The habit of daily or at least

* The relative mortality of different countries, is of course the only fair criterion by which to estimate their comparative healthfulness. I am aware that implicit confidence cannot be placed in the bills of mortality, yet as they are the only guides we have, and as in most cases they probably make a near approximation to the truth, no great error can be committed in making calculations from them. During the year ending on the first of October last, particular care was taken to have full and complete returns of all interments in the city of Washington: and as these were made under my superintendence, as connected with the Board of Health, I know that they are correct, so far at least as the number of deaths is concerned. In that time we had about our average amount of sickness, and I cannot, therefore, be far from the truth in assuming the number for that year as a standard. There were 419 deaths during the year, and as our population is fully 25,000, including strangers, it gives a mortality of but one in fifty-nine; while in London, which is undoubtedly one of the healthiest cities in Europe, the mortality is one in forty; and in Rome and Naples one in twenty-seven pays the debt of nature annually; showing a decided superiority in favor of our national metropolis, and which I believe is likewise applicable to all our principal cities, except those of the south.

* All foreigners are struck with the diseased appearance and premature decay of our teeth. How much of this *national* and most unfortunate defect is to be attributed to our taking our food, and especially our drinks, at so elevated a temperature? It would be an interesting subject of inquiry, if some one who has the requisite leisure and suitable opportunities, would investigate this matter thoroughly and philosophically; and he would confer a public benefit of no little magnitude, if he could ascertain its causes and point out the appropriate remedies. There can be no doubt, that extremely hot drinks always injure the teeth, giving rise to inflammation and subsequent caries and destruction of these important but delicate and susceptible organs; and probably the iced water, too, so freely used during our hot summers, may be equally injurious, as it is the sudden change of temperature to which the teeth are exposed that causes the mischief.

frequent bathing or washing the whole body, is decidedly more necessary to the health of women than of men, as a general rule, because from the very nature of their employments (being sedentary and within doors) they need something to make up for the deficiency of more active occupations. Bathing and rubbing the skin afterwards with a flesh brush, or a coarse towel, is the very best substitute for this want of general activity, because it actually affords considerable exercise, and because it accomplishes one of the most important objects of exercise—a healthy state of the skin.

Our whole national habits need a thorough reformation in this respect. If we may judge of the domestic habits of the people, by the condition of our public hotels, there is no civilized nation on the face of the globe, so deficient in the conveniences for cleanliness, (and of course, we may suppose in the reality,) as ourselves. We are certainly behind most European nations, and still more inferior to many of the Asiatics, in the practice of this most delightful and beneficial of all the appliances for health. Mr. Stuart, who presents a much more favorable portrait of us than the generality of his countrymen have, in his travels in this country, remarks, that "the practice of travellers washing at the doors, or in the porticoes or stoops, or at the wells of taverns and hotels, once a day, is most prejudicial to health: the ablution of the body, which ought never to be neglected, at least twice a day, in a hot climate, being altogether inconsistent with it. In fact, I have found it more difficult, in travelling in the United States, to procure a liberal supply of water at all times of the day and night in my bedchamber than to obtain any other necessary. A supply for washing the face and hands once a day seems all that is thought requisite."

When the saline and other elements caused by perspiration and by exposure to the air and dust, are allowed to accumulate on the skin, they necessarily obstruct its pores and derange its functions; and if this state of things is permitted to continue for some time, obstinate cutaneous diseases and not unfrequently violent internal affections, particularly of the stomach and bowels, will almost infallibly ensue. I have again and again witnessed that most obstinate and disgusting complaint, the scald head, arise from apparently no other cause. The quantity of dry, white scurf, which collects on the skin and which can be removed even by the flesh brush, is really surprising; and travellers in the east, who have enjoyed the luxury of an oriental bath at Constantinople or Cairo, and who considered themselves not previously deficient in habits of cleanliness, express their astonishment at the immense amount of these scaly particles, which a single ablution will remove—and they tell us, after using the bath two or three times, the skin instead of presenting the dry, rough, husky feeling so common with us, has all the elasticity, delicacy and softness of the finest velvet.*

The daily use of the bath has often been objected to, as inconvenient and as occupying too much time, and time too which can ill be spared by the industrious and busy American. But the fact is, it can easily be so managed as to occupy but little time, and occasion but little inconvenience. A basin of water, a coarse

towel, and five or ten minutes at rising or going to bed are all that are necessary. And where is the man, woman or child, in the whole land, so busy or so poor, as not to be able to afford all these? It is desirable that this ablution should be performed every day, but it should never be neglected for more than two days. There can be no doubt, that this habit alone, perseveringly and regularly continued, would do very much to restore the feeble health and invigorate the enervated constitution of American females.

The absurd system of dress too, adopted by the sex, is often productive of serious mischief, and not unfrequently leads to fatal results. It seems as if a mode of dress could hardly be devised, which in some respects would more infallibly produce disease, suffering and death, than the one now in vogue. The exposure of the feet, neck, breast and arms, to cold, wet and sudden vicissitudes of temperature, is exactly fitted to bring on pleurisy, coughs, consumption, dysentery and various other serious complaints. The exposure of the feet alone, in the way in which it is often done, is enough to cause the most fatal attacks. For example, I have seen a lady walking to the capitol, through the streets of Washington, when the snow was two or three inches deep and melting rapidly, with nothing to defend the feet but silk stockings and thin morocco shoes. Nor is this a very uncommon occurrence in any of our cities—and at any rate, exposures almost as suicidal are daily taking place. Instead of wearing boots with India rubber over-shoes and thick stockings, (concealed, if fashion render it necessary, by silk or cotton over them,) they at best have only worsted hose, thin low shoes, and perhaps over-shoes, all so low as readily to admit snow and water. Again, it is a very common practice for them to wear worsted or cotton stockings in the house and by a warm fire, and to put on silk when going out, thus rendering the dress thinner instead of warmer on being exposed to a lower temperature. The same dangerous practice prevails likewise with respect to the arms and neck, both of which will be more or less warmly covered at home, but at parties, where they are constantly exposed to sudden changes of air, they are either naked or nearly so. These and a hundred other instances of imprudence and carelessness, with respect to dress, are constantly occurring with females of all ages—but more particularly at that period of life when they are most dangerous, viz: at the commencement of puberty, when nature is exerting herself to effect those changes in the constitution, which are indispensable to fit the female for her peculiar and important duties in society.

Consumption too, is often caused by exposures of this description—and in fact, the greater number of instances of this complaint, which occur among females than among males, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, (a difference which certainly exists,) can, I suspect, be accounted for only on the supposition that their dress and habits generally render them peculiarly liable to it. What stronger proof could be adduced of the necessity of a radical change in these respects? This subject need only be referred to, to convince every individual of its importance and its truth.

To enjoy perfect health, it is absolutely indispensable that the feet should be kept dry and warm—and this is decidedly more necessary for females, for very obvious

* Several of the remarks and illustrations contained in this article, were published by the writer in a series of essays in the Philadelphia Saturday Courier of 1839.

reasons, than for the other sex. Every woman should therefore have her feet guarded with the most sedulous care from wet and cold, and then take as much exercise in the open air as her situation and circumstances will admit of. She should always, in the winter season, wear woollen stockings, stout shoes or boots with thick soles, with over shoes in wet weather, and all sufficiently high to effectually exclude snow and water. Flannel drawers also, and sufficient covering for the breast and neck, should never be omitted—and above all, those capricious and dangerous *changes* of dress, (now so common,) should be most carefully avoided.

The mode of female dress is bad enough in all fashionable circles throughout christendom, but unfortunately for us, it is decidedly worse in America—at least that commonly worn in the street—than in Europe. In London it would not be considered *genteel* (a most important and potential consideration,) for ladies to be seen in the street as thinly clad as is customary with us. There, the rules laid down in the preceding paragraphs, are in general fully adopted, and the principle is carried even farther: for India rubber over dresses are not uncommon as a defence against their sudden showers—a precaution, to be sure, which our more regular climate renders in part unnecessary.

There is another custom, peculiar almost to American women, which prevails to a great extent in some parts of our country, and which is productive of immense suffering to the individuals themselves, as well as of great injury to the constitutions of their children: I refer to the extremely early age at which females are often married, particularly in the southern and western states. This is not a proper place to discuss this subject in all its painful aspects, and I will therefore only remark, that every physician of extensive practice, is often called to witness and lament the distressing and irremediable maladies caused by the indiscretion referred to.

The most prolific source, however, of disease and suffering to the female sex, is, unquestionably, the want of proper and sufficient exercise in the open air. This is an evil that I despair of ever seeing completely remedied so long as *fashion* throws so many obstacles in the way; but still I have no doubt a great deal may be accomplished by perseveringly calling the attention of the public to its injurious consequences; and there is no class of men who can do so much and act so appropriately as the medical profession, in bringing about this desirable reform.

The habit of confining the female sex within doors to the certain and irremediable injury of their health, is begun in early childhood. From the time the child can walk, till she sinks into her (perhaps premature) grave, confinement in close, ill-ventilated and may be crowded apartments, is her lot. While the boys of the family are allowed, nay urged to spend much of their time, when not at school, in active out-door sports, which are considered important, if not necessary for *their* health, a totally different course is pursued with the daughters, as if their systems were constituted in a manner to require no such adventitious aid to invigorate and strengthen them. The natural consequences of such a plan of education are too soon apparent in the pallid countenance—the feeble frame—the languid appetite—the restless night—the feverish tongue—the nervous head-ache of the daughter—while the rosy complexion,

and generally vigorous health of the sons, as clearly indicate the propriety of the opposite system.

The practice is continued as the girl advances from infancy to childhood and youth. At the age of three and four years, and sometimes even earlier, she is sent to school to spend six or seven hours a day, in a crowded room, with the atmosphere rendered impure and unwholesome by the congregated breaths and bad ventilation. And, as if this were not doing enough towards enfeebling her health and undermining her constitution, she is, in addition, placed on a seat without a back, so that the muscles of the spine and trunk are kept continually on the stretch in order to support the body, instead of being allowed the alternate contraction and relaxation so essential to their active growth and perfect development. These muscles from being placed in this unnatural state, soon become enfeebled and drawn to one side, and that dreadful malady, curved spine, is the frequent consequence. And, to make the matter still worse, the enervated frame is now encased in tight stays, with an abundance of steel and whalebone, and thus all motion of these muscles is literally prevented, and nature wholly obstructed in her attempts to counteract this absurd and dangerous violation of her laws.

Curvature of the spine is found to occur much more frequently in girls than boys, owing without doubt (for no other reason can be assigned) to the more active habits of the latter when out of school, which invigorate their muscular system, render it more elastic, and thus enable them successfully to withstand the effects of this confinement. I am fully satisfied that the great and increased frequency of this harassing and obstinate affection among girls, arises chiefly if not wholly from their improper and useless confinement in school when very young, superadded to their general languor and debility, from want of active exercise in the open air.

This view of the subject is confirmed by Dr. Forbes in his excellent article on "Physical Education," in the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, where, in speaking of the regulations of a boarding-school for girls, which prescribe daily one hour's exercise, (a walk on the public road,) and that only when the weather happens to be pleasant, at the precise hour assigned to it, he remarks, "That the practical results of such an astounding regimen are by no means overdrawn in the preceding pages, is sufficiently evinced by the following fact—a fact which we will venture to say, may be verified by inspection of thousands of boarding-schools in this country. We lately visited, in a large town, a boarding-school, containing forty girls; and we learned on close and accurate inquiry, that there was not one of the girls who had been at the school two years, (and the majority had been as long,) that was not, more or less, crooked! our patient was in this predicament; and we could perceive (what all may perceive who meet that most melancholy of all processions—a boarding-school of young ladies in their walk,) that all her companions were pallid, sallow and listless. We can assert, on the same authority of personal observation and on an extensive scale, that scarcely a single girl, (more especially of the middle classes,) that has been at a boarding-school for two or three years, returns home with unimpaired health; and for the truth of the assertion, we may appeal to every candid father whose daughters have been placed in this situation."

The whole school system, as generally adopted in this country, with respect at least to the very young of both sexes, is absurd and vicious and should be reformed. This is not the place to discuss such a question, but I cannot forbear remarking on the folly of confining children of from three to seven years of age, six or seven hours every day in the close, crowded and ill ventilated apartments, called school-rooms, in order that they may employ about *twenty minutes* in reciting their lessons—for in point of fact they do not spend more time than this at their books. They are generally called on to recite twice in the forenoon, and as often in the afternoon, and not more than *five minutes*, and frequently less, are devoted to this object each time. The remainder of the day (for they are too young and inexperienced to know how to *study*;) is spent in listless and to them hateful inactivity—or in petty mischief, annoying to their teacher and their school-mates. This course is exactly fitted to disgust them with the very name of study or of school—to injure their health and depress their natural energy and sprightliness. How much more useful would it be to the child, and how much more agreeable to the teacher, (for it would save him the trouble and vexation of constantly watching the little urchins,) that this unemployed time should be devoted to play and exercise. If children must be sent to school at all, at an early age,—of the necessity and policy of which, however, we are altogether incredulous—why not have play-grounds attached to the school-house, where these active little beings may be agreeably and usefully occupied, except when actually engaged in reciting?

Mr. Friedlander who has written well and much on the subject of education, gives the following table for the hours of rest and labor as best adapted to the development of the intellectual and physical powers of children.

Age.	Hours of sleep.	Hours of exercise.	Hours of occupation.	Hours of repose.
7	9 to 10	10	1	4
8	9	9	2	4
9	9	8	3	4
10	8 to 9	8	4	4
11	8	7	5	4
12	8	6	6	4
13	8	5	7	4
14	7	5	8	4
15	7	4	9	4

The habits of most girls, after leaving school, are very little if at all improved, as it respects exercise in the open air—and in fact it is fortunate, if they do not become even worse than before. The natural buoyancy of youth, and the excitement of companionship, will often lead them to engage in sports at school, which are entirely relinquished in solitude and retirement. As they advance in age, these inducements grow less and less, and the opportunities for their employment more and more rare. They now go out but seldom; whole days, and sometimes several in succession pass on, without their once enjoying the exhilarating effects of the fresh breeze; and at best, this indispensable requisite to health, is not resorted to one-fourth as much or as often as it ought to be. Instead of spending from *two to four hours every day* in the open air, probably half an hour is the maximum, and even this is

frequently wholly intermitted. Every physician knows what must soon be the lamentable consequences of such a course—an utter prostration of all corporeal vigor—and that inevitable result, a nervous state (the immedicable disease) of the system.

There is no such thing as enjoying perfect, robust, vigorous health, without exercise—and without exercise in the open air. A naturally hardy constitution may bear up, with apparent impunity, for a considerable time against this gross violation of nature's laws—but the day of bitter and lasting retribution, ever to such will surely come—while those, who are constitutionally feeble and delicate, very speedily suffer the punishment due to their folly and carelessness.

I have no doubt, that nine-tenths of the suffering endured by nervous females is owing entirely to the neglect of this single habit—and that an invigorated constitution, renewed health, renovated strength, a healthy and therefore beautiful complexion, increased appetite and elasticity of spirits, would very soon follow in the track of altered habits.

Among all the various classes of individuals who suffer in this way, my sympathy has been most frequently excited in behalf of those women who earn their scanty and precarious livelihood by sewing. These unfortunate persons are perfect martyrs to the various diseases we have been considering. Head-ache, pain in the side, weakness of the back, stricture of the chest, dyspepsia in all its harassing and peace-destroying forms, habitual and obstinate costiveness—these, and even more than these, are common attendants upon their life of privation and suffering. And when urged to adopt the only effectual remedy, they tell us they have not time—that the supply of their own necessary wants and of their families, renders the employment of every moment absolutely indispensable. This is a plea, which at least, must command our respect and excite our sympathy, if its correctness and truth do not claim our assent.

It is, however, undoubtedly a mistaken and short-sighted view of the case, even on the score of interest and economy. The body, as well as the mind, requires rest and recreation, and *change*—and although, perhaps, not to the same extent, yet certainly the same in kind. We all know that the student who devotes but eight or ten hours a day to literary pursuits, and employs as many more in active exercise, will accomplish more in a given period, than he who spends double that time in poring over his books; and for the simple and obvious reason, that the mind cannot be applied *rigorously* and *effectively* more than eight or ten hours a day to one subject. Just so it is with the body. If these good women could be persuaded to devote two or more hours each day to walking, or, where it is practicable, to riding, or some other efficient exercise in the open air, enough would be gained in renewed vigor and increased elasticity to more than compensate for the little loss of time—and more, I have no doubt, would be actually accomplished, than in the present mode, to say nothing of the incalculable benefit that would result to their permanent health and comfort. And I hardly know a greater benefit the medical profession could confer on the public, than to lend their powerful and efficient aid in accomplishing an entire change in the habits of American women in this respect.

This change is equally necessary in all ranks and conditions of society. From the lady of fortune, who spends her time over the piano and the latest novel, to the humble seamstress, who devotes perhaps fourteen hours out of the twenty-four to her needle, all suffer from the want of active employment, and all need the cautionary advice of their medical friends. The wealthy indeed have much less excuse for their deficiency here than those in poorer circumstances. A great variety of modes of exercise, agreeable and convenient, are accessible by them, while the others are necessarily more restricted in their choice. Riding on horseback, in carriages, walking, swinging, battledore, &c. &c., are all good, and might all be usefully resorted to in their turn, and all these too, except the first, could readily be enjoyed by all.

The importance of this subject can hardly be overrated. Robust and vigorous health is necessary to the physical, intellectual and moral advancement of a nation, and every thing, therefore, which tends to its more rapid improvement and more extensive diffusion, should never be neglected by the patriot or the philanthropist.

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES: TO THE EDITOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

NO. II.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S.

Christmas day, 1839! One of the smiles the old year, dying, puts on to make his old friends remember him! And we will remember him: for what says quaint Tennyson?

"Old year, you shall not die!
We have so laughed and cried with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year! if you must die!"

Keeping Christmas is a very ancient custom: and our fathers in the "old cuntry," have been longer renowned for this usage than any other people, and for a much longer time, moreover, than they themselves have celebrated any other festive occasion. Of yore, they appointed at the king's court, (as old Stowe tells us,) a "lord of misrule, or master of merry disports:" the same merry fellow made his appearance at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction; and, among the rest, "the lord mayor of London, and the sheriffs, had their lords of misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastime to-delight the beholders."

Then there was the "hagmena," a night or two before Christmas, when folks went about in the garb of beggars, wishing happy Christmas and New Year, and carrying away money, pies, puddings, nuts and apples:—a very olden custom. Kindred with it is "mumming," which is, the different sexes changing attire and going about, from house to house, on the "hagmena," or begging frolic. I believe this is kept up in our own more sober land, "a custom," however, to quote Hamlet, "more honored in the breach, than in the observance."

The idea of bedecking churches and houses with green boughs was Druidical; and has been used in Britain, ever since the times of those ancient pagans. They covered their dwellings with ivy and holly boughs, to invite thereto the sylvan deities they worshipped, to protect them there, till the woods should again put on their foliage. This custom is continued, in this country, among the Catholic and Episcopal congregations, as well as in the father land. It is an erroneous derivation of the origin of it from that passage in Isaiah's prophecy, which tells of the box, the fir, and the pine, as beautifying the sanctuary, and making the place of God's feet glorious. The custom is clearly a pagan, and not a christian one, in its origin.

In "Poor Robin's Almanac," as given in the "Popular Antiquities," by Branel, there is a Christmas carol that shows how that festival was commemorated in 1695, and so worth copying here.

"Now, thrice welcome, Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer!
Minced pies and plum pudding,
Good ale and strong beer!
With pig, goose, and carpon,
The best that may be,—
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree!

Observe how the chimnies
Do smoke all about!
The cooks are providing
For dinner, no doubt.
*But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
Oh! may they keep Lent,
All the rest of the year!*

With holly and ivy,
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses,
As fresh as the day.
*With bay and rosemary,
And laurel complete,
And every one, now,
Is a king,—in conceit!*

* * * * *
But as for curmudgeons
Who will not be free,
*I wish they may die,
On a three legged tree!"*

How clearly does the old prophet-bard, above named, throughout the whole sixty-six chapters of that divine poem, foretel the coming of the Father, Prophet, King, whose birth millions are, at this hour, engaged in celebrating! And how does his song call to mirth and gladness, in its every burst of prophetic eloquence! "Break forth, break forth into joy! Sing, sing together! Wasted Jerusalem! Jehovah hath comforted his people! Jehovah hath redeemed Jerusalem! He hath bared his arm in the sight of all the nations! All ends of the earth shall see his glorious salvation!" And they have!

Eighteen centuries ago, it was one perpetual night which veiled the whole earth. To a handful of the human race, upon the remote corner of Judea, there shone the faint light of ancient prophecies; but they were only like distant stars, which sent their trembling rays upon the darkness, and adorned, but not removed the curtain that hung its folds over the world. As to the Gentile nations, their "philosophy" had now sunk into

profound repose, in complete despair of being able to furnish the wanderers with guidance and light. Then, all which loves the shroud of darkness was awake and active. Profligacy indulged, freely, its enormities. Superstition fastened its chain upon the multitude. Idolatry built, every where, its shrines,—and power clashed with power,—and nation rose against nation, filling the earth with wars,—until, in those sad hours, no step was taken, and no event occurred, that served not to add fresh discord to the raging of the people. It was the season, when penitence had no hope,—the passions no guide,—and the world yielded to the empire of sin and of death! Thus, “darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness, the people.” When, suddenly, a light broke from the east! The clouds rolled off from the heavens! The spirits of the night were surprised by a day-beam from on high! Ignorance stood detected! Philosophy was humbled and amazed! The bosom of the penitent was filled with joy! The grave seemed decked with flowers! For the Sun of Righteousness had spread over the world the healing of his rays,—and the pure air was filled with the melodies of celestial spirits giving “Glory to God in the highest,” and, on earth, proclaiming “Peace—good-will,—toward men!”

This day, then, is the anniversary of the hour that admitted an emanation from the One only true God into the humble and sinful abodes of benighted man, to take upon him our nature, and to become to us a glorious Redeemer. We are bidden by inspiration to hail him as “The Mighty God! the Everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!” The only perfect image of God in man, as an example of pure holiness, first exhibited for the elevation of a fallen race! The only prophet, whose influences of the spirit are unmeasured! Messiah,—in all the authority of that relation! King,—in all the power and dominion of that sovereignty!

How meet is it, then, that such an anniversary,—the hour that gave birth to One in whom *all* faith and hope are centred,—should never return without receiving the fullest distinctions, and honors, it is in our power to give it. Why should we refuse to go to the cradle of Christ, and, like the philosophers of the east, render all homage to Him, the Prophet, King, Redeemer? We encircle the days of national deliverances, with every demonstration of gladness: those, on which the chains of the oppressor were broken, and liberty returned on the banners of armies and fleets. Why, then, shall we decline to commemorate the advent of the Conqueror, who burst, for us, the heavier bondage of evil desires, and the dark prison of the tomb? who proclaimed the more glorious liberty of the sons of God, and shone in triumph over the influences and domination of an infernal foe? We mark the period with rejoicing, in which the mild influence of peace descends, like refreshing rain, after the thunders and commotions of war. And shall we refuse respect and the evidences of delight, to the hour when a holier peace was announced on the lyres of angels;—when all fears of God’s offended justice vanished in the presence of a Mediator?

We deem it to be an important duty to consecrate the hour of *the natural creation*, when the Creator rested from his labors,—by weekly observances and honors,—when God said “let there be light! and there was

light!” and a world of beauty and brightness sprung from the confusion of chaos! And shall we neglect the annual return of that period, when, at the rising of a brighter light, *the moral world* sprang up in the freshness of a new creation, and spiritual influences moved over the face of a wilder chaos of perverted, misguided and corrupted affections, to summon into life an empire of knowledge, holiness, and peace?

* * * * *

New Year’s, 1839. What a soft delicious day, for mid-winter! Peacefully, and with a smile of rare beauty dawns the New Year on us: and may it so continue, to the end. Some there are who view with a too solemn and serious air, the recurrence of this merry season of the year. “Is this a time to be cloudy and sad?” Shall we greet the approach of the stranger with gloom on our brow? We have sped the parting guest, and drank the peace-cup, in hearty libations, to his memory.

“He frothed his bumpers to the brim,
A jollier year we shall not see!
And though his eyes are now so dim,
And though his foes spoke ill of him,
He was a friend to me!
He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o’er;
To see him die, across the waste,
His son and heir hath rid, post haste,—
But he was dead, before!

Every one for his own!
The night is starry and cold, my friend!
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend!
Comes up, to take his own!

* * * * *

Alack! old friend! thou’rt gone!
Close up his eyes! Tie up his chin!
Step from the corpse! and let him in,
Who standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door!
There’s a new foot on the floor, my friend!
And a new face at the door, my friend!
A new face at the door!”

Tennyson.

Then the health we drank to thirty-eight, let us drink to thirty-nine! May it be a year of prosperity and success, to the readers of the Messenger, and to the Messenger itself! May a smiling spring, a fruitful summer, a rich autumn, an abundant harvest, and a gentle fall and decay, be the records of its career, as set down in the great volume of nature, kept by the patient and truthful finger of old Time!

“And let the shepherd’s flute, the virgin’s lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet’s lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll!—
For me,—when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,—
Be my tongue mute; may fancy paint no more,—
And, dead to joy, forget, my heart! to beat.”

Thomson.

New Year is the seventh day from Christmas, and comes into “the holidays” with all that merry season’s claims upon our attention. Its observances are, generally the same; though, in different sections of this country, as well as in different countries, it is celebrated in various ways. In olden time, that quaint and most veracious chronicler, old Stowe tells us, the young women went about with the famous “wassail bowl;” which was a bowl of spiced ale, on New Year’s eve

and morning, with some appropriate verses, which they sang from door to door. "New Year gifts," it seems, were even then as much in vogue as now. I think the huge bowls of egg-nog, apple-toddy, whiskey-punch, mulled wine, and other similar potations, which are set up by the hospitable keepers of New Year's, in some sections of our country, are but so many improved lineal descendants of the old "wassail bowl." Instead of carrying this bowl from door to door, however, as was then the custom, "the young women," more wisely and modestly, stay at home, and receive the visits of those who are inclined to partake of the merriment of this happy season. And thus are well brought in, moreover, the presentations of the "gifts," which still characterise the mode of celebrating the coming of the New Year. In this respect, too, the moderns have improved vastly on the ancients. See the array of Souvenirs, Tokens, Bijoux, Books of the Boudoir, Books of Beauty, Gems, Tableaux, Keepsakes, Forget-me-Nots, Scrap Books, Gifts, Violets, and the whole host of annuals, with which the compters of the booksellers, and the centre tables of the fair and lovely of the land are glittering. Old Stowe would have written a few more quartos and folios, by way of commemorating the celebration of such festivals, had they been characterised by features like these. But yet, I doubt whether, after all, with this increase of luxury in the mode of keeping up these memorable days, we have not lost a good deal of that real feeling with which our fathers held them in remembrance.

"'Tis good to be merry and wise,"
saith the old song: a sentiment of deep meaning and pith. So felt and so acted the people of a simpler day. I am of his mind who has quaintly said,

"I like them well! the curious preciseness
And all pretended gravity of those
That seek to banish hence these harmless sports,
Have thrust away much ancient honesty!"

And, searching among these musty records, I have found a bit of valuable information for my fair readers, who have not yet made up their minds as to which of two emphatic monosyllables they will fix upon, in a certain contingency. Old chronicles say, that at the first appearance of new moon, *after New Year's*, if any unmarried woman will go out, at evening, and look over the spars [bars] of a gate, or stile, and, looking on the moon, repeat the following lines—

"All hail to the Moon! all hail to thee!
I prithee, good Moon, reveal to me,
This night, who my husband must be!"

and then go directly to bed, she will dream of her future husband.

Here is a queer proverb of very great antiquity, which I insert as appropriate to the month I write in:—

"If the grass grow in Janveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year!"

And another for the month of this present publication:

"All the months in the year,
Curse a fair Februaire!"

But I must "draw up." I cannot ask more room, this month—for there are other and more amusing correspondents of the Messenger, who must have fair play. And so farewell for another month.

Washington, January, 1839.

J. F. O.

YOUTH.

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,—
The glory and the freshness of a dream!
It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
The things, which I have seen, I now can see no more!"
Wordsworth.

I.

Oh! give us back the happy time
In life's young hours,
When roving in a fairy clime,
'Mid fadeless flowers,

The heart leaped up, in its young delight,
At the meanest thing that hails its sight;—
When we saw a beauty, in the days of yore,
And heard a music we shall hear no more,—
In the Heaven above, and the Earth below,—
In the rain-bow's arch—in the river's flow,—
In the flowers that flush in the steps of Spring,—
The fountain's gush, and the butterfly's wing;—
When the sea, and the earth and the star-gemmed sky
Were filled with a brightness and melody,
Ere the carking cares of life had away,
Or custom had chased the charm away!

II.

Oh! it is not now as it was of yore,—
The spell hath departed forever more!
The rose still gladdens the face of Spring,—
Still the butterfly glances his golden wing:—
The bow still gleams in the Heaven above—
The emblem eternal of Peace and Love!—
The waves still leap on their march to the sea,—
The fountain still gusheth in melody:—
Yet tho' their hue be as bright, and as sweet their tone,
We see not—we hear not—as once we have done,—
For, the charm is now broken,—the fairy spell gone!

Oh! give us back the happy time
In life's young hours,
When joyous we roved in a fairy clime,
'Mid fadeless flowers!

III.

The charm is broken,—the fairy spell gone,
And wiser and sadder the heart hath grown!
We've learned to unweave the cunning woof
Of the bow, that spanneth yon star-wrought roof;—
We hear no more in the thunder-tone
The angry voice of th' Invisible One;—
The lightning leaps on its dazzling path
No longer the fiery sword of his wrath!
We have lifted the veil! and the cold hand of Truth
Hath broken the vision that gladdened our youth,
And its golden dream, yielding to reason's proud away,
In life's sadder wisdom hath melted away!
But what tho' that dream were deceitful and vain?
Oh! who would not wish to live o'er it again?
We've entered the garden,—we've plucked from the
bough,—
We've tasted the fruit,—are we happier now?
Oh! give us back the happy time
In life's young hours,
When joyous we roved in a fairy clime,
'Mid fadeless flowers.

ELIA.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RETIRED LAWYER.

RECOLLECTIONS INTRODUCTORY.

I brought away from the practice of my profession, nearly the full measure of reverence for it, with which I commenced the study at nineteen. And that measure exceeded even the reverence attributed to honest Dandie Dinmont; of whom it is written, that in his heart, next to his own landlord, he honored a lawyer in high practice. Not one of my teachers—neither he who carried me, cyphering, through the Rule of Three, nor any of those who taught me Greek, Latin, and Mathematics,—no, nor our neighborhood preacher himself—ever half so filled my soul with idolatrous emotions, as a certain eminent barrister did, who sometimes, in going to or from one of his courts, called to spend a night or a day at my father's house. In conversation he was capital: fluent, copious, and lively; full of anecdote, drawn from both life and books; duly fond of fighting his forensic battles o'er again; and in the opinion, as well of my father (who was no bad judge) as of all our public,—one among the truest of men, and safest of counsellors. At the bar, he ruled juries, and some courts, with absolute sway, by his ingenuity, eloquence, and reputation for knowledge and honesty; insomuch, that (as was said of a great Edinburgh advocate) any litigant thereabouts would have deemed it 'a mere tempting of Providence to omit retaining' John Mason. With talents which, had he been ambitious, would have raised him to what dignity he pleased,—the more readily, as his political opinions were of the popular cast—he never sought office, and therefore never held it: for the days of *Regulus* and *Cincinnatus*, when consular robes went to seek retiring merit, have not been our days. When solicited to stand as a candidate for Congress, he constantly shrunk back, appalled at the obloquy sure to bedaub public men, and disgusted at the base compliances which general usage or party discipline exacted from them. The life of an independent country lawyer, was the life for him. In serving his clients, whom he served just as ably when they could pay him no fee as when they paid him hundreds—in scourging fraud, as he always did when it came in his way, without ever abetting it, even in a client—in vindicating wrongly-accused innocence, and sometimes (it must be owned) in screening guilt behind the ægis of his eloquence—in the bosom of his happy family, the enjoyments of friendship, the sports of the field, and the pursuits of literature—he found pleasures, oh, how little known to those who tread the steep yet miry path, leading to the bright, bleak, and barren summit of vulgar ambition! Still, he was not indifferent, far less ignorant, on public questions. He examined them all, thoroughly; reading, for that purpose, the newspapers on both sides, with the impartial eye of one who looks only to truth, and the public good. Oftener than once, at critical junctures, he addressed the people in resistance or in support of men or measures that appeared dangerous or beneficent; and with those auditories, no antagonist could ever withstand him. It may seem strange to many, that being so gifted, he should have so shunned those walks, wherein his endowments might have displayed themselves in their full amplitude and lustre. He held not only political distinction, but the very professional trophies which every court-day brought him, as of little worth, com-

pared to the joys of society and the chase. Our house was one of his resorts, at proper seasons, for hunting. I attended him and my father afield, from the time when I was able to carry a hare, or half a dozen partridges; and it was he, John Mason, who, in my eleventh year, placed a gun in my hand, to fire at a flock of larks, of which I killed three—my first exploit at gunnery. Those three birds were veritable *opime* spoils to me. Their killing was an epoch in my existence. From that day, for ten good years, the great theme of my thoughts and dreams, was hunting. Yet it was not alone that mastering passion,—it was rather the blandness of his tone and the paternal fondness of his whole manner,—that printed on my heart his words, as, upon my begging him to let me shoot, he handed me the gun; 'That you shall, my dear boy!'—At fifteen, I was his rival in winging game. But our chief strife was in deer-hunting. He preferred my father's big gun, called 'Ben Bowles,' that would chamber five buckshot, and carry forty at a load. I used the rifle. With these, and six good hounds—But I am garrulous: let all this pass.

John Mason died, a year before my law-studies began: disappointing all my well-founded hopes of advantage from his instructions, and his matchless example. Undesignedly, however, he gave me lessons which were of the most signal use; lessons, contained in what I myself remembered of his manners and character, and in the innumerable traits of integrity, benevolence, and high bearing, long preserved by tradition through the whole country-side. A most important influence those lessons have exercised upon my life. If my professional deportment was at all remarkable for the absence of those foibles vulgarly ascribed to lawyers; if, when consulted about the propriety of bringing a law suit, I always rigidly cross-examined my client touching the grounds of his claim, and dissuaded him from proceeding when I found it ill supported; if the suits which I thus prevented, were more than the many which I carried through; if I ever disdained pedantic display, appeals to prejudice, misplaced pomp of language, and every form of charlatanism; if I invariably strove to avoid misrepresenting either the facts in a case, or the argument of an adversary; if I was ever careful to lay down as *law*, to court or jury, nothing, save what I knew or believed to be law; if, instead of attempting to brow beat or abash younger lawyers, I did all in my power to encourage and assist them; if I never tried, by laughing, or grimace, or interruption, to impair the effect of an adversary's speech; if clients much oftener wondered at the lowliness than complained of the exorbitancy of my fees, while I was always anxious rather to overgo than fall under the charges of my brethren; if I never would gratify an employer's ill nature by wounding the feelings of an adverse witness or party; nor could be deterred by any personal danger, from lashing fraud, perjury, or impertinence;—it is all owing more to John Mason, than to any other human being, except my parents.

My early reverence for the profession of the law is now explained. Identified in my thoughts with John Mason, it could not but appear to me a sanctuary of the virtues. Nor has experience, the great dispeller of youthful visions, taken much away from the mass of my esteem. The law has its anomalies: what inexact science has not?—but in the reasonableness and happy fitting together of its principles; in their appli-

ability to endlessly diversified facts; in the beauty and aptness of its analogies; in the delicate nicety, yet clearness, of its distinctions; in the multitude of subjects with which it is conversant; in the number, as well as magnitude, of the interests it guards; and in the noble field of exercise it affords to the highest and best faculties of the human mind; the law leaves all other sciences, all other professions, immeasurably far behind. Its votaries, too, if comprehensively viewed, are worthy ministers at such a shrine. Ridiculous, and evil traits, undoubtedly, many of them have. Brought daily into contact with depravity, and forced to see it, often, in those whom the world believes immaculate, the lawyer runs a fearful risk of infection; nor does he always escape. But when he does escape, his quality is like treble refined gold—pure, bright, and precious. And, whether it is, that lawyers generally see the frightful mien of vice so palpable, as to hate and shun it of course; or that their professional training and practice contain some antidote to the poisoned atmosphere they breathe;—so large a proportion of them actually do escape the threatened contamination, that whoever meets a lawyer, feels reasonably sure of meeting a man of honor, as well as of intelligence. The instances to the contrary are exceptions to a general rule; and the wittings, here and in England, who have made such instances the pretext for throwing odium or ridicule upon the whole fraternity, rank but with the saucy jester who held up Socrates to derision, or the punier ones who have circulated the numerous current witticisms in disparagement of woman-kind. In looking for genuine representatives of the legal profession, a candid investigator will turn not to such impotent abortions in morals or intellect, as appear now and then at the city and country bar; but to those who tread emulously (no matter, whether conspicuously or not) in the foot-steps of D'Aguesseau, Somers, Erskine, Sir Wm. Jones, Quincy, John Adams, Wythe, Wirt, and Marshall.

Law-practice has one unhappy effect, upon many of its virtuous followers; in leading them to think ill of human nature, from the obliquities they behold. This, however, rarely happens except to those whose digestion is bad, or who have been defeated in some political aspiration. A few, I have known to acquire this form of misanthropy from mistaken views of religion and the Creator; and one or two, from having been early imbued with the head-wise but heart-foolish Maxims of Rochefoucault. The judgment of these last, has an affinity to that of knaves; whose discolored optics naturally transfer their own hues to whatever they contemplate. Those who have Juvenal's cardinal object of prayer—a thoroughly sound mind, in a sound body,—learn to make allowances for human weakness; to know how hard passion is to resist, when it concurs with tempting opportunity; to perceive that much of the villainy apparent to a lawyer, is seen through the blackening and distorting medium of his client's interest or prejudices; and to balance against the worst man's worst actions, some partially redeeming virtue, which even *he* is sure to possess. The vilest I ever knew—one who was universally deemed well worthy of the penitentiary, though his cunning always kept him out of it, and whom it was my lot once to expose and scourge before a jury so that they utterly discredited his oath, for his notorious perjuries,—had yet so kind a heart, that he was known to share his last dollar, and was ever ready to

divide his last loaf, with a distressed fellow creature. Nay, so little prone was he to malice, that even towards me, who had repeatedly been obliged to gall and thwart him, he preserved, I believe, something more than the semblance of good feeling.

Few lawyers practice long and with tolerable success, without witnessing, and being actors in, scenes or incidents more striking, by their pathos, or their comic power, than many which have made the fortunes of novelists and play-wrights. Strangely ingenious villainies, defeated by chances or devices no less strange; crimes, brought to light and sometimes to punishment, by oddly combined circumstances, or shielded by professional skill and eloquence; unexpected turns of evidence, covering the most hopeful suitor with blank dismay; displays of simplicity or of humor in witnesses or counsel, that set the court room in a roar; instances of sordidness, fraud, generosity, integrity, at which it were doubtful whether the laughing or the weeping philosopher might give the more scope to his propensity; these are a few of the objects which pass before the lawyer's eyes—a living drama and romance, where a sensible man may learn more of human nature, than from a dozen Shakspeares. I have had my share of such incidents. These, of which (I could say almost with Father Æneas) 'I saw all, and was myself no small part,' I have occasionally narrated to my children and grandchildren; who flatter me into the fancy that what they have so eagerly listened to, may equally please strangers to my name. Possibly, too, good may be done by putting honesty on its guard against fraud, and showing how to unmask knavery. Whether my memory, or my skill in selecting and arranging the facts I tell, will suffice to make them interest a reader as they have done my partial auditors, is very questionable. It is harder, for most people, to tell a story passably on paper, than by word of mouth. My eldest daughter's eldest daughter, however, promises to overlook my handiwork, correct the punctuation, improve the language where needful, and then read it to her mother, who is to set the part of Moliere's old woman, in deciding whether the piece will suit the public taste or not. Emboldened by their assurances of success, and promises of help, I begin. But let me advertise the reader, that if he meet any fine flourishes, of sentiment or of diction, in these narratives, they will be chargeable not to me, who am a plain writer, and a matter-of-fact man; but to the clever hussy aforesaid, who will retouch and 'improve' (as she says) all my effusions. Her style is sometimes too ambitious: a rare fault in women.

RECOLLECTION I.

THE PLEA OF INFANCY.

In the year 17**, a young man named T—E— commenced the trade of merchandise in a county adjoining his native one of B. His capital was not more than four or five hundred dollars; and his stock in trade consisted only of a barrel of sugar, a bag or two of coffee, two casks of whiskey, one ditto of hard cider, some nails, bar iron, and half a dozen small 'notions,' such as pins, fishhooks, &c. &c. Nothing particular was known of him, in that neighborhood, though some of the wise heads had been occasionally shaken at the idleness of his life. It had certainly verged upon dissipation. His father had never con-

trolled, never usefully employed him; but had suffered him to raise pocket money in the three stages of childhood, boyhood, and youth, successively by selling hare-skins and racoon-skins, and by gambling. He was at times a roystering, turbulent blade, as ever pitched a dollar or drained a glass; but, like most 'do-nae-goods,' he could be, when he pleased, smooth and specious in word and manner, as Belial himself. He was moreover handsome; of precisely that feminine beauty, which in any man is apt to betoken a light mind and frivolous character, but in one whose lot of life is low, hardly ever fails to indicate, if it does not cause, utter good-for-nothingness.

Such was our young merchant. But none of his new neighbors dreamed of half the ill that was in him: the good was on the surface, and every body was captivated by it. Never had so small a grocer, so large a run of custom. His sugar and coffee had to be renewed every two months, and his whiskey every two weeks. E——'s 'store' became the favorite haunt of all the good fellows within five miles around. All Saturdays, and many other days beside, were devoted there to tippling, pitching with dollars or with flat stones instead of quoits, playing 'old sledge' (or 'all-fours') with dirty, greasy cards; quarrelling and fighting. E. was the inspiring genius of every such frolic; not only by dealing out the liquor, but by mixing with the drinkers, and driving forward the jest, the laugh, the game; nay, sometimes, (for he could bully very plausibly) the quarrel and the fight. If he ever himself fought, it was in a very slight way, merely to maintain a reputation for spirit, which was indispensable to good standing, in that region. It never lost him a friend, or gained him a black eye for more than three days. He was the darling of the toppers. He was so gay, and frank; his laugh was such ready chorus to all their jokes; he poured out his good drink for them so ungrudgingly, not only while their money lasted, but so long as they had a cow, or a feather bed at home; he took such care of them when they were overcome with liquor—helping to lift them from the floor, where they would be trampled upon, to his own bed in the counting room, and when that was full, to a snug corner, where they might lie and v——! Then, if one of their horses at night-fall, tired of standing all day, gnawing the fence rail to which he was tied, happened to get loose and set off homewards, E. was sure to catch and secure him for the night, either by tying him to the same stake again, or by putting him in a pen hard by; often, too, throwing him several cornstalks to browse upon—which the animal, if it were only for variety' sake, relished better than the rail. There was nobody like T—— E——.

The women of the neighborhood, one might well think, would be with most difficulty won over to E.'s interest. Their discomfort certainly increased with his trade. Husbands and fathers were oftener and oftener seen staggering home, with red bloated faces, shiny, stupid eyes, their whole persons exhaling insufferable odors, and their tempers ready for furious out-breakings. Female wailings were sometimes heard, on such occasions. Mothers began to wear clouded countenances, and lift up deprecating hands and eyes to Heaven, when they heard their grown up sons talk of going to E.'s store: daughters hung their heads, and almost hid their faces in their long-eared calico bonnets, to conceal their sorrow and bruises, as they entered the meeting-house on a Sunday after one

of their fathers' convivial Saturdays: and wives drooped in silent, unutterable woe, under the brutality which was now requiring the surrender of their young hearts, and the constant devotion of all their womanly energies. Yet, unaccountably, they did not view T—— E—— as the author of their griefs. It had always been the custom, that every man who could find his account in selling spirits, should do so if he pleased. He had never been regarded as a mischievous tempter; nor had any of the misery he caused, been laid at his door. Besides, E., personally, was so pleasing—he flattered the dames and flirted with the lasses so winningly—he was so demure and moral when it was his cue, and so handsome at all times—that he was no less a favorite with the women, than with the tippling men.

Among his female friends, was a widow woman, who became desirous to turn her little farm and farming stock into money, which she thought would yield her a more certain and easy support. So infatuated was she with the manners and ostensible character of T—— E——, that she suffered him to be the purchaser, at the price of 1500 dollars, upon his own, unsecured bond, for paying her an annuity during life. It never occurred to her that this flourishing merchant and charming young man could possibly be insolvent; nor (what proved more material) that he was not of an age to bind himself by a contract.

For one or two years, the annuity was duly paid; but for the third and fourth, it was unpaid; and, all other means having failed, the bond was placed in my hands, "to be collected by suit." The suit began, and proceeded to that stage, at which, if no defence were made, a judgment by *default* would be confirmed against the defendant. Just at that stage, he, by counsel, entered his appearance, and pleaded *infancy*; i. e. that when he made the bond, he was not twenty-one years of age. The case was laid over (*continued*) till the ensuing term, at his instance; the loose practice then prevalent, not requiring him to make affidavit that his defence was just—else, in all probability, he would have so sworn.

At the next term of the court, when the cause was called, both parties announced themselves ready for trial. My client had for her agent a kind neighbor, who saw to the summoning of her witnesses, and served as a link of communication between her and me. Her adversary was present in person, prompting his counsel, and holding earnest conversations with his only witness—his father—who stood near, with a puffy book like a Bible, under his arm. As we could neither allege that the obligation had been given for *necessaries*, nor that the defendant had confirmed it by any promise made since he came of age, there was no alternative but to dispute the fact of infancy. The great question to be tried therefore, was, whether he was under age or not, when the bond was made?—In opening the case, I stated to the jury the nature of the transaction; exhibited the bond; told them what question they were to decide, and that the burthen of proof was on the defendant, to show his infancy; touched briefly upon the general dishonesty of that defence; adjured them because of that dishonesty, and because this money was literally *the all* of my poor widowed client, to be satisfied with none but the most clear and convincing evidence of what her debtor alleged; and then recited the circumstances on which I relied, to repel his allegation. These were merely, that he had transacted business with many persons on his own account; that

his father had not, for a year or two before his becoming a merchant, exerted the slightest authority over him; that his features and appearance were those of an adult; and that he had voted in an election previous to the date of the bond.

The defending counsel then rose, to make the opening statement on behalf of his client. He justified the young man for pleading infancy, by the general good policy and presumed justice of the law which authorised it, and by the particular fact that in this instance he had, through inexperience and youthful confidence, been induced by the plaintiff's artful representations, to offer her twice the value of her property. As to the question of infancy, the learned counsel said (with an air of undoubting triumph) that he would offer proof which would defy all my ingenuity to parry or elude, and any amount of skepticism in the jury to disbelieve; proof, by the oath of his client's own father, a man of unimpeachable character, that on the day when the bond bore date, the obligor was only nineteen years and some months old.

This was what I feared. The old man was sworn in solemn form (and methought the clerk propounded the oath with unwonted solemnity) to speak 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so help you God!' He was then desired by my adversary to tell, if he knew, on what day of what year his son, the defendant, was born?

I objected to his answering the question, if there was a register, any where, of the son's birth. The register itself must be produced: no other evidence was admissible.

The court assented to my proposition. The adverse counsel and client exchanged sly looks of triumph. Their witness too, looked wise and self-important, as, with an air which said 'I expected it—I am ready for you'—he produced from under his arm the pury book above mentioned.

'Here's my son's birthday, written by me with my own hand in this here Bible. It's my own hand-write.'

'Read it,' said the counsel.

The old man put on his spectacles, and read an entry, importing that 'T—E—, son of the above' (meaning his parents, whose marriage was noted on the same page) 'was born on' such a day, 17**; being just nineteen years, eleven months, and six days, before the date of the bond.

'When did you write this?' said the counsel.

'The very day after he was born,' said the old man, nodding at his son.

'You are clear and distinct in your recollection of that?'

'O yes; for I've had the Bible ever since, and read over this register a thousand times.'

'Very well,' said the counsel again, and with a big, exulting look: 'I am satisfied—and so, I presume, are the jury. But perhaps, Mr. W., you still wish to cross-examine the witness?'

I certainly did wish to cross-examine him; and said so. Meantime, I had scrutinized the old man's Bible. It had no pages marked off between the two testaments, for a FAMILY RECORD, as modern Bibles have: the register of marriages, births and deaths, was written on a blank leaf at the beginning. It was observable, that all the entries, though purporting to cover twelve or fifteen years, were not only in the same hand, but made with ink of exactly the same color. Several different pens did appear to have been used;

but this, it struck me, might be only a finesse, to make the times of writing seem different. The identity of ink and handwriting, was extremely suspicious.

'Mr. E——,' said I, 'upon your solemn oath do you say, that you wrote this entry of your son, T.'s birth, here in this Bible, on the very next day after he was born?'

'Yes, if I was to die this minute, I say so!'

'And did you write these other registers?'

'I did—at the partikkler time every one of 'em bars date.'

'Then, if so, why is the ink in the last, exactly as old-looking as the ink in the first, which, you say, is fifteen years older?'

'I don't know—the long time, I suppose, has made 'em all look old alike. Can you see any difference in teeth, betwixt a horse that's fifteen and a horse that's twenty? Besides—the ink is pale, and here was different pen marks; that's evident.' And his counsel, delighted with his reply, held the book ostentatiously towards the jury; who seemed but too much of the old man's mind.

Staggered but not desperate, I again took the Bible, and turned to the title page; where, to my surprise and joy, I saw that it had been printed only ONE YEAR before the bond itself had been executed! The book had not existed, until nineteen years after the time when, as the father swore, he had there registered his son's birth!

Hiding my joy, however, and composing myself as much as possible, I again, by reiterated questions, made the poor old man repeat, beyond all chance for retraction or denial, his well conned story; and then, by reading aloud the printed date in the title page, and showing it to the jury, I satisfied them that the book had been bought, and the entries made in pale, oldish colored ink, with pens purposely varied, since the present suit began, and for this very occasion.

The wretched father sunk down in confusion, upon the witness bench. Without leaving their box, and without another word of testimony, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff.

Still the judgment could be final only for the two delinquent instalments of the annuity. For future instalments, a resort to the court again and again would be necessary. And to satisfy even the present judgment, the caitiff debtor had no personal property upon which an execution could be levied. I therefore caused an execution to be issued, which, as I expected, was returned 'no effects.' I then filed a bill in equity, stating the facts; and praying that the land which my client had sold, might be applied to pay its own purchase money. As no security had been taken, and E— had not sold the land to any third person, her 'vender's lien,' for the purchase money was held valid: the farm was decreed to be sold on terms very similar to those on which E. had bought, but the new purchaser was required to give good security for his payments: and my client spent the rest of her days in tolerable comfort.

All who have read Miss Edgeworth's admirable 'PATRONAGE,' must remember an incident somewhat similar to this which I have narrated: the forgery of a will, detected by finding, under the wax of the seal, a sixpence coined long, long subsequently to the date of the will. The witness, (there also an aged man) had sworn, that on attesting the instrument, he had himself placed this sixpence under the seal. Instead of one coined in Queen Anne's time—which he ought to have used, to

make his story good—he had put in one of George III. “So weak is guilt, when destined to destruction!”

In crime, as in literature, there is less absolute novelty than the slight observers of either imagine. Authors, of the greatest reputed originality, are often found, wittingly or unwittingly to have taken unnumbered ideas, nay whole skeletons of books, from humble forerunners: and many tricks or atrocities, which their beholders deem without precedent or parallel, are in their leading features mere duplicates of each other. The resemblance between the two foregoing *detections*, exemplifies this. My own experience affords another example of the same kind. It was my fortune a second time to expose a foul fraud, by means of a blunder in the criminal, very similar to the former.

An executor, who had been in that office for several years, and had brought its duties nearly to a close, came one day to inform me, that an alarming claim had been brought forward against the estate of which he was just about to clear his hands. It was a bond, signed by his testator, and binding him to pay one L., nine hundred dollars. It bore date, two years before the testator's death. The executor had funds enough (*assets*) in his hands, to pay the demand; but he doubted its authenticity. L., had always lived within twenty-five miles of the deceased, and of his executor; had known the latter to be executor of the deceased, and to be ready to pay all just demands; and had himself been not at all affluent, so as to make it probable that he would long forbear to present his claim. The signature to the bond (my counseler said) seemed to him genuine: if a forgery, it was a most skilful one. L.'s character had not been entirely fair: so, coupling this with the other circumstances, I advised the executor to let him sue upon the bond.

Suit was brought. When the declaration had been filed, and with it the bond, I took the first opportunity to examine them. The latter was in the old fashion, of an obligation, with condition to pay 900 dollars; very long and wordy, covering more than half a page of foolscap; all printed, except the date, sums, and parties' names, which were written in blanks left on purpose. The paper and ink looked old as the date: the signature appeared to be the testator's own, (for I knew his hand;) but the blanks were filled evidently by a different hand, which the clerk said was L.'s. I pleaded, that the supposed writing obligatory was not the testator's deed, [*non est factum*] which plea my client made oath, that he believed to be true. An additional cause of suspicion had occurred to me. Holding up the bond towards a window, I read, wire-woven in the paper, its maker's name, T. AMES, S. Now I had a strong impression that Mr. Ames had not established his manufactory in S. more than five years: the bond purported to be seven years old. I held the necessary communication with him by letter; gave the needful instructions to my friend the executor; and at the trial, when L. had proved by several respectable witnesses that the signature to the bond, as they believed, was in the testator's own hand writing—I produced, properly taken and certified, the deposition of Mr. Ames—who resided in another state. He testified, that his paper manufactory in S. had not been established until the year 1809—two years after the date of the pretended bond; and that no other person of his name, had ever manufactured paper there, or elsewhere to the best of his knowledge and belief.

The jury found for the defendant; and the plaintiff escaped a prosecution for forgery only by his promptitude in leaving the court and the country, before the requisite measures were taken to apprehend him.

THE STEAMBOAT NEPTUNE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The boat glides o'er the calm blue sea—
The vernal skies are bright—
The tuneful waves right merrily
Propel her flight.

But clouds arise—the ruffian winds
Rush from their prison-cell;
The shelving coast frowns dark and dread—
Mad surges swell.

'Tis night—drear night! the troubled bark
Reeling and headlong goes:
Or groaning, like a wounded man,
Buffets her foes.

The boldest mariner turns pale;
Hark! to the trumpet's cry—
How faint—while awful thunders roll,
Rending the sky.

The boat! it strikes—it strikes the rock!
The cry, the shriek, the prayer,
Are mingling with the deadly shock,
In wild despair.

There was a little child
Upon the mother's knee—
Who said her simple prayer
Amid that raging sea;

She sang her tender hymn—
Then spoke so free and mild:
“Mother, our dear Lord Jesus .
Doth love the little child;—

“You told me of his happy home,
Above the stormy sky;
Mother, he'll take us there to dwell—
We're not afraid to die.”

So there they were, as peaceful
As the pearl beneath the deep,
When the booming battle-thunders
Across the ocean sweep.

Hoarse came the words of horror,
Swell'd by the strong man's breath;
But innocence and holy faith
Look'd fearlessly on death.

Morn! morn! the clouds are breaking—
The tempest's wrath is o'er—
The shatter'd bark creeps slowly on,
To reach the welcome shore;

For lo! the appalling danger
Past by on wing of flame;
Prayer touch'd the glorious gate of Heaven,
And listening Mercy came.

BABYLON—A POEM:

By C. W. Everest. Hartford: Canfield & Robins, 1838.

It may be truly said of the American poet, that, with him, "poetry is its own exceeding great reward." We can imagine no destiny darker and sadder than that of the youth, who, conscious of his lofty powers, and feeling within himself the fires of genius, should devote himself, in this country, to poetry as a profession. Deny it as we may, the taste of the people of the United States is any thing but poetical. We do not allude now, in the cant phrase of the day, to the want of "patronage," in the absence of which, genius is said to droop and wither, like a sun-loving plant in the shades of the wilderness. We do not believe in the necessity of royal and munificent patronage, for the perfect development of genius. The true poet, while his soul is filled with the beauty and glory of his own divine imaginings, can bear poverty, and even neglect, while his heart is cheered by hope; and perhaps even the uncertain prospect of posthumous fame, might support him in the midst of despondency and gloom. But by what hope is the poet cheered, who pours his songs upon the deaf ears of our countrymen? He is like the merchant, who should expose for sale the rich silks of the east, the diamonds of Golconda, and the pearls of Omar, to men who were dying of thirst, and imploring Heaven for water on an Arabian desert. Intelligent and enlightened as are the people of the United States, their situation and pursuits are such as almost necessarily to give them a distaste for the works of genius and art. The excitement, which these works create in the quiet and leisure, in which thousands of Europeans pass their lives, we find in the active pursuits of business. The bewildering and exciting uncertainty of speculation, and the rapture of political strife, are our substitutes for the more refined and peaceful pleasures which the works of genius might supply. Hence it is, in part, that in a land full, both in its physical structure and in its history, of the elements of poetry, we are a nation of prosers. The beauty of our mountain scenery, the deep green of our beautiful vallies, "the red-bird's wing, the gleam from crystal lake and new discovered fountain," delight us far less than our rail roads and "iron mountains." There is no painting that can charm our eyes like the map of an imaginary "new city;" and with all our "internal improvements," we are far too apt to forget the improvement of the mind,

— "that inner eye,
That is the bliss of solitude."

The destiny of him, therefore, who in this country would make poetry his profession, is sad and dark in the extreme. His songs may be as sweet as those of the nymphs of Calypso, but the ears of his countrymen are sealed, and the sound dies away and is forgotten ere the echoes in his own heart have ceased to ring. Neglect—cold and heartless neglect—this it is that must chill his burning aspirations and dampen the ardor of his genius. If he can bear all this, and, satisfied for the present with an "audience few, but fitting," like Milton await calmly the decision of posterity, let him devote himself to poetry—but as he

would escape disappointment, let him not expect to hear, in his own day, "the thunder voice of immortality replying to the lightning of his thoughts."

Devoid as we most certainly are of a national taste (if such a thing there is) for poetry, we have among us many, who, had they, like Wordsworth, made poetry the study of their lives, might have attained the highest point of perfection in the "divine art." In the moments which they have stolen from the graver pursuits of business, they have given us some of the most perfect poems in our language; but after a brief visit to the Castalian springs, they have invariably returned to their daily toil in "the cotton line and sugar trade." Among these, the writer of the poem, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, is destined we think to take a high rank. It is his intention, we believe, to make poetry rather the amusement than the business of his life. Bestowing upon it such attention, as the intervals of leisure in a professional life may allow, he will find poetry a most delightful pursuit, and the applause of the comparatively few who care for such matters, will cheer and encourage his more weighty and important labors.

We had no expectation, when we listened to the part of this poem, which was delivered at the late commencement of Washington College, of seeing it in print, and we therefore bestowed upon it a more careful attention than we usually devote to the exercises of such occasions. We were not then sure that our high opinion of its merits, was not, in part, to be attributed to the finished elocution and graceful manner of its gifted author. Its effect upon the audience, from these causes, and from the intrinsic merit of the poem itself, was more striking than any thing we recollect to have witnessed on a similar occasion. The opinion which we then formed, we are happy to find confirmed by our more mature judgment, after a careful and critical perusal of the printed work.

The subject of the poem, as its title would indicate, is the history and fall of Babylon, commencing with the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, when over the empire

"Still shone the star of conquest,—mighty Tyre,
Of high renown, the ocean's peerless bride,
Though fighting bravely through long years of ire,
Yielded at length to battle's gory tide;
And ravaged Egypt wailed in dust her pride,
When his tired cohorts ceased their vengeful slaughters:
And while the song for distant Zion sighed,
Lonely and sad, by Babel's gushing waters,
Saw Judah's captive sons, and Judah's mourning daughters."

p. 9.

The poet thus describes the splendor and glory of Babylon, in her "high and palmy days:"

"But not to empire's growing sway alone,
Did Babylon's realm her greatness owe;
Her city's grandeur all unrivalled shone,
Since torn Assyria in the dust lay low;
The home unwilling of her captive foe,
Her strength the mightiest of the orient clime—
Her grace and beauty passing human show:
Thus hated, feared, beloved: in glory's prime,
She mocked Destruction's dart and mocked the spoiler Time.

And science came, a pilgrim, to her walls,
And learned Magi, from the distant shore;
There the Chaldean, in her nursing halls,
Delved o'er his mystic, astrologic lore,
And wealth to genius opened her glittering store:

In learning's, honor's, grandeur's varying scene,
 She brooked no equal, no companion bore;
 But peerless, lone, in proud, imperial mien,
 Like mighty Juno swayed—earth's universal queen." p. 20.

We have not space for the ample quotations, with which we should be happy to gratify our readers. We cannot forbear, however, citing the following beautiful lines as an evidence how completely Mr. Everest has triumphed over the peculiar difficulties of the Spenserian stanza, as well as of his skill in a lighter and less majestic verse. The author of such poetry as this, is entitled to no humble place among American poets.

The sun was sinking down the purpling west,
 And bright the god poured forth his parting beam:
 Rejoicing earth the soft refulgence blest—
 His bright rays glinted o'er the quivering stream,
 While flashing lance and glave gave back his gleam:
 Then sunk adown his crimson pathway, slow,
 While—sad to say 'farewell,' may fancy deem—
 He bathed high Babel's top with molten glow,
 As lingers christian hope, till falls death's final blow.

* * * * *
 'Tis Revel's hour—she comes with cheer to all—
 Nor will the soldier at his post remain:
 The gates which guard Euphrates' shielding wall,
 Shall ne'er, forbidding, close in might again:
 The thronging streets pour forth a blithesome train:
 All hearts, all sounds the beaming gladness borrow—
 Save some sad Hebrew maiden's mournful strain:
 While Rapture rules, all thoughtless of the morrow,
 She, from the throng apart, thus breathes her plaint of sorrow!

THE HEBREW MAID'S LAMENT.

Oh, sweet o'er Judah's distant hills,
 The wandering zephyr mourning sighs:
 And sweetly gush the crystal rills,
 And sparkle 'neath the tranquil skies;
 And light waves, in the moon's bright beam,
 Along the blue lake's beach deplore,
 And Jordan rolls his hallowed stream,
 All silent by the lonely shore!

Oh, sad o'er Salem's mournful walls
 The mantling ivy's tendrils cling:
 There, lone, the solemn night bird calls,
 There folds the bat his blighting wing!
 And o'er the temple's crumbling stones
 The loathsome serpent leads her young—
 And dreary desolation moans,
 Where erst the songs of gladness rung!

For Judah's sons in exile stray,
 And Judah's daughters weeping roam—
 Far from their own loved land away,—
 Lorn captives in the oppressor's home:
 And while their souls in anguish mourn,
 And sigh to view their natal hearth—
 Loud is the foeman's taunting scorn,
 And wild the godless heathen's mirth!

O thou, the Shepherd of thy flock,
 Who led'st thy people through the wave;
 And gav'st them water from the rock,
 And bar'dst thine arm in might to save:
 Hear thou the strain our hearts prolong—
 List—list the suppliant captive's cry—
 Oh, when shall cease the mournful song—
 Oh, when shall Judah's tears be dry!

p. 30.

On the whole, we hesitate not to say that considering the youth of the author, this poem is a most admirable production. We do not speak of the youth of Mr. Everest, because we think his poem needs any such apology, but merely because we have been greatly

surprised that so finished and elegant a production, should be the work of so young a writer. It is entirely free from the gewgaw ornaments and bombastic flourishes with which young men are apt to disfigure their writings. Throughout the whole is a polish, a finish, and a chasteness, which shows how severely the author has disciplined his fancy, and curbed his imagination. That the poem is without faults, we do not contend. There are doubtless inaccuracies in thought and expression, which in a work of fifty pages can hardly fail to occur. Its merits are, however, far more palpable and striking. The sweetness of the versification—the elegance and appropriateness of the language—and the stately march of the noble measure in which it is written, with the deep vein of poetical feeling running through the whole, have satisfied us that the author of "Babylon" is no ignoble pretender to the honors of a poet. His is the true Promethean fire, and we trust he will not suffer it to be extinguished on the altar of his heart by the smothering cares and trials of life. May its light cheer him in the stranger-land, whose hospitable soil he treads, and

"Hope still light the fevered brow,
 And sweetly sing the coming day."

INAUGURAL ADDRESSES.

Inaugural Address of the Rev. B. H. Morrison, D.D., pronounced at his inauguration as President of Davidson College, N. C., August 2, 1838. pp. 23. Philadelphia; W. S. Marsten.

Inaugural Address of the Rev. P. J. Sparrow, A. M., pronounced at his inauguration as Professor of Languages in Davidson College, N. C., August 2, 1838. pp. 24. Philadelphia; W. S. Marsten.

These addresses came to hand by a late southern mail. Although some time has elapsed since their "pronunciation," we feel that their intrinsic, as well as relative importance, demand some brief notice. Literature of this character, has indeed become a plentiful commodity on our tables; and if the value of a work is to be estimated by its capacity to do good, we would not regret even a greater abundance of "the article." Such addresses do not generally circulate extensively, and attract the attention of but few others than those in whom local attachments may excite an interest. To many of our readers a brief synopsis of their contents we feel assured will be acceptable. We feel a right of common property, in this country, to whatever tends to advance the interests of education; and we welcome these accessions to the mass of addresses, essays, and reports on this subject, as valuable aids.

President Morrison's theme is the Value of Moral Education; and in setting out, he very ably distinguishes between instruction and education—a distinction which is not always sufficiently borne in mind. We have repeated that celebrated maxim, "Knowledge is power," but are properly reminded, that it is not necessarily "power" to do good. To give a proper direction to the influence of knowledge, there must be an education of the mind and heart and body, as well as instruction in the usual departments of a liberal course of study. President M. does full honor to knowledge, and indeed enhances the value of his position by a

comprehensive view of its advantages to its possessors, of which he finds happy illustrations in the ascendancy of England and America, by their application of the sciences to the arts.

To sustain his views of the importance of moral education, he presents us the opinions of some of the most distinguished philosophers—Locke, Kaimes, and Milton among the English, and the two brightest ornaments of the present day in France, Cousin and Guizot. To this succeeds a historical view of the subject, showing that the most distinguished champions of science and literature since the christian era, were mostly the champions of christian truth. We have no disposition to dispute this point with the President; but it occurs to us, that a more prominent discussion of it would have been better. No rule or statement of this character is without exception; and the exceptions made by such men as Gibbon, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Bolingbroke, and others, should be fully weighed and thoroughly examined. These exceptions, it is true, detract nothing from the position, p. 13, that "christianity fosters and diffuses sound learning;" but we think the most solid basis of argument in favor of that position, is found, p. 14-15, in the extract from Burke—the substance of which is, that from the connexion of scripture and the christian religion with the laws, languages, opinions, manners, sciences and histories of so many nations and periods, the student of the Bible must be a man of letters, and wherever the christian religion progresses there is "always" a progress of letters. Some weight is due to the coincidence in the revival of letters and the Reformation. Dependant as they were, however, on different causes, humanly speaking, we should confine our attention rather to the influence of the latter, or the progress of the former. Too much cannot be said on this momentous subject, and we rejoice to hear from such high places the sentiment expressed, that religion and learning should be united: what God has joined, let not man put asunder.

We learn from p. 16-17, that Davidson College, in Mocklenburg Co. N. C., was so named in honor to General Davidson, who fell six miles from its location, in one of the battles of our Revolutionary struggle, Feb. 1, 1781. The institution, we learn from other sources, was first proposed about three years and a half since; but such has been the liberal zeal and activity of our fellow-citizens in Western Carolina, that there are now eighty-six students, a president, and professor, and tutor, occupying buildings erected for their accommodation. Efforts are making to extend their facilities, and among other things petitions were presented to the legislature of North Carolina, at its last session, to secure a charter.

We have not space to notice some very sensible remarks on the manual labor system, with which this address closes. There has been a mania and wildfire about this, which we are glad to see is gradually subsiding. We never could have much faith in the doctrines generally broached on the subject, but have no doubt that the principle is a correct one, and feel persuaded it will be so applied in the present case, as to be productive of good only, and that continually.

We have paid so much attention to this address, that a very brief notice of Professor Sparrow's must suffice. His subject, as might be supposed, is *Classical Literature*;

and, after a lively introduction and complimentary allusion to the ladies, the speaker proceeds in a style of merited severity to discuss the opposition to the study of language which modern reformers have made. We are sorry that he made so broad a charge as, "*dead languages they assuredly are, to those who raise this cry,*" because, judging others by ourselves, Mr. Grimke must share the denunciation—a man whose enthusiasm for biblical literature often carried him too far, but who, while disparaging the classics, was himself a most conspicuous example of their beneficial influence. Prof. S. is, however, mainly right; and his sentiments respecting the qualifications of *cheap teachers*, on page 9, deserve to be inscribed over every academy and school-house in the land. When parents who, as he says, "are better judges of the worth of money than of literary qualifications," shall have learned that he is the cheapest teacher, who best understands his business, the profession as well as the pupils and the general cause of learning, will be infinitely gainers. We had marked several portions of this address peculiarly worthy of notice—especially the discriminating views on what constitutes a classical education and what does not—but our limits forbid, and we have only space to echo the well said things, pp. 16-20, on the importance of the study of Hebrew in our colleges. While boys under seventeen or eighteen, across the water, can out-strip, in Hebrew literature, many even of that profession in this country, who of all others should understand the language, it becomes us to wait a little, ere we boast of being "the wise ones." We trust that in its youthful vigor and manliness, Davidson College will soon step ahead of our older institutions and vie with more favored spots in giving a thorough course in classical and sacred literature. This is no place for discussing this subject, though we hope the hints of Prof. S. will tell well on the cause. A word more and we have done: To show that these hints are not so utopian as some suppose, and that Hebrew study is increasing among us, we may remark, that the English are procuring their elementary books to a great extent in our markets, and in a few years past five editions of one and two of another Hebrew grammar have been demanded, besides one each of some others, and three or four lexicons have appeared; the second edition of one, (a Manual,) having appeared in 1832.

THE GUITAR.

Sing me that air he used to love so well:

But softly, sister—let its tones come stealing,
That echo wake not—gently weave the spell
To mournful memories of the past appealing.

Nay, that's too lovely—sing in sadder strain,
Like the lone bird that 'neath night's planet holy
(Methinks there's human passion in her pain,)
Pours forth her soul in richest melancholy.

Ah! didst thou love—and he were far away—
Thy heart's one thought, one life, one hope, one sorrow:
The voice had sweeter been, but far less gay—
For, music pensive tones from love doth borrow.

Selected.

A REVIEW.

OF TWO PIECES ENTITLED "NEW VIEWS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, BY A VIRGINIAN,"

And published in Vol. IV, Nos. VII and XII, of the Southern Literary Messenger.

To entertain what sentiments we please in respect to the constitution of the physical world around us, and to express those sentiments freely yet modestly, is a right we all enjoy; and which no person desires to infringe. That an individual disbelieves the Newtonian system of the universe—that he has chosen to say so in a literary journal—and that he has undertaken to exhibit the peculiar views he entertains upon the subject, is a matter of no consequence so far as the stability of that system is concerned. And had he done this with a becoming modesty, and with the true spirit of an inquirer after truth, this review would not have been perined. But when I hear a man saying of himself, "I stand in relation to the Copernican system, as Copernicus stood in relation to the system of the Egyptian astronomer,"—and of others who differ from him, "that they are destitute of common sense:" when I see a man, who cannot perform accurately the division of one decimal number by another, (unless his printer has done him injustice,)—and who is incapable of solving the simplest problems of uniform motion, rising up and impertinently and unlearnedly attacking the labors of men, not one page of whose works is he capable of comprehending, if it contains so much as a single mathematical formula, I will not forbear to rebuke him, humiliating though the task be to notice such productions. In the sequel I shall abundantly prove what I have here asserted of *our author's* mathematical abilities; but as a present specimen of them let us take the following problem, viz: A travels 400 miles at the rate of 4 miles per hour, and B 300 miles at the rate of 10 miles per hour; required the comparative lengths of time they are travelling.

As B's distance : A's distance :: B's time : A's time,
that is,

300 : 400 :: 1 : A's time; in which B's time is regarded as unity.

$$\text{Then A's time} = \frac{400}{300} = 1.3333.$$

That is B's time of travelling is to A's as 1 to 1.3333.

Substitute in this problem, for A and B and their distances and rates, Venus and Mercury and their paths and rates; and we have the problem given by our astronomer on page 769; and such precisely is his manner of solving it. Now any tyro in arithmetic knows better than this: and will tell him that when the rates of two travellers are *unequal*, their times of travelling will be proportional to their distances divided by their rates respectively. Thus, if B travels 300 miles at the rate of 10 miles per hour, his time of travelling will be 30 hours; if A travels 400 miles at the rate of 4 miles per hour, his time will be 100 hours. Then

B's time : A's time :: 30 : 100 :: 1 : 3.3333.

That is, B's time of travelling is to A's as 1 to 3.3333; and not as 1 to 1.3333, as would be given by *our author*.

And this is the mathematician who is to pass condemnatory sentence upon the profound and elegant researches of Newton and Lagrange and Laplace!

This my conjecture in respect to the competency of the author of "New Views" to decide upon the merit of mathematical questions, is so confirmed by every page of his communications, that I am willing to rest this controversy upon his ability to develope and explain any one mathematical process employed in the "Principia" or the "Mecanique Celeste." I hope my readers will not consider these remarks invidious. When one presumes to "revolutionize" the whole system of mechanical philosophy, and to put aside as useless lumber the labors of the most gifted and distinguished men the world ever produced, we have a right to inquire into the qualifications of our new guide, so far as they may be legitimately deduced from his own productions.

Our author proposes to himself to show, "that our physical systems of astronomy are not true, either in the distances of the planets from the sun—their velocities in their paths—the kind of orbits they describe—the forces by which they are impelled through the heavens—the cause of their perturbations, and the entire insufficiency of that something called gravitation to produce the phenomena we observe."

It is then against *physical astronomy* only, that *our author* professes to wage war. Both in this extract and in a remark he makes upon page 435, we see this distinction clearly made between plane and physical astronomy. Now *plane astronomy* treats of the appearances, motions, distances and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies, and is founded entirely on observations, without having any regard to the *causes* of their motions. *Physical astronomy* treats of these *causes*, and traces these causes to their effects. Then *our author* is self-deceived in supposing that his attack is only against the *theoretical* parts of the science. Expunge every thing relating to motion, distance, magnitude, from our system of plane astronomy, and what have we left? It is then not to the theory of gravitation only, as developed in modern times, that *our author* objects, because the motions, distances and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies are independent of all speculation as to the nature of the force which produces these motions;—but it is to those elements of the system to which the Grecians, Arabians and Egyptians made rude approximations, according to the construction and accuracy of the instruments they employed:—which were still more nearly obtained by Brahe and Kepler—and which last of all, have been accurately determined in modern times, by the great perfection of astronomical instruments. These measurements are in no respect different in principle, from those that occur in the determination of "heights and distances" by plane trigonometry. If *our author* knows any thing of mathematics, I ask him to show wherein the calculation of the distance of the Moon, or Mars, or Venus from the earth, is different from the calculation of our distance from a terrestrial object by plane trigonometry. I expected *our author* to have commenced his attack in the only way which is rational, by showing first, that our instruments employed in astronomy are constructed on principles which lead to false results—and, secondly, that the application of trigonometry to those results has been made in an illegitimate manner. Upon these observations, and upon the relation subsisting between the sides and angles of a triangle as taught in geometry, plane astronomy is

based. Then it behooved *our author* to show that in both these respects the system is false. When he does this, I, for one, will give it up as untenable; but until then, I must be permitted to smile at the conceit of overturning a system, the foundations of which are as stable as the demonstrations of Euclid. But let us examine more particularly the nature of the objections urged by *our author*.

1°. "It will be admitted by both the philosopher and the mathematician, that if the Sun is a *progressive* body, then the planets cannot describe round him orbits returning into themselves, as now taught by astronomers. It will also be admitted that our systems of astronomy, as they now exist, had their foundation in the supposition that the Sun is a stationary body. It is now, I believe, generally admitted by astronomers in England, France, and Germany, that the Sun is not a stationary body. Then if we admit this fact, and the whole phenomena of the heavens tend to prove it, there is not a diagram in any of our systems of astronomy, which represents the solar system as it is. I have no hesitation in saying, that the *progressive motion* of the Sun proves clearly that the whole system as it now exists requires recasting." *July No., page 433.* (Compare pages 434, 769.)

The great majority of the "astronomers in England, France and Germany, admit that the Sun is not a stationary body." But do they at the same time reject any principle or result of the Newtonian system? If they do not, (and their writings show this,) and if their opinion be worth appealing to at all, then it evidently follows, that they do not regard the *progressive motion* of the Sun as incompatible with the system as it is at present taught. If this doctrine of the orbital motion of the Sun is believed by modern astronomers, as he says it is,—if it forms a part of the modern system, why war against it as such, and yet receive it into his own system and hold it up as its contra-distinguishing feature? If it be false in the one, it cannot be true in the other.

That our system has a motion of translation, I hold to be highly probable. This opinion was maintained with ability by Mayer in 1760—by Lalande in 1776—and by Herschell in 1783. The arguments of the two first were wholly of an analogical character; the last named astronomer supposed that he had discovered a proof of translation in the widening of the stars about the region of the constellation Hercules. But any one may convince himself that we are not in a condition to decide upon this question, by referring to "Biot's *Astronomie*," vol. 3, chap. 3. Additions; or to Delambre's *Astronomie*, vol. 3, chap. 32.

But in whatever way this question shall ultimately be determined, it will require no change to be made in a single diagram or demonstration of modern astronomy; as a few considerations will show. Were *our author* to take a pair of dividers, and placing one of its legs upon a point, were he to sweep the other leg around, would he deny that he describes a circle about that point? And yet to be consistent he must do so; for the leg as it moves around the point is carried rapidly on by the rotation of the Earth on its axis, as well as by the motion of the Earth about the Sun; and does in fact describe in space a curve of a very complex character, and wholly different from a circle. A nail, in the rim of a carriage wheel rolling over a level surface, describes, in a plane vertical to the one on which the wheel

rolls, a curve called the *cycloid*; the properties of which are wholly different from those of a circle: but are we to be charged with stupidity when we assert that the nail revolves in a circle about the axle? Were a progressive motion given to an orery in operation—for instance, were it placed upon the deck of a smooth sailing vessel, would this progressive motion alter in any respect the *relative motions* of the machine? And as the *relative motions* of objects upon the surface of the Earth are unaffected by the motion they all have in common with the Earth; just so the *relative motions* of the bodies composing the solar system, would not be affected by any common progressive motion they might have in space. And, furthermore, as we must make abstraction of the rotatory and orbital motion of the Earth, in order to investigate and understand to any useful purpose the motions of bodies around us; so also, we must make abstraction of any supposed orbital motion of our system, in order to understand any thing about the phenomena of the heavens. The diagrams of astronomy, therefore, were never intended to represent the *absolute paths* of the planets in space; but their *relative paths*—the only ones essential in the study of the system. No astronomer ever asserted that the path described in space by the first of Jupiter's satellites is a circle, or that in any revolution it passes through the same points in space, it passed through in the revolution just preceding; but they all assert that its path in respect to Jupiter is a circle. Recur to the nail in the rim of the carriage wheel: in each revolution of the wheel, the nail passes through very different points in space from those it did in the revolution just preceding, yet in respect to the axle, the nail is revolving in a circle. And just as we call the circle, the *path of the nail about the axle*, so do we call the circle the *path or orbit* of the first satellite about Jupiter. Once more: suppose a material circular ring to be attached to Jupiter as a centre, of a radius equal to the distance of the first satellite; and the satellite to slide around and around the ring, as the ring is carried along by the planet in its revolution about the Sun. The satellite would always be found on some part of this ring; and in this sense we speak of an *orbit returning into itself*. When we say then, that the first satellite revolves in an orbit which returns into itself, we do not intend to imply, that in each revolution, the satellite traverses the same points in space, but that in respect to its primary it is always found in a curve whose property it is to return into itself; for example in a circle or an ellipse, and not in a parabola, an hyperbola, or a spiral.

I have used in these illustrations, Jupiter's first satellite, because its path about its primary is sensibly circular, and therefore it was not improper to speak of its orbit as a true circle. They are, however, equally applicable to those orbits which are elliptic. For, suppose Jupiter to be in the focus of a material elliptic ring, the dimensions and position of which suited the orbit assigned to the fourth satellite, and to accompany Jupiter in its revolution about the Sun: the fourth satellite, if supposed to slide along this ring, would have the same motions with those now observed; and who in this case would deny that its orbit about Jupiter was elliptic and returned within itself. To use mathematical language, which is after all, the plainest and most

concise; we say that a planet revolves about the Sun in an ellipse, because its observed distances from the Sun bear the same relation among themselves, that subsists between the *radii vectores* of an ellipse whose major diameter is equal to the mean distance of the planet.

It is then evident that our author has never understood the meaning attached to some of the most common terms employed in astronomy. He has need to keep himself awhile longer at his *horn books*; and yet he assays to effect a new era in the science!

2°. At page 433, in speaking of the purposes for which the Moon was created, he says; "the object of this creation was for a very different purpose from that usually supposed. We see that the Moon revolves on her axis once only during her revolution round the Earth. This would have been the case in relation to the Earth, if she had not been supplied with this agent; she would have revolved once only on her axis during her revolution round the Sun, as is the fact in relation to the Moon. To give quick successions of day and night, suited to the well-being of vegetable and animated nature on this Earth, the Moon was given. That this is the fact, the agency of the Moon, in raising the tides, abundantly proves. I will, however, now, only say, that the planets give rotatory motion to the Sun, and the moons to the planets."

In this extract a very important point is conceded, to wit: that the Moon rotates about its axis, and also the Sun. If there be other evidence of these motions, than that derived from observations upon the spots of those bodies, our astronomer will state it. If this evidence be sufficiently strong to produce conviction upon his mind in respect to the Sun and Moon, (and it seems to have done so,) he cannot refuse to admit that Mars has a rotatory motion also, which is completed once in 24.66 hours; for the evidence in this case is just the same. Now if the Earth would have rotated but once during a revolution, had not a Moon been given it; why does not Mars, which has no moon, so rotate? Why does not Venus?

Another question:—if the Moon was necessary to cause the Earth to revolve on its axis, what causes the Moon to revolve on its axis?

At page 749, our astronomer expresses his opinion that the satellites of Jupiter do not revolve on their respective axes. I have then yet another question to propound, viz: what is the difference between the relation subsisting between the Earth and its moon, and that subsisting between Jupiter and its moons, or any one of them; which renders the cause, that is efficient in producing the rotation of the satellite of the former, inoperative in producing the rotation of the satellite of the latter?

I have another question to ask just here: how does the Moon, in going but once round the Earth, cause it to revolve on its axis 29 times nearly? The matter supposed by our author to be gyrating about the Earth, cannot be imagined to possess intrinsically such a rotation and to impart it to the Earth; for this would be shifting the cause which just now was the Moon. Nor will it do to say, that though the Moon revolves around the Earth once in 29 days, it nevertheless apparently revolves about it for every rotation of the Earth; because this apparent revolution is caused by the rotation in ques-

tion, so that this would be making the *cause*, what just now was the *effect*.

Each of the foregoing questions, if unsatisfactorily answered, points out a palpable absurdity in the quotations which stand at the head of this article. How admirably will his own language apply here—"every theory or system must be consistent with itself. If it is not—if it involves inconsistencies, it cannot be accepted as true."

3°. "Astronomers have been long engaged in efforts to discover the magnitude of the Sun, of the planets, and their distances from one another; but with what success, a few of their supposed discoveries will show. It is universally admitted, I believe, that the magnitude of a body diminishes as the distance increases. Then, at the distance of the Sun from the Earth, whatever it may be, he presents an apparent diameter, I will say, of about thirty inches; but they have, in retracing the distance of the Sun from the Earth, brought up that apparent diameter to a real one of 780,000 miles. Now suppose the Sun to be 95,000,000 of miles from the Earth, with an apparent diameter of 30 inches, and then suppose him removed 95,000,000 of miles further off, what would be his apparent diameter at that distance? We might see him, perhaps, as we now see the light of some distant star. They give to Jupiter a measurable apparent disk, and say that his nearest approach to this Earth is about 390,000,000 of miles; but in tracing back that distance, more than four times the distance of the Sun, they give to him a real diameter of only 90,000,000 miles. Then taking into view the distances given the two bodies, the real diameter of Jupiter ought to be much greater than that of the Sun. Now what can be said in favor of a mathematical theory involving such discrepancies?"—*July No. p. 433.*

I answer:—every thing in favor of the mathematical theory of Newton, but nothing in favor of our author's mathematics. To show that his calculations are altogether erroneous; and that the modern system of astronomy is, in respect to the distances and the real and apparent magnitudes of the Sun and Jupiter, entirely consistent with itself, as well as with the established principles of optics, I will here give a table of these elements as they are found in our standard treatises:

Distance of the Earth from the Sun, considered as the unit of distance,	1.000
Sun's diameter, that of the Earth being = 1,	112.024...
Jupiter's mean distance from the Earth,	5.201...
Jupiter's greatest distance from the Earth,	6.242...
Jupiter's least distance from the Earth,	4.075...
Jupiter's diameter, that of the Earth's being = 1,	10.885...
Jupiter's app. diam. at his mean distance, by observ.	0'.30"
Jupiter's greatest app. diameter, by observation,	0'.46"
Jupiter's least app. diameter, by observation,	0'.30"
Sun's mean apparent diameter, by observation,	32'.02"

Our author in the extract quoted above, obtained first the apparent diameter of the Sun as it would be, were it removed as far again from the Earth. This apparent diameter he makes *nothing*; for he says, we should see it, "as we now see the light of some distant star:" and it is well known, that in our most powerful telescopes, a star has no appreciable diameter, but appears as a mere point. Since the apparent diameter decreases as the distance increases, to find what the apparent diameter of the Sun would be at double its present distance, we have this proportion, viz:

As twice the present distance, is to the present distance, so is the apparent diameter at the present distance, to the apparent diameter as it would be at double the present distance; that is, in figures:

2 : 1 :: 32'.02" : the apparent diameter required.

$$\text{Whence, the app. diam. req'd} = \frac{32'.02''}{2} = 16'.01''.$$

At the distance then supposed by our author, we should see the Sun with an apparent diameter of one half its present diameter; and it would, in respect to its apparent disk, be 480 times larger than the apparent disk of Jupiter when nearest to the Earth. I leave our profound mathematician to show, how he reduces, at the distance of 190 millions of miles, the apparent diameter of the Sun to a point, and makes him appear "like some distant star." No wonder that he should mistrust the mathematics, and sneer at its results, if it be after this fashion that he applies its principles.

Having thus proved that the premises, in the foregoing extract, are wholly false, the conclusions are so of necessity; nevertheless, it may not be improper to show how perfectly consistent with themselves, are the magnitudes and distances of the Sun and Jupiter, as assigned by modern astronomers. For this purpose, let us first inquire, what would be the apparent diameter of the Sun were it removed to the distance of Jupiter from the Earth.

5.201 : 1 :: 32'.02" : app. diam. req'd;

$$\text{Whence, the app. diam. req'd} = \frac{32'.02''}{5.201} = 6'.09''.$$

Such would be the apparent diameter of the Sun at the mean distance of Jupiter. But at the same distance from the eye, the real diameters of objects are to each other as their apparent diameters. Knowing then the real diameter of the Sun we may find what ought to be the real diameter of Jupiter so as to present an apparent diameter of 36" at his mean distance. Thus,

6'.09"-5 : 36" :: 112.024 : the diam. req'd.

$$\text{Whence, the diam. req'd} = \frac{112.024 \times 36''}{6'.09''-5} = 10.9.... \text{ diameters of the Earth;}$$

which agrees with the results of observation. (See table above.)

Again, what ought to be the apparent diameter of Jupiter at his greatest distance from the Earth, his app. diameter at his mean distance being 36" ?

6.241 : 5.201 :: 36" : app. diam. req'd.

$$\text{Whence, the app. diam. req'd} = \frac{36'' \times 5.201}{6.241} = 30'';$$

which is the value given by observation.

Let it be required to determine from Jupiter's diameter at his mean distance, what ought to be his apparent diameter at his nearest approach to the Earth; we have in this case

4.074 : 5.201 :: 36" : the diam. req'd,

$$\text{Whence, the diam. req'd} = \frac{36'' \times 5.201}{4.074} = 45''.96;$$

which is within 0.04 of a second of the result of observation. And were we to test in a similar manner the magnitudes and distances assigned to the other heavenly bodies, they would all be found to be perfectly consistent with themselves.

40. "Our physical systems of astronomy teach us, that the Moon makes one revolution round the Earth in 29 days, at the distance of 240,000 miles from her primary. They also teach us, that Mercury makes one revolution round the Sun in 87 days. Then three revolutions of the Moon round the Earth, will be performed

in the same time, (87 days,) that Mercury performed one round the Sun, leaving out fractions in both cases. Suppose then, for convenience, we place the Moon three times her supposed distance from the Earth, which will be 720,000 miles, and give Mercury his supposed distance from the Sun, 37,000,000 of miles, and use their several velocities as given by the mathematicians, the Moon 70,000 miles an hour, and Mercury 110,000 only. Then so far as time is concerned, the Moon, at 720,000 miles distance from the Earth, would make one revolution round the Earth, while Mercury makes one, at the distance of 37,000,000 of miles, as supposed, from the Sun. The Moon moving 70,000 miles an hour, and Mercury 110,000 only. Here then mathematical astronomers have blundered most extraordinarily. But this question having been submitted for the consideration of a distinguished mathematical professor, he at once dismissed it, by saying it was 'an incorrect principle to compare a body moving round one, with a body moving round another,' without giving any reason why it was so. I will admit, that if the two bodies belonged to different systems, and existed under different circumstances, that then it might be considered an incorrect principle. If, 'to compare a body moving round one, with a body moving round another,' be an incorrect principle, it must be, because the bodies compared, belonged to different systems. But in this case, the Sun, Mercury, the Earth, and the Moon, belong to the same system,—they move in the same direction, never vary in their times, and are indissolubly bound together. Mercury moves round the Sun—the Earth moves round the same body, and so does the Moon. Then if the Moon is 240,000 miles from the Earth, and moves 70,000 miles an hour, and three periods of the Moon are equal to one of Mercury, it is evident, that, if there is any truth in figures, in mathematics, or in anything else, Mercury cannot be 37,000,000 of miles from the Sun. Then, if the comparison here made, is made upon correct principles—and I see no defect—what is the probable distance of Mercury from his luminous leader? The question may be thus stated:

Moon's velocity.	Distance.	Mercury's velocity.
70,000	720,000	110,000
	110,000	
	7,000,000	79,200,000
		1,131,428,4-7 miles.

Now if the distance and velocity of the Moon are rightly given in our physical systems of astronomy, then the distance and velocity of Mercury cannot be. This discrepancy or inconsistency, would, however, very naturally grow out of the discoveries of Galileo, and Copernicus. Copernicus assumed that the Sun was a stationary body, and he whirled the planets round him, in paths returning into themselves. This led his followers to suppose, from the times or periods of the planets, that they must have different velocities."—*July No. p. 434.*

I have shown in (1°,) that the progressive motion of the system, if it exists, can in no manner affect the relative motions of the bodies which compose it. Different velocities have been assigned to the planets, therefore, for reasons quite different from those stated in the above extract. Velocity, from its nature, must be measured by the space passed over in a portion of time assumed as the unit. If an hour be taken as the unit, then the velocity of a planet is measured by the portion of its path passed over in one hour; and the only means of ascertaining this velocity is to divide the whole length of its path by the number of hours it requires to describe its whole path. Then the accuracy of the velocities given to the several planets depends upon the accuracy of their estimated distances and the times of their revolution. If these

latter be correct, the former cannot be wrong. Now in respect to the distance of a planet, our instruments give us the angle that the Earth would subtend if seen from the planet. The real diameter of the Earth we know by actual measurement: then to find the distance of the planet, we have only to find the hypotenuse of a plane right-angled triangle, in which the radius of the Earth is one side, and the angle above referred to is the angle opposite to that side. Our author can refer to any treatise on astronomy and see the details of the solution which are few and simple; and if he has any objections against the indications of the instruments we employ in these measurements, or the trigonometrical results deduced from them, and will specifically state them, they will be confuted. To assert merely that these processes are wrong, will make an impression upon no one who has attended at all to this subject; and our author owes it to himself, to say nothing of the interests of science, to show explicitly wherein they are defective. In respect to the periodical time of a planet, it is only necessary to observe the two periods at which the planet's latitude is zero, in order to obtain this element. It is useless then to talk about velocities, until distances and periodical times are shown to be false; for, as remarked above, if these be correct, the velocities cannot be false. Our author, therefore, has not touched in the slightest degree, the grounds upon which astronomers assert the planets to have the velocities usually assigned them; and for this reason, I might here dismiss, as irrelevant, the foregoing extract: but since he says that he does not perceive the incorrectness of the comparison therein instituted, I will add a remark or two by way of pointing it out.

The reader will bear in mind, that our author is testing the consistency of the Newtonian system with itself. Now, the consistency of any theory with itself can be tested only by comparing its own principles and results among themselves. It is true that a comparison may be instituted between the principles and results of any theory and some other principles and results considered as better known and more accurately determined; and this is not only a legitimate, but a very satisfactory mode of deciding upon the truth of a theory. But then we are comparing the theory with something else besides itself: and so far as the Newtonian theory of the universe is concerned, it invites the most rigid comparison between its principles and results, and those facts and principles which are considered the best established within the compass of human knowledge. But here, however, the object of our author is, to compare the system with itself. Then by what right does he compare it with a principle, which finds no place in the system;—nay more, which is not to be found in any department of science? Whence did he derive the principle, either in respect to circular or elliptic motion, that the periodical times are as the distances? Not from dynamics; for there it is proved that the squares of the periodical times are as the cubes of the distances. Not from Newton's system, for that is based upon the dynamical law just referred to. And yet, it is upon this principle that he calculates the periodical time of the Moon, supposed to be removed to three times its present distance. Had he committed no error in this particular, it is certainly a very novel method of showing the inconsistency of the Newtonian system, by adducing as a contradic-

tory result, that which the system requires as a consequence of its own principles. Thus, if the Moon were removed to such a distance as was necessary to make its periodical time equal to that of Mercury; if there be any truth in the Newtonian system, the orbit of Mercury should be much greater than that of the Moon, because the force exerted by the Sun is to the force exerted by the Earth, at equal distances, as 354936 to 1. And if the path of Mercury be greater than that of the Moon, and these paths are described in the same time, it follows of necessity that the velocity of Mercury must be greater than that of the Moon. So that this result, which is held up as a fact contradictory to the system, is just that which the system requires. Now, our author may deny that the Sun exerts a greater force upon Mercury than the Earth exerts upon the Moon. But this has nothing to do with the matter now in hand. We are trying the consistency of the Newtonian system with itself: we must look therefore at its results in the light of its own principles. It is quite another thing to prove these principles false. In this exertion of a greater force by the Sun, consists the error of comparing a body moving around the Sun, with one moving around the Earth. Let our author turn to any treatise on dynamics, and he will find that the force operating upon revolving bodies enters into all investigations respecting velocity, periodical time and distance: and hence, to have omitted this primary consideration in the comparison he instituted, was to violate the principles not only of astronomy, but also of mechanics. And if our author places no reliance in the laws of mechanics, as at present developed and taught; then he should have commenced with enlightening the public upon that subject. And the only hope of subverting the physical system of astronomy, consists in the possibility of subverting the whole science of mechanics: for its laws were merely extended by Newton, first to the Moon, then to the planets; and were found adequate not only to explain the leading phenomena, but the minutest changes observed in the system; nay farther, to serve as an instrument of research, by which perturbations and periodical and secular variations were discovered, which had not been detected by the most skilful observers, but which subsequent observation confirmed. Now, our author may call the force which causes a stone, when unsupported, to fall towards the centre of the Earth, what he pleases, and we shall not quarrel with him. But for this we do contend; that this force, be its nature what it may, when developed upon dynamical principles, and extended, according to the laws of the Newtonian system, to the heavenly bodies, perfectly explains every motion, every perturbation, every variation in the elements of their orbits, with the last degree of accuracy.

I am the more astonished at our author's conceit of a common velocity belonging to all the planets, since on page 750 he speaks of the importance of studying the system of Jupiter and his satellites as a true type of the whole solar system. He certainly has studied that system to very little purpose. Does he there find the periodical times to be as the distances? Certainly not: and yet this must be so, in order for the satellites to have a common velocity about their primary. If the semi-diameter of Jupiter at his mean distance, be assumed equal to unity, the mean distances of the satellites from

its centre and the durations of their sidereal revolutions, as given by observation, are as follows :

	Mean Distances.	Durations.
I satellite	6.04853	1.769137789148 days.
II sat.	9.62347	3.361181017949
III sat.	15.35034	7.154552783970
IV sat.	26.99835	16.088769707084

A comparison of these mean distances with the durations of the sidereal revolutions, will convince our astronomer, that the squares of the times of the sidereal revolutions are as the cubes of their mean distances. What then becomes of his favorite hypothesis, that the satellites have a common velocity about Jupiter ? for were this the case, the times would be as the distances.

Observations show, that the relation above established between the periodical times and distances of Jupiter's satellites, holds equally true of the planets. This being so, any treatise on dynamics will prove the following consequence, to wit: that the planets must tend towards the Sun with a force that decreases inversely as the square of the distance from the Sun's centre.

50. But let us pass to the December No. of the Messenger, and see if our author has been more successful in producing difficulties respecting the Newtonian system. We find that he has presented but one, and in the following words, viz :

"The European mathematicians say, that Mercury performs one period in eighty-seven days twenty-three hours—Venus in 224 days 17 hours. Then, for greater convenience, I will reduce these days or times to hours. Mercury's time will be 2,111 hours, and Venus' 5,393. Now divide the time of Venus by the time of Mercury :

$$\begin{array}{r} 2,111 \overline{) 5,393} \quad 2,111 \\ \underline{4,222} \\ 1,171 \end{array}$$

Here then we have two periods for Mercury and nearly half of another, while Venus makes one. This is very plain, very simple, and very easily understood. But I will now give to Mercury 110,000 miles an hour in his path, and to Venus 81,000, as it is said to have been demonstrated, (and always mathematically, of course,) to be the real facts, and are so stated in our books, and so taught in our schools :

Mercury 2,111 hours. 110,000 miles.	Venus 5,393 hours. 81,000 miles.
<u>232,210,000</u>	<u>5,393,000</u>
	43,144
	<u>436,933,000</u>

If we divide the distance Venus moves to make one revolution, by the distance Mercury moves to make one, the result shows the error of the mathematicians in giving different velocities to these two bodies.

$$\begin{array}{r} 23,222,000 \overline{) 436,753,000} \quad 1,204,532 \\ \underline{232,220} \\ 204,532 \end{array}$$

By giving the velocities to these two planets, according to our mathematical teachers, Mercury would make but one revolution and part of another only, while Venus makes one. Whereas it is well known that Mercury actually makes two revolutions and nearly half of another while Venus is performing one. Now, what is true of these two planets, is true of all the others ; and whatever may be the real velocity of Mercury, is certainly the real velocity of all the other planets. Give to Venus the velocity given to Mercury, and then their periods correspond, and all is harmony ; but give them different velocities, and the results cannot, by any correct mathematical process, by no conceivable arrangement of figures or numbers, be made to correspond and harmo-

nize with the real facts as they exist in this our field of creation. If we take the Earth and Jupiter, similar results will follow." (Pages 769, 770.)

By the division of the paths of Venus and Mercury, the one by the other, our author obtained the ratio of the lengths of their paths. Thus, if A travels 800 miles, and B 200; if we divide 800 by 200, we ascertain merely how much greater the distance of A is than that of B ; in this supposed case, four times greater. Now if A and B travel at the same rate, the ratio of their distances would be the same as the ratio of their times of travelling : otherwise not. Thus, suppose the rate of each to be 10 miles per hour : then A would travel 80 hours and B 20. And 20 and 80 have the same ratio as 200 and 800, that is of 1 to 4.

But if A travels 8 miles per hour and B 10, A will be travelling 100 hours and B 20. Or, B's time will be to A's time as 20 to 100, that is, as 1 to 5, and no longer as 1 to 4, the ratio of the distances travelled. I have been thus minute, to make it plain, that it is incorrect to divide the distance of A by that of B in order to arrive at the ratio of their times, excepting in this one case, viz : when their velocities or rates are the same : and that in every other case, the ratio of the distances must be different from that of the times.

Now on the supposition that the velocities of Mercury and Venus are different, our author obtains their respective paths. Then in dividing the path of Venus by that of Mercury, he calls the quotient the ratio of their periodical times !!! This is mathematical to perfection. Let us recur to our example above: A travels 800 miles at the rate of 8 miles per hour, and B 200, at the rate of 10 miles per hour ; what will be the relative lengths of time they are travelling ? Dividing A's distance by B's, our philosopher would make B's time to A's time as 1 to 4 : while any school-boy will tell him that B would be on the road 20 hours and A 100 hours, and that 20 are to 100 as 1 to 5.

But let us apply to the velocities, periods and paths of Mercury and Venus the principles of uniform motion, which give this relation between them, viz :

$$T : t :: \frac{S}{V} : \frac{s}{v} \quad (\text{See any treatise on Dynamics})$$

where T and t represent the times Venus and Mercury require to describe their paths respectively, S and s the length of their paths, and V and v, their respective velocities. Then assuming Mercury's time to be unity, we shall have, (employing the numerical values given by our author,)

$$\begin{array}{l} T : 1 :: \frac{436933000}{81000} : \frac{232210000}{110000} \\ \text{Whence,} \\ T = \frac{436933}{81} \times \frac{11}{23221} = 2.5 \end{array}$$

That is, the time in which Mercury performs one revolution is to that in which Venus performs one, as 1 to 2.5 ; or, in other words, we have two and a half revolutions of Mercury for one of Venus, as we ought to have.

In the example of the Earth and Jupiter, our author made the same unpardonable blunder, and obtained, of course, results alike absurd. To apply, however, the true laws of motion to this case, we have, (using the numerical values of our author,)

$$T : 1 :: \frac{3014086000}{29000} : \frac{596088000}{68000};$$

where T is the length of time Jupiter requires to perform one revolution, the time of the Earth's performing one revolution being unity.

Then

$$T = \frac{3014096}{29} \times \frac{68}{596088} = 11.8$$

This is, the Earth will make nearly twelve revolutions while Jupiter makes but one: which agrees with observation.

Here then we see, that the velocities, periods and paths of the planets harmonize perfectly with each other and with the established laws of dynamics.

Go. I have now noticed briefly, all of the objections urged in the two papers before me against the Newtonian system of astronomy, and showed that they were all founded, not upon any inconsistency of the system either with itself or the principles of science generally, but upon the ignorance of their author; who, notwithstanding, gives out himself to be a better mathematician than Newton, and altogether a wiser man.

With the exception of the questions propounded in article (2^o.) I have not noticed at all his own peculiar theory, nor is this necessary, until he has redeemed his promise, of favoring the public with a complete exhibition of it, accompanied with diagrams and demonstrations.

I shall conclude this review, with making two remarks upon the following extract from the July paper, page 435:

"Because the practical astronomer predicts transits, eclipses, &c., many suppose that he is indebted to the *physical astronomer* for this art; and that gravitation, attraction and projection are necessary; and that he could not get on without such supposed forces. But this art was brought into practice thousands of years before Copernicus had an existence, or such forces were even thought of by our modern astronomers. In fact the practical astronomer derives no advantage whatever from the physical department of the science."

My first remark is, that the eclipses calculated before the time of Hipparchus were executed in a rough way, and by means of the period of 6585.3338 days, in which the Moon makes 223 revolutions with regard to the Sun, 239 with regard to the upsides of her orbit, and 241 with regard to her nodes. According to Diodorus Siculus, the ancients did not attempt to calculate the eclipses of the Sun, because these last are much more difficult on account of the parallax which enters into the calculation. The most accurate eclipses recorded by Ptolemy are not within an hour of the truth. While therefore, the period of 6585.3 days above referred to, enabled astronomers to predict lunar eclipses in a rude manner, it was not until the motions of the Sun and Moon were expressed in tables, that these predictions were made with any degree of certainty. The formation of these tables were based upon the *periodical times* of the Sun and Moon, and their distances from the Earth. The very first step which it is necessary to take in forming a solar table, is to convert mean into true anomaly; this involves the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit, which is the quotient arising from the division of the distance from the centre of the ellipse, in which the Earth revolves, to its focus, by the semi-axis major. The true mean distance of the Earth is then

one of the elements which enters into these tables. So likewise in forming tables of the several planets, their periodical times and distances enter as elements in the calculation. These tables are found sufficient to predict all of the phenomena of the heavens with accuracy; and yet it is against these very periods and distances that our *author* makes his attack. It is not true that predictions were made with any accuracy until such tables were formed; and how could they have served so admirably this purpose, if calculated upon false data? Moreover, our *author* will much oblige us, by calculating the latitude or longitude of a place, or an eclipse of the Sun or Moon, in no part of which the dimensions of the solar system shall enter. Take the simplest of all problems, that is, to find the latitude of a place by the meridian altitude of the Sun. How will he correct the observed altitude for parallax, without taking into account the distance of the Sun?

My second remark is—that the tables of the Sun, Moon and planets, which have made astronomy available for practical purposes, as any one may see by merely referring to a nautical almanac, owe their *perfection to physical astronomy*. Observations could never have made known and expressed in numerical values the various perturbations of the system. Physical astronomy has been the instrument of research for detecting and developing them and applying them to our tables in the form of *corrections*. Let us see in what manner our best tables have been formed. Their title pages will fully show:

"Tables of the Sun according to the theory of Laplace." By Delambre. "Tables of the satellites of Jupiter, from the theory of their mutual attractions." By Baron Damoiseau. Paris, 1836.

"Astronomical Tables, published by the Bureau of Longitudes of France, constructed according to the theory of the *Mécanique Céleste*; by M. Bouvard." Paris, 1821.

"New and correct tables of the planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, according to the theory of Gravitation of Laplace. By Bernhardo De Lindenau." Gothæ, 1810.

Then physical astronomy has given us our only accurate tables; and considered in this point of view, how vastly are we indebted to the immortal work of Laplace, the *Mécanique Céleste*. From these improved tables, all our ephemerides are constructed, upon the accuracy of which the mariner depends for determining his path through the trackless ocean—and the practical astronomer for making all his calculations. And yet our *author* says, "there is no advantage to be derived from the physical department of the science!"

The truth is I am weary of reviewing such stuff. Here are tables which are constructed exclusively upon the theory of gravitation, and upon the distances, motions and masses of the planets as taught in modern astronomy. By means of them we can with the last degree of accuracy predict all the phenomena of the heavens for centuries to come. We can fix to-day the axis of a telescope upon the precise spot which any one of the planets shall occupy at a given moment a century hence. True to its appointed place, at the very spot and moment predicted, the planet is seen at the centre of the cross wires of the telescope: and yet all of the data upon which these calculations are based are declared to be false. If any theory in the world has been severely tried by practical results, that theory

is the one of which we are now speaking. I will conclude this paper in the language of professor Garland, in the *Messenger* of February, 1838.

Speaking of astronomy, he says,—“All the phenomena of this science depend upon a *single law*, which has been repeatedly put to the severest trial, by a series of discoveries unparalleled in number and delicacy:—such as the precession of the equinoxes—the nutation of the earth's axis—the aberration of light—the oscillations of the ocean and atmosphere—and those variations in the elements of the planetary motions and orbits, termed *secular*, requiring in some cases the lapae of ages for their development. In all these instances we have not only seen every anomaly disappear, but each becoming a striking conformation of the law it seemed likely to subvert. Nay, farther, this law itself has been our most efficient instrument of discovery. Many variations in the planetary motions, so delicate and refined as to elude the nicest observation, have been brought to light, by being first deduced as mathematical consequences from the general law. Such instances as these are among the triumphs of science; and we cannot put from us the consideration of them in an essay on the importance of astronomy. To do so, were to reject the noblest use of the sublimest of sciences.”

SHORT CHAPTERS:

BY PATRICK PEDANT, SCHOOL MASTER.

CHAPTER I.

I am not ashamed of the title *school master*. It is expressive—it is time-honored; methinks it savors of dignity, and of times when the *ferula* was, in some sort, a sceptre. There was a pedagogue, (he is now in Canada,) who whipped a boy for calling him a “school master.” So would not I; and I lament, in an age when many a good old thing is going into desuetude, that our masters are shot up (a spindling growth,) into preceptors, principals, and professors, and our schools into institutes and seminaries. We live in a grandiloquent age, and among a grandiloquent people: and Americans are detected in Europe, not more by saying “sir,” than by *talking big*.

I am a school master; call me by none of your new-fangled names. Why should I be ashamed of a compellation which has been offered for ages by those who afterwards grew up to be the pride of England, into the wigged heads of Eton, Westminster, and Rugby? I am content to sit on the same form with Busby and Parr.

Being then a school master, *emeritus* it is true, yet still delighting in the old title, I have to crave my friends' pardon for sometimes forgetting where I am, and schooling my company; for interlarding my discourse with bits of Latin—nay, even of French, of Italian, of German, and of Greek, if these happen to jump with my humor; and, in general, for being given to rehearsal of too many old things, in an age when every body is after something new. To say truth, there is no way

so certain of intimating to the public, one's knowledge of classic antiquity, as by an apt quotation of recondite morsels. There is, not far from New York, a learned doctor, whose English is so piebald, that it is said he could not ask to be shaved, without a sesquipedalian phrase which should bewray his erudition; and though I know not at what university he was graduated, nor what nepenthe quieted his conscience, under that which the Germans call the *doctor's hat*, yet I can attest that many a collegian has stood aghast at the latinity of his English. My scholars, good judges surely, think him very learned. I will therefore not repress the rising quotation, when it trickles over my tongue; nor fear to affront the ladies, in a day like this, when every “female seminary” has its course of Latin.

But over and above this, I am somewhat old; I cannot choose but be old; and, you remember what Horace tells the Pisas about the *garrulus senex*, I have a right to be *laudator temporis acti*. My grandfather on one side, (my father's,) was an Englishman, who intermarried with a Frazer of the Highlands; my maternal grandfather and grandmother were of the county Cavan; so that, as I sometimes used to say to my lads, when they had gone far enough to take the joke, I have in my veins *tris juncta in uno*. Being therefore more Irish than any thing else, I have a right to be called Patrick. My surname, Pedant, is truly English; and was said by my great-great-grandfather, (obit 1707, at Cirencester, where he taught a grammar-school,) Roger Pedant, to have been originally *Pendaunt*, or *de Pendaunt*; the family being called by the last of these names in Domesday-Book; which see, in the library of the university. But the *n* being sucked in for euphony, or, as we say in Hebrew, assimilated; and the *u* being knocked out by some predecessor of Noah Webster, that giant of spelling-book-memory, (who will ere long succeed in giving us a New England tongue which shall not be intelligible in Britain;) and the aristocratic prefix *de* being disused out of modesty; our name has come to be simple *Pedant*.

There are many branches of the Pedants, and therefore I hope that the race will not cease, even though it should be my lot to die, as I have lived, in celibacy. And O! let me in passing say, fair ladies, think not I have been such, as doubting of, or not reverencing your charms; inasmuch as the day was when I have well-nigh forgotten the time at which my school was to open, so sedulous was I in fluttering and philandering about the lovely Mistress Mildred Maltby, then of Williamsburg, but now of Elm-Row, in the Isle of Wight. But, *à nos moutons*, there is one of my second cousins professor in a college, and my father's uncle, Plutarch, though much more hale and abdominous, has, on a hasty glance, been taken for myself. He is now settled in the Holston river country.

To get on with this introduction of myself, be it known, once for all, I am a Virginian by birth, and partly by education; but my days have been days of pilgrimages; I have seen London; I have seen Rome; I have seen Etna: it has even been my lot *adire Corinthum*. I have walked in Switzerland and the Highlands, and smoked in Göttingen and Wiesbaden; and almost died at Oxford, where a kinsman is fellow of Caius (they call it there *keys*) College. But I am not the less a Virginian, and a warm one. I have, how-

ever, seen a little of the world, and am persuaded that all the excellency of the world does not centre in my own state. Time was, (I was a very young and very green lad,) when I was proud of mere heat, and used to say to my Yankee friends, "the cold in clime are cold in blood." It was kind in them only to smile. They had been foolish and raw themselves; and somewhat pitied the juvenile gascon. *Semel insanivimus omnes.* The compatriots of Hancock and of Putnam, forgave the enthusiasm of a Virginian boy, who had never been much further than to the nearest court-house. I have learned to love my native country more wisely, as believing that she suffers shame when her sons grow boastful in her behalf; and yet I am, every year, more an old Virginian.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD-FIELD SCHOOL.

No Yankee or Englishman can possibly understand what is meant by an *old-field school*, for two reasons. First—(or *firstly*, as overseers are wont to say, just as they manufacture an analogous adverb, viz: *illy*, for *ill*,) no such foreigner has the faintest idea of what an *old-field* is. Secondly—for a moment conceding such knowledge, a *school*, in such locality, would be inconceivable. Though I never presided in such an institution, I was taught in one. It was but for a season, and before I was ready for my Latin Accidence. But the scene is before me! There, in the picture of memory, is the log-hovel, its interstices crammed with reddish earth, and its chimney not unlike a tall partridge trap, ever tottering to its fall. There, within, is the fire-place, ample as that of ancient baron, cheered by the crackling blaze and odoriferous exudation of the pine knot. There, also, mending his pen at the only window, (as a square aperture was by courtesy called,) is the schoolmaster—a white hat on his head; (for surely a preceptor may do that among his subjects, which a *soi-disant* gentleman has been known to do before his host,) and bluish-grey Virginia cloth for the remainder of his person. There, upon crazy, slender forms, sit the flaxen-haired urchins, who are to be the boast of a county, or the magistrates of an embryo state in the west.

At such a seminary, among chinquepin bushes, and the haunts of "scorpions," (a genus greatly meliorated, and as I may say mitigated from the fabulous *scorpio*,) and the thorn bushes, where mocking-birds would sing day and night, I received rudiments which I still prize, and which will "stick to my last sand."

I wonder where the boys are who used to meet me at the Bear Creek school? In many of them the foundations were then laying of a noble, independent manhood; I mean not so much the influences of the in-door as of the out-door instruction. It was less the horn-book and the slate, that wrought great effects, than the brave walk through sleet or snow, three good miles to school; or the races on break-neck colts; or the scuffle for wild-plums or flying-squirrels; or the desperate plunge to save a comrade, perhaps a rival, from the deceitful pool. These are the things to make men. Did not the Romans, even when wealthiest, teach their sons to be tolerant of hunger and cold, to go bare-

headed in the Campus, and to swim the Tiber in January? I have my fears of a fire-side discipline, which shall keep a lad so near his cradle, as to give a too tender mother the decision on every hazard he shall submit to. Such was not *our* early privilege; and if we emerged from the old-field school with little book lore, we knew what many a perked-up master Betty never knew, *videlicet*, to curb a fiery horse; to bear a rib-breaking hug without complaint; and to climb, hatchet in hand, to dislodge the rackoon from its lofty hole in the red-gum tree.

But, again I say, I would fain know where are the playmates of my early boyhood. Where is Offley? the first that ever called me friend. I have seen his name, as I suppose, in the list of a foreign embassy. Ernest Sackley? the last I saw of him, he took from his pocket the first pair of dancing shoes I ever beheld. He had travelled a little, and told us of ships and of fire-works. There was one Bruce, a knotty chap, whom our orbilius chastened with the strap of a shoemaker, for a good hour, so as almost to kill, though not to mend him. *Frangas non flectas* is, I dare say, the motto of Bruce to this day. There were the three Macklins, brothers, the gayest, cleverest, handsomest boys in our circle. I saw them afterwards at Norfolk; two of them doctors; they were something worse when I last heard of them at Vicksburg: *jacta est alea!*

I have often wondered that in Quintilian's matchless inventory of the uses and functions of the human hand, next to voice and eye, the implement of elegance, he has said nothing of the hand of woman. In that period next to infancy, while boys and girls sat intermingled on the same forms, I was already sensible that the little plump hand of Cornelia Bray, who sat next to me, conveyed a tactual impression somewhat magnetic, and different from the attrition of a male paw, seamed with cuts and indurated with dirt. *N'importe*, I will say no more of thee, Cornelia, nor of the bevy of sun-bonnetted lasses, who gave us of their pies and apples, when we pick-nicked by the muddy spring.

Let those who so please, praise the joys of childhood; it hath its sorrows too; and I am frank to say, that my youth was happier than my infancy, and my maturity than my youth. Were it not so—what were the worth of experience, of philosophy, of religion? What the excellence of increasing vigor, knowledge and virtue—what the vaunted bliss of conquering evil, and conferring good—the luxury of temperance—the gains of benevolence—the hope of futurity and its prelibation—which even heathen Tully was transported with? What, I say, would the voyage of life avail, or why not remain in the haven of infancy, and never put out to sea, unless there were some port to gain, and some summer-isles to touch at? Nay, while I abhor the ethics of the utilitarians, yet I crave to know the final cause of a discipline such as ours, if the progress in every thing we hold to be best, lead only to successive losses. Perhaps, however, they who look back to childhood and youth, as to an irretrievable golden age, an Eden guarded by a flaming sword, have been travelling in a wrong direction, with their backs on happiness. If they have lost the comparative innocence, they may well bewail the departed joy of boyhood. But I follow the serene effulgence of a philosophy which teaches me to look for better things—for things perpetually better;

and under the guidance of such a hope, I will not, even amidst gray hairs, shed any drops on the convex glasses of my spectacles, at recollection of the old-field school.

CHAPTER III.

AFFECTATIONS.

No author can long conceal himself from his readers; the innate quality will betray itself first or last, and the mask of an assumed character, worn with constraint and labor, cannot but fall off, during the collisions of an unceremonious acquaintance. It is for this reason that in my humble and fugitive papers, I would discard all affectation, and be the simple schoolmaster. There are divers things I might pretend to be: as, for example, I might claim to be a foreigner travelling in Virginia; or I might set up for a gentleman of ease, and suppress my quotations, which, my friends say, are redolent of the shop. But I despise all sham, and as I was never able to carry on a feint for ten minutes together, and hope never to be ashamed of my name or calling, I really cannot hear of being any body but plain Patrick Pedant, schoolmaster.

To bring the matter down to the level of even a low capacity, we may see how futile all simulation is, by the ancient fable of the ass in the lion's skin, or that of the daw with borrowed feathers. Suppose, for an instant, that those famous ecclesiastics, Rabelais, Erasmus, Swift, Sterne and Sidney Smith, had undertaken to put on the vizard of sanctimonious gravity!—the very notion of the disguise, presents the figure of pug in a full-bottomed wig. Nature will come out. *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*: apropos of which verse, I make no doubt that the poet derived his metaphor from having seen the Roman hinds, when treading out their corn, trying, ever and anon, to keep some hungry bullock away from the open area, or threshing-floor. Again, suppose Æsop to have tried to be Solon; for some make them contemporaneous; or Sir Thomas Browne, (the Charles Lamb of the seventeenth century,) to have put on the garb of Jeremy Taylor; or Gifford to have jingled the bells of Peter Pindar; or Tom Moore to have attempted the thong of Cobbet. Suppose these things, or any of them, and you will perceive how vain, how frustrate, nay, how absurd would it have been for me, in my humble den, to have taken on any supposititious character.

When Sir Thomas More and Erasmus met at a certain feast, without being mutually presented, they still found out, each for himself, that he had met his match. On this Erasmus exclaimed, *Aut Morus es, aut nullus*; to which the Chancellor replied, *Aut Erasmus es, aut Diabolus*! So, likewise, I nothing doubt that sundry of those who have formerly sat in my various schools, having not forgotten the crack of the whip, (I speak *per translationem*, or metaphorically,) will at once recognize the hand of a former mentor.

An old man may be allowed to gossip; I cannot speak by the square, but must utter my thoughts as one thing brings up another. And if any of my too hasty friends find my work too long, I may say as Dr. Garth says in the preface to his translation of Ovidius, (which, be it observed, I always retained in my desk, lest the boys of the fourth form should use it in a clannish manner, instead of plying their Ainsworths,) "it

is in the reader's power to make it as short as he pleases."

The prejudice runs against school masters, especially of the old sort. We are too frank. We tell fools that we cannot reform them. We tell idlers that they cannot excel. We tell fond parents that they err in expending money on the training of young asses. And, suiting the action to the word, we do somewhat gall the wincing creatures by timely argumentation of the birchen sort, wherewith we come down upon such as are refractory: which reminds me of Niles Upton, a clever though crabbed youth, of Surry, since an auditor of the treasury, having come for a whole year to my school, without learning ten pages of his Ruddiman; and having been duly mulcted for the same, by the process known among ancient persons as *horsing*, he was called upon by his ireful grandfather, at my quarterly *examen*, to declare whether he could conjugate a single verb: "Yes, sir," he blubbered out, overawed by the red face and eyes of the old gentleman, who was, as usual, three parts drunk; "Yes, sir—I have been putting *one verb* through all its moods and tenses; which is *Vapulo-Vapulabam-Vapulatus sum vel fui*." I forgave him for that quirk.

In all the countries where I have sojourned, I have eschewed affectation of foreign manners. There is, I think, a certain neutral manner, a native politeness, a generalization, as it were, from the mannerisms of different times and regions, which is equally current at Paris and St. Petersburg. It bears the same relation to the conventional ways of any particular *clique* or court, that the *κοινή διαλεκτός* of the Greeks doth to the several inferior dialects. It is the sublimation of manner, the beau-ideal of politeness, pleasing alike in the camp, the boudoir and the hamlet; above imitation of any thing, without ceremony, without "fuss;" the first prompting of native benevolence, and the last attainment of laboring art. Such is the manner which comes back only simplified by foreign travel: I have seen it in a French beggar; I have seen it in the king of the French; I have seen it in Lafayette, and Sir Walter Scott. I wish I could see more of it in my countrymen; and most of all, I wish I had attained it myself. I endeavored to come home no worse, even if no better than I went. Therefore I imported no profound bows, learnt of *valets de place* and *commissionaires*; no gold chains, colored neckerchiefs, black satin bosoms, (or whatsoever may have been the lineal predecessors of these insignia;) no whiskers, moustache, *impérial*, or ear-rings. I saw, that in the Hague, in Potsdam, and in Florence, genuine breeding was evinced by doing little, rather than doing much; by showing little, rather than showing much; by quiet, by repose, by transparency of manner; and that bowing, scraping, refusing to go out of doors, or to go into coaches, palavering and bobbing, and "sir"-ing and "madam"-ing, were rather the tokens of the poor count, or the poor count's spruce gentleman, or the *partenue*. And seeing all this, I became really quite content to come back as I went, so far as regards externals. And, as to *internals*, I am afraid even our most travelled bucks realize the truth of the hackneyed verse—

"Coelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

an adage which was a favorite with Van Benthuyzen,

a skipper, whom I often saw at Coenties-Slip, and which he sometimes expressed in very good Dutch, as followeth—*De aart verandert zelden met de luchtstreek*. But though climate seldom changes character, voyaging often changes home-bred youth into expensive baboons, which are manifestly as proud of a silver fork, a Nantes dressing gown, or a filthy tuft on their porcine lip, as they ought to be ashamed of their unmannered coxcomberies. So much for "affectations."

CHAPTER VI.

ANTIQUITIES.

Since the disuse of large outer pockets, there is less hope for the literature of our gentry. I used to carry a volume of Heyne's Homer in each skirt, and sometimes read in the same, while our horses were feeding. But we have changed all this.

Such were my thoughts, as I lately saw a traveller take from his capacious pouch an octavo volume, and begin to turn over the pages. It was on the left bank of the James river, below that classical locality, denominated (no doubt from the buoyancy and illumination of the inhabitants) *Rocketts*. I had found myself, for some hundreds of yards, gaining upon a man who rode along very leisurely, often gazing towards the stream, and apparently jotting down something in his pocket-book. He was stout, and broad in the back, and bestrode his strong bay horse, with the air of a man used to long journeys. The bisection of his person by a transverse umbrella, piercing a rolled cloak or coat behind the saddle, together with a pair of corpulent saddle bags, pointed out the wayfaring man. And when he pulled out his book, I was at a loss whether to set him down as a land surveyor, a preacher, or a doctor. But when he turned his head, and displayed a broad and seamed face, and a pair of circular spectacles mounted in heavy tortoise-shell, I was satisfied that he was not any one of the three.

"Perhaps," said he, after an ordinary salutation, "you can ease me of my doubts, as to the ancient residence of Powhatan. I find from captain John Smith's History, that it lay about the head of tide-water, and a little below the falls."

I gave him such information as every Virginian may be supposed to have concerning the residence of the late Mr. Mayo, and referred him to the British Spy: adding, "It is a work, in various respects, worthy of your attention."

The traveller checked his horse, and looked steadily in my face. "Sir," said he, emphatically, "I have it by heart: and the memory of the writer, I cherish in my heart of hearts!"

"Then you knew Mr. Wirt?"

"Scarcely: except as all the world knew him. Yet I might perhaps say I had some private acquaintance with him, since, on two occasions, by a sort of accident, I was thrown into his company; on one of these times for several days. And no man was ever half an hour in the presence of William Wirt, without receiving impressions which are memorable. But that which suits my vein at present, is the recollection that he was one of the few who have spent a little pains in giving a graceful touch to the antiquities of my native state."

"You are then a Virginian?"

"By birth, such; I might say by education too; but long expatriated. I grieve to think that in a state eminent for the national pride of her sons, there should be so few to lay up any of the still extant memorials of the first plantations. But the pound-shilling-and-pence philosophy prevails even here, and there is no profit in being antiquary."

"You perhaps know," said I, "that we republished the Travels of Smith, almost twenty years ago."

"Very true," replied he, with an acrid smile, "and that in a very creditable shape; but you should not forget to add, that the impression was never sold, and that the patriotic clergyman who essayed it upon his own responsibility, was all but ruined by the venture."

"I have heard," said I, "of Dr. Rice's endeavors; and I admit that appearances are against us. But a few of our younger men are beginning to make collections."

"Good! I hope they may succeed. I am something of a captain Grose myself, and intend shortly to make a second pilgrimage to the site of old James Town. Does the remnant of the church still remain?"

"It does: and I have seen it within the week. There is nothing on this continent which more resembles some of the transatlantic ruins. If the mulberry mania should continue, we may have silk worms fed on that consecrated tongue of land, where Smith once entertained the same project."

"Indeed!" cried the traveller, "and is the mulberry business of as long standing in America as that? I have, indeed, this very morning, seen in the daily paper, the copy of an act of date 1663, to encourage the growth of the mulberry: but you seem to refer to something earlier still."

"If the book," I replied, "that you are replacing, is, as I suppose, a volume of Smith's History, I can at once direct your eye to a passage. Aye, see here—(2 Smith, 86)—'For my own part, although I found neither *Mulberries* planted, houses built, men or victuall provided, as the honourable Adventurers did promise mee in England; yet at my own charge, having made these preparations, and the *Silke-Wormes* ready to be couered, all was lost, but my poore life and children, by the Massacre.' You perceive that the date is necessarily fixed at, or near the year 1622; and there are several passages of similar import in this work."

"I thank you heartily for your information. Allow me also to congratulate myself that there is here and there an 'Old Mortality,' even in the vicinity of Richmond. But further, can you tell me what library contains a complete collection of books relating to the early settlement?"

"I am afraid," I answered, "truth would compel me to say, no library whatever: shame on our oscitancy that it should be so. Many books exist in several collections; but all, I think in none. I am acquainted with no one library which has even taken the trouble to procure the works on American antiquities, known to be in London, and of which a catalogue was presented to me by Mr. O. Rich, Bookseller, Red Lion Square. My only reason for not adding them to my own poor stock, was the *res angusta domi*."

"Our New England rivals have more highly prized the doings of their progenitors. There remain but few

lacunae to be filled in their archæology. I dare say, you will have to import a Farmer or a Sparks to tell your own story for you. Hawkes has already done something in ecclesiastical matters. I am not a little ashamed that no Virginian has ever been duly authorized to ransack the archives of Great Britain for documents, which must be there, throwing light on the founding of the old 'Colony and Dominion of Virginia.'"

Here our roads diverged, and I went on alone.

THE TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF THE LOVERS OF QUIMPER-CORENTIN.*

Madame de Marcel was about forty years of age, rich, and lived at Paris in a handsome style. She was accustomed, the greater part of the year, to have at her house a select society of men of letters, and of women, who were interested in the success of all new publications, particularly such as regarded the theatres. She was, however, obliged, by the will of an uncle, to pass six weeks or two months every autumn at a country seat in Poitiers; but to console herself for the ennui of a country life, and of country company, which she could not avoid seeing, she had taken care to have her chateau well filled with a set of acquaintances sufficient for her amusement while thus banished.

The company consisted, independent of her husband, the president, (who found enough of occupation, in the management of his land, in settling with his tenants, and in the embellishment of his place,) of Madame d'Aigremont, nearly of her own age, and whose taste, as to literature, was perfectly conformable to her own. This lady was accompanied by her daughter, an exceedingly handsome girl, sixteen or seventeen years old, who had already made herself mistress of every agreeable talent, and gone through a proper course of reading to form the heart, taste, and mind of a young person.

The president's brother, called the Chevalier de St. Marcel, had been in the army many years, and had been thought amiable in all the towns where his regiment had been garrisoned. He was indeed thought so in many parts of Paris, but, to be sure, they were not the most fashionable. He frequently attended the theatres from want of something to do—read all new pamphlets and journals for the same reason—and saw and heard the discussions of the learned at his sister-in-law's. An abbé, the complaisant of Madame de Marcel, known as the author of some works of science, but who, to extend the atmosphere of his reputation, had condescended to discuss works of lighter importance, had agreed to pass the autumn with the persons before named, and so much the more willingly, as the house was handsome and convenient, and the table excellent. He had brought with him his nephew, a young man really amiable, whom the abbé was introducing into life, and who joined to a fair outside a brilliant and well cultivated mind. If he had an earnest desire to please (and the presence of the young lady seemed to animate his exertions,) it was without any fixed plan; but it is

always right to endeavor to be amiable, for that leads to every thing.

The first week after their arrival was taken up by receiving formal company, and cards were of course introduced, which tired our Parisians exceedingly; scarcely could the president and abbé find time for a game of chess after dinner, or Madame de Marcel in the evenings for a game of tric-trac with her brother-in-law the chevalier.

After some time the influence of company diminished, and they were left to amuse themselves, or rather to their own tranquillity. Madame de Marcel lost no time in proposing an amusement that would occupy the mind and employ the memory—a plan she had formed the preceding winter, and it was instantly put into execution. At first, when it commenced after supper, it consisted of innocent games, in which forfeits are paid, and punishments ordered to redeem the forfeits. These punishments were always to relate some story, to recite verses, or to sing; and the company were delighted whenever the nephew of the abbé incurred a penalty, for he never failed to produce something agreeable, inspired, no doubt, by his wish to please, and to display his talents before the object who seemed to notice him.

Madame de Marcel and her friend had very cultivated minds, and if they did not trouble or fatigue their imaginations, showed off at least their memories. The abbé was not behind hand; but he was diffuse, often obscure, and always in prose. The chevalier related feats of war, and modestly owned they were not his own. But the two persons who were the most embarrassed, and whom they were very soon forced to excuse from paying their forfeits, were the president and the young lady. The first excused himself by saying, that nothing was so difficult to him as the making a tale off-hand—that he would a thousand times rather sum up the evidence in the longest trial that ever came into court. But he soon got rid of it, by falling asleep immediately after supper, which prevented his taking any part in the amusements.

The young lady did not want either understanding or talents, but it was thought unbecoming her age or situation to appear too well informed. The nephew therefore willingly undertook the payment of her debts; and his security being accepted, the game continued for several nights.

At length, Madame de Marcel wishing to refine upon this kind of amusement, said to M. de Verbois, "Sir, you seem to have so much wit and talent, that I should think you capable of succeeding at a trifling game, which I have heard was formerly played at the Hotel de Rambouillet, when the Duchess of Montausier was known under the name of the fair Julia d'Angennes. It is said that she, and each of the ladies and men of letters who were used to assemble there, began a story, and continued it until the history became exceedingly complicated, and the hero placed in the most embarrassing situation,—and that then one of the company undertook to dispel all the chaos, and clear up the embarrassments that had enveloped the different personages. I have heard that the famous bishop of Avranches had a particular talent in the unravelling these histories, however difficult. You know that this prelate, when young, was a frequent visitor at the Hotel de Rambouillet, and as he was very short, he was called the Julia's

* Copied from Blackwood's Magazine, 1819.

dwarf. Now, M. de Verbois," continued she, "do you think yourself capable of acting the part of M. Huet?"

"Assuredly, madam," replied the young man; "I am neither so short nor so learned as the bishop of Avranches; but what that prelate did in his youth for his divine Julia, I think myself capable of undertaking, in the honor of paying my court to you, and to those ladies."

"That being the case," answered Madame de Marcel, "I will begin a history—you shall continue it, my dear," looking at Madame d'Aigremont; "we will dispense with your daughter from interfering, for, as it will be a romance, she cannot as yet be supposed capable of forming one. The president shall sleep, because he makes up, after supper here, for the little naps he used to take in the mornings when on the bench. The abbé shall employ his genius to increase the intrigues of our history, in such wise that the winding up shall become very difficult; it shall be for him to form the veritable Gordian knot. My brother-in-law must be careful to avoid cutting it; on the contrary, he must multiply events as much as he can. M. de Verbois will then have to unravel the whole; and I am persuaded, that whatever pains we may take to embarrass him, he will produce a denouement at once simple, rational, and fortunate."

"You expect a great deal from me," said M. de Verbois, "and will make me modest as to any talent I may have for the unravelling such histories; but I do not despair to succeed to your satisfaction in this point, either by the stroke of a wand, by a little fairy assistance, or by magic; besides, I know full well, that in a romance, when any personage becomes too embarrassing, how easily he may be got rid of by poison or by the sword. "Oh! that is not the case here, if you please, sir," exclaimed Madame de Marcel; "it is not so that we understand you are to perform your task. Not one person that may be introduced in our history shall disappear; and they must all be forthcoming at the end, and all happy. The aid of magic and of fairies is forbidden: neither the president nor myself believe in sorcerers—all the events, if not exactly true, must be probable, and the conclusion simple and natural."

"These laws are somewhat severe," said the abbé; "but I dare say that my nephew will glory in submitting to and observing them." The nephew confirmed his uncle's assertion by a bow, and Madame de Marcel thus began her history:

"The town of Quimper-Corentin, is renowned throughout all lower Brittany, for the beauty of the women, the refinement of the men, and the singularity of the adventures which happen there. I shall begin by making a slight sketch of some of them; but what I shall say will be trifling in comparison of those singular and interesting adventures that will be told; they will astonish, affect, and confound you, and prepare you for the most unexpected and happy conclusion. If ever it may be said that the end crowns the work, it will be so in this instance, and redound to the glory of M. de Verbois." The young man perceived how much she was bantering with him, but allowed her to proceed, uninterruptedly, as follows, without despairing of final success:

"M. de Lokrenan, high steward of Quimper-Corentin, was one of the richest and most respectable persons of

the province: his house was frequented by all the young men of abilities or talents; and it was the more agreeable to them, from its being inhabited by four young ladies equally amiable. Two of them were the seneschal's daughters, and made only part of his family, which was numerous; the eldest was called Balzanie—the younger Gabrielle. The two others were his nieces, whose parents, residing in foreign parts, had sent them to the seneschal's lady, a woman of abilities, who had taken charge of their education. One was named Adelaide, and the other Aline.

"M. de Kerenflute, son to a rich and celebrated merchant—accustomed early to the dangers of the sea—brave, well made, and amiable—seemed strongly smitten with the charms of Mademoiselle Balzanie, who, to a lively imagination, added wit, and the grace of a fine figure.

"M. du Courci, the son also of a very respectable mercantile family, showed an inclination to marry Mademoiselle Gabrielle, whose too brilliant eyes announced a romantic head, and a disposition for great adventures.

"Monsieur de Sainval, an officer in the East India Company's service, was much in love with Aline, to whose pretty face was joined simple manners and good temper.

"M. de Saint Leon, a reduced infantry officer, had yielded his heart to the beauty of Adelaide the more readily, as her disposition seemed inclined to favor his passion and meet his advances.

"For a period all these lovers passed their time very agreeably in the house of the high steward. Their amours were confined within the bounds of the strictest decency and decorum; and all that the gossips of the town could say, was sometimes, in laughing, that one of these days they should see eight persons married at once. The high steward replied, that this could not be, for that his daughters were not such desirable matches, and that his nieces would return to their parents, and not marry in Brittany. In truth, these comfortable arrangements were cruelly broken up. The young ladies were forced to quit Quimper-Corentin, and I shall explain the cause.

"The high steward had two sisters: one had married an officer of infantry, who had successively risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and had been appointed governor of Colicoure, a sea-port in Roussillon; the other was settled with her husband, a rich merchant, at Cadiz in Spain. These two sisters not having any children, and knowing that their brother, besides many boys, had two girls, had written to him, to desire that he would send each of them one, hinting their intentions of making them heiresses, and of establishing them advantageously in the countries wherein they resided. The high steward thinking the proposals most advantageous, and the aunts having provided for the expenses of the journey, he sent off his two daughters in proper carriages, under the care of trusty servants of both sexes. They traversed France to Roussillon, and the eldest remained at Colicoure. The youngest having rested herself a few days, continued her journey to Cadiz.

"The adieus had been most tender and affecting. The lover of Balzanie was plunged in the deepest affliction. He seemed to foresee some melancholy event; and his mistress had nearly the same presentiment, but she had wrought up her mind to support whatever might befall

her, like a true heroine of romance. The lover of Gabrielle was less afflicted: not that he was less attached to his mistress, but he had formed a plan, the execution of which he thought certain, namely, to go himself to Cadiz, where he had relatives, and flattered himself that he could there continue his court to Gabrielle with the same ease as at Quimper.

"Immediately upon the departure of the daughters, preparations were made for that of the nieces. Aline was to be sent to her father, brother to the high steward's wife, at Pondicherry, where she might flatter herself to gain a brilliant establishment. She would never have undertaken such a long voyage without shuddering, had not Sainval, who, we have said, was in the India Company's service, promised to meet her in India. She set out, therefore, for L'Orient, somewhat consoled by this hope, where Sainval was already arrived. They embarked on board different vessels, but bound to the same port, and set sail together.

"There now only remained at Quimper the tender and romantic Adelaide; but she was soon recalled to Italy by her father, another brother to the high steward's lady, and speedily departed for Leghorn. Saint Leon was in despair, and daily mingled his tears and regrets with those of the wretched Kerenflute. Having thus made you acquainted with the heroes and heroines of my history,—having painted their characters, and pretty tolerably dispersed them over the globe,—I believe," added Madame de Marcel, "I may be permitted to take some rest. It will be your turn, my dear friend, (looking at Madame d'Aigremont,) to tell us to-morrow what afterwards befell these young ladies and gentlemen."

On the morrow, at the same hour, that is to say, after supper, the president sleeping, and the rest of the company listening, the friend of Madame de Marcel thus spoke:—

"The lovers, separated from their hearts' delight, continued to afflict themselves; but the other inhabitants of Quimper looked for nothing but agreeable news from these young ladies. Balzanie seemed contented and satisfied with her aunt in Roussillon. Gabrielle had arrived at Cadiz before Du Courci, and her aunt had pressed her to marry an old Spaniard, lately returned from Peru, immensely rich, which she refused as much and as long as she could, because he was very old, very ugly, and, as it was said, very jealous; but they remarked to her, that as he was so old, he might possibly die soon; and as he would leave her his whole fortune, she might in that case, if she then pleased, enjoy it with Du Courci. This excellent reasoning had its effect upon her, and it was thought that she had made up her mind to marry the rich Peruvian.

"Adelaide was at Leghorn. It required a year at least to receive any news from those who had sailed to India. Every one's mind, therefore, was tranquil about them, when two couriers arrived with letters that plunged the whole town of Quimper into the utmost distress. The melancholy news they brought had been preceded by an accident that had happened to one of the couriers, as he was passing through the forest between Nantes and Vannes. He was attacked by robbers, who carried away his portmanteau, and opened it, in search of jewels or gold; but not finding any, they tore all the papers and letters to pieces, and threw them

into a rivulet, whence they were taken out in a miserable condition, and, when carefully dried, they were all, or in parts, delivered accordingly to their different directions. The letters from Spain and from Roussillon had been sadly damaged; however, the high steward's lady decyphered him that of Balzanie, as follows:—

"Imagine, my dear mamma, what was my despair, when carried off in spite of my resistance, I found myself transported on board the vessel of Barbarossa, who instantly setting every sail, made for Algiers. I arrived there more dead than alive; and with what horror was I not penetrated, when I saw myself shut up in the *seraglio* of this barbarian! It was in vain that I called for assistance on all my relations, and even on M. de Kerenflute, who had so often amused us with his exploits at sea, and who had told me twenty times, that if I ever should fall into the hands of the Turks, he would find means to deliver me.' The remainder of the letter was illegible; but this was sufficient to throw the family of the Lokrenans into the utmost grief. Kerenflute was present at the reading of this fatal letter. In any other circumstances, with what pleasure would he have heard that Mademoiselle Balzanie had kept him in her thoughts! At present he eagerly seized the idea that she had hinted to him, to hasten to deliver her from the hands of these barbarians. 'Yes,' cried he with joy, 'I hear, dearest Balzanie, that thou callest on me for succor. She has need of my courage; I fly to her aid: and I swear never to re-enter Quimper again, until I shall have obtained her liberty.' Having said this, Kerenflute quitted the house, and began instantly to collect all his own money, and made use also of the credit of his friends, to raise a sufficient sum. Should he embark from Quimper, he would be obliged to employ longer time, and pass the Straits of Gibraltar: he determined, therefore, to travel post on the wings of love, through France, to Toulon. On his arrival at Toulon with good letters of exchange, he instantly bought, armed, and equipped a vessel, in which he embarked with the utmost haste, and made sail for Algiers. Feeling hearts, be not alarmed for Kerenflute; the motive that animates him will preserve him from all accidents. In fact, he arrived safely at Algiers; and I recommend him to the person who is next to continue this history.

"We will now return to Quimper. The unfortunate accident that happened to Balzanie was nothing to the affliction which the letter from Mademoiselle Gabrielle added to this miserable family. This is all that could be made out from her torn letter:—

"What horror! Who can even support the mere idea of such horror? The wretched Gabrielle has then, without knowing it, devoured the heart of her lover, Her husband, insulting her grief, said, 'dost thou know what meat thou hast just been eating? What a dish I had prepared for thee? The feasts of Atreus and Thyestes, of Pelops and of Tantalus, were nothing in comparison of what thou hast just done. It was—it was the heart of Du Courci.' At these words, my dear mamma, I fainted. I long lost all my senses. They were forced to carry me out, and I know not even now where I am—'

"Had the rest of the letter not been torn, there was no one in Quimper that would have had the courage to hear it read. Everywhere sobs and lamentations resounded: all pitied the miserable Gabrielle; all tried to

console her relations, without being able to receive any consolation themselves. There were no longer any suppers or amusements in the house of the high steward: visitors came thither but to weep. Saint Leon, the only one of the four lovers who had remained in Lower Brittany, hastened with eagerness to partake of their grief; when a letter received from Leghorn made him as much in want of consolation himself.

"Adelaide had written to her aunt, that her father had intentions to marry her in Calabria, to a merchant of Reggio, who was his friend and correspondent; but that, from the description she had of him, she had conceived such a disgust, that she had rather die a thousand times than be his wife. That her father had forced her to set out with him, to deliver her into the hands of this villainous Calabrese; but that she should ever regret her dear uncle, her dear aunt, her cousins, and the unfortunate Saint Leon. Saint Leon, having the example of Kerenflute before his eyes, thought himself equally bound to succor and avenge his mistress by land, as the other had done by sea. He formed, therefore, a similar resolution; and having adopted like measures, set out to traverse Calabria after the fair Adelaide, as his friend had crossed the seas after the handsome Balzanie.

"I shall now leave them, with your permission, ladies and gentlemen," said the friend of Madame de Marcel. "Monsieur L'Abbé will tell us to-morrow whether their expeditions have been fortunate, or the contrary."

"Ladies," said the Abbé, on the morrow, "romances and such light literature are not my forte; it is well known that I have pursued other studies, but I will risk every thing to please you—I shall prolong your history and labor against mine own blood, by embarrassing, as much as in my power, my nephew, who has undertaken the denouement.

"Kerenflute had a prosperous voyage to Algiers: having secured the protection of the Consul of France, he landed at his house, and made instant inquiries if the Corsair Barbarossa had not lately returned from a cruise with some French female slaves. The consul assured him, that he had not heard of any such thing, but each having made farther and more exact researches, they learned, that an European slave,—but from what nation was not exactly known,—had lately been admitted into the seraglio of the Corsair. Having paid largely an eunuch to know the name of this slave, he said, she was called Bolsani or Basani. 'Ah,' cried out Kerenflute, 'it must be my dear Balzanie—new cares and fresh expenses to obtain a sight of, and to speak to her.' Alas, all his cares were ended, by hearing that the Bashaw of Algiers having a present to offer to the grand seignor, he thought he could not make a more acceptable one than this beautiful slave, and that two days ago she had been embarked on board a large vessel bound to Constantinople. At this intelligence, our Breton lover did not hesitate a moment—he re-embarked, and made sail for the capital of the Ottoman empire. Scarcely is he arrived, than he torments himself and acquaintance to find out whether his mistress be in the seraglio, and what may have happened to her. But it is well known that nothing is more difficult than to penetrate into the seraglio of the grand seignor. The despairing lover exhausts his purse and credit in vain; all attempts to enter that asylum for neglected beauty

are equally disagreeable and dangerous. He paraded sorrowfully day and night round the walls of this gulph, wherein are buried the beauties of Europe and of Asia. One day he overheard, in a coffee-house, some Greeks and Jews conversing, in lingua Franca, on a terrible adventure that had just happened in the seraglio: a beautiful European slave, that had been lately brought thither, had made great resistance to the desires of the grand seignor. The sultan, as much animated by her charms as by her resistance, was about to employ violence to reduce her to submission, when this courageous person drew a poignard from her bosom, and declared to his highness, that she would rather lose her life than fail in the vows she had sworn to a lover in her own country, and whom she was expecting would deliver her. The Sultan despising her menaces, she put them into execution; and having given the Sultan a stroke with her poignard so ill directed that the wound was not dangerous, she stabbed herself to the heart and instantly expired.

"If this recital had alarmed Kerenflute, what he heard and saw on the morrow convinced him of its truth. He was told, that a head was exposed on a pike on the walls of the seraglio, with an inscription below it in the Turkish language, and in such large characters that every one might read it. He hastened to the spot with an interpreter, who, having read the inscription, translated it to him as follows:—

"People, behold the head of a culpable slave, that dared to raise her hand against the Emperor of believers, instead of submitting herself to his supreme will. She prevented the horrible punishments that would have followed such a crime by putting herself to death. Tremble, rebellious and cruel slaves; submit yourselves with patience and humility.—Her name was—the interpreter hesitated a moment, and read 'Alzamire.'

"'Oh, heavens!' exclaimed the wretched Kerenflute, 'it is Balzanie;' he raised his eyes with fear to the head of the criminal, which, although disfigured by the agonies of death, still appeared handsome. Her eyes were closed, the cast of her countenance, her little mouth, and long chestnut hair, every thing recalled to the unfortunate Breton the idea of the person he adored.—'It is Balzanie,' cried he a thousand times, while rolling himself in the dust, and attempting to dash his brains out against the walls of the seraglio. With great difficulty was he carried away to the suburbs of Pera, where he lodged, exclaiming incessantly, 'Oh, heavens! it is Balzanie.'

Madame de Marcel and all the company agreed that the situation was most touching, and complimented the Abbé on his having shown such ability—and the more readily, he had bawled so loudly "Oh, heavens! it is Balzanie," that all the servants who had heard it in the first anti-chamber ran to inquire what had happened. It had awakened even the president; but they were all made easy by learning it was but a tale.

The Abbé continuing his recital: "let us return," said he, "to the other adventures of our Quimper-Corentin:—

"You have been told, that Saint Leon had set out for Calabria, in the hope of delivering Adelaide from the hands of her tyrant. As the distance is great from Quimper-Corentin to that country, it required all the ability, courage, and patience of Saint Leon, to discover

the residence of his mistress, as he was perfectly ignorant of the name of the person she had married. We are unable to render an exact account of all the circumstances of his journey, or of the events, without doubt terrible, that marked the catastrophe. What was known at Quimper was sufficient to throw the whole town into consternation. It was said, that Adelaide, having suffered greatly from the jealousy of the Calabrese, was dead, and buried in the convent of capuchins at Reggio; and that, not long after, a thread merchant of Quimper, who made yearly very extended journies, and sometimes carried his ware to Italy, had asserted, on his return home, that he had seen Saint Leon, who had become a capuchin under the name of Father Guignold de Concarneau; that he had heard him preach in the parish church of a village in Lombardy—that not only he knew him from the features of his countenance, but had talked with him; and that Saint Leon had begged of him not to say anything about him in Brittany. The fate of the family of M. de Lokrenan appeared as afflicting as extraordinary, when news was received from Aline, which, without being of so melancholy a cast, was not the less strange. It was not contained in written letters, but a history so much the more deserving of belief, as it was printed. This history was current through France, which, if considered as a romance at Paris, it was solely owing to the personages mentioned in it being unknown in the capital, whereas at Quimper it had quite a contrary effect.

"The ship on board of which Aline had embarked having been wrecked on the coast of Golconda, its rich contents were plundered by the subjects of the monarch of that rich country, and they had presented to their king a beautiful French woman called Aline, as the most precious part of the booty. The Indian prince was so much of that opinion, that he generously ordered the rest of the prisoners to be set at liberty; and falling desperately in love with our young Bretonne, he had wholly yielded up his heart, and had divided his empire with her. The Golconders, enchanted with the beauty and sweet temper of Aline as much as their monarch, had submitted themselves so totally to her power, that on the demise of the sovereign of the richest diamond mines in the world, they had unanimously chosen her mistress of the empire.

"The new queen could not forget her country, nor quit the idea of Sainval, who had testified so strongly his affections. She offered to conclude a treaty of alliance with the governor of the French settlements in India; and as the attachment between her and Sainval was no secret at Pondicherry, he was chosen to execute the honorable commission of assuring the queen, of the respect and devotedness of his nation. Aline, it may be imagined, gave him a handsome reception; she had even imagined to please and to surprise him, a scene which all Paris admired, as the fruit of a fertile imagination, but the full value of it could not be felt without having lived at Quimper.

"M. de Lokrenan had about a league from the town a very beautiful summer retreat; in fact, it was merely a cottage, but decorated with every thing such a place was susceptible of: on one side was a grove, intersected by a rivulet that was crossed by an elegant wooden bridge; on the other was a meadow full of cows, whose

milk made the best butter in Brittany. The ladies Lokrenans and their cousins went often thither for a walk, and with their fair hands made such butter as would have done honor to the most splendid tables. Aline took greater pleasure in this amusement than the rest, and succeeded far superior to them—she used to dress herself as a shepherdess, and her butter was distinguishable from that of all the others.

"Sainval had often assisted her in this innocent occupation: the remembrance of the hours they had so often pleasantly passed at a spot dear to both, was so present to the mind of the queen of Golconda, that she had built, at a small distance from her capital, an exact copy of the cottage and its surrounding objects. It was there the queen of Golconda gave the ambassador a private audience, and assured him of the duration of her affections. On his part, Sainval swore, that the recollection of the butter made by Aline's fair hands was far more delicious than the diamonds of Golconda appeared brilliant.

"The description of the queen's cottage was so minutely detailed in the history, that there was none in Quimper did not know it for that of the high steward's; the whole town, on learning the circumstance, went thither with the book in their hands, saying, 'aye, there's the grove—there's the bridge—the meadow—the cows; let us console ourselves for the misfortunes of our three young ladies, for here at least is one who has been fortune's favorite. In truth, it was just that it should be so, for she was the most amiable.'"

At this part the Abbé stopped, finding that it was rather late, and that he had fulfilled his task. "It is now your turn," said Madame de Marcel to the Chevalier, "and to-morrow night we shall expect you to finish the history." "I will do what I can," replied the Chevalier, "and as shortly as possible: for, in quality of a soldier, I ought to be expeditious, and fortunately it is not my lot to relieve all these lovers from their embarrassments."

On the morrow, the Chevalier said; "I should find it very difficult, I believe, to add any thing to the misfortunes or to the cruel situation of the lover of the defunct Adelaide in Italy, or to the miserable Gabrielle in Spain. I shall leave M. de Verbois to bring them out of the scrape if he can; I shall content myself with continuing the thread of the two other histories.

"The joy that the good fortunes of Aline and Sainval had caused in Quimper, was of no long duration; a continuation of the history was received, of which they were the hero and heroine; and it was related that the project the Queen of Golconda had formed of raising her lover to share her throne, had not succeeded. The Golconders had voluntarily submitted themselves to the government of Aline, because such is the power of beauty, that the hearts of the greatest barbarians cannot resist it. The Indians doubted not of her ruling them with kindness, and although their manners were different from hers, that she would permit them to follow their ancient customs without oppression or constraint; but when they found that she intended to place a French officer on the throne, who would soon open their harbors to the vessels of his nation, would introduce French garrisons into their strong places, and force them to conform to the maxims of Europeans, the discontent became general. Sainval having ordered a small

body of French troops to advance to support his pretensions, and execute the commands of the queen, was instantly attacked, and surrounded by the army of Golconda; and, notwithstanding our troops defended themselves with the utmost courage, they were overpowered by numbers. The people besieged the palace wherein the queen and her husband had shut themselves. Sainval, wishing to repel the mutineers sword in hand, was slain. Aline herself appeared on the balcony, in the hope her presence would have some effect; they wished indeed to spare her, for the intention of the rebels was not to put her to death; but the arrows flew about in all directions, and one gave her a fatal stroke, by piercing her heart."

After a moment's silence,—“Let us now see,” said the Chevalier, “what is become of M. de Kerenflute. The horrid spectacle he had witnessed on the walls of the seraglio had affected his head and heart; his senses were gone, and he fancied he saw the Turks in a fury, massacring the fair Balzanie; and on the other hand, all Quimper in tears, and the family of M. de Lokrenan overwhelmed in grief for this cruel event. Who, in fact, could have retained his senses in such horrid circumstances? All the physicians of Constantinople, Franks, Greeks, Jews, and Mahomedans, declared that Kerenflute was incurably mad, and kept him tightly bound until there should offer a vessel to carry him to France. During his passage, he constantly exclaimed in the same tone the Abbé did yesterday, ‘Oh Heavens, it is Balzanie!’ Fancying he wore a sabre, he was continually drawing it to cut off the head of every Turk his wandering mind made him see in the ship; but all offensive weapons had been taken from him. It was in this miserable condition he disembarked at Marseilles; and having undergone quarantine, he was placed in the house of a surgeon, who, in concert with an apothecary, applied every possible remedy, but in vain.

“At length a Quimper-Corentin coming into Province, hearing talk of the misfortunes of Kerenflute, went to see him. He undertook to convey him safely into his own country, which he did with all imaginable prudence and precaution. During the journey, with the intent of calming him, he told him of all the miseries that had befallen the sister and cousins of Balzanie. Kerenflute sighed deeply at the recital, and concluded, that misfortune, when once attached to a family, it was impossible for any part of it to escape.—It is now the turn of M. de Verbois,” said the Chevalier, “to tell us the remainder,” as he stopped short in his narration.

“That cannot take place to-morrow,” said Madame de Marcel, “for I must inform you, gentlemen and ladies, that we shall have to-morrow a very large company, which will oblige us for some days to discontinue our evenings’ amusements. The bishop of Poitiers writes me word, that he is on his visitation, and will dine here to-morrow, and desires me to permit him to remain until after Sunday; and that same evening, the intendant of the provinces will arrive to pass two days with us.” “By Heavens!” exclaimed the Abbé, “these episcopal visits are very inconvenient: you see, ladies, how I am equipped—my hair in a club, and a green coat. Since you are to have a bishop visit you, I shall be obliged, out of consideration to him, to return to my curled head and my black coat.”

“For my part,” said the president, yawning, “I don’t care a fig for an intendant; I sit above him in our courts of justice.” “Ah! for Heaven’s sake, president,” said Madame de Marcel, “quit these pretensions; an intendant is a man of whom we may always wish to make use of when we have lands and tenants: besides, who knows what these people may come to.”

“Well,” added M. de Verbois, “I am very thankful for these visits; they will be of use to me, for I was embarrassed how to conclude these histories of the lovers of Quimper-Corentin, and a few days of reflection will help me out of all my difficulties.”

The bishop and intendant having quitted the castle of Madame de Marcel, and left the company free to pursue their former amusements, M. de Verbois, who had undertaken to conclude the history of the lovers of Quimper-Corentin, acquitted himself as you shall now see.

“We left the unfortunate Kerenflute on his road from Marseilles to Quimper, conducted by one of his countrymen, who to console him told him of all the misfortunes that had happened to the family of M. de Lokrenan. The lover of Balzanie inconsolable for his own loss, cried out incessantly, ‘Oh, Heavens! it is her; it is her head that I see fixed on the walls of the seraglio at Constantinople.’ However, they at length arrived in their own country; but when about two leagues distant from Quimper, Kerenflute’s guide, having placed him safely in the house of a clergyman of his acquaintance, hastened to the town to inform his friends and relations of the melancholy state he had left him in. But how greatly was he astonished himself to learn, that since he had left Quimper a year ago, Mademoiselle Balzanie was in perfect health at her father’s house, having returned very rich from Roussillon, as the heiress of her late uncle, the governor of Collicoure. It was on a groundless report that Kerenflute had made his expeditions to Africa and Turkey, and it was not the head of Balzanie which he had seen on the walls of the seraglio. His own head, however, was turned, and it was necessary to use the utmost precaution to prepare him to receive the news of the happiness that awaited him; for Balzanie, having heard what strong proofs of affection Kerenflute had shown, was resolved to arouse his love with her heart and hand, so soon as he should return from his fruitless voyages, and her parents did not disapprove of her intentions. But whence arose this cruel error, in which not only Kerenflute, but the whole family of the Lokrenans, were plunged? It was owing to a dream, which I will now relate. Mademoiselle Balzanie, while at Collicoure, on the Mediterranean shores, was invited to a party of pleasure on this sea, which was happily put into execution. A galley, elegantly ornamented, conveyed the company from Collicoure to Port de Vendres, where they found a tent pitched near the shore, surmounted by several arbors of branches of trees, a ball room, and tables laid out for a collation.

“When they were about to sit down to table, they saw a chebec, bearing the flag of Algiers, steal from behind Cape Béarn. It had cannon, which fired broadsides slowly, while distant; but when it approached the shore where the ladies were, they redoubled. Balzanie at first did not know what to think of this unexpected visit, and was much alarmed; but her companions

comforted her by saying, that the Turks she saw were very polite and gallant. In fact, the chebec having entered the port, those who disembarked, though disguised as Turks, were soon known for the officers of the garrison of Collicoure, having at their head a young and amiable marine officer, who, being desirous of partaking of the feast, had thus dressed out the vessel he commanded. She was laden with an excellent supplement to the collation already prepared; having done the honors of it to the ladies, they danced until evening, when they all returned to Collicoure as fortunately as they had set out.

"Nevertheless, during the repast, and in the course of the day, they assured Balzanie that her fears were not totally groundless; and they related a great many stories which tradition had preserved, tending to prove that corsairs had often made captures on the very shore which they had danced upon. 'They hide themselves,' added the captain of the chebec, 'as we did, behind Cape Béarn, and suddenly rush on the shepherds and their flocks, at a moment the least expected, for the shore near Port de Vendres is defenceless.' 'It is not more than ten years ago,' said another, 'that the corsair Barbarossa carried off a whole wedding party, who were amusing themselves on those sands. The bride, being very pretty, was carried to the seraglio of Barbarossa, of which she made the chief ornament, while her unfortunate husband was condemned to labor the ground, and his shoulders regaled with stripes.' The reflections that were made on these stories were so gay, that the governor's lady was forced to impose silence on the young officers. But the conversation had continued so long and so incessantly, on Barbarossa, rapes, and corsairs, that Mademoiselle Balzanie dreamt of them all night. One of her dreams was quite connected; and as the morrow was post day, she wrote a long letter to Quimper-Corentin, when, having detailed a full account of the pleasant fête that had been given her, she could not help speaking of her dream at the end of her letter. It was this unlucky letter, brought by the unfortunate courier whose portmanteau was plundered, and papers dispersed and wetted between Nantes and Vannes, that had caused an alarm, which threw the whole town of Quimper into consternation. All that remained of Balzanie's letter was the end of it, and the whole of her dream, which had been taken for a real adventure; for the rest was quite blotted and illegible. This sad mistake had sent the wretched Kerenflute to seek her; and fully convinced of the imaginary disaster of his mistress, he thought he had heard her spoken of at Algiers, where fortunately no French women have been transported for a long time. The name of an Italian, Bolzani, had deceived him; and on his arrival at Constantinople, the resemblance to the name of a young Greek, Alzamire, had also deceived him. She had made resistance to the grand seignor's desires, for which her head was cut off. It is easy to mistake the features of a beauty when thus situated, and especially when a false idea occupies the mind. About a fortnight after the receipt of this fatal letter from Mademoiselle Balzanie, others were received, which made the family perfectly easy; but Kerenflute had in his impatience set out for Toulon, and, from that moment, no one could tell where he might receive more fortunate intelligence.

"When Balzanie had passed some months at Colli-

coure, making the governor's house pleasant and agreeable to the whole garrison, her uncle died, leaving her his heiress; and her aunt, having settled her affairs, retired to Quimper-Corentin, ready to confirm to her niece all she was possessed of. We have said that Mademoiselle Balzanie had heard all that her lover had undertaken for her sake. She waited impatiently to tranquillize him, and to make him happy—she did not, however, wait long; but the state of Kerenflute's mind demanded every attention in announcing to him this unexpected happiness. They began by hinting doubts of what he had seen; then giving hopes of more fortunate events, and to tell him, at last, that he might make his mind easy, for that he would speedily be completely happy. He was admitted to see Balzanie, and joy was now causing the same effect that despair had done. Marriage alone could cure him of his delirium; this was tried, and succeeded.

"'Yes,' exclaimed Kerenflute, recollecting what his companion had told him on the journey from Marseilles to Quimper, 'I am now happy; but the rest of M. de Lokrenan's family, his other daughter, his nieces, and my friends, who are so much in love with them, are still plunged in despair.' 'Oh no,' replied she, 'all the world are happy at Quimper-Corentin; Mademoiselle Gabrielle is here on her return from Spain with her dear Du Courci, at present her husband. Of the two nieces, one of them is come back from Calabria with St. Leon, who has not turned Capuchin; and Mademoiselle Aline is just returned from India with the amiable Sainval.' 'By Heavens,' cried Kerenflute, 'I believe you are all determined to make me more mad than ever: how can what you say be true, after what I have heard?' 'You shall have no further doubts on their account, if you will but listen to me,' said one of the company.

"If the uneasiness that was suffered for Mademoiselle Balzanie was owing to a dream, what was felt for Mademoiselle Gabrielle was merely founded on the representation of a tragedy. On her arrival at Cadiz, the relations she had there, formed a plan to marry her to an old merchant, who had lately brought immense wealth from Peru. She was afraid of opposing their will, feeling, on the one hand, that this alliance would make her very rich, and, on the other, that, from the age and infirmities of her future spouse, she might soon hope for the enjoyment of all his wealth in uncontrolled liberty. She married, therefore, the Peruvian, and her marriage was scarcely concluded when Du Courci arrived. In spite of the jealousy of the merchant, he found means to see Gabrielle, and make her some tender reproaches. The amiable Bretonne was not displeased at hearing them, but advised him not to risk again entering her house. 'Be on your guard,' said she, 'especially as to husbands of this nation, for the presumptuous French have often felt the effects of their revenge. I am interested in your days; be careful of them, for my sake, in times more fortunate.' She would have continued, but a noise she heard made her retire.

"Gabrielle was confirmed in her fears from the representation of a Spanish play, said to be a translation from the French, but which the mistress of Sainval believed to have been originally Spanish; for the savage character there drawn of a jealous husband was more analogous to that nation, than to the manners, thinking, and acting of French lovers or husbands. The heroine of

this drama was called Gabrielle, like herself; and, as the catastrophe of this revolting tragedy, she was forced to eat the heart of her lover, named Conci, but which was translated into Spanish, *Da Courci*.

"*Du Courci* was present also at this play, seated on the opposite side of the house to Gabrielle, who was with her husband and another lady in a side box; and she no sooner heard from the stage those names that were so dear to her heart, than she became affected and uneasy, which increased as the interest of the piece advanced. It was superiorly well acted, for it costs little to a Spanish actress to play impassioned parts, and an actor of that nation can easily perform a jealous husband. Gabrielle burst into tears, and as, towards the conclusion, the name of *Da Courci* was often repeated, she was quite overpowered, and after sobbing aloud, fainted, and was carried home senseless.

"It was on the morrow that she had written to Quimper, and her letter had met with the same accident as that of *Balzamie*, and caused a similar mistake, which had given such uneasiness to the family of the *Lokrenans*. But this scene was not productive of such melancholy effects in Spain; some of the gossips made malicious reflections respecting Frenchmen and French manners, especially such as had heard of the prior attachment of *Du Courci* to Gabrielle. The husband, however, was not any way jealous, and had no thoughts of punishing it, or perhaps he had not time, as he very shortly after fell dangerously ill, and died. The young widow, now amazingly rich, settled her affairs, in which she was assisted by *Du Courci*; and, having sent her most valuable effects to France, followed them thither herself. *Du Courci* was not long behind her, and on the expiration of her year of mourning, they were married at the time when *Kerenflute* had returned to his native town.

"The adventures of *Mademoiselle Adelaide* were not near so simple as those of her two cousins; for what had happened to her was indeed extraordinary. She had been forced by her father to accompany him into Calabria, where he had married her by menaces and violence, omitting some essential forms, to a very rich but very disgusting Calabrese of Reggio. Her father returned to Leghorn as soon as he had accomplished this fatal establishment, and left her a prey to her stupid husband. She fell ill with chagrin, and not daring to explain the cause of her affliction, complained bitterly that she was not allowed a confessor to whom she might open her heart. She would readily have obtained this satisfaction, had there been any French monks in the country, but for a long time none had been in those parts. Unexpectedly, they learnt that a Capuchin from Lower Brittany was arrived at Reggio, to remain some time before he continued his journey to the missionaries in the Levant. The husband, penetrated with all the esteem and confidence the monks of that austere order obtain in catholic countries, instantly introduced to his wife *Father Guignold de Concarneau*, by whom he was politely received.

It was the enamored Saint Leon, who, under the disguise of a beard and hood, had come to offer her proofs of his zeal and tenderness. She did not discern him until they were left alone, and Heaven knows with what joy and sensibility she reproached him for his imprudence, and for thus risking his life. Saint Leon

assured her, that he had employed certain means to prevent any suspicion or jealousy, and soon their whole conversation turned on how she could be withdrawn from the tyranny of such a husband. The two lovers agreed that nothing could be more difficult; and the plan they at last adopted was certainly most singular. It was settled that *Adelaide* should counterfeit being dead, and measures were taken accordingly. The wife of the Calabrese, although more contented, and in excellent health, since she had met again Saint Leon, made believe that her disorder was increased; a physician, gained over by the presents of the false Capuchin, certified her danger, and soon the pretended *Father Guignold* no longer quitted her chamber, and every thing was so well managed, that she seemed to expire before their face. The funeral was arranged by Saint Leon, as he said, according to the last wishes of the defunct, who had desired to be buried in the convent of the Capuchins at Reggio; and on the night following the burial, she was taken out of the vault and transported to the cell of *Father Guignold*. After she had reposed some days in this sacred and inviolable asylum, the Breton missionary announced his intention of departing for Sicily, on his road to the Levant. A vessel conveyed them speedily to Russina, attended by a youth to serve him as a lay brother; and it may be easily guessed who this companion was. Instead of crossing from Sicily to Turkey, they sailed from Messina to Naples, and from Naples to Rome, under the same disguises.

"In this capital of the christian world, Saint Leon found protectors, and employed them to obtain two considerable favors; but both founded in justice, when the situations of himself and *Adelaide* were considered. *Adelaide* retired to a convent of nuns, and demanded that her marriage with the Calabrese should be set aside, because she had been married by force: some of the most essential ceremonies had been omitted. Saint Leon solicited to have the excommunication taken off, which he had incurred for having put on the dress of Saint François, without having a right to wear it; and for having forged a false order from the general of the Capuchins to go to Reggio; and for having, under this disguise, assisted in the evasion of his fair countrywoman.

"The cause of the lady appeared to the courts more just than that of the gentleman; her reasons seemed perfectly sound—and as it was only necessary to have a verification of facts, letters were sent to Reggio for information. The affair of Saint Leon was considered as more serious. They were for having him remain a Capuchin, since he had counterfeited one so well: but that was not his intention; and it was necessary for him to press every friend to exert himself, that such a rigorous sentence should not be put into execution. It was while this matter was pending, that, passing through a village in Lombardy, he met with the thread merchant from Quimper, whom those who have commenced this history have spoken of. As he continued to wear the Franciscan dress, he was obliged, through a singular circumstance, to preach a sermon in honor of the patron of the parish. He had arrived at this village exactly as the rector was sitting down to dinner, for, as it was the feast of the patron, he was regaling his brethren of the cloth. The pretended *Father Guignold* was handsomely entertained, and after dinner the

rector was to preach the panegyric of his patron. Unluckily he had made himself unfit for this brilliant function; and the travelling Capuchin was intreated to perform it for him. He felt that it would be unhandsome to refuse, having been so kindly treated; but not being well acquainted with the character of their saint, whom he was to praise, he bawled loudly and so inarticulately, that his words could not well be understood, accompanied by gesticulations of such vehemence, that he fulfilled his task to the great satisfaction of the clergy, and even to the edification of the parishioners.

"At length St. Leon succeeded in obtaining his pardon, and liberty to lay aside the dress of Saint François. During this time news was brought of the death of the Calabrese, husband to Adelaide: her father was also dead; and his daughter, having succeeded to his wealth, and at liberty, gave her hand to Saint Leon, who, renouncing alms and the hood, brought back triumphantly to Quimper-Corentin her who had given him such extraordinary proofs of her love.

"There now only remained to satisfy the unhappy Kerenflute, as to the fate of the fair Aline and her lorn Sainval. They assured him they were returned from Pondicherry to Quimper as happy as kings, but without having otherwise reigned than in the hearts of each other. Hence it may be readily concluded, that the history which had been made of their adventures, was a pure fiction, and only a romance. But how could it have happened that, in this spirited history, the names of Aline and of Sainval, the description of the country house of M. de Lokrenan, and other circumstances, should have squared so exactly with the truth, that the writer must have been a sorcerer from Quimper-Corentin to have done it so marvellously well? I will explain the riddle: A young officer of dragoons, full of wit and vivacity, had passed two years in quarters with his troop at Quimper: during so long a residence he became acquainted with the best company in that town and neighborhood, and of course had frequented the house of M. de Lokrenan; he had even paid his court to Aline, and had often accompanied her to the country house where she had made butter, and assisted her in this rural employment—and the idea of it had remained strongly fixed in his memory. He quitted Brittany about the same time that Aline embarked for India—and, when at Paris, admitted to the society of some pretty women, who desired him to compose to them an agreeable and interesting tale, he, therefore, imagined that of the Queen of Golconda.

"The names of Aline and Sainval, and the details of the country house, being ever in his mind, he introduced them into the tale, and what was considered at Paris as a novel, was at Quimper believed as authentic news; which, if it wanted confirmation as to some of the circumstances, had a strong foundation of probability. There was not, however, one word of truth in it: Aline had safely arrived at her uncle's in Pondicherry, and Sainval had likewise made the same fortunate voyage to that town. The niece had captivated the heart of an old merchant, who had settled all he was worth on marrying her. Sainval had offered himself when she was freed by death from her old husband, and had met with her uncle's approbation, as he was young and agreeable. A year afterward they had embarked to enjoy

their fortune at Quimper; and you will agree with me, that no story can be more simple and less romantic than theirs. Fortunate inhabitants of Quimper-Corentin, what a happy lot is yours! You only suffer from false alarms, whilst others endure real evils. I sincerely congratulate you on your happiness, and wish the same to all who hear me."

Thus did M. de Verbois conclude the history of the lovers of Quimper-Corentin. Madame de Marcel and the company applauded this denouement—and should any critics dare to say that there is very little probability in the manner these heroes and heroines of this history were extricated from their embarrassments, the more just will allow that the restrictions imposed were very hard and difficult to execute, and that, from the exclusion of magic and poison, they could scarcely have been otherwise brought home again safely and happily.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous, from 1796 to 1830—drawn from the Port-folio of an Officer of the Empire, and translated from the French for the Messenger, by a gentleman in Paris.

M. MANGIN IN 1830.

M. Mangin is one of the men of the restoration who has accumulated upon his own head the largest share of public hatred. His uselessly cruel conduct in the affair of General Berton, and his vexatious and injurious proceedings while prefect of police, concurred to make him fear the effects of popular revenge, after the overthrow of the power which he had served.

More lucky than the ministers of Charles X., who were much less detested, he succeeded in leaving France without being disturbed. M. Mangin was indebted for his quiet escape to M. Bavoux, his immediate successor in the prefecture of police. Let us suppose M. Bavoux under similar circumstances, in the power of M. Mangin; would he have got off as easily?

When the royal guard, driven from the streets of Paris, was concentrating itself at the Carrousel and the Louvre, the *gendamerie* of Paris, which guarded the prefecture of police, had to abandon its post and follow the general movement. M. Mangin, whose wife had recently been delivered, precipitately abandoned his hotel, without even taking time to conceal or destroy important papers which were afterwards found on his table. He had obtained a temporary asylum in the house of a superior officer, employed in the prefecture of police, who, after having served under the empire and during the hundred days, had the rare happiness of not being stripped of his office by the restoration.

A provisional government, under the name of a municipal commission, had been installed at the Hotel de Ville. M. Bavoux, appointed prefect of police, had taken immediate possession of the prefecture. His modesty had induced him to accept with great readiness the advice and assistance of Count Real, who had been sent to him by M. Mangin, one of the members of the municipal commission. They were together engaged in the despatch of business, when a superior officer,

belonging to the prefecture, was announced. He had served under M. Real during the hundred days, and was known and esteemed by him.

"Sir," said he, on entering, "I have a confidential communication to make to you."

"What is it?"

"Madam Mangin has demanded an asylum from me. She has just risen from child-bed, and is suffering a good deal. You will suppose that I have accorded it to her."

"You have done well."

"If she is unwell," added M. Bavoux, "let her return and occupy her apartments. I will not lodge there. She will be respected and properly attended to. If she has occasion for money, let her be supplied."

"No; she says she wants nothing."

M. Real, perceiving some hesitation in the manner of the officer, quickly replied:

"You have something else to say. Is madam Mangin alone at your house?"

"I must confess that M. Mangin is there also."

"Speak low, sir," said M. Bavoux; "do not let every body into our confidence."

"He must leave immediately," added M. Real. "If he were discovered I would not answer for him."

"How can he go?"

"If he has taken nothing with him—if he wants money, he must be furnished with it, and his effects sent after him: but he must leave this very day."

"He cannot without a passport."

"We will have one made out for him."

"But under his own name he will be recognized."

"Let some other one be taken, and let him disguise himself. Take the first name that occurs, and let him pass as a merchant, and all will be well."

The passport was immediately made out, and M. Mangin left Paris that very evening for Switzerland.

As prefect of police, M. Mangin was irresponsible; but, whether with or without reason, he was detested. Though the law could not reach him, he might not have been entirely safe from popular vengeance. Thanks to M. Bavoux and M. Real, M. Mangin, happier than many of the exiles of the restoration, was enabled to return to his country, and to die in his native land.

A PATRIOTIC GIFT.

After the revolution of July, the high officers of state hastened to abandon a part of their salaries in favor of the victims of the memorable days. I had gone to the Luxembourg palace, where I met one of the great officers of the Chamber of Peers. He observed an editor sitting near me, and came up to us.

"Do me the pleasure," he said to my friend, "to announce in your next number, that I have abandoned 10,000 francs of my salary in favor of those wounded in July." (The salary of the noble peer was 100,000 francs, exclusive of a house, wood, and lights.) "You must understand that I shall lose nothing by this, but, on the contrary, gain. I have, heretofore, given 20,000 francs for concerts during the winter. I will now give no more: so I shall make 10,000 francs."

MARTAINVILLE.

Martainville died of gout on the last day of the revolution of July. It was a piece of good fortune for him. The new government would not, like the restoration, have paid for the treason of Recque in 1815, or the labors of the monarchical writer. Martainville had many artificial wants, and was not young enough to recommence the precarious and joyous life which he led under the empire.

Let the reader figure to himself, Martainville dining in a café with his friend M. Etienne, then a *collaborateur* of his, now a deputy and a rich proprietor, and waiting patiently until the latter could obtain the means of paying for their meal, M. Etienne having gone to ask some little money in advance for a manuscript which he had just finished. Martainville often said that this period of daily privation was the happiest of his life.

He discovered a singular method of discharging a debt contracted with a confectioner on the Boulevard du Temple. Martainville walked, during a part of the afternoon, up and down the pavement opposite the shop of his creditor, and rarely any person of his acquaintance passed without offering to take something with him. He never refused. They entered the nearest confectioner's, which was that of his creditor. Martainville asked for kirschenwasser, which he stated to be excellent in that establishment. The garçon filled the glass of the friend with the liquor, and Martainville's, without its being perceived, with clear water. When a second glass was proposed, Martainville always accepted it. The same thing was repeated several times during the evening, and Martainville thus succeeded in diminishing his account, while he threw custom in the way of his creditor.

Martainville was an excellent story teller. I have heard him tell the following anecdote, which I take to be true; for there was nothing in it to gratify his own vanity:

One evening in a café he was quietly looking on at a game of billiards. One of the players was an Englishman. A stroke had been made about which there was some doubt. The question was about a carambol. The persons standing around are consulted, and the Englishman approached Martainville.

"Did I not, sir, carambol?"

"I did not see the stroke, and I cannot conscientiously decide."

"Sir, you ought to have seen it, and you ought to say that I caramballed."

"But, sir, I have the honor to repeat to you that I did not see it."

"You have seen it, sir, and it is bad faith on your part not to state that I have caramballed."

"I protest to you that I did not see the stroke."

The Englishman, in a rage, seized a billiard queue and gave Martainville several blows, from whom he was at last with difficulty separated. Martainville demanded satisfaction from his brutal adversary; it was promised, and the meeting was fixed for the next morning.

At the appointed hour Martainville was on the ground with his witness and his arms. The Englishman had not yet arrived. At last he came, but alone and on horseback. Without dismounting, he approached Martainville.

"Did I not, sir, carambol?"

"That is not the question at present: you have grossly insulted me, and you must give me satisfaction. I told you yesterday that I did not see your stroke: since that time I can have seen nothing."

"Ah! I have not caramballed?"

And the Englishman gave Martainville two strokes with his riding whip, spurred his horse, and rode off at a gallop.

Martainville never saw him again.

M. PARCEVAL DE GRANDMAISON, AND HIS BROTHER.

M. Parceval de Grandmaison, after having formed a part of the sort of institute which accompanied Bonaparte into Egypt, became a member of the French academy. He was a literary man of distinction and modesty—a man of intelligence, good-natured and serviceable, and generally beloved and esteemed. His death caused deep and just regret. M. Parceval de Grandmaison was at least as absent as *le Menalque de la Bruyère*.

One day, about five o'clock, M. Parceval de Grandmaison returned home for the purpose of dining. The door of the house in which he lodged was closed by a heavy five horse wagon. It being impossible to pass behind the wagon, he had to go around the farthest horse—the horses being driven *tandem*. In his passage around, M. Parceval entirely forgot that he was going to dinner, and proceeded to the café, which he was accustomed to visit every evening, to read the journals. On entering, he looked at the clock, and was astonished to find it so early. "I must," said he, "have dined earlier and quicker than usual." He ordered some coffee, surrounded himself with all the journals that he could procure, and commenced reading them as a means of whiling away the time until the opening of the theatres.

In the course of the evening he felt some uneasiness about the stomach. He attributed these disagreeable symptoms to a difficult digestion, and determined to speak to his housekeeper, whom he supposed had furnished him too heavy food. Time passed on—the uneasiness in his stomach redoubled. M. Parceval determined to return home and get some tea. It was served: he took four or five cups without experiencing the least amelioration. On the contrary, the tea acting on an enfeebled stomach, produced still more violent irritation. The housekeeper became alarmed, and called in a physician.

The symptoms of too great abstinence have, it appears, some analogy to those of indigestion. The physician was deceived himself; and inquired of M. Parceval what he had eaten for dinner.

"I dined at home, and as usual; I do not remember what was served up to me."

"But, sir," replied the housekeeper, "you did not dine here."

"How! not dine here?"

"No, sir; I waited for you till seven o'clock, but you did not return home."

After some reflection, M. Parceval concluded by convincing himself that he had not dined at all.

M. Parceval de Grandmaison had a brother, like himself, a man of talents. This brother had another species of singularity, that of dressing like a pauper. One day he presented himself for the purpose of entering the Tuilleries. The sentinel taking him for a beggar, refused him admission. An officer passed at the moment. M. Parceval, in a passion, addressed himself to him, asking why it was that he was refused permission to enter a public garden.

"It is, my brave fellow," replied the officer, "because you have the appearance of a robber, and the orders to the guards compel them to exclude beggars and such persons."

"I! I look like a robber? it is rather you that do so."

"How! I?"

"Yes, you, with your silver laced coat, your silver epaulettes, &c.: you look more like a robber than I do. I may, very probably, look like one who has been robbed: if you had said that, I might have understood you."

And he walked off muttering, "a robber—a pretty robber indeed!"

AN ADVANCEMENT WITHOUT INTRIGUE.

The little history I am about to relate belongs to the period of the empire, but I omitted to insert it in the first volume. I hope that when the account has been read, I shall be pardoned for this additional infraction of the chronological order, which I have endeavored to follow so far as my memory would allow me.

Writing for the journals has always appeared to me the best political and literary school for young men who propose any serious objects to themselves. In the journals, in fact, one sees every thing, one writes about every thing, and one examines every thing. It is then not at all extraordinary that many statesmen, many legislators, and many public functionaries, should have risen from the press. Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely, the duke of Bassano, M. Réal, M. Rœderer, were all a long time writers for the public journals. During the restoration the journalists enjoyed but little favor. This profession could then scarcely raise one beyond a seat in the chamber of deputies, very rarely to the council of state, and then only to the rank of a master of requests. Since the revolution of July we have seen at least sixty journalists elevated to the rank of ministers, of peers, deputies, counsellors of state, prefects, sub-prefects, &c.

The life of an editor has this additional advantage for young men—that it brings them necessarily in connection with remarkable men of all parties, causes them to be properly appreciated, and thus furnishes them useful and solid support in their future career.

I have to mention an instance of brilliant fortune in an individual who was originally a journalist, and one of the most subaltern class. M. de M—— was during the consulate employed on the *Journal de Paris*, of which M. Rœderer was a part proprietor, when he was accidentally removed from that situation to be placed in one which led him afterwards to the most intimate confidence of the emperor.

M. de M——, a grandson of Pallissot, had received a good education; but by nature mild, modest, and even timid, he required that his first steps should be

aided. He required the assistance of accident or friendship, without which he would have remained where he originally was. His place in the *Journal de Paris* was one of but little importance and but badly paid. He was charged with the preparation of little items of news, such as suicides, fires, and broken legs; and in addition, as he wrote handsomely, he was expected, at leisure moments, to write directions.

Louis Bonaparte having been nominated colonel of the fifth regiment of dragoons, applied to M. Rœderer for a secretary, who gave him M. de M—. Thus this young man passed several months at the *Ecole Militaire*, in transcribing the orders of the day, and writing the correspondence of a colonel of dragoons.

Joseph Bonaparte had collected a large quantity of books at his chateau of Morfontaine, of which he wished to form a library. Meeting his brother Louis one day, he inquired of him if he knew of any young man capable of classifying books, and preparing a catalogue. Louis thought of M. de M—; and, without any further knowledge of him, without even knowing his name, Joseph Bonaparte sent the young man thus recommended to him, to Morfontaine.

For fifteen days M. de M— worked with great assiduity, but soon found himself in great difficulty. No longer enjoying his place in the *Journal de Paris*, he ceased to receive the moderate wages attached to it, and Joseph had thought of any thing but of fixing the salary of his new librarian. One day having visited his chateau, he bestowed a great deal of praise upon the work that had been executed; but M. de M—, who did not know how to support himself, was yet too diffident to speak of his wants. At first he obtained some little money from the *Journal de Paris*; and, at last, assuming great courage, he undertook to write to Joseph, to beg him to fix his compensation. Joseph hastened to repair his neglect, and M. de M— was appointed his secretary and librarian, with a salary of 3000 francs. M. de M— would have remained in that position all his life, if he had been permitted to do so; but he was called to a higher destiny.

One day the first consul conversing with Joseph, mentioned that he wanted a young man who worked well, and could assist M. de Bourrienne, who was overpowered with labor.

"Can you furnish me any one?" he said, to Joseph.

"I am not certain; I have a young man at Morfontaine, whom I have employed in arranging my library. I have seen but little of him, but he seems to be intelligent. He is mild, modest, and his writing appeared to be very handsome."

"What is his name?"

"I have known his name—he has written it for me; but I have entirely forgotten it."

"No matter, send for him."

An officer is sent for; he is ordered to take a carriage and to proceed to Morfontaine to find a young man whose name is not given, but who he was informed was employed in the library of the chateau. The officer thought that the person was to be arrested. He sat off, having procured an escort, arrived at Morfontaine, possessed himself of M. de M—, without allowing him a moment of time, without furnishing him the least explanation, and guarding him with great care as a prisoner of state. On his return to Malmaison, the

officer gave an account of his mission. He was ordered to conduct the gentleman into the cabinet of M. de Bourrienne. He is scarcely in the room before M. de M— is installed in the bureau, and set to work. He had not breakfasted at the time that he was taken from Morfontaine. At dinner time, no one thought of him. He continued to work, and was about to sink down from mere want of food, when M. de Bourrienne, seeing the alteration in his countenance, thought of asking him if he was not sick.

"No, sir," he replied, "but I am extremely hungry."

"How! extremely hungry?"

"Yes, sir; I had not breakfasted before I was brought here, and I have not dined since."

"And why did you not say so?"

"I did not dare to do so."

M. de Bourrienne hastened to have every thing furnished to his young assistant that he had occasion for, and gave the first consul an account of what had happened. The modesty and simplicity of the young man pleased Bonaparte very much. He saw M. de M— from time to time, and easily perceived that he was endowed with qualities which only required to be developed. He became more and more attached to him; and when he was compelled to remove M. de Bourrienne from near his person, M. de M— was appointed his successor.

THE WHITE SULPHUR, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE.

By A. C., of South Carolina.

Just as the guests at the White Sulphur, about the middle of July, 1813, had risen from dinner, it was remarked that there would soon be a shower. In a short time the thunder began to growl. There was not a breath of air: all was as still as death. The sky and surrounding mountains were black. The large drops began to fall. Then came the rustling breeze. Peals of thunder followed upon peals, and clap after clap. The wind swept down the intervening vallies. Quick and sharp flashes of lightning made the inmates of the cabins start up and pace their rooms in alarm. Suddenly there was a loud crash, followed by the falling of an immense oak, that stood in the adjacent wood. Instantly smoke began to ascend. The tree had been struck by the electric fluid and set on fire. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by hail. In an hour the storm passed away to the southward, and the sun broke forth in cloudless glory. The terror that had filled every bosom was dispelled, and the company left their apartments. The hum of the crowd was again heard, and at the usual time the ladies reappeared in their evening dresses, moving in different directions along the walks.

Curiosity is on tip-toe at all watering-places, whenever a new comer makes his appearance. It is asked, eagerly, who is he? Where is he from? Does any body know any thing about him? Silent comments are made by the spectators upon his manner and personal attractions, and most commonly he is placed in that rank which he actually maintains in general society.

A young man wearing the undress uniform of a naval officer, well mounted, and accompanied by a servant, stopped at the spring. It was evident that he had encountered the recent tempest, and had been drenched by the rain. All eyes were fixed on him as he walked up, slowly and feebly to the house. Those women who saw him pitied him; for his pale countenance and emaciated frame proved that he had really come in search of health, and that his sufferings had been neither light nor of short duration. The stranger was tall and finely proportioned. His carriage was more gentle and graceful than is common to men of his vocation; his eye was of the deepest blue; his complexion, which was unusually fair, was shaded by a profusion of light hair, which curled thickly and spontaneously. There was an uncommon share of energy in the expression of his countenance; and although he could not be more than three and twenty, he seemed already to have endured much hard service. A close observer would have concluded that his soul was the seat of noble and generous sentiments, and that he was just such a man as would strike the imagination of an accomplished and highly intellectual woman, and, if he wished it, take her affections captive: for however much the softer sex may admire in the opposite one, genius, courage, acquirements and humanity, their delight in the contemplation of these qualities is heightened to rapturous enthusiasm, when united with personal elegance. The Lieutenant soon mingled with the throng. Although naturally shy and unobtrusive, he met all advances towards an acquaintance kindly and politely. But he was laboring under a deep depression of spirits, owing, as all supposed, and as was the fact, to the shattered condition of his health.

Early one morning, a carriage drawn by four horses stopped at the White Sulphur, from which there alighted an elderly gentleman and lady, accompanied by a girl who appeared to be about nineteen. The equipage of the visiter was splendid, and indicated his expensive tastes, and the extent of his private fortune. He was a native and a citizen of South Carolina. Mr. H—, when young, had resided in Europe for several years. During his absence, he had perfected his knowledge of French and Spanish, by an intimate intercourse with men of education and rank, who spoke those languages with classical purity. In general society his manner was easy and polished, yet decided. He expressed his opinions upon all subjects boldly and frankly, yet with marked respect for those who differed from him. He had studied no science profoundly, yet he had collected a large mass of valuable information, which he detailed to those with whom he associated in an acceptable manner. Whilst he paid on all occasions the most delicate regard to the feelings of others, he repelled as quick as thought, the slightest intrusion on his own. When his resentments were aroused they were vehemently expressed. That he was proud of his ancestry, and jealous of his personal dignity and honor, was manifest to every one with whom he became acquainted. Mrs. H—, when young, was beautiful. She was gay, sensitive, devoted to such society as suited her tastes. With her equals she was agreeable, spirited, and even fascinating. Towards the honest poor she was bountiful—towards the vulgar she was intolerant. With the afflicted she sympathised deeply,

and even gave them her personal assistance, as well as a portion of her ample pecuniary means. On great occasions she was distinguished by the richness of her attire, and the loftiness of her manner. If others expected to partake of her hospitalities, or to be honored with her smiles, they were required to pay her that homage which she conceived to be due to rank, talent, and opulence.

The daughter, Anna H—, was not perfectly beautiful. She had been carefully and usefully educated. Her mother had desired to fit her to adorn either the most elevated station in society, or to sit by an unambitious hearth, a domestic queen, where grandeur should be unknown, and where her husband in her society could not fear the worst of fortune's malice—where she might banish melancholy from all her household, and speed the hours with lively cares.

No woman ever felt the power of poetry and song more deeply than Anna H—. On several occasions she had composed slight poetical effusions, bearing marks of genius and a cultivated taste. Devoted to music, she touched the strings of her harp with infinite tenderness. It was impossible for any ingenuous youth to resist her smile, or to be content with a single view of her. And he who loved her felt as though he could not permit the winds of Heaven to visit her too rudely.

It was not to be wondered at that Anna H— commanded the homage of the first young men in the part of the country where she resided. That she was delighted with the attentions which were paid her—that she rejoiced in the conquests achieved by her personal charms, it was impossible to doubt—for she was a woman! On her first coming, the Lieutenant, who was recovering his strength, often passed and repassed her. Both seemed willing to halt and converse upon indifferent topics. On more than one occasion she adverted to his travels abroad, as he had been much in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. He imparted his valuable knowledge with eloquence and power. The susceptible girl listened with delight to the graceful sailor. If she had not wished to reciprocate the enjoyment which she felt in these hasty, partial, and interrupted interviews, she would have done violence to her nature, and to that mysterious and irresistible attraction which exists between the sexes. At the evening dance, she felt a secret pride, and why, she did not exactly know, when the Lieutenant demanded her hand, and accompanied her through its mazes. How light her air—how delicate her glee! It seemed as if there was nothing that could disturb the serenity of her temper—or sadden her brow—or repress the smiles which she bestowed in profusion upon those who followed in her train.

It was proposed one evening, that the younger part of the visitors should make an excursion to the neighboring hills on horseback. If a young female of the present day—repining in indolence in her deeply cushioned carriage, with colorless cheek, the ringlets of her hair and the folds of her rich dress undisturbed—be an object to be *admired*; still she, who, wrapped in her riding habit, brushes away the dew of the morning, decked in the roses of health, is an object to be *loved*. The one is the lifeless statue of the sculptor—the other the living animated child of nature.

There was a bustle amongst the wayfaring party.

The grooms were called, and the necessary orders given. The servants, who were going along, were directed to put up some refreshments—those of the gentlemen who played, took their flutes and clarionets. When it was announced that all was ready, a spirited Virginian led up for the “little South Carolinian,” as Anna H— was called, a small and perfectly beautiful blooded filly, that looked like a domesticated deer—she was so docile. Anna was struck by the symmetry of her form, and making a sudden spring adjusted herself in a twinkling in the saddle. The balmy air had given a deep color to her cheek and unusual animation to her dark intellectual eye. Her blushes sprung from the joy with which her bosom was almost bursting. Over her countenance a thousand shadows were moving. Set off with a becoming green riding dress, a silk handkerchief around her neck, fastened by a glittering diamond pin, a small light hat, and seizing the whip which was handed her, she touched the animal gently, who put forward as though she moved on springs, and was even conscious of the precious burden which she bore. Leading the van, Anna was followed by a splendid train of more than forty, and a proud and happy train it was of southern chivalry and southern beauty. How much of virtue, of affection, intelligence and accomplishment, was there in that joyful company! How many of those who went forth on that day have since been wrapped in their winding sheets, and become the prey of icy, unrelenting worms! Of those who still survive how many of the world's afflictions have they suffered—how many vicissitudes of fortune have they encountered? Already some of them have begun to feel the withering influence of accumulated years, whilst others are care-worn widows and anxious mothers.

Passing rapidly over the rough road, along which the sojourners pursued their way, they arrived at the foot of the mountain, which they were to ascend by a winding and difficult path. Having at length reached the summit, they were amply compensated for their toil. The sun had risen unobscured by the slightest cloud; his golden beams had dissipated the mists which had gathered through the night upon the deep valleys that separated the tall cliffs. A number of hunters, who resided near the White Sulphur, had gone upon the chase with the hounds, at the first dawn of the morning. The indistinct cry of the dogs that were afar off was heard. The sound, first in one and then in another direction, marked the doublings of the stag which they were hotly pursuing. The crack of a rifle told that he had passed one of the stands that was occupied. The busy and rejoicing reapers, in the fields that were miles off, appeared no larger than children. Here and there a farm house was discovered, and the cattle grazing around on the luxuriant grass. The teams were hauling the heavily laden waggons to the barns. The hours passed off delightfully. Some of the gentlemen had cut away the branches of a wild grape vine in the low grounds, which the servants had brought along, and out of which a rude swing was made, which if not very comfortable in the use, was the cause of much merriment. A while after mid-day the provisions were spread out upon a broad and smooth rock. The waiters were despatched down the side of the mountain, with their pitchers, to a cool and gushing fountain.

The Lieutenant was fond of music. He had found

relief from the monotony of a seaman's life, in the cultivation of his taste for this delicious art. He was devoted to his guitar—often the companion of his melancholy hours. His powers of execution had been greatly improved during his visits to the sea coasts of Spain and Italy. He sung several spirited and humorous canzona and ballads. Now the company were all clustered together, and now divided into small parties. A few of the fair maidens, accompanied by gentlemen, moved off under the pretext of hunting wild flowers. But they soon halted and separated into pairs. Anon they were espied listening to the soft words of their lovers, either in breathless confusion, or with arch audacity.

Whilst all were wholly unconscious how rapidly the time was flying, one of the servants announced that clouds were gathering in the west, and that they might be overtaken by a gust—an event so common and so sudden in those elevated regions. Every one was startled at this unwelcome and unexpected intelligence. Taking their departure in the utmost haste, they proceeded but a short distance before it became evident that they would not be able to reach the Springs before the falling of the rain. It was then suggested that they should take shelter in a waste house, about two miles off, which in former days had been used as a stopping place, by the numerous emigrants removing to the rich lands bordering on the Kanawha and Ohio rivers.

Although the horses flew along the path, the travellers had scarcely reached their desolate retreat, before the rain began to pour down in torrents, and continued falling for several hours. The situation of the company became irksome and uncomfortable. At last they set out, fearing that they might be overtaken by night, and proceeded at a rapid pace. In the morning they had passed a stream which was scarcely three feet deep; but on now approaching it, all were surprised to find that it was greatly swollen and impetuous. Still those who were in front, led by a resident of the vicinity, plunged in, and passed over without much apparent difficulty. Anna H— was about midway of the crowd. When she reached the brink of the creek, several behind her were precipitated upon her. The filly, on entering the water, diverged from the shallow ford, slipped, and her rider fell, before her immediate attendant could make the slightest effort to save her. The terrified girl floated off in a moment on the angry stream, sinking gradually—being drawn down by the water absorbed by her clothing. She made not a struggle to avert her destiny. Suddenly there was a loud and penetrating cry from the rear, to clear the way! The Lieutenant came running with all his might, and as he ran threw to either side of him his hat, coat, neckcloth and waistcoat. In all his movements there was a desperate fury. Casting himself upon the flood, he made eagerly after the object of his heroic pursuit. At a considerable distance from the spot where she had fallen, the victim wholly disappeared—but as she rose to the surface, the Lieutenant seized her by her hair, which was disengaged, her hat being lost. The main difficulty now lay in taking the sufferer to the shore. The water ran so rapidly that the Lieutenant was compelled to swim obliquely, dragging Anna after him, and having caught a bush, he thus held to his charge until he received assistance. At last the pale and senseless

body was laid upon the ground. All who were present were in the deepest distress and alarm: the females were overwhelmed with grief and horror. A young physician who was along, suggested that the patient might be restored. Having placed her in such a position as to throw the water from the chest, he ordered her to be rubbed, and made many unsuccessful efforts to draw blood. After an hour, there were symptoms of returning respiration. A messenger was despatched to the Spring to quiet the fears of the visitors, and to procure a carriage.

After much conversation about the sad and nearly fatal accident which had happened, the guests retired for the night, but resumed the subject the next morning at the breakfast table. Every tongue was loud in praise of the heroism of the Lieutenant. Whilst all were anxiously looking for him to enter the room, one of the waiters stated that he and his boy had left before daylight. This intelligence filled every one with amazement. Nobody knew or could guess whither he had gone, or what could have caused his sudden and apparently mysterious departure.

Anna H—, under the influence of an anodyne, had become composed. When she awoke at a late hour, she found her father and mother sitting by her bed-side. Slight allusions were made to her almost miraculous preservation. In the course of the day her female acquaintances visited her, and spoke in raptures of the noble young sailor. One of them observed, "How strange it is that he went off so suddenly—and without saying good-bye to a soul; without permitting any one to thank him for saving the life of our friend, at the imminent hazard of his own." These words had scarcely escaped from the lips of the speaker, before Anna, raising herself up and placing her head upon her hand, and her elbow on the pillow, exclaimed—"Gone! gone where?" To which it was replied—"He is certainly gone, and no mortal can tell where." Throwing herself back, the distressed girl fell into a deep reverie, and the tears trickled down her cheek. She seemed to be saying to herself, "It would have been far better for me if I had not been snatched from a watery grave." The vigilant mother beheld those tears with unutterable anguish, because she saw that the recent incident might give color to the whole future life of her only child. Her pride and affection revolted at the thought of her daughter becoming the victim of a hopeless and unreciprocated passion.

The approach of autumn admonished the visitors at the White Sulphur that it was time to return to their homes. The pleasures of the last two months had been enjoyed, and were gone forever. First one and then another family had bade adieu. Mr. and Mrs. H— became anxious to depart. The daughter was thoughtful and solitary—a feeling to which she had before been a stranger. At length the driver was seated, the postillions mounted, the carriage moved off rapidly, and soon disappeared from those who had collected to say farewell. The journey to Anna was long and wearisome: her thoughts were forever fixed on the Lieutenant, whose manly graces became every day more captivating in her view. She recollected certain slight incidents that had occurred at the creek after her restoration, and amongst others, that the Lieutenant had asked her with trembling anxiety if her person had

been in any way injured by her fall; and when the carriage had been drawn up for her to be laid in it, he lifted her up, folded her in his arms, and bore her along with a degree of delicacy, tenderness and care, which had filled her heart to overflowing. However, she imagined that her domestic engagements would drive off those painful recollections that haunted and annoyed her.

When she arrived in sight of her father's magnificent patrimonial establishment, situated on an island on the coast of Carolina, she was partially aroused from her despondency. She was returning to the spot where she was born. How many fond endearments are associated with the remembrance of even the humblest home! As the travellers passed in at the gate that opened upon the broad avenue, planted on either side with the beautiful magnolia and china trees, the numerous field hands espied them, stopped their work and gazed. As they approached the stately mansion-house, the younger slaves came forth from their cabins to welcome the arrival of their lordly master. The privileged house servants presented themselves, and whilst engaged in removing the baggage, were telling how lonesome they had been, and detailing all the news which they had heard about the people of the neighborhood. The superannuated negroes came, limping along, and offered their respectful congratulations, which were graciously returned.

Anna's ancient and affectionate nurse followed her into her apartment, and inquired how she was pleased with her jaunt—observing with an exulting smile that she knew there was not as pretty a girl as her at the Springs, and that she had expected to see some handsome young men coming home with her. After a pause, she said, "But I reckon they will be along after a while." Anna drew away the kindhearted creature gently from this painful topic.

The next morning after an early breakfast, Mrs. H— and her daughter set out on a visit to the dwellings of the slaves. The children that had been born during their absence were presented with maternal pride; the cares of the sick were considered; whatever was amiss in the houses was promptly corrected; kind encouragement was given to those who were seriously ill, and the necessary refreshments ordered. Fanatical devotion to abstract principles, without due regard to attendant circumstances, is one of the hallucinations that marks our age and country. But can a single being be found, who after viewing the working of this patriarchal system, would desire to break it up, founded as it is upon reciprocal affection, mutual interest, and perfect protection?

The Lieutenant proceeded on his journey with all practicable despatch. Having passed the Blue Ridge, he took to a public conveyance, directing his course to the north. He had left his port with the greatest reluctance, and at the earnest entreaty of his physician and friend. Like all his associates in the same service, his faculties were absorbed in the thrilling events which were then occurring on the land and the water, and like them was watching eagerly for an opportunity to try the perils of battle, and "pluck up drowned honor by the locks," amidst its carnage. The Lieutenant had been ordered to join one of our national vessels, just ready for sea. Her equipments were complete: her

Crew counted on certain victory, whenever the enemy could be met and fought. The anchors were weighed—the star-spangled banner and silver sails were spread out to the propitious breeze; her commander proudly trod her deck; her parting salute was answered by the buzzes of countless thousands: she moved away from their anxious gaze “like a thing of life,” followed by many a pious prayer to Heaven for her safety and success.

The family on the island soon became settled. Mr. H— was engaged in the preparation of his annual crop for market. His wife was giving a general superintendence to the extensive arrangements of her household. Their friends came in numbers from the main land to congratulate them on their return. Anna was often sad. The mother perceiving that her wounded spirit had begun to feed upon itself, persuaded her to invite her school-companion and friend Henrietta R—, to visit and spend some time with her. This girl was almost a mountain nymph; she had been born and raised in the upper country of Carolina, where her father owned a baronial estate. The natural dispositions of the two girls were opposite; and yet whilst the frolic graces of the one had charmed the heart of her companion, the retiring diffidence of the other had enkindled a like feeling of regard. Henrietta was as pensive as the morning; all her anxious hopes were subdued by the patient fortitude of woman, and her griefs, from which even she was not wholly exempted, settled into gentle rest. Her bright and peaceful brow added to the lustre of the rich ringlets that floated over it; her deep meditative eye overflowed with pious sentiments; her aspirations pointed to a seraphic immortality; on her cheek there dwelt the tenderest bloom. No sensitive mind could contemplate her thoughtfulness and beauty without yielding the profoundest homage to both. She seemed to tread upon the dew-drops of her mountain skies, as if she feared to crush them too roughly.

The meeting of the two maidens was full of affection. Anna, feeling no restraint, poured out her inmost thoughts into the bosom of her friend. She stated, that after she had reached home, she had gotten hold of a paper which announced the sailing of the ship to which the Lieutenant belonged. This was all that she had learned concerning him, since his sudden disappearance from the Springs. Why he had gone without announcing his intention to any one—without waiting to receive the grateful and everlasting thanks of her parents—without knowing whether she would recover from the shock which she had suffered, it was impossible for her to divine. Then she asked in a tone of the deepest distress, “Ought he not to have delayed at least a few hours?” All these matters perplexed the mind of Henrietta, who was unable to suggest even a plausible explanation of them.

Part of the winter had passed away. Some gentlemen visited the island, bringing with them invitations for Mr. H— and his family to a new year’s ball to be given in Charleston. The ladies were earnestly pressed to attend. Anna’s mother was anxious that all should go, believing that a change of scene might enliven the spirits of her daughter, who at last consented to gratify the wishes of her parent.

Carriage after carriage rolled over the streets of the city; the spacious rooms blazed with a thousand lights;

party after party swelled the joyous crowd; beauties after beauties were escorted to their seats, attired in all the decorations that fancy could invent and hand prepare. What an eager assemblage it was! The young and the old exchanged mutual congratulations; the music imparted life into the weary, and cheered the mourners; the anxious were at rest; the dancers moved off merrily. After some hours, there prevailed through the principal apartment an almost clamorous revelry. At the lower end of it there was collected suddenly a small group of gentlemen, to whom one of them was giving an impassioned narrative with much gesticulation. They were quickly joined by many more. In a moment the noise ceased and every sound was hushed. It was announced that one of our frigates had met one of those of the enemy, and had, after a contest of an hour and a half, gained a brilliant victory. When the deep feeling which this glorious intelligence aroused, had partially subsided, there was a loud outcry for the particulars, which had been only partially communicated to the throng. The name of the American vessel had fallen upon the ear of Anna, and that alone was sufficient to excite all her fears. That the general anxiety might be relieved, a person was appointed to read the official despatch of the commander from the elevated seat of the musicians. How the gentle bosoms of the maidens heaved and sunk, as the reader proceeded with the thrilling narrative. How proud was the exultation of those patriot southrons, who, alive alike to the national honor and to their own, would quarrel upon the ninth part of a hair! Towards the close of this account, the brave captain stated that so obstinate a conflict could not but be attended with loss,—that the enemy had suffered immensely, and his ship considerably. Lieutenant Y—, he observed, had conducted himself with the utmost gallantry and skill, and it grieved him to say that when the action was nearly over, he had fallen badly wounded.

The mother and Henrietta preserved their self-possession. When they learned the fate of the Lieutenant, they led Anna away, and sought a private apartment. Placing her upon a bed, they employed the language of comfort, and insisted that he would recover. Anna said in a soft whisper to her friend, “I should be willing to end my sufferings in death, if I could only enjoy the privilege of standing beside him, and staunching the blood which is flowing from his wounds, with these feeble hands of mine.” Before the day dawned, the crowded apartments were silent as the chambers of the dead. The tired domestics—the exhausted votaries of pleasure—the grave matrons—the blushing fair ones—were wrapped in sleep, that blessed corrector of our bodily and mental excesses.

Week after week rolled away, but no tidings of the Lieutenant or his gallant ship reached the family on the island. Her books, which were taken up and soon thrown aside, brought no relief to Anna, from the anxieties by which she was tortured. She gladly vanished from the sight of every stranger, and longed for that repose of heart which she had once enjoyed; but she was affrighted by busy dreams and wild fancies: her harp alone cheered her privacy and soothed her sorrows. Formerly she had been passionately devoted to her dabbles, in all their richness and countless varieties—to her japonicas and blushing roses, fit emblems

of herself. But now her hair was unadorned, and she was content with only one flower, which she wore beneath her bosom more for love than ornament.

At last the spring arrived. The air became soft, and all animated nature rejoiced; Anna alone seemed doomed to carry in her heart a remembrance of grief, spotless and gentle as she was. She and her friend sometimes directed their steps to the sea-side, after the sun had gone to rest in his western bed. The breeze was slumbering—the curling and dashing waves were no longer struggling with each other. Only a heaving of the mighty deep still survived. The moon held undisputed sway in the heavens; and the frail vessels that had been driven before the recent tempest, now glided over the waters peacefully, courting fresh gales to waft them to their destined ports. The solitary owl, alarmed by the approach of the wanderers, broke from his resting place, and sailed away to a deeper solitude.

As the heats of the summer approached, it became evident that Anna was rapidly losing her strength—that her spirit was nearly crushed, and that she mourned as one without hope. Sometimes she was shocked at the thought that she was nurturing a passion for one who had never wilfully by word or act sought to excite it. But her conscience whispered soft and lulling excuses, since none could blame her for cherishing a grateful feeling towards the preserver of her life. Those medical advisers who were consulted, suggested that a voyage by sea to the north, and a change of scene and objects, might exercise a salutary influence over a mind that was evidently laboring under a feeling of desolateness, which it seemed impossible either to control or to resist.

The family on the island at length embarked for Newport in Rhode Island, where they proposed to spend the summer. The enemy's cruisers were hovering all along the coast; but the captain alleged that he could run away from every thing that might be sent in pursuit of him. For two days the vessel moved slowly over the weary waves—the slight breezes died away; now she glided smoothly over the mighty deep, and now with graceful motion she breasted the huge billows when roughened into hill and valley; and then again she wantonly washed her sides, rebounding and rebounding. After much anxiety the land was seen indistinctly by the man at the main top—then from the deck—then it broke broadly upon the view of the delighted passengers—then the town was spread out before them—they flew over the water—cast their anchors, and received the congratulations of the rejoicing crowd.

About a month after the party from Carolina had landed, the arrival of the frigate to which the Lieutenant was attached was announced. This intelligence was delicately communicated by the mother to her daughter. Was he then in the same land with herself, and so near her? A delicious hope sprung up in her bosom. Would he make any inquiries about her? Had he ever thought of her since he left her? Had she made any favorable impressions upon him? These were questions which Anna asked herself a thousand times, without being able to resolve them. Mrs. H— was uneasy and perplexed. But it was impossible for her to pass the boundaries of female delicacy, by apprising the Lieutenant that they were in that part of the coun-

try. It might even be improper for her husband to address him and offer his thanks for the preservation of his child, and congratulate him on his gallant defence of the rights of his country. What the one sex achieves by power, the other effects by expedients. The ever faithful Henrietta, having learned that there were several young naval officers in the town, determined to obtain an introduction to them through the interference of a friend. She spoke of the late engagement, and of the part which the Lieutenant had taken in it, and then inquired if they knew him. One of the officers replied that he was his most intimate friend—that he possessed every virtue, and was universally beloved by his companions—that he had returned in perfect health, as he had been informed. Beyond this she dared not go. That night Henrietta communicated what she had learned; her companion went over it again and again, and held her in conversation until deep in the night. At last both fell away into a refreshing sleep, that "balm to hurt minds—that death of each day's life." The next morning Anna arose at an early hour; her heart was at least relieved, and she breathed more freely. Once more smiles played over her long saddened countenance. There was an exultation and healthfulness in her hopes, which lent a charm to every thing around her. The secret cares of her toilet had been neglected; but now she was almost prepared to resume them.

As she was sitting alone one evening at the window of her room in the hotel, she was startled by the rushing of six or eight young men from a door of one of the parlors, into a paved yard that was in the rear of it, and which was covered by an arbor of vines. The night was excessively hot and close. Servants followed with chairs and a table, on which decanters of wine and glasses were placed. It seemed as if some old companions, who had long been separated, had suddenly met. Many inquiries were made by each of the other; but Anna could not hear the replies, owing to her distance from them. Henrietta joined her, and both endeavored unsuccessfully to ascertain of whom this party was composed—whether of residents or strangers. Both hoped that the Lieutenant might possibly have arrived, yet each feared to communicate her thoughts to the other. The party soon became gay—the welkin rung with peals of laughter. Anna arose frequently, and paced the room with her hands folded on her bosom; her heart and temples throbbed. Then she recanted herself. Several songs were sung—one of which she had heard before. The voice she thought was that of the Lieutenant, and she so said to her companion.

At last universal stillness prevailed. The breezes from the sea were at rest. Looking out, Anna watched the immeasurably distant stars rolling through the firmament. Now and then she shed a solitary tear in the silence of the night, and poured forth those sighs which are not meant for human ear—but even these were mingled with the joy of hope. The welcome dawn arrived—welcome, because she longed for that certainty which would set her spirit free from the doubts by which it was tortured—until then, it was impossible that her mind could settle down into a peaceful calm.

Mr. H— sallied forth to learn whether the Lieutenant had really arrived, and soon found that he had.

Having ascertained his lodgings, he called. He congratulated himself that he was at last able to return his acknowledgments for the rescue of his child; stated that his family was with him, and would be happy to see him. On receiving this kind and frank invitation, a deep glow passed over the countenance of the Lieutenant, who replied, that he would do himself the honor to call in the morning. Mrs. H——, alive to the situation of her daughter, counselled her to control herself as much as possible.

Never did hours pass off so heavily, as those which intervened between the time when Anna was apprised of the intended visit and its actual occurrence. She feared that she might betray her real feelings, from which her feminine delicacy shrunk back in dismay. True, her heart was full of nature, kind and forlorn, and had made a thousand tender sacrifices. She had long mourned in meekness, and a high and holy affection had taken possession of her. Her gratitude had opened the way to love, and she was unable to resist. Still the bare thought of revealing the secrets of her bosom shocked her; and yet she suffered no self-reproach, for she asked herself if the object on which she doated was not brave, generous, full of benevolence and manly gracefulness?

Anna arose with the sun. At the proper time she made her toilet with anxious care—attired herself in a rich dress, somewhat grave—decked out her hair with a modest ornament which she had worn at the Springs, and of which the Lieutenant had expressed his admiration, to which she added a single flower. More than once she asked her friend how she looked—viewed herself in her mirror, and made some alterations which did not please her. She sat down and endeavored to drive away her agitation. But, in a few moments, she was again unconsciously on her feet. The family were seated in the parlor, when several visitors came in, who soon engaged in familiar conversation. In a short time the Lieutenant was announced, when Mr. H—— arose and met him at the door; his wife gave him a cordial welcome, and, with all the thoughtful readiness of woman, accompanied him to the side of the room where her daughter was sitting, remarking that she had been indisposed, but was now recovering. Anna attempted in vain to rise—she was dumb—but she extended her hand, which was cold, clammy, and nerveless; and which the Lieutenant took in the most respectful manner. He was painfully struck by her altered appearance, for she was no longer light and free—a gay image of cheerfulness and health—but was so fallen away that she looked like a lovely apparition, between life and death. His bosom was instantly filled with the deepest commiseration, and his equanimity was disturbed by a poignant distress. When he took leave he was invited to call again, for which he returned his thanks. Anna expected and hoped that it would be soon—but she was disappointed, for he came not for several days. In this interval of anxious suspense her hopes sank and her spirits flagged.

At an earlier hour than usual, whilst the two friends were alone in the drawing room, the Lieutenant arrived. He was dressed in full uniform, and was unusually gay. He pressed his conversation upon Anna—spoke of her music—hoped she had not abandoned it—was tenderly solicitous about her health, and made many inquiries concerning their favorite acquaintances, who were at

the White Sulphur with them, and even passed some flattering compliments upon herself. She felt her heart leap in her bosom—her cheeks were suffused with blushes—the emotions that possessed her were too delicious for utterance, even if her maiden modesty had permitted her to speak. When he was gone Anna observed that she had never seen him look so handsome before. Each succeeding day drew the brave young officer and the enamored girl closer together. He came often, and was surprised to find how long he had remained and how rapidly the hours had flown. She joined him in the performance of some pieces of music full of sentiment and passion.

The ladies were anxious to learn the minuter incidents of the recent battle, in which the Lieutenant had been engaged, but which he modestly declined giving, until he was earnestly requested, when he favored them with the following narrative:

“On putting to sea a universal wish prevailed that we might meet a force every way equal to our own, and have a close, hard conflict. We almost envied those of our brethren who had already gathered so many and such rich laurels at the expense of the enemy. The sailors were in the best spirits—the lieutenants and midshipmen talked in their mess-rooms of nothing but fighting. Whenever a vessel came in sight every one was eagerly on the look-out. But all our hopes ended in disappointment. The discipline of the ship was perfect. At about eleven o'clock one morning, the man at the main-top cried out, ‘a sail!’ Every body caught the word in an instant. Directions were given to put the ship about, and we were in full pursuit. Others were sent aloft, who confirmed the intelligence already given. The top-sails of the stranger were first seen—then, after a long interval, her larger sails became visible. The boatswain blew his shrill whistle with more than his accustomed energy, and all hands were piped to quarters. The decks were cleared for action; the charges in the guns were drawn, and they were reloaded; the matches were lighted; the younger officers flew to their posts; the powder boys assumed their appointed stations. The commander paced the quarter deck, then halted and applied his glass to his long practised eye; then called the first lieutenant of the ship, and made some new suggestions to him.

“The hostile ships gradually approached each other. The hull of the enemy slowly rose to the view, as though she was breaking from the bottomless deep. The wind blew freshly. She seemed to play with the ocean, and to ride wantonly on the white-capped waves. We ran up our flags, and our antagonist did the same. She moved on proudly, and came so near, that by the aid of our spy-glasses, the number of her port-holes could be counted. To several discharges from our cannon, she made a quick and defying reply. The long wished for moment had arrived, for it was evident that a battle was inevitable. A whisper might have been heard amongst our people. As the sea was much agitated it was a long time before we could attain the desired position, for the order of the captain was not to fire until we were so near that every shot would tell. The foe was equally busy with ourselves, and manœuvred for the advantage with a skill which extorted our admiration. Finally the word was passed—we gave three hearty cheers, and poured in a heavy broadside,

which was returned. One of our guns was dismounted—four of our brave fellows were killed and five wounded. Our ship was put about, and our batteries again vomited forth death and desolation upon our fearless enemy. As the opposing vessel as well as our own was thrown up by the waves, our gunners held up their fire; but as she descended they blazed away, and she was struck point blank in her hull. After another round, her mainmast gave way and fell by the board with a heavy crash. At this our crew spontaneously raised a loud shout, and our veteran commander exclaimed in a paroxysm of feeling, and with an oath, "That ship is ours." A scattering fire at us was kept up for some time; but at last the proud banner of the enemy was hauled down and all resistance ended. An officer was despatched to receive the sword of the vanquished but gallant leader. But he was overwhelmed by pity, when he looked on the spectacle which his own valor had assisted in creating. The commander was just breathing his last. More than sixty men lay dead upon the decks, weltering in their blood; amongst them were two manly looking lieutenants and several midshipmen, who had not yet lost the beauty and bloom of youth, and but a little while before had luxuriated in all the buoyancy and energy of robust health and joyful hopes. The common sailors and their superiors lay around promiscuously and unheeded amidst the groans of the wounded. The survivors, who were unhurt, departed themselves with the dignity and gravity which became them in their misfortunes.

"After a slight examination, the vessel was found to be an unmanageable wreck, which attested the skill of the victors, and the indomitable courage of the vanquished. At once the shouts of conquest were silenced by the sympathies of a generous humanity. Immediate steps were taken to save the persons and their property who were on board the sinking ship, which had already begun to settle. The pumps were kept going. Our boats as well as her own were gathered about her. The wounded, whose cries pierced every heart, were raised up and borne along by the rough sailors with all the gentle tenderness of mothers for their offspring. Each party spoke in a subdued and sorrowful tone. Those prisoners who came away, looked back upon the once proud barque in which they had marched over the mountain wave with unaffected and unrestrained grief. At last she went down suddenly and with a plunge—the dark blue waters closed over her, and she, with all her pale and lifeless tenants, was in the deep ocean buried. The last rays of the setting sun lingered on the far bounding sea. We then hoisted all sail and bore away from the scene of our glory."

Before he closed, the countenance of the narrator was dilated—the tones of his voice became deep, full and elevated. Both he and his auditory were moved by these affecting incidents.

Week after week passed away. Anna's eye beamed with all its former brightness. Her bosom heaved and spread—even her stature grew, and she moved with alacrity. The current of her thoughts became full and smooth. All the objects of nature around her—the rich verdure of the earth on which she trod—were clothed in their accustomed fascinations. She studied elaborately all the attractions of dress, and longed to meet the Lieutenant at the dance. For some time his atten-

tions were free, cordial and devoted. But a gradual change came over him, and he delivered himself up to sadness and to gloom: a change which Anna accounted almost miraculous in a youth of such impetuous blood. Her keen perception quickly detected this unlooked-for revulsion in his feelings. His manner was embarrassed and constrained, and even wore an air of timidity and irresolution.

One evening about dusk the Lieutenant called. He seemed to have relapsed into a state of entire abstraction. After the usual salutations, he uttered not a word. At last Henrietta withdrew. Lifting up his chair, he seated himself near Anna—and, after a long pause remarked: "When we first met at the White Sulphur my country was contending with a powerful enemy. My commission had been given me at the earnest solicitation of a mother in humble circumstances—the wife of a brave and departed revolutionary officer. It would have been impossible for me to abandon my post in a time of national danger, when honor was to be won at the cannon's mouth. Whilst on my visit to the Springs for the recovery of my health, a vehement affection took possession of me. I shuddered at the thought of any woman putting on a widow's weeds and mourning my premature fall, whilst she was yet in all the freshness of youth and beauty. I wrestled with my passion, and tore myself away, a bleeding victim, from the presence of her who had enkindled it. Then I had nothing to offer her but my person and my sword; now, nothing but my person, my sword, and the approbation of my country for my humble public services." Placing his hand in his bosom he drew from it a small case, to which was attached a golden chain, observing, "This was executed at my request by the painter whom we saw at the White Sulphur. From that hour to this, I have worn it next my heart. On each succeeding day I have gazed on it and have imprinted on it many a fervent kiss." Anna trembled as she received the present. Perceiving, on opening it, that it contained a likeness of herself, she shrieked, threw her white arms around his neck—fell upon his bosom—thanked God from the inmost recesses of her soul, and sobbed aloud.

I HAVE BREATHED THY NAME.

I have breath'd thy name on India's shore,
When the stars and flowers were bright,
And amid the fierce tornado's roar—
In the sable gloom of night!
I have breath'd thy name in dreams of home,
When my proud and gallant bark
Was dancing o'er the tempest's foam,
And even hope grew dark!

I have breath'd thy name, when other eyes
Were glancing into mine,
But still I kept my heart's pure sighs
To lay upon thy shrine!
I have breath'd thy name, when music's spell
Was stealing o'er my heart;
That name was the pure, the magic well
That drown'd the sorceress-art.

I have breath'd thy name, when in my ear
 Came beauty's dulcet tone;
 'Twas a spell-fraught word, that name so dear,
 My idol-love! my own!
 I have breath'd thy name, when the midnight sea
 Seem'd Heaven's star-spangled shrine;
 And each thought was marshall'd back to thee,
 To that glowing heart of thine!
 I have breath'd thy name on the burning mount,
 As if 't were life's last shield;
 'Tis a mystic word, 'tis a sacred fount,
 Where my love and my heart is seal'd!

February, 1839. EGERIA.

A GROWING YOUTH.

"*Sic itur ad astra.*"

Reader, have you ever known what it is to grow? Not as most mortals do, with that imperceptible and comparatively easy movement towards the stars—not thus, but rather as groweth a hop or a cucumber vine, in that most growing of all weathers, yeapt "muggy," now with a leap, and now with a jerk, advancing with that "hop-skip-and-a-jump" sort of motion, which so wonderfully accelerateth him that makes use of it. Time was when I was on a par with the least of mortals—yes, and so marvellous has been my growth, that methinks, that time seemeth but yesterday—but now, alas, how changed! However, I see that I am outrunning my reader—let me commence anew, rehearsing all matters faithfully from the beginning.

I have always been a rare youth from my birth—and, doubtless, at that most interesting period of my existence, divers portents were blazing in the sky to declare my coming. However, this is mere supposition, for as, according to the best authority, I was ushered into the world at about "three o'clock i' the morning," all the star-gazers, having waxed sleepy, had drawn themselves and tubes into a "state of retiracy;" and, as for any others who chanced to be abroad at so untimely an hour, they unfortunately were in a state to see so many stars, that their assertions, however confidently made, would probably receive little credit from my unbelieving readers.

From my birth to my sixteenth year, no peculiar marks did I bear about me, except in my capital parts—the general outline of which was oval, slightly elongated from ear to ear, and flattened at the poles, and remarkably uniform at the surface, which uniformity was only interrupted by the indentures and excrescences necessary for those organs of sense which are seated in a man's cranium. With these trifling exceptions, a more beautiful and uniform piece of workmanship than my head-piece could scarcely be imagined. The only trouble was, it was slightly disproportioned to the rest of my figure.

Now a man's visage may have all the beauties of the rainbow displayed on it, yet unless it bear a certain proportion to the rest of his figure, the good people of this world at once pronounce it "no go;" and the poor devil is forthwith hustled off the stage, as though, if he had had the moulding of his figure, and if the

proportion of his several parts had been left to his taste, he would of course have insisted on his present shape.

Have you ever seen a cherry, reader—of the kind called "short stems"—that which bears upon its cheek so ruddy a hue, and then insensibly shades away into a fair and pure white, which the lily might envy? Such, oh reader, was the beauty of my phiz, from my earliest infancy; but, alas, as is the aforesaid fruit to the stem which sustains it, so was my head to the trunk which it adorned. Indeed, reader, take one of the aforesaid cherries, and skilfully bisect the stem of the same midway, longitudinally, and you have a most noble idea of the "*cut of my corpus*," perfect in every respect, even to the coloring—not that dame Nature had given me this latter hue—"by no sort of manner of means;" she had only given that turn to my fancy, which prompted me to shine out in "*living green*," whenever a new garment was a thing to be compassed. With this general idea of the appearance of my body, the reader will please to proceed, with me, to the subject more particularly under discussion.

Until my sixteenth year, as I have already remarked, my growth corresponded to that of the rest of mortals—but alas, *since then*, "*horresco referens*," I tremble to think of it. The first monition I had of the change going on in my system, was a certain dizziness in the head, accompanied by a painful sort of *cracking* at the joints of my body—something like (to compare small things, with great,) the cracking in the frozen surface of a lake which seems at one and the same instant to proceed from every point. My friends became alarmed—the doctor was called—yes, and he brought with him seven other doctors, wiser perhaps than he, though their united wisdom, after a consultation of eight hours, brought them, poor souls, only to the conclusion, that there was going on a "*lapeus membrorum*," in English, a *wreck of matter*. Their advice was, "a straight jacket, wherewith to keep the osseous system properly disposed." My measure was taken, and one was made—by that time, it was too small: another was made,—and it too lacked compass. A third fitted—the second day

—"the waistband split;
 The next, I burst five buttons off,
 And tumbled in a fit;"

at least I *should* have done so, had I dreamt of half the misfortunes my expansion and elongation were about to cause me. In vain was every remedy tried. For a fortnight I walked with a fifty-six pound weight on my head: I might as well have exchanged my straw hat for a beaver. Next, I was put into a sort of a crib bedstead, which was then screwed up my exact length: I woke in the morning with distinct recollections of dreaming of thunder, and found the foot-board burst through. Every thing proved vain, and at last I was suffered to grow—yes, reader, and I *did* grow.

My first annoyance was from my acquaintances. I have two elder brothers, who, unfortunately, resembled me somewhat. At first I was mistaken for Thomas, and the greeting was, "How d' you do, Thomas?"

"A slight mistake, sir: it's not Thomas, but his younger brother William."

"William, eh? why, William, *how you have grown!*"

Next I was exalted into Richard, and—

"How are you, Richard?" was the salutation.

"It's not Richard, sir."

"I beg pardon; I should have said Thomas."

"You'd have said wrong then, for you *should* have said William."

"William! good Heavens! is it possible? why, William, *how* you have *grown*!"

Now, reader, it's bad enough to undergo the pains that necessarily come with a man's misfortune—but then, in addition, to have it continually thrown in his teeth—I protest against it.

I pass by innumerable minor vexations, such as splitting of indispensables, bursting of suspenders, hazards incurred of strangling from forgetting to loosen my cravat every three hours, and things of the like kind. These are but trifles, and might be endured: other things, however, can not. Innumerable were the jokes at my expense.

"Friend," observed a Quaker to me, one evening, "methinks when thee gattest up this morning, thee thrust thy legs unnecessarily far thro' thy pantaloons."

"Sir!" retorted I, fiercely, "do you intend to say—"

"Oh, no offence, friend. I am a man of peace. Thou art choleric, and art *growing*——"

"Silence, you scoundrel, I say."

"Nay, friend, grow not——"

"Sir, you're an impertinent puppy, and beneath my notice."

"Of a verity, friend, I am *beneath* thee;" and he walked away, leaving me to the titterings of a circle of auditors and my own reflections.

Unfortunately I have a spice of gallantry in my composition, and would fain persuade myself that I am not wholly disagreeable to the diviner sex. Certainly if smiles are a sure index of the satisfaction afforded by one's presence, I may pronounce myself happy, for my appearance seldom fails to excite them. However, I have had my suspicions of late—but I'll keep my suspicions to myself.

When in company, I cannot cross a room without thrusting the toes of my boots through the carpet, or kicking them against every article of furniture in my path—nor can I promenade the streets, without displacing every other stone on the pavement; for how in the name of all that's reasonable, reader, can a man make any certain calculations as to where he is about to step, when he carries about with him a foot or two of length at his extremities of which he is wholly unconscious?

In fine, reader, I am become a miserable and unfortunate man. Why, it was only last evening, that instead of placing my feet on the fender, at a party, I rested them on the *fore-stick*, and was only roused to a sense of my situation by the extravagant mirth of the company, and an overpoweringly strong savor of *burnt leather*.

"Something's burning!" I cried, drawing up my heels, and overturning the fender in the operation.

"There's no mistake about that," observed several, pointing to my smoking boots.

And now, reader, for the end of my case—for, you may rest assured, I have not uttered forth my complaints without some object in view—what remedy is there for my misfortune? physic's of no use. Brandreth's, Morison's, Hygeian and Tomato pills! why, reader, I actually *thrive* on them. Daily, for a fortnight, I swallowed

a double dose of rhubarb; but alas, it was the opinion of my friends that, of the two, I grew a trifle *faster* than usual about that time. So the physic was soon thrown to the dogs. And now, reader, what *shall* I do? The ladies all advise me to take a "tuck" or two in my frame. The idea is not a bad one, but none of them will venture in the operation farther than giving the advice. This last idea suggested another, namely, that I should tie myself up into a couple of *knots* or more. From a hasty calculation, I find, that one knot at the knee, and another at each waist, will about reduce me to the level of my more fortunate fellow mortals. Thus far nothing seems more easy. However, after several attempts, I find that in the *practical* part of the operation there are insurmountable difficulties. Besides, I doubt whether the effect on my personal appearance would be on the whole, desirable. Still, some way or other a remedy must be found. I have become tired of my towering supereminence. Doubtless it brings with it some advantages—I breathe a purer atmosphere—I enjoy sunlight somewhat longer than others, and I have decided advantages in making all meteorological observations. These, however, are but trifles, and gladly would I waive them all to descend and be on a level with my fellows.

Listen, reader, to the *groans* of an unfortunate, and if it be possible, devise me some release from my sufferings. So shall you be rewarded with the approbation of your conscience, and the friendship of one who only longs to be on an equality with you to testify his gratitude.

Baltimore, February, 1839.

H. R. M.

THE GREEK CAPTIVE.

Ye quiet stars!

That look so bright with beauty thro' the air
From your blue home—is nought of sorrow there
That gladness mars?

Ye gem-like flowers!

That mind me of my far-off happy home,
Upon your perfumes dark-wing'd mem'ries come
Of brighter hours.

What mystic spell

Have ye entwined around my withering heart!
Making it yearn from earthly things to part—
To say farewell!

And thou, my own,

My sad, sweet mother! what is there on earth
To gladden now the dear, familiar hearth,
So dark, and lone?

We may not meet!

I cannot break the gilded prison-bars
That rise between me and the pearly stars,
So soft, and sweet!

They cannot chain

My soul within its cell; it yet is free,
And oft it wanders fondly back to thee,
O'er hill and main!

Beneath the sod,
Or if, perchance, within the earth's cold breast
A refuge be denied me, I shall rest :
Forgive me God !

The bugle's blast !
He comes, to rivet now the fatal chain—
One look upon the blue sky—once, again !
It is my last !

Mother ! a spell
Will come around thee with my sadd'ning name,
When thou shalt hear I died to save my fame.
Mother ! farewell !

The tyrant came ; his proud and lofty step
Brought in its sound no terror to her heart.
He came, and gazed : she lay upon the floor
As if she spurn'd in death the gilded couch.
The breeze had wander'd thro' the splendid bars
That kept her in that gorgeous prison-house,
As if in pity to her loneliness,
And swept with low sweet moans among the flowers
That climb'd along the walls, from marble vase
And costly ornament, and from her brow
It lifted up the shining locks of gold ;
Her hand still grasp'd the bright and glittering steel,
Stain'd with the life-blood oozing from her heart,
As drop by drop it still stole slowly forth,
Thro' the small fingers, yet so tightly clasp'd
Upon her bosom ; but upon her face
There was no trace of agony—or grief.
He came to claim his victim—death was there !
He had not deem'd before, that woman's heart
Could nerve her hand for death ! He did not know
That honor was more dear to her than life.
She was a Greek—she could not be the slave,
The play-thing of a Turkish tyrant's will !

Clark's Mills, O., February, 1839.

EGERIA.

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1839.

By Rev. H. Buffner, D.D., President of Washington College, Va.

CHAPTER II.

From Kanawha to Louisville.

Just below the salt works, the traveller enters the most beautiful part of the Kanawha valley. The mountains sink to hills, and a wide tract of rich, level bottom opens to the eye, all highly improved and cultivated. The town of Charleston, stands in this bottom, a short distance above the mouth of Elk river, as the white settlers, with their usual lack of taste, called a large tributary of the Kanawha. The Indians called it Tiskilwah, a name which ought to be restored.

This Charleston (and who can tell the number of Charllestons ?) is a handsome growing village of about 1200 inhabitants : but it would have enjoyed its beautiful situation much more, if the river bank, instead of being covered with houses, had been left adorned with

its native trees, whose lofty tops would not have obstructed the view of a fine water scene below the town. But the same miserable improvidence and destitution of taste, characterises nearly all our new settlements in America. No sooner does a settler get into a forest with his axe, than he begins to lay about him without forethought or discrimination ; his only thought seeming to be to fell and destroy the ancient denizens of the forest to the utmost possible extent. Thus they have stript the banks of the western rivers of their ornament and their safeguard, against the wear and tear of the floods. After depriving themselves of the finest shade trees in the world, they build their houses and their villages in the open field ; and when they feel the scorching rays of the sun, they begin to plant young trees for shade ! They often carry this sylvan tyranny to such a wasteful excess, that in a few years they have made a scarcity of good building timber in the country, and have reduced to ashes and dust a valuable treasure, which nature had been 300 years in preparing for them. The same blind hostility against forest trees, has exposed our roads in summer to the full blaze of the sun, and greatly aggravated the discomfort and fatigue of travelling. If this nakedness of the roads makes them less muddy in winter and spring, the advantage is lost during the seasons when most men travel. But in fact a few trees by the way side, sufficient to mitigate the burning sunshine, would not sensibly affect the state of the roads. The practise is, however, to destroy every tree where fields approach the road, unless perchance here and there, one in some nook or neglected corner.

From the salt works, or Charleston, the traveller has, during most of the year, the option of going by steamboat or by stage to Guyandotte. But the Kanawha was becoming too low for any but the smallest boats to navigate : so I took the route by stage ; but while the river is navigable, the coach is superseded by a small steamboat, from a point twelve miles above Charleston to Coalsmouth, twelve miles below. This affords to passengers a pleasant change in their mode of travelling, and gives them a full view of the river scenery which is various and pleasant. Above Charleston no shoals occur for twelve miles, and the river is deep and still ; but below, it spreads to a greater width, and the channel is obstructed by gravel bars and islands for four or five miles, when the current again becomes gentle and deep.

Coal river, twelve miles below Elk, is a considerable stream. Near its mouth, it falls, within a few miles, over two ledges of rock, in all above twenty feet perpendicular, affording valuable sites for manufactories. A company from New York had contracted for the purchase of the lower falls, in order to erect extensive works. The sudden death of the late proprietor Col. Thompson, and the recent commercial distress, seem to have suspended the enterprise.

Mounting the coach again, we were driven off from the river, up a long but gradual ascent, into Teaze's valley, between the Kanawha and Guyandotte rivers.

This valley, though remote from the long vallies between the parallel ridges of the Alleghany, nevertheless conforms to them, lying in the same direction, and being crossed by streams of water as they are.

Descending by the valley of Mud river, we reached the Guyandotte at the poor village of Barbourville,

seat of justice for Cabell county. Here we diverged from the state turnpike, which goes directly to the mouth of Sandy, and descending the Guyandotte by a branch turnpike, seven miles, we reached the Ohio in the evening, two days' journey by stage from Lewisburg. The whole distance is nearly 150 miles: from Charleston, not quite fifty.

The village of Guyandotte, at the mouth of the river whose name it bears, is situated at a point where a stranger from the east is struck with a fine view of the Ohio, descending through its broad rich valley with a gentle current. From the Guyandotte to the Sandy, a wide bottom on the Virginia side is distinguished for its pleasantness and fertility. To an agriculturalist it offers great advantages, and will probably become, ere long, one of the best cultivated and most densely peopled tracts on the Ohio.

We had to wait twenty hours at Guyandotte, before we got a boat descending the river. A packet runs twice a week between Cincinnati and Guyandotte; but it had gone the morning before our arrival. It is rarely necessary, however, to wait more than four or five hours for a boat on the Ohio, except when navigation becomes difficult from the low state of the water. I had resolved to be very prudent in my choice of boats, after the late fatal explosions. But twenty hours of hot weather in a dull place, made our whole company glad to embrace the first opportunity of pursuing our way; so without asking any questions, we made signals to the first boat that approached. She proved to be the *Avalanche*, a boat of moderate speed and tolerable accommodations. She took us safely to Cincinnati, in about eighteen hours.

When one first stands on the lofty bank of the Ohio, and takes a view of the stream, he is ready to exclaim, "Oh, how beautiful!" When he embarks, and is wafted along in mid-channel, his admiration is increased: a broad placid current, winds gracefully between high banks, where the soil throws up a luxuriant vegetation: sometimes wide low grounds spread out on both sides, backed in the distance by woody hills; then the serpentine channel cuts the base of the hills on the one side—presently again on the other side: rivers come in with open mouths—brooks steal in through narrow umbrageous ravines—fields and farm houses, villages and towns, alternate with forest scenery, and exhibit the recent achievements of industry. When summer droughts have shrunk the volume of water, the stream is often bordered with a shelving margin of gravel, in which a great variety of beautiful pebbles is found; occasionally a broad bar will turn the channel into a sluice by the shore, or an islet will throw its beachy head and woody top between the regular banks of the stream.

But with all these beauties, the Ohio will not long interest the voyager. In one hour he will have seen a specimen of the whole. The mind becomes wearied with the constant recurrence of similar forms and appearances: the same serpentine curves of the channel, the same banks, the same low grounds, the same hills. Some variations occur, it is true; but they are not sufficient to keep up a lively curiosity. In respect to scenery, therefore, the Ohio is not comparable to the Hudson from New York to Albany. But how few rivers can present such various scenes as the Hudson!

Compared with ordinary rivers, the Ohio will nevertheless justify the French appellation of "*La Belle Rivière*."

These general remarks on the Ohio, will serve for the whole distance of my voyage on the river. The towns above Cincinnati deserve little notice for size or beauty. Portsmouth, at the mouth of the Sciota, has become a flourishing town since the Ohio canal was brought to its termination there.

Maysville is a flourishing place, at the foot of a hill, where travellers from above to Lexington in Kentucky, disembark and go sixty miles by stage, over an excellent McAdamized road. Forty miles above Cincinnati, we passed Augusta, the seat of a college. Pleasant hills appear behind the town; which, however, is distinguished by nothing so much as the fiery redness of its brick walls. British travellers ridicule our fondness for red brick; and they have reason, for it is really painful to the eyes to walk the streets of our towns in a cloudless summer day. I would specially warn blear-eyed voyagers not to look steadfastly at the "*flamman-tia mœnia*" of Augusta, lest the fiery glare should "blast their eyeballs."

Six or seven miles above Cincinnati, the Little Miami comes in through an extensive plain. Just below is a straggling village called (like some dozens of others) Columbia. Then high hills advance to the Ohio shore; their tops are finely wooded, except at intervals, where handsome houses, whose sites are evidently selected to command fine prospects, indicate the vicinity of a place where wealth and refinement have made considerable progress. As we followed the bend of the river, a thickening row of houses along the base of the hills, and presently steamboats on the stocks, and the smoke of large manufactories, showed that we were by the outskirts of the city. Winding with the stream still more to the left, we observed that the hills suddenly receded from the shore, and presented the upper end of the city to full view, with steamboats closely arrayed along the shore, and among them, lodged at the base of the great steam-mill, was the wreck of the unfortunate *Moselle*. When I thought of the mangled limbs and bodies of 200 men, women and children, so lately mangled and scattered in all directions, through the reckless ambition of her captain, I could have execrated his memory, if I had not heard that his head was blown off his shoulders by the first column of steam that shot from the exploding boiler. So let his awful fate excite some pity, as his rash and foolish presumption should excite indignation; and both should be a warning to steamboat captains, to beware how they expose the lives of those who entrust themselves to their care, by a criminal vanity, that will hazard every thing for a display of speed.

The landing place has a fine appearance. It is an open space about 500 feet along the shore, extending 300 feet back, and surrounded on three sides by handsome buildings. Wharves or quays would not be adapted to a port, where the water rises and falls often thirty or forty feet, and sometimes more. To make the landing convenient at all stages of the river, the bank has been cut down to a regular slope, on which drays and carriages may move in every direction, and against which, steamboats may lie at either high or low water. The surface is consolidated by a strong pavement.

Landing amidst a crowd of steamboats, we ascended the slope and entered Main street, which runs back at right angles to the river. This street, and others near it, are as well built, and have as much the sound and bustle of commerce, as the streets of our chief seaports on the Atlantic. Cincinnati is in fact one of the handsomest towns in the United States. Much taste is exhibited in the style of building. Eyes that blink at flaming red walls in the sunshine, are here relieved by the frequent occurrence of white, and of the softer colors. The public buildings are numerous, and mostly handsome, if not elegant. Among the churches, the Episcopal attracts notice by its purely Gothic style, and the second Presbyterian by its large Doric portico and high steeple. Twelve city school houses as large as churches,—all built alike,—are distributed equally among the inhabitants. A fantastic sort of structure called the Bazar, owes its erection to the notorious Mrs. Trollope; who, failing in her speculative enterprise here, betook herself to writing on the “Domestic Manners of the Americans,” to raise the wind. In this new line of adventure her success has been astonishing. Mrs. Trollope is now among the popular writers of the day; she has only to take a trip and make a book, to be regularly reviewed, and to profit by the coarse and sometimes dishonest effusions of her pen! I call her a dishonest writer, because I am sure that some statements of what she pretended to have seen in America, are false. But enough of this John Bull woman.

Cincinnati is beautifully situated, with the Ohio river in front, and a semi-circular range of hills in the rear. A narrow strip of low bottom lies next to the river; then a second bank elevates the ground about fifty feet more. Between this second bank and the hills is a level plain. Below the town, Mill creek empties into the Ohio, after flowing through a rich valley from the interior country. Below Mill creek, the hills advance again to the river bank. Beyond the Ohio, other hills in Kentucky rise behind the towns of Newport and Covington, except where they are parted by the valley of the Licking river. From Dayton and Hamilton on the Great Miami, a canal is brought by the valley of Mill creek into the higher part of the city, and passing upwards, is made to discharge its waters, by a series of locks, first into Deer creek at the head of town, and then into the Ohio. Here the water, which first feeds the canal, is made to turn a succession of mills, before it is finally discharged.

The town buildings now extend on Main street quite to the base of the hills, a distance of nearly a mile and a half; two or three roads lead up the hills at several points. On arriving at the top, among the handsome houses which crown it, you have a delightful view of the city, the Ohio and its valley for ten miles, Newport and Covington on the Kentucky shore, and the wide sweep of hills which bound the prospect on every side. You are struck with the moving scene on the river, and in the streets; steamboats shooting along with their trains of smoke; drays, market waggons, coaches, rushing by one another, between lines of foot passengers. Twenty steeples draw your attention to the public buildings; their sizes, forms and uses. After looking at particular objects too tedious to mention, you sweep your eye over the magnificent whole of the

city and towns that lie before you, and feel your heart swell with wonder, to think that all this scene of architectural elegance, of a thronging and busy population, and of accumulated wealth, has been created within the last thirty years. Forty years ago, this was still a station for troops to guard the frontier against the incursion of savages. A village had then grown about the fort. In 1814, when I first saw the place, the village had grown to a town of 500 houses. The rush of its after growth was then just beginning. On a subsequent visit, three years later, rafts of boards and shingles from the Alleghany river, and of timber from all the upper country, lined the shore for five miles; lumber yards on the shore were filled a fathom deep; on every street piles of brick and mortar obstructed the way, and walls were rising as fast as busy masons could rear them; while the sound of the plane and hammer, in buildings more advanced, was mingled with the click of trowels. I was told of surprising feats in building—such as this: that a builder contracted to begin and finish a three story brick house in thirty days, and that on the thirtieth day he delivered the keys to the owner! So much can human industry effect by division of labor; and thus it was that Cincinnati sprang up, in one third of a century, from a village in the woods, to a rich and beautiful city of 40,000 inhabitants: not like the walls of Thebes, by the sound of a lyre, but by a less melodious concert of carts, hammers, trowels, and the frequent cry from above of “mortar!” and by the same energetic industry of a free people, did the state of Ohio grow up, in the same short period, from a few small villages to a thriving population of more than a million.

Cincinnati is still increasing, but more slowly than heretofore. It must depend for its future growth chiefly on its manufactures, of which it has a greater amount now than any city in the west, except Pittsburg. Steam machinery and boats are made here largely. As a commercial emporium, this city is less advantageously situated than Louisville and St. Louis. It has a very rich back country on the two Miamis; but on the Kentucky side, the country near the river is but partially rich, and there is less convenient access to the rich interior from Cincinnati, than from Maysville and Louisville.

I must not leave this city without noticing its literary institutions,—the Cincinnati college—the Roman Catholic college—the two medical schools,—and the Lane seminary on the hills, where candidates for the Presbyterian ministry pursue their theological studies. All these institutions are sustained by a respectable number of students, and are sufficient to show that the higher branches of learning are cultivated in this new city.

One thing more, and I will close my notes on Cincinnati. German emigrants have been pouring into this place, mostly in the capacity of common laborers, till they amount to thousands—I was told 8000! By superior economy and industry they have ousted many of the Irish laborers, and threaten to supplant the ordinary sort of them altogether. They are more sober and orderly in their habits, and the city is benefited by the change. The Catholic population of the city is made up almost entirely of these foreign emigrants. The protestant Irish are generally better educated, and make better citizens, than the Catholic; though some of them are very worthy characters.

From Cincinnati I went to Louisville in the mail packet, General Pike, which made the voyage in about thirteen hours. The scenery on the river varied little from that above. Most of the villages present themselves perched on the high, naked and crumbling banks, amidst fields, out of which, and about which, the fine forest trees have been diligently destroyed.

The nakedness of the banks is exposing them to be undermined by the current, and the waves thrown up by the steamboats. The soil is of a loose sandy description, and is underlaid by a deep bed of sand and gravel. When the river is sufficiently high to cover the shelving bars of gravel at its margin, the current comes in contact with the steep part of the bank, and washing out the sand underneath, causes frequent slides and falls of the soil from above; the lighter materials are swept away by the current, while the heavier gravel is washed down to the shelving beach, which is thereby enlarged from year to year. This effect is much hastened by the steamboats, which cast out on either side an oblique line of billows that roll and break against the shore. When the dash of these waves is carried against the friable soil of the banks, the effect is more destructive than that of the current. The only remedy—and that should be promptly applied—seems to be, to plant willows and other trees of quick growth and tenacious roots, and to fortify their position with a layer of stones.

The most thriving town between Cincinnati and Louisville, is Madison, on the Indiana shore. Near this is the South Hanover college and theological school. The institution was founded some years ago on the manual labor scheme. The cheapness of education here, as well as the merit of the instructors, soon attracted a large number of students. The manual labor department was here as elsewhere attended with much difficulty, and has failed to yield all the advantages that were anticipated. Still it is deemed so far beneficial, as to be worthy of continuance; but it is now left to the option of the students whether they will labor or not. Two or three years ago, a destructive tornado passed over the place and almost ruined the college buildings.

The only instance of gambling which I saw on my whole tour, occurred on the General Pike, shortly after we left Cincinnati. A party at a card table played a few games for money. But another card party, among whom no bets occurred, excited my attention. The boat was scarcely under way, before an elderly lady, large and fair to look upon, came into the gentlemen's cabin, and looked about as if she wanted somebody or something. She addressed several gentlemen; and soon, she and three of them sat down to cards. They shuffled, and cut, and dealt out, and played away; till some of the gentlemen showed signs of weariness: but not so the lady; she held them to it more than two hours, until the party was broken up, by the setting out of the dinner table. No sooner was the cloth removed, after dinner, than the same elderly good looking lady came forth again, looking round and round, till she gathered up the party for another *set to*. They shuffled, and cut, and dealt out, and played away, till late in the afternoon, when two of the gentlemen fell back in their chairs, and yawned, and finally got up. When the lady saw this backing out, she turned to the

third gentleman by her side, and detained him with some questions on the subject of card playing, and a proposal to show him certain mysterious manœuvres with cards, which he admitted himself to be ignorant of. She seized the pack, shuffled, divided, dealt out, lectured, explained; shuffled, dealt out, lectured explained, in continuation—putting her finger first on one card, then on another, as she commented thereupon:—whereof I understood nothing; but whereat I was amused, nevertheless, when I observed the indefatigable earnestness of the lady, and the listless patience of her auditor. When the supper table was set, the lecture ended. No sooner was the table cleared, than forth came the self-same lady once more, and the self-same operations of the forenoon and the afternoon, were repeated and reiterated and gone over, times innumerable—the shuffle—the deal—the cut—the turning up the trump—the playing out, &c. Now it so happened, that the lady sat at the card table with her back almost touching my berth; and being of considerable dimensions, she debarred me of access to my place of repose. When I became very sleepy about ten o'clock, I politely requested the company to allow me space to enter my dormitory. They promptly complied,—the lady rose and pushed the table forward a little, and drawing her chair after it, she turned about, and finding by inspection that I could pass and drop my curtain, she sat down and resumed the game. I crept in, and dropping my curtain close to her back, doffed my garments and lay down; but the rustling of cards within three feet of my ears, and the frequent pronunciation of the words, "ace—queen—knave—trump—trick"—and other terms of the card playing vocabulary, kept me awake for some time. Finally these sounds had a lulling effect—dreamy thoughts stole upon me—thoughts of card playing ladies—"an old age of cards," as Pope has it—till I fell asleep with this sort of reflection: "Well, Mrs. D. (for I had heard her name,) if I were a Drake I should not choose you for my *duck*."

Our boat landed about eleven o'clock at night, and lay till morning. When I got out and looked about, I found on the bank, the city of Louisville, and along the shore the greatest sight of steamboats that I ever beheld. They lay as thickly as they could crowd, with their noses to the land, for the space of half a mile, many of them vessels of large burden, giving evidence at once, that here was the greatest commercial mart on the Ohio.

The river is here of great breadth—more than half a mile at the falls, and somewhat less for some miles above and below. The falls, or rather rapids, are made by a ledge of rock, swelling up in the channel, but most on the Kentucky side, so as to force the current towards the Indiana shore, where it runs with violence, when the river is low, down a sluice about a mile long; but when the river is much swollen, it spreads over the whole space between the banks, and affords a safe passage to boats over the rapids. At other times the canal on the Louisville side must be used.

Louisville is neither so large nor so handsome a city as Cincinnati, nor has it such pleasant scenery about it. Several streets next to the river are compactly and handsomely built; but there are as yet few public

buildings of any note. They are erecting an edifice, however, which, in point of magnificence and solidity, will exceed any thing of the kind on the western side of the Alleghany. They call it the court house, but it will give ample room and verge enough to accommodate the legislature also, and I heard it suggested that its dimensions were made so large with this view. Nor does there seem to be any sufficient reason why the seat of government should not be located in Louisville, which stands indeed on one side of the state, but midway between the extremities. Steamboats and railways will make this great commercial depôt the chief point of convergence, and afford easy intercourse with all parts of the state. This building is of a fine grey sandstone from the Kentucky river, and presents a front of more than 200 feet.

The country about Louisville is an extensive plain of dark rich soil. The town was formerly unhealthy, from the pestiferous effluvia of ponds and marshes in the vicinity. Those nearest the town have been drained, and Louisville is now *almost* as healthy as the towns of the upper Ohio. But the situation will never permit it to be a *very healthy* place in the autumnal season. The city now contains 25,000 inhabitants, and it is growing with such rapidity, as to threaten Cincinnati with rivalry in population, as it now rivals that "queen of the west" in trade.

On the Indiana side, are the towns of Jeffersonville, above the falls, and New Albany, below. The latter is a thriving place, pleasantly situated near the only hills apparent from Louisville, over which it has some natural advantages, but which it can never rival for want of an equal start. Capital and population have fixed on Louisville as their seat—having made their location, they will keep it. Experience proves that a city once become populous and wealthy, will in the ordinary course of events triumph over natural disadvantages; and by means of capital and industry, maintain its superiority over neighboring towns more favorably situated. Where natural advantages are very great, they may nevertheless, in the end, attract capital and population from their ancient seats.

WINTER.

Now Winter, from the chilling east,
Converts each dew-drop to a gem;
Pendant on ev'ry spray they rest,
Like jewels on a diadem.

How bright each crystal drop appears,
Touch'd by the sparkling sunbeams sheen;
But when the moon her crescent rears,
Then is display'd a lovelier scene.

Glitt'ring beneath her gentle beam,
That fairy frostwork brings the thought
Of palaces, which poets dream
The genii of the east have wrought.

For never but in fairy land,
Whose fleeting pageants cheat the sight
Dissolving by a magic wand,
Was aught so transient, or so bright.

Upon the forest's rugged boughs
The stainless snow-wreaths lightly rest,
Like plumes upon a warrior's brows,
Or beauty on her lover's breast.

No longer now in verdure drest,
Earth seems a dead and lifeless thing;
The snow-storm comes, a funeral guest,
Its shroud upon that corpse to fling.

The howling blast, that shakes the grove,
Its requiem chaunts in accents deep:
But soon shall Spring's warm touch remove
The torpor of that deathlike sleep.

Thus, when our vital warmth expires
Beneath the chilling grasp of death,
Religious hope relumes its fires,
And renovates our fleeting breath.

Through fields all bleak and trackless now,
The shiv'ring flocks their way explore,
With hunger pinch'd, and bleach'd with snow,
While their mute looks our aid implore.

Silent the birds to covert fly,
Save Winter's harbinger, whose form
Soars gaily through a freezing sky,
And sports amidst the threat'ning storm.

While thus in icy fetters bound,
Torpid and mute, all nature lies,
In human dwellings still is found
A spot, which Winter's power defies.

There, gather'd round the cheerful hearth,
While books the languid hours beguile,
Or converse prompts to harmless mirth,
The social homebred virtues smile.

D.

THE COPY-BOOK—NO. V.

THE NEW WORLD.

It is not yet three centuries and a half since Columbus

"first unfurled
An eastern banner o'er a western world."

All those objects, therefore, whose interest is owing to their antiquity, are wanting in America. Time has consecrated nothing here by her venerable hand. Fancy here finds no grey ruins of crumbling palaces and deserted cities—no feudal battlement or tower, no marble temple, nor monkish cloister.

Here is no Athens with learned porch, or philosophic grove—where

"The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of ages, grey flits the shade of power,"

nor any of those ancient scenes where poetry inhales her inspiration and loves to

"Strike the deep sorrows of her lyre."

Such materials of imagination, the trophies and tombs of departed greatness, are scattered over Europe, and Asia, and Africa—but not in America.

Virginia is the oldest of the United States, yet how short the thread of her history—not two centuries and a half. And an elegant writer found in the chronicles of his native state—the most flourishing in the union—materials so scanty and so inconsequential, that the Livy of New York descended to the burlesque of Knickerbocker. It is true, that although destitute of classic antiquity, we have nature in her fresh and lovely form—the river, the prairie, and the mountain, the lake and the cataract—but it is naked, solitary nature, devoid of association. No spot is shown where a Roman legion has encamped, or a knight errant slain a dragon or a giant. Here no tyrant has been slain—no conqueror has returned triumphant from the spoil of distant nations; here no poet has sung—no martyr died in “victorious agonies.”

As to the Indians, after all that has been done to sublimate their character, it must be confessed, they are an uninteresting people. Their ideas are few, and for the most part connected with war or the animal necessities. The life of an Indian is a monotonous repetition of a few simple incidents. Their history is nothing but a detail of petty skirmishes—“of no more consequence than,” as Milton says, the “wars between the hawks and the crows of a neighboring wood.” Their life is passed between the tomahawk and the pipe. A glimmer of reason, a touch of sentiment, a rare burst of generosity or eloquence, is all that the most extravagant poetaster can make out of these poor extolled and exterminated savages.

The Indian characters of Cooper's novels are remarkable for their sameness. The Trapper is only Hawk-eye in his old age. Like family portraits—see one, you see all. A writer may paint the hunt, the war-council, the fight, the dance—he may shift a few scenes, and ring a few changes, but the fountain of Indian story is shallow and will soon run dry. Poetical men have to lament that in this country there is no bastille, no “bridge of sighs,” no “cloud-capped towers, nor gorgeous palaces;” that with us every thing is fresh, modern and provincial: and if European writers, will lay aside the aids of antiquity, and put themselves, in this particular, on a footing with the writers of the western hemisphere, they will perhaps be less surprised at the paucity of pure, home-made, original American works. Stripped of the borrowed plumage of antiquity, the European peacock will be reduced to a level with the common barn-door fowl of America. Our artists and writers are apt to abandon their own country, for the kingdoms of Europe: there, in the schools and galleries, they find the noble models of the most celebrated masters—the collated wonders of an age; there, too, they may meet

the master spirits of the present day. The conceptions expand, the taste is softened, mellowed and refined—the imagination is kindled and the judgment invigorated. At home the quiver of subjects was soon exhausted; here it may be replenished from an older and richer armory.

America abounds in incomparable scenery; but what is mere scenery unconnected with man? What is mere physical nature unconnected with moral existence? The Connecticut and the Hudson are picturesque—the Potomac and the Missouri majestic—but what are they, in a classic point of view, compared to the little yellow, muddy Tiber? Let us not then blame our artists and writers for repairing to Europe: they are migratory birds, flying where they can find their proper aliment, and rejoice in the influence of a genial sun.

Again, the stamp of original American character has not been as yet deeply impressed on the people of this country—they are hardly yet melted down in the crucible of time. Perhaps the time will come when the American face and the American genius will assume distinct and definite features. Added to this, of all people on earth, the Americans are the most restless and locomotive. The continual attrition of travel obliterates local originality and extinguishes provincial mother wit. The Revolution indeed is a topic worthy of a great mind, and we may wonder why some Homer has not arisen to celebrate a hero of higher virtue than Achilles. But the subject is too recent, perhaps, to compete with those that loom to a false magnitude through the mists of time. “*Difficile est communia dicere.*” Centuries alone can cast a halo on a name. The time may come, when America shall have her epic poet; when her rocks and fountains shall become classic; when the “chorded shell” shall be struck on the cliffs of the Hudson, and the harp resound at the foot of the Alleghanies.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

DEFORMITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron were both lame. Pope was called the ugly little wasp of Twickenham.

Lady Montague had a dirty looking face, and so had Dean Swift, who could never bring his to look clean though he washed with “oriental scrupulosity.”

Appius Claudius, Timoleon, Tiresias, Democritus, Homer and Milton—blind.

Ignatius Loyola and Epictetus—lame. Coutus-off, Hannibal, Epictetus and Euler—one-eyed.

St. Paul, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar,

Horace, Bonaparte, Madison, General Charles Lee, Chancellor Kent, John Quincy Adams and Santa Anna—small men.

Melancthon—short and hard-favored. Soame Jenyns on hearing that Gibbon had published his history, said he wondered how so ugly a man could write a book—which made the company smile, for he was himself remarkably ugly.

Cicero had a long neck—and Homer, according to Lucian, compares Helen's neck to a swan's; not because it was as white, but because it was as long.

The head of Pericles was shaped like an onion; that of the present king of the French is compared to a pear.

Queen Elizabeth had red hair, and black teeth; Cromwell a red face, and the aquiline hook and fiery color of his nose was a standing jest of the cavaliers.

It is thought by some philosophers that the smaller the body, the more active the soul, as being the less diffused. While on the other hand it is commonly believed, that the larger the body, the larger the soul. The better opinion perhaps is, that nature, in this particular, follows no uniform rule; and that there is no settled proportion between the material and immaterial man. Personal deformity is apt to modify in some way the character; it may create jealousy, or stimulate to counterbalance bodily inferiority by mental superiority, or may superinduce a gloomy melancholy. In regard to ugliness we may remember, that the best affections are often concealed under a homely exterior, and that the wisest heads are sometimes the most knotty.

PATRICK HENRY.

In the course of my peregrinations, I have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a daughter of Patrick Henry—a lady of the old school. She was entirely affable, and ready to communicate whatever she remembered of the olden time. Yet I confess it was quite a damper to my antiquarian fervor to hear her say, she remembered hardly anything of her father. Indeed what she knew on that head was so familiar to her mind that she deemed it scarcely worth relating. Her reminiscences I will set down here, at random, as they were at different times mentioned to me.

She had seen General Washington and Albert Gallatin in conversation with her father at his house. General Washington was grave and never laughed. Her father on the contrary was a hearty laugh. Gallatin talked broken English. Patrick Henry while governor of Virginia, often cut wood and made up his own fire. He was singularly fond of his children. When

he rode out on his farm, he frequently carried one of them before and another behind him. Of his speeches she knew little or nothing. At that time she was young and gay, and cared more about balls than politics. Puffendorf, (she thought that was the name,) was one of his favorite authors. On Sunday he never failed to read a sermon to his family. He was in general inattentive to dress; but when equipping himself for court, he mounted a smart wig and was particularly fond of a red cloak. He had no taste for fine horses—having received several falls. When he appeared in the streets the people took off their hats to him, and showed him every mark of respect, to avoid which he oftentimes sneaked out of town by some private way. From the shabbiness of his dress he was sometimes mistaken for a clodpole, and greatly diverted at the questions propounded to him upon these occasions. John Randolph took up a strong dislike to him, for calling him one of the hobtail politicians. Patrick Henry and General Henry Lee were intimate friends at one time, but they afterwards fell out. Of her father's letters she retained fourteen. They were short, familiar, written on the spur of the moment, and some of them in a hurry—just such as any private gentleman would write to his family. They were written on small sheets, or half sheets of common paper; the hand writing good, the style occasionally inaccurate.

The following sentences, extracted from these letters, are of interest only as coming from the pen of

“the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas.”

“His conduct is such as would surprise any body not acquainted with him. However, you will remember, that Providence hath ordered to all a portion of sufferings and uneasiness in this world, that we may think of preparing for a better. I hope my dear child will keep up her spirits, and rub through every trial.”

The word Christmas he spells Xmas.

“I have no doubt of my dear B's resignation to the divine will, in the afflictive stroke she has felt since last year. The same good sense and piety which have placed you so high in my esteem and that of every one of your acquaintance, will, I trust, bear you up cheerfully through life. I do assure you the comfort I feel, from reflecting on your character and disposition, is very great.

“I hope God will bless my dear B., and be her support and protection, and carry you through life under the guidance of his good providence.”

1798. “I find my own health and strength declining; but, on the whole, not more than my time of life might expect.”

“I hope she will sometimes see you, and learn of you everything that is praiseworthy.”

1791. “I am obliged to be very industrious,

and to take on me great fatigue, to clear myself of debt. I hope to be able to accomplish this in a year or two, if it please God to continue me in health and strength."

"I hear A. has lost her second son. Poor, dear girl, I hope she bears it well."

"I wish you were with us to enjoy the agreeable society of your sisters, at this place, which is very retired; indeed so much so, as to disgust them. But as we go to Redhill in about five weeks, they will be relieved from their solitude, as that is a more public place."

"I must give out the law and plague myself no more with business; sitting down on what I have. For it will be sufficient employment to see after my little flock and the management of my plantation."

"I have lost my crop of tobacco on Staunton, from a great fresh, and was otherwise damaged."

Postscript, by his wife: "My dear B. will be so good as to excuse my writing a few lines in her pappa's letter, as we are very scarce of paper."

"This will be delivered you by your brother, who, with his wife, will visit you. You will no doubt see that she is a genteel person, and one who has been bred in polite life; and as she has an amiable character, I doubt not you will think her a very agreeable connection."

1787. "At present your mama and all our family live at one fire, and have not one out-house that will assist."

"I am preparing for Charlotte court on Monday, for my necessity's oblige me to take up my old calling again."

HYPOCHONDRIA.

"A thousand miseries at once
My heavy heart and soul enconce." *Burton.*

It is remarked of hypochondriacs, that each one thinks his own the worst possible case; and that, notwithstanding every body they meet is able to cure them, they never get well.

Goldsmith I think it is, that remarks, that it is surprising people should be so obstinate as to die in a world where there are so many infallible remedies for every disease. Pill Garlick, laboring under indigestion, applied to Dr. Abstemio, who advised him to starve the enemy out. After the lapse of some months, however, finding himself reduced to a lean anatomy, he abjured bran-bread and Bohea tea, and laid his case before the famous Dr. Humbug. Dr. Humbug put him upon a more generous regimen, and in a short while set a thousand more blue devils to work, hammering on the noddle of Pill Garlick.

The brain is head quarters of the body, and "*rendezvous generale*," of the sensations—the will, commander in chief; and the animal spirits, the

sentinels to convey all intelligence instantaneously to the brain. The stomach is like a mill—the power failing, it grinds more feebly—so, in indigestion, the stomach carries on a feeble, painful process. Nostrums, in this case, bring, if any, only temporary relief; such efforts are no better than to set a mill wheel in motion by the hand. Nothing less than a full tide of water will impel the one; nothing less than the spring-tide of health will set the machinery of digestion again into full play. The brain seems to be a counterpart of the stomach—the "*camera obscura*," on which all the sensations are pictured. Indigestion, though in general engendered in the stomach, sometimes originates in the brain. This is especially the case among students and literary men, in whom the exciting cause of indigestion is undue exertion of the brain. Excessive exertion weakens this organ, diminishes the nervous influence (formerly called the animal spirits,) which is essential to digestion. Some writer affirms that every idea of the mind is produced by an expansion or contraction, or some other motion of the brain. If so, it may be readily imagined how study, which requires so many motions of the brain, should injure that "*viscus*," and bring on indigestion, melancholy, phrenitis, and "all the thousand other ills that studious men are heirs to."

It appears, however, to be a well established fact that authors and literary men whose cerebel organs have been continually exercised are healthy and long-lived. The brain, therefore, is strengthened by cultivation, just like any other organ of the body; and an Almighty Benefactor has not bestowed the desire of knowledge without the capacity of obtaining it. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made." There is a mysterious sympathy between mind and body. In strong cases this is quite palpable. Fear drives the blood back to the heart—anger and modesty fill the blood vessels of the face. Any extreme passion takes away the appetite—as fear, anger, anxiety, hope. These effects are manifest and admitted, but when brought about by a slow, gradual process, the source is apt to escape observation. A sudden calamity, coming at an unexpected moment, may at once unhinge and distort the mind; the same effect may be as effectually induced by the silent touches of protracted care. As sudden fright may produce instant death, so continual fears and apprehensions will at length wear away a frame of adamant. A rock may be as completely dissolved by drops of rain, as by the inevitable blast of forked lightning.

DIET, &c.

I wish some man of wit would take the trouble to collate all the multifarious, absurd and contradictory opinions of dietetical writers. There is

scarce a single article of diet which has not been anathematised by some one of these authors. Like Sancho Panza's attendants in his island, they snatch away one dish after another from the table, under pretence that it is indigestible. The truth is that nothing agrees with the dyspeptic. "One man's food is another man's poison." It all depends on the idiosyncrasy. Some men are of difficult digestion, others are polyphagous. Some are herbivorous, some carnivorous, some omnivorous. Nothing is more absurd than the vulgar notion that all sorts of food are equally wholesome. And not only is one man's food another man's poison, but what is food at one time, may be poison at another to the same individual.

Medicine is an uncertain remedy, and at best a necessary evil. Temperance, exercise, cheerfulness—these are the best medicines for the nerves.

Cowper sought relief from the hypochondria in taming hares, and making bird cages, writing the *Task*, and translating Homer.

Athletic games and field sports strengthen the nerves; and the sequestered scenes of rural life soothe the mind. The society of a few agreeable persons, is preferable to gay promiscuous company. Those persons among whom the valetudinarian feels himself most entirely at home, ought to be his only associates. Nothing is more distressing to the nerves than any sort of constraint. Perhaps this is the cause why indigestion finds so many victims in the vain circles of formal, fashionable life. Every one can remember instances of his appetite being taken away by the stiff ceremony of a dining party, or the showy pomp of some public assembly. Nothing will tend more to cheer the drooping spirits and charm away the troop of real or imaginary troubles, that beset the hypochondriac, than the society of one or two agreeable females. The tones of the female voice, like the music of David's harp, will alleviate the deepest despondency.

Burton's farewell advice to the melancholy, is, "Be not solitary, be not idle." In indigestion the nervous system becomes disordered, and the nerves are the instruments of the mind, by which it acts; the action of the mind, therefore, becomes disordered; and it will be impossible for the mind to return to a regular sound action, as long as the instruments by which it operates are out of order, just as it is impossible to produce harmonious sounds on an instrument whose keys are out of tune. Where the imagination is disordered, the conceptions usurp the place of the perceptions—the fancy controls the reason. Argument will have little effect against these conceptions, as long as they spring from disordered nerves; for the hypochondriac as sincerely believes his false imaginations, as a man in health believes the most evident matters of fact; nay, I know not but that the belief of the hypochondriac is deeper and more

intense than that of a healthy man; because morbid sensations are more vivid and intense than healthy ones. And as objects, beheld through semi-vitrified glass, seem distorted and misshapen, so are objects seen through the fallacious medium of disordered nerves. The remedy, then, is to lessen the number of the conceptions as much as possible; to divert the current of the thoughts from the abstract to the actual—from the imaginary to the real; from things which may or may not be, to things that certainly are. From this consideration, we learn, that solitude in melancholy is mainly to be avoided, and occupation to be sought for.

BURTON.

To the hypochondria the world is indebted for Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which shows what melancholy is, with all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostics, and several causes of it, in three partitions, with their several sections, members, and sub-sections, philosophically, medically and historically opened and cut up.

We are informed by a summary of the author's life, prefixed to his work, that he undertook it for the relief of the hypochondria—that it occupied twenty years of literary leisure passed at the university—that he attained an advanced old age, but that he failed to rid himself of his malady—which continued to prey upon him to the end of his life.

The *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a mine of classic lore—an oriental bazaar, full of rich and costly goods, heaped together in miscellaneous magnificence. It is one of the two books which Dr. Johnson found so attractive as to make him rise in the morning two hours before his accustomed time.

From Burton's pages, "rich with the spoils of time," the wits of each succeeding age have condescended to borrow. Sterne drew hence many materials for his *Tristram Shandy* and "Sentimental Journey," and Swift for his "Tale of a Tub," and "Gulliver's Travels." And in a former reign Milton is said to have caught the hint of the "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," from a poem of Burton's, prefixed to his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, in which he paints in alternate verses the cheerfulness and the gloom of a melancholy man; and indeed the great poet seems to have drawn his arrows more than once from the rich and abundant quiver of Burton.

DIFFERENCE IN DISPOSITION.

When Socrates heard the sentence of his banishment, he exclaimed, "The whole world is my country!" Ovid, in his exile, sighed for the scenes of his nativity. While Cardinal de Retz amused himself by writing the life of his gaoler, Tasso fretted himself to death in the solitude of his dungeon!

THE PILGRIM AMID THE RUINS OF ROME.

BY JOHN C. McCABE.

"Come and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay.

Childe Harold.

I am no longer now the artless child,
Plucking wild flowers, singing boyhood's lays ;
Roving the wood when summer's sunset mild,
Lights the rich foliage with its dying rays.
But lo ! 'mid monuments of eld I stand !
And gaze around on columns thickly strewn,
And touch time's reliques with my trembling hand,
As on them gleams, thro' clouds, the pale cold moon.

Land of departed greatness ! in thy fate
I read earth's history, and man's, and mine :
Lo ! the proud throne, where mighty Cæsar sat,
Is desolate ! and weeds with ivy twine
The broken ring where gladiators fought ;—
And where a thousand voices rent the air,
When the poor victor of an hour sought
His crown of leaves,—not e'en an echo's there !

And 'twas for *this* I left my happy home,
Where sunny smiles and pleasure-beaming eyes
Would meet me, o'er this gloomy waste to roam—
For *what* ? To boast of other lands and skies !
To tell, when years shall frost this head, that I
Have stood where mighty Cæsar stood ; have gazed
Upon the wreck of columns, where the sky
Once wildly glow'd when Rome's proud temples
blazed.

To say I've look'd upon the crumbling walls
Of the great Coliseum ; and have wept
At midnight 'midst its ruins, when there falls
Upon its cold grey stones the dew—and slept
Unharm'd where bloody, cruel Nero dwelt ;
And dream'd I heard the viol's thrilling string,
And felt, the cold and slimy serpent felt,
As gliding o'er he seemed to own no sting :

That I have seen the lightning banners waving,
And heard the wild artillery of the skies ;
And the rude tempest's tempest proudly braving ;
Have watched, 'till o'er the Vatican the dyes
Of Heaven's rainbow spann'd the visual line ;
And felt my bosom lighten'd of its load,
As God hung out his promised mercy's sign,
And 'round the ruined arch its colors glow'd,
Like hope descending on a broken heart,
Throwing its glories over desert sorrow,
'Till woe seems beautiful, and e'en the dart
That wounds, bears token of a blessed morrow :

That I have seen old Tiber's yellow waves,
And heard their mournful dash at midnight, while
The hooting owl shriek'd over heroes' graves,
And the pale stars would o'er the waters smile
In sadness ; and have caught the mournful sigh,
Of winds through ruined, desolated halls ;
And watched the meteor, with fear's upturn'd eye,
As on some blasted monument 'twould fall.

Perchance I may, when o'er my wrinkled brow,
Come the dim phantoms of my by-gone years ;
And these sad relics which I look on now,
Shall float along upon my aged tears—
Perchance I may my children's children tell,
That *I*, ambitious, sought to gain a name,
By *standing* where earth's greatest masters *fell*,
And found, as nothing worth, the breath of fame.

Oh human grandeur ! fleeting as the beam
That lights the vision of the poet's soul ;
Oh human glory ! passing like the stream
Whose courser-swiftness never brooks control.
A crumbling column, ivy overgrown—
A tottering arch, where mimic serpents twine—
A fallen temple and a ruined throne,
A broken altar with a shivered shrine !

This is Earth's history ! The hero's meed !
The warrior's triumph, and the end of fame !
The innovator's pride, the bigot's creed,
The light of science, and delusion's flame !
I feel rebuked—an humbled worm I turn,
Away from these memorials, and retrace
My steps, that while life's wasting lamp shall burn,
Its rays may light me to my resting place.

Richmond, 1839.

LETTER FROM MALTA.

Prince Puckler Muskaw ; his arrival at Malta ; brief sketch of
his life ; reception by the English ; notice of his *Tauf Frühl.*

A couple of years since we had the pleasure to meet
Prince Pucklar Muskaw, who was at that time the lion
of the day in our small city of Valetta. This German
nobleman, from one of his publications obtained the
same, I will not say enviable, celebrity with English-
men, which Capt. Hall did with us for his volumes on
America.

Happy were we when we heard of the arrival of this
prince in our quarantine, and anxiously did we await
the day, when he should be received to Pratigue. We
were desirous of observing his reception by the authori-
ties of our island—the representatives of that nation,
the manners, customs, and character of which he had
in his tour, not only so severely criticised, but so much
condemned. We had heard that the Americans were
by far too sensitive, and had oftentimes expressed too
much feeling for the statements of authors who derived
their only importance from the notice which they had
received from the American journals. In this assertion
there is no little truth, and gladly did we seize the op-
portunity to observe the operation of a pill on the Eng-
lish, which they had advised us so quietly to swallow.

The prince had arrived from Tunis, and was confined
in our Lazaretto fourteen days. On the morning of his
landing, no guard was sent to receive him, as was al-
ways customary for a man of his station in life and
rank in the army ; but at the moment of his coming on
shore, he was received by one or two blackguard cice-
rones, who importuned his highness to be permitted to
show him, through the winding streets, to his apartments

at the "Clarence Hotel." The prince was evidently mortified, his pride was touched, and the curl of the lip, which was covered with a thick, long and black mustachio, but too well told that if he should ever deign to speak of Malta, its rulers would surely come in for no small share of his aversion and contempt.

In the preface of the *Tutti Frutti* will be found a short and interesting biographical sketch of the author. We shall make a few extracts, before we continue our remarks, hoping the same may be interesting to the reader.

"Herman Prince Puckler Muskaw was born at the palace of Muskaw, in the province of Silesia, on the 30th October, 1785. He received the first rudiments of his education partly there and partly at Dresden. In the latter city, his father, Count Puckler, principally resided, being privy councillor to the king of Saxony. In 1800 he entered the university of Leipsic, where he remained two or three years, devoting himself to the acquisition of general knowledge, and the study of the law. He very soon exchanged this pursuit for a military life, and entered the service of the king of Saxony, as a member of the *Garde der Corps du Roi*. While at Dresden he distinguished himself as an equestrian. At the decease of his father, with whom he was continually at variance, he came into the possession of very considerable estates at Muskaw, together with a large accession of wealth. In the year 1813, the Russian army entered Berlin, in which he entered, receiving the rank of major and aid-de-camp to the Duke of Saxe Weimar. He distinguished himself afterwards in the Netherlands, and won the character of a brave and distinguished officer in the army at Antwerp, commanded by Bulow. About this time, he was engaged in a novel kind of a duel. A French colonel of Hussars, celebrated for his daring bravery, rode out considerably in advance of the lines, and challenged any officer in the army of his opponents to single combat. Prince Puckler accepted the challenge, and the contest took place in the centre between the two armies. Intense anxiety was pictured in the countenances of the spectators. It seemed as if the glories of the respective countries depended upon the issue. A death-like silence reigned throughout, which was only occasionally interrupted by the loud cheers of the deeply interested soldiery, as their favorite champion gained a temporary advantage or suffered a momentary defeat. At length the guardian angel of Germany triumphed—the brave Frenchman fell!"

It singularly happens, that the same volumes from which we have taken the above extract, were, during the time the prince was residing at Malta, in his possession, and in various places bear the impress of his hand, while correcting the numerous errors of his translator. The first note we have observed, was at the foot of the preceding anecdote, where the author has modestly written, "that the story is in truth not quite so brilliant." We are, however, inclined to believe it is, in the main, correct, and that the achievement is rendered still more glorious from the doubt which at first sight his own words would seem to convey. To continue our quotation:

"Various orders were conferred upon him as a reward for his numerous and brilliant services, together with the rank of colonel. At a later period, he raised a

regiment of Chasseurs, and commanded at Bruges as civil and military governor. Peace having now spread her halcyon wings over Europe, the prince returned to the enjoyments of a private life, and visited England—at that time the great focus of attraction to all the continental nations. On his return from England, he amused himself by occasionally visiting Dresden and Berlin; and still retaining his early attachment for spirited adventure, he availed himself of an opportunity afforded in 1817 of ascending from the latter city in a balloon with the aeronaut Reichard. This event imparted to him additional celebrity. He was created a prince in 1822. Public opinion has assigned Puckler Muskaw a high station in a domain of an entirely different description—namely, in the kingdom of literature. His name has been placed by the award of criticism among the most talented of his countrymen."

Such is the character of this prince, as given by the translator of his "*Tutti Frutti*." We have noticed the reception at this island, of a Grecian, French, Austrian, Bavarian, and Turkish prince: yet we found in every instance a guard of honor ready to receive them as they landed—brigade reviews at Florian, made for their amusement, and dinners and balls given at the palace by the governor, as a mark of distinction. Why, we are induced to ask, were all these ceremonies abolished in the solitary instance of Puckler Muskaw? Was it because he was the known author of "*A Tour of a German Prince*," in which he had written things which did not suit the palate of Englishmen? Was it because he had, while speaking of the honesty of a man, who, on the continent, had found his pocket-book containing all his money, and brought it to him unopened, remarked, "that in England he should hardly have had the good fortune to find his pocket-book again, even if a gentleman had found it—he would have probably let it be in peace, or kept it?" Was it because he had called his horses Englishmen, and spoke of driving them as he would his animals? Or, lastly, was it for the reason given by a spirited Englishman, a captain of a man-of-war, who being asked if he was going to invite the prince on board, remarked with an oath, that he would be shot before he would permit any man to come on board his ship who had said there was not a gentleman in England? The prince, during his residence of six weeks in Valetta, mingled but little in society, and was as eccentric in his conduct as singular in his daily customs: returning from the opera at midnight, he would call for his dinner; at six in the morning, his tea; after which he immediately retired and slept till one or two in the afternoon, and at five was seated with his secretary at what he termed his breakfast. His acts of charity were numerous, and hardly could he venture from his apartments in Strada Reale without being surrounded with beggars; this, which to most travellers would have been a great nuisance, was to him a chief source of amusement. Having formed a friendship for Madam G—, who is the Madam de Stael of Malta, he was doubtless given much information, which, if it should ever find light, would not a little amuse the public, and give a currency to his pages in Valetta. An anecdote was told me of the prince's conduct at Tunis, which evinced a most trifling feeling: coming from the best source, it must be credited.

For centuries the consuls in Barbary have been con-

sidered by the pashas as the lords of the land; and on a stranger's arriving in a regency, whether he be a prince or beggar, he is considered by the Turkish ruler as subject to him who has the flag of his country waving over his dwelling. It chanced that a consul gave a grand dinner to one of his friends, and the prince received an invitation to attend, which he accepted. After the party was assembled and dinner announced, the one for whom the entertainment was made was asked by the consul to hand his wife to dinner. This trifling circumstance so mortified his highness, that all the time he was at the table he spoke to no one, and answered the questions he was asked only in monosyllables: when the dinner was finished, he immediately retired. This slight, as he fancied it, the prince never forgave; and on his leaving Tunis, he observed he could not call to take leave of one who had intentionally shown him such an indignity. Perhaps his highness, had he gone from this to Barbary, would not have been so scrupulous as to the attentions which he had required on his first visit should be paid to his rank.

On his leaving Malta, the prince was accompanied to the Marina by his secretary, the porters who carried his baggage, a crowd of beggars to whom he was accustomed to give alms, and a few police sergeants, who, knowing he was a "principe," followed more as a matter of curiosity than in observance of their duty. It unfortunately happened that one of the trunks containing his notes was dropped overboard, at the moment of his embarkation, and lost. The prince engaged his passage in one of his majesty's steamers for the Ionian islands, and on his hearing of the accident, remarked, that he had not known, in all his travels for the last five and twenty years, of a similar instance of inattention and inexcusable carelessness;—turning to his secretary, he significantly observed, "though the originals are lost the duplicates are left."

Before we close, we will briefly notice Puekler Muskaw's "Tutti Frutti," a work which, on its first appearance in London, was much sought after, and rapidly passed through several editions. To translate a work into one's own language correctly, will at all times be found no easy task—but for an Englishman to translate from the German, with its numerous idioms, and to express, in his native tongue, the many beauties which may be conveyed in that language alone, is impossible. We will not condemn Mr. Spencer for his translation of the "Tutti Frutti," nor Mrs. Austin for her's, of "The Tour of a German Prince." The literary world is indebted to them for their labors, and for the amusement which their works have afforded; yet the prince, who is certainly the best judge of his own writing, was any thing but satisfied with the manner in which the same were performed, and, at the close of both translations, has written with his own hand—

"Select a tree—tear it out of its native soil—strip it of its leaves and blossoms, and then plant it again in a neighbor's garden: doing this you will have performed a translation quite similar to the one before you.

"The unfortunate author of the German Tutti Frutti."

But, to continue, the prince has written of the "Wanderer's Return," which occupies the first fifty pages of the first volume—"That it has become nonsense by wrong translation—as, unfortunately, a great part of the whole book." In poetry, also, it would appear, Mr.

Spencer was not more fortunate; for, on the same page where occur the following lines—

"Long time I've reigned o'er mice and rats;
For lawyers I've employed the cats,
Who never cease to snarl and bite
From night till morn, from morn till night.

One remedy alone I give,
Which, like all doctors draughts and pills,
Soon bid the small deer cease to live,
For poison quickly cures or kills."

the author has written "a horrible translation." In the second chapter, the subject of which is a visit to the establishment of Hernhutters, and which commences with the following quotation of Pope,

"For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;"

the corrections are most numerous, and the interpolations not at all unfrequent. In the narration of this visit, the author has made mention of his lady-love of England. Celebrated as the prince has long been for his amours, his description may afford some amusement; if for nothing else it will show his taste:

"Her person is pleasing, and she has entered into that peculiar age of conquest which commences there about the age of forty. We have been for many years the most attached friends; and she is, in my opinion, by her talented mind, and kind, benevolent disposition, independently of her external graces, superior to hundreds of her younger cotemporaries; but above all, she has always evinced towards me the most unchanging affection, which no wealth can purchase—in a word, it is my Julie. Notwithstanding her moral excellence, she has, fortunately for me, some amiable weaknesses, as nothing is more tiresome than perfection. There is, also, another being, besides myself, who possesses a large share of her affections—an *enfant gâté*, named Fancy—a being as whimsical as he is graceful, and who is occasionally somewhat formidable; at least when he is visited by a fit of ill humor. This young English gentleman, or, more correctly speaking, nobleman, is a true sprig of the noble Marlborough race at Blenheim, at the hall door of which palace I purchased him, as the slave trade in spaniels was then permitted, though it is impossible to say whether this will always be the case. I then little dreamed what a serpent I was nourishing in my bosom with the tenderness of a nurse. I reared the helpless baby to become, oh misery! in later days, my successful rival in the good graces of the fair Julie. What ingratitude, after I had carefully transported him over the broad seas, in a mixed society of Englishmen, apes, parrots and islanders, all of which I offered with deep reverence at the feet of the queen of my affections."

It will not appear surprising, after the perusal of the above extract, that the English should have felt themselves insulted at the sarcastic language of the author; possessing, as they do, no small share of self-esteem, they could not but doubly feel the sarcasms conveyed in the works of a foreign prince. "For him to have said that the gentlemen of England would retain a lost pocket-book, if they found the owner—to have him compare our nobility with spaniels—to nick-name his horses Englishmen, because they had short tails—to

class the travellers of our nation with apes and parrots, and to speak of them as coming from the land of fogs—are sufficiently good reasons,” in my opinion, observed captain D., “for the prince not only to be slighted, but even insulted by the high spirited Englishmen, in whatever country he may chance to find him.” This officer was not alone in his opinion, as I had an opportunity of witnessing some few evenings after, at the opera. One of the few who paid Puckler Muskaw any attention during his residence at Malta, was lady B****, whose daughter was engaged to the flag-captain of the fleet. On the prince’s entering the box, the captain would not recognise him, and remained seated for three quarters of an hour, until the act was finished, when he retired without a salutation, leaving his highness, who had been all the time standing with cap in hand, to take his empty seat. It was said that captain M***** was justified in his conduct by the manner in which his relatives had been mentioned in the noble author’s tour. Puckler Muskaw, it would appear, while at Valetta, had an aversion to the society around him: when in it he felt uneasy; when by any chance he could avoid it, he would.

But, to continue our notice of the Tutti Frutti—the next chapter which comes under our observation, is pleasingly entitled “The Album of an Active Mind,” well written, and containing many capital anecdotes. In this, as in others, the criticisms of the author, have been given with an unsparing hand; on every page will be found some such remark as the following: “A horrible translation;” “this is rendered unintelligible by the ignorance of the translator;” “in this place many lines are wanting,” &c. &c. It might, however, have been well for the prince, while criticising the work of Mr. Spencer, in such unmeasured terms, to have written his criticisms in his native language: the sentences which he has left on record are full of grammatical errors, and many of the words are so badly spelt, that the English reader will require no little study to decipher them, and be enabled to understand what ideas in writing the author would wish to convey. We take another extract, which is evidently intended as a hit against the English, and which these people might say was not inapplicable to their “transatlantic brethren.”

“During the time I was in England, I met with a little boy, the well known Thellusson, of whom I was informed, that he would one day be in the possession of from ten to twenty millions of pounds sterling. Happy mortal! what an enviable privilege to be the heir of such immense wealth. Nothing is more ludicrous or more evidences a contracted mind, than the exclamation I so frequently heard—how could I employ such an enormous fortune? Oh ye men of limited and confined intellect, if I had been destined by Heaven to be so highly favored, how quickly I should form and execute my plans for expending, aye, even the capital itself: it is only with such fortunes human nature can be benefitted.”

The author here sarcastically observes, he would not squander it in luxury, for that is a common, an everyday practise. He would not expend it in the erection of schools, as he should leave them to the state;—indulging in his tory creed, he continues, they are already too numerous, and those who go to them receive more nourishment than they can well digest. He would

not appropriate his wealth for the building of churches, as they are, in his opinion, sufficiently numerous, and the multiplication of them appeared to him about as useful to religion as the fourth gate built by the Schildaers for the purpose of augmenting their custom-house dues. He would not employ it in the conversion of the heathen, as he considered it an useless undertaking. The prince here has humorously given his readers to understand in what manner he would have expended this property, had it been his good fortune to have possessed it. In his own words, he says,—the first would be that he would cause to be carved a statue of Napoleon, out of one of the highest anguilles of Mont Blanc—an immortal monument to his gigantic mind. Further, he would despatch two expeditions, the first to Africa, to seek in every direction of the compass for the source of the Nile, and the gold mines in the mountains of the moon; to ascertain the existence of the fabulous unicorn, and also to procure for his aviary a specimen of the bird *Roc*. It is possible, he continues, that with this expedition he might send a company of missionaries, and a half a million of bibles; he would then make a conquest of Japan, if it were only to evince his contempt for those tasteless barbarians who will only permit the Dutch to visit them. The last few miserable millions, he would employ in digging a pit a mile deep, in the national sands of his country, and when the last dollar was expended, he would throw himself in—it would at least be so deep that the voice of the critic would be unheard.—In closing this notice of the “Tutti Frutti,” which has extended to a much greater length than we had originally intended, we would only mention the articles entitled the “Congress at Aix la Chapelle,” in which will be found a good description of Prince Metternich, the Talleyrand of Austria—and that of the “Bear Hunt;” at the close of which, the author has penned the following note: “The translation of this bear hunt is the only part of the book resembling the original; perhaps it is because it is the most insignificant.” We regret that the prince should have been so much displeased with the manner in which the translator performed his task—but, as they are, we can safely recommend these volumes to the attention of every reader.

Malta, July 2d, 1838.

A.

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

The grave is deep and still,
And full of dread its strand;
It hides with veil of gloom,
An undiscovered land.

Songs of the nightingale
Ne’er in its bosom sound;
And friendship’s roses fall
But on the grassy mound.

Forsaken brides in vain
With wringing hands contend,
And tears of orphans flow—
The earth they cannot rend.

Yet rest for which we sigh
Dwells only in the tomb;
Through death's dark door alone
We reach our wished for home.

The sorrowing heart, below,
Of many a storm the seat;
Alone true peace can know,
When it hath ceased to beat.

J. L. M.

VELASCO—A TRAGEDY:

By Epes Sargent: New York; Harper & Brothers.

The peculiarities that have distinguished the poetry of the present century, have been eminently discernable in the drama. The poetry that found such favor with the public, as to induce a neglect of the early masters, by appealing exclusively to the passions, or rather the excitabilities of men, produced, for a time, an unnatural excitement, like that of highly seasoned dainties in the absence of plainer and more wholesome aliment. The consequence in one case, as in the other, must be something of a disgust at the luxuries so profusely served up. The decline of the popular taste for poetry in our day, sufficiently shows this effect. The drama exhibits the corruption more palpably; though, in fact, the English drama, since the days of Otway, can scarcely be said to have had any character—no writer having appeared, except Miss Baillie, with pretensions higher than those of a mere composer for the stage. The modern French school, which our writers have imitated, exhibits the features we have alluded to in their worst aspect. The vicious—we must call them vicious—productions of M. M. Victor Hugo, and A. Dumas, excite the imagination by extravagant and terrific incidents, and thereby attempt to soften the horror we should naturally feel at the moral atrocities they represent. They do not even paint deep passion; the distortion preserves no features of humanity. It belonged to the Germans, and to Schiller, whose name is in itself a host, to restore the drama to its legitimate and noble empire; to make it the interpreter of man to man. The development of *character* is aimed at in all his creations; the kingdom of thought was his own. It is true, that plays in which intellect is predominant, are less suited to the stage than the closet; for it belongs not to the actor's province to represent the phases of thought. But the passion, in depicting which his art lies, rude and palpable as it must be to be readily conveyed to the apprehension of an audience, can never appeal to the *heart*—can never create deep and lasting emotion in the spectator, unless individual character is unfolded—unless the creation is made kin to us by the touch of nature. Our modern poets of the stage have erred in forming themselves after the French school instead of the German—the best German school we mean. Startling incident, and bursts of declamation, striking and effective stage situations, and melo-dramatic scenes, have been liberally employed, to the total neglect of weightier matters, the revelation of human character, the nourishment of the understanding, the elevation of the heart. The great error is that they have aspired to the applause of a stage audience, rather than to the appro-

bation of the few whose taste can appreciate true dramatic excellence. This has been the fault of Knowles: we must not, however, omit to render him praise for several admirable touches of character, like that of St. Pierre in the Wife, and, though more common-place, of Julia in the Hunchback. They display ability, which, had his aim been higher, might have elevated Sheridan Knowles to no mean rank among dramatic poets.

We can hardly expect, so long as our country is made by law dependant upon Europe for its literature, that American authors will be prominent in the cultivation of a purer and more rational taste. But we hope the day is coming, when a free and fair field will be accorded to all; and then we do not despair of seeing a renovation in every department of poetry. The character of some of our recent dramatic productions justifies us in this expectation.

The author of "*Velasco*" has chosen an interesting period for his plot. We may remark, in passing, that the tragedy is dedicated to the distinguished southern senator, Mr. Preston. That gentleman, we doubt not, will reward this expression of high respect for his taste as well as his genius, by giving the support of his eloquence to the copy-right law:* it were a desirable triumph for the good deed of a single poet, to purchase so much good for all of his craft.—To proceed:

"*Velasco*" is a story of Castilian pride and Castilian revenge. The outline of the tale is familiar to the readers of history; but the author deserves the credit of originality, for the manner in which he has filled it up; for the skilful development of the incidents, and for the poetical embellishment with which he has softened the stern and rugged features of the time. The story is this:—*Velasco*, a noble knight of Castile, who has been banished a year, for some offence against court etiquette, yet has served his king and country incognito, attends a banquet given by the king, and there discovers himself, in presence of the court and nobles. All are astonished to find their countryman in the unknown knight, who has filled Spain with his fame. The monarch, in gratitude for his services, bestows upon *Velasco* the hand of Donna Izidora, to whom he was attached before his exile. The maiden's happiness is complete; for she not only receives the man of her heart, but escapes from a union with her kinsman Hernando. The present, in her own language,

"is so bright,
Memory can lend no radiance from the past—
Hope can reflect no glory from the future!"

But the course of true love is speedily interrupted. Hernando, the rejected lover, plans a terrible scheme of revenge. He poisons the mind of Gonzales, Izidora's father, against De Lerma, the father of *Velasco*: a feud has long prevailed between the nobles, and the flame of hatred is easily rekindled. An encounter takes place between them; De Lerma, old and infirm, is struck, disarmed and disgraced by his more vigorous foe, and in a paroxysm of rage and shame, appeals to his son to vindicate his honor, according to the old Castilian fashion. *Velasco* challenges Gonzales; the old man falls, but before he expires, exacts from his daughter an oath that she will pursue his slayer to the death.

* Mr. P. is already pledged to the copy right law, in the Senate.—Editor.

Izidora appeals to king Ferdinand; but the royal sentence acquits the knight, who has done no more than duty compelled him to do. Hernando, meanwhile, sends emissaries to murder Julio, the brother of the heroine, and takes possession of Gonzales' castle, as next male inheritor. Izidora is in his power—but she is rescued by Velasco, to whom Hernando's plot has been revealed by a page; and the guilty are arrested by the king's order. Ferdinand commands the union of Velasco and Izidora: the bridal festivities are interrupted by Julio, the lost brother, who, unable to prevail on his sister to renounce Velasco, and bound by an oath to the king not to thrust a quarrel on him, at the suggestion of Hernando, poisons the cup in which Velasco is to pledge him renewed friendship. Izidora sees the act, and snatches the goblet from the hand of her betrothed, as he raised it to his lips; but she only thereby precipitates his fate. Julio's steel is the next instant in his heart; the bride drains the poisoned cup, and expires at the feet of her relentless brother.

It will be seen that we have here the approved *material* of modern tragedy: an uncompromising villain, who does all the mischief of the piece—a valiant knight, who conquers his enemies and dies the victim of treachery, and a faultless heroine, persecuted by fate, and suffering for the indiscretions of her relatives. The scope of a tragedy, intended for the stage, admitted little more, and gave no room whatever for the delineations of character. "Velasco" displays sufficient ability on the part of Mr. Sargent, to make us regret that his plan was not more extended. He has succeeded in what he perhaps chiefly aimed at; his play is one capable of being rendered very effective upon the stage. It abounds in striking situations: witness the scene in which Velasco first claims his lady love; the interview between Izidora and Velasco after her father's death; her discovery of his guilt; the arrest of Hernando and Mendoza; and the closing scene. These situations, and the incidents, are in harmony with the manners of the period chosen for the plot.

The verse is easy and flowing; though it lacks that startling metaphorical beauty which gives such concentrated meaning to the language of passion; that burning vehemence of expression, which so strongly fascinates the attention in some of our best writers. Milman, among recent authors, is eminent for this excellence; it is this which gives such overpowering effect to his tragedy of "Fazio." "Velasco," however, has many poetical passages. The action of the piece, though rapid, permits us occasionally to linger over touches of beauty, which are evidently the offspring of a rich imagination and the feeling of a true poet. Instance, among other passages, the description of love, by Julio:

"A cloud steeped in the sunshine! An illusion
On which concentrate passion's fiercest rays;
Your lover's little better than a pagan;
On the heart's shrine he rears a human idol;
Imagination heightens every charm,
Brings down celestial attributes to clothe it,
And dupes the willing soul, until at length,
He kneels unto a creature of the brain—
A bright abstraction! But the cynic, Time,
Who holds the touchstone to immortal Truth,
Soon laughs him out of the prodigious folly!
Say—art thou one of these idolaters?"

Or Velasco's thought of his bride:—

"The peerless Izidora! how my thoughts,
Swept by the grateful memory of her love,
Still bend to her like flowers before the breeze!"

Or the mournful soliloquy of Izidora on her bridal eve:

"Brief is the time elapsed,
Since with the ashes of his great forefathers,
All that is mortal of my sire was blended.
And now—death's sable livery is changed
For bridal pomp; the wail of lamentation
For shouts of mirth—and nuptial harmonies!
And he I wed, is—reason cannot breathe it!
Yet, in that little space, that sand of time,
What weary lives of anguish have been crowded!
What maddening thoughts! What passions and what
terrors!
Revenge and love—and duty and despair!
The fury of the elements! the shock
Of adverse fleets on a tempestuous sea!
But over all, riding the top-most wave,
Love's bark still floats triumphant!"

The only remaining extract we have room for, is the soliloquy of Velasco, after the death of Gonzales—Act III., scene III.

A glen near the castle of Gonzales; a storm is raging—with thunder and lightning; enter Velasco from the rocks in the back ground.

VELASCO.

"I lay my brow against the marble rock;
I hold it throbbing to the dewy grass;
There is no coolness in the summer rain!
The elements have lost their attributes.
The oaks are shivered round me, in the blaze
Of the near lightning, as it bursts the folds
Of its black cerements, but no gracious bolt
Blasts me or scathes! A wilder storm is here!
The fiery quiver of the clouds will be
Exhausted soon,—the hurricane will sink;
And through the vista of the western clouds
The slant rays of the setting sun will stream—
And birds, on every glistening bough, will hail
The reflux brightness and the freshened air;
But when will pass away from this sad heart
The cloud of grief—the tempest of remorse?
When will the winged hopes, that glanced and sang
In joy's melodious atmosphere, return
To welcome back the gladness of the soul?
This spot! what fatal instinct led me here?
It is our trysting place; and—ha! what form
Breaks through the shadowy gloom? 'tis Izidora!
She sees me—she advances;—knows she yet
The fearful truth? Oh, were this trial spared me!"
February, 1839.

A COMPARISON.

As fire, water, and air, are the three great powers resorted to in mechanical operations—so, analagous to these, the three impelling powers, of moral machines are, love, money, and fear.

Anon.

TO VIRGINIA.

Farewell to the land where the patriots' fire,
Once burnt with the purest and loftiest flame;
The birth-place of one, who as Liberty's sire,
Has well earn'd the laurels entwined round his name!
'Tis the land where the flowers bloom soonest and
brightest—

For they spring from the dust where heroes are laid;
Where the maidens have hearts, the softest and lightest,
And eyes that mourn over the ruins they've made!

Farewell to Virginia!—oh! long may the rays
Of the pride that now lights her, beam over her yet!
And long may the spirit her history displays,
Be the beacon her children can never forget!
May it lure them to honor, to greatness and glory,
As radiant as that which illumines the past,
Till all the best annals and records of story,
Are fill'd with a fame which through ages shall last?

J. T. L.

THE DEATH OF SALADIN.

BY CHARLES M. F. DEEMS.

During his last illness he ordered his winding-sheet to be carried as a standard through every street in the city, while a crier went before the person who bore that ensign of mortality, and proclaimed with a loud voice, "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the Conqueror of the East!" *Russell.*

I.

How gaily sweep apart the crowds
That throng the spacious streets;
How many a form of loveliness
The enchanted vision greets!
We see the bright and joyous eye,
The roseate flush of health;
And equipages roll along
The votaries of wealth.

II.

But lo! the standard-bearers bring
A broad ensign, unfurled!
Announces it the advent of
The conqueror of the world!
There is not on its drapery
The emblazonry of gold,—
It has no hostile motto wrought
Upon its ample fold!

III.

That spotless sheet has never been
Amid the battle's stroke,
Nor floated on foul slaughter's breath
'Mid wreaths of sulph'rous smoke!
It never wafted to the breeze
The last sigh of the dead,
Nor waved, as if in triumph, o'er
The haughty victor's head.

IV.

See how it stops the jostling crowds—
How hushed the busy hum,
As onward with that broad ensign
The standard-bearers come!

Hark! as across the thronged mart,
Their onward course they wend,
A single voice the silence breaks,
While all around attend:

V.

"Saladin dies! Saladin dies!
The mighty conqueror,
The dreaded terror of his foes,
The thunderbolt of war—
Whose valor and whose fame is spread
The eastern countries o'er,
Whose name the word of power hath been
Along Judea's shore!

VI.

"Though kings and mighty men have bowed
Beneath Saladin's power,
He too, at length, in weakness meets
The inevitable hour:
Of his great treasures, by the hand
Of death, he is bereft—
This sheet, this winding sheet, is all
To great Saladin left!"

VII.

If, then, a shroud be all we have
To wrap our cold clay in,
Why is the history of man
But one foul blot of sin?
Why should he through ambition make
A thousand hearts to groan,
Or wade through seas of blood, to sit
A moment on a throne?

I LOVE THEE STILL.

I love thee still—though doomed to drink
Of fell despair's most bitter rill—
Though sever'd be life's dearest link,
I love thee still.

I love thee still—and though I give
Myself to roam o'er dale and hill,
Thy image in my heart shall live—
I'll love thee still.

I love thee still—and though thy brow
Should wear the marks of death's last chill,
I'll not forget my sacred vow,
I'll love thee still.

I love thee still—and I will own,
When through my waning senses thrill
The last sad notes on trumpet blown,
I love thee still.

LYRICUS.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is a term of very extensive meaning, and, being such, it is exceedingly vague and indefinite. It may be the knowledge of good, or of evil; it may be true or false; it may be useful, or useless, or even injurious; and it may lead to wisdom or to folly.

Mudie.

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No. III.

FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL.

BY A VIRGINIAN LADY.

Early on the brightest morning we had seen for many, many days, we mounted our horses to cross the Brunig on our way to Lucerne, in the hope of meeting that evening with our fellow-travellers, who had pursued the more direct course from Berne. The air was fresh and pure, and the heavens without the slightest cloud. An involuntary sigh accompanied an expression of regret that we had not been favored with this splendid day for our excursion to Lauterbrunnen; but we consoled ourselves with the hope of obtaining an indemnification for our disappointment, by reaching the Righi while it remained clear. The weather in these wild regions is so uncertain, that we felt particularly anxious to reach this celebrated mountain, before another change should deprive us of the view from its summit.

"You cannot reach the Righi to-day," said one of our guides, while remarking the effect of the first rays of the rising sun upon the mountains and valleys below us, from the summit of the Brunig. "What a pity!" he added—"we have had so few such days as this during the summer!"

The remark increased our anxiety to proceed; but with the decided tone which those who happen to be "dressed in a little brief authority" are wont to assume, the guides told us we spoke of impossibilities, and we continued to walk our horses over the mountain, and to remark its beauties, which, though not extraordinary, are very pleasing. As we approached its summit, we were informed by our loquacious conductors that we were passing the line between Berne and Unterwalden. They continued to amuse us with their comparison of the respective merits of the two cantons, in which their opinions were exactly opposed, (one being a protestant and the other a catholic,) during the descent, where we found the road, though rugged and narrow, redeemed from its savage wildness by passing through a superb forest of beech trees, which sprung from the clefts of enormous masses of rocks, thickly covered with moss. We enjoyed this refreshing shade until we reached the auberge in the valley below. Here we stopped for a short time to procure a little *char à banc*, to carry us through the valley of Sarnen. This lovely spot, though perhaps less known to travellers than any other part of Switzerland, offers every charm that nature and fine cultivation can afford. Its verdant fields are rendered yet more fertile by the quiet little lake of Lungern, which occupies but a small portion of the valley, and whose dimpled surface was laughing in the light of the bright morning sun. Its placid beauties contrasted well with the Brunig we had just descended, shutting out on that side every object but the snowy and dazzling peaks of the mountains of the Oberlandt which peered above it. We paused for an instant at a turn in the road, to take a last view of this singular and beautiful feature, and then rapidly continued our route.

Our frolicsome coachman seemed inclined to favor our design of travelling quickly, for he seemed to be perfectly inspired by the fresh air and bright sun. He began first to whistle, and then to sing in a sort of bass voice, not unlike that of the cows he had doubtless been in the habit of attending before being exalted to his present station; accompanying each cadence with a motion of the head, well calculated to produce the impression that he had learned this gesture from the same noble source. From time to time he gave a shrewd glance from the corner of his eye to see how the jest was relished, when finding we were almost as merry as himself, he began a sort of wild chant peculiar to the mountains, and descended from his seat at every little hill, more for the pleasure of dancing to his music, than the charity of resting his horses. As we proceeded, his spirits rose higher and higher. He barked at the dogs, squeaked at the pigs, *baaed* at the goats, squinted at the girls, bowed with mock reverence to all the old men until his head touched the horses tails, and saluted all the old women with a peal of laughter. It is impossible to conceive any thing so ridiculous; especially when contrasted with the grave demeanor of a respectable old domestic we had brought with us from Berne, and who seated by his side on the coach box, or rather the front seat of the char, was quite scandalized at the attention he attracted, and the astonishment of all these various inhabitants of the valley, who remained rooted to the spot where they had been saluted by our Jehu, staring after him in mute wonder. It was impossible not to laugh—and we did laugh, as the French say, "*aux larmes*." His merriment was, however, interrupted by the appearance of a fine old church, of grand and imposing appearance; and as we passed through the lofty portico, supported by double rows of columns of fine black marble, we observed that he crossed himself with an expression of deep devotion. Our tour of observation was soon finished, and we departed quietly, without disturbing the devotions of the pretty peasant girls, who with uncovered heads, (probably left so for the innocent pleasure of showing to the best advantage their bright locks, secured by large silver bodkins ornamented with sparkling stones of different colors,) were kneeling near the altar. We soon accomplished the remainder of our journey to Alpnach, a little village on the banks of the lake of the same name, which properly is a part of the lake of Lucerne, or the four forest cantons.

Having arrived at this place so much sooner than we anticipated, we again indulged the hope of reaching the Righi before sunset, and lost no time in procuring a boat to continue our route. The promise of additional reward procured us additional oars-men, and our frail bark was soon flying over the blue waters of the lake. We had heard so much of the beauty of the lake of Lucerne, that this part of it entirely disappointed our expectations: on every side we saw nothing but high and barren mountains, and the scenery is entirely too rugged to be pleasing. But on emerging suddenly from

the Alpnach see into the wider part of the lake, as we turned the corner of a huge promontory of rock, we found ourselves in another region. The pretty little town of Kersiten was just before us; on the right stood the town of Stantz; on the left rose the peaked summits of Mont Pilatre; and on the opposite side of the broad lake we saw the glittering spires of the capital of the canton. The rugged mountains were all soon in the rear, and the shores of the lake on each side presented the highest cultivation and the richest verdure. The lake was tranquil as a mirror; and the beautiful scene looked even more lovely reflected from its peaceful bosom, because, as our old domestic said, "*there the picture was varnished.*" Even the hay-makers, in their gay costumes, lost none of their picturesque effect by being seen *renversé*.

We glided rapidly past this pleasing scene, and soon reached the town of Weggis, at the foot of the Righi. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, we determined to attempt the ascent, and our guides and horses were speedily in readiness. We found less difficulty and fatigue than we had anticipated, in the ascent; for the road is far better than that of the mountain passes we had recently encountered in the valley of Chamouni, and we yet hoped to reach the summit before sunset. High, and higher we climbed, until all the mountains and lakes of Switzerland seemed to be laid out below us: range after range of mountains of every shade of azure appeared, until the snowy heights of the mountains of the Oberlandt crowned the glorious scene. Then we paused; for, it was impossible to reach the summit before the sun went down, and we stopped to watch the beautiful effect of his last rays upon the snow-clad mountains. Their dazzling whiteness was changed by degrees to the purest and most brilliant rose color; then the roscate hue gave place to a ghost-like white, which brought forcibly to mind the end of all living, and this was succeeded by a bright and aerial blue, which faded with the approach of night into a sober gray. We were still half a league from the summit, and were yielding to the advice of our guides to dismount at the auberge they pointed out to us; but learning that there was another inn at the highest point, we resolved to proceed. We were encouraged in our determination by the appearance of the moon, which was rising in full splendor; and though the silver light was too faint to give us a perfect idea of the magnificent scene below, it yet added to its enchantment. Another half hour brought us to the inn on the summit, where we found a party of about fifty people, who were all merrily engaged at supper. The comforts of this establishment certainly would not have been a sufficient attraction to its numerous guests, for they were "few and far between." Not so, however, were the little chambers in which we were all penned up for the night; for, as they were separated only by thin board partitions, the conversation of those within them was only prevented from becoming general by the variety of languages spoken among them. It was a little *babel*. Just as the voices of two giggling girls, which were heard after the rest were silent, had died away, a tremendous wind arose, and blew with a fury that threatened to carry us all off together to the foot of the mountain; and the idea of being whirled like a "*feuille morte*," as the French naturalist said when in the same situation, "into one

of the lakes below, or among the rocks of the unfortunate Goldau," was certainly not the most agreeable in the world.

I believe there were but few persons in the auberge who closed their eyes that night; for, those who were not apprehensive for their safety, feared that the wind might bring a change of weather, which would deprive them of the view of the rising sun; and this idea, with the discomforts of mine host's beds, was sufficient to banish "nature's sweet restorer." It was with no little pleasure that we heard the mountain horn announce a clear morning—the signal that is always given to travellers on the Righi, when the sun promises to rise without clouds. After a hasty toilette, of which a cloak formed the most important part, we all hurried out to the highest point of the mountain, distant only about forty or fifty feet from the auberge. The sun was partially obscured by a few light clouds for some minutes, but the sky above was perfectly clear, and the view entirely unimpeded by mist, so that we might well felicitate ourselves upon our visit to this celebrated spot, whose charms can never be exaggerated nor even described. On the eastern and northern side appeared innumerable mountains; and the splendid chain of the Oberlandt, now of a dazzling white, rendered still more brilliant by the rays of the sun, rose in stately grandeur above the azure of those nearest in the picture. On the north and west the view appeared to extend to the ocean, or to infinity; for it seemed to have no limit. The black forest was pointed out to us on this side, and the course of the "dark rolling Danube" likewise indicated. As far as the eye can reach, the mountains are interspersed with lakes, of which we counted twelve, distinctly seen. Just at the foot of the mountain on the eastern side, we had a complete view of the unfortunate valley of Goldau, and the Rossberg, whose slide many years ago, buried three villages with four hundred inhabitants beneath an enormous mass of earth and rocks. It is affecting even at this lapse of time to view the fatal spot, and to behold this once beautiful and smiling valley converted into a rude monument of those who perished there. Even the lake, in its vicinity, is half filled up by the immense rocks that were tumbled from their lofty resting place. It has been supposed by some naturalists that the Righi is composed, like the Rossberg, of a succession of strata, between each of which there is a sort of slippery clay, liable to be acted on by long rains, as well as internal springs. As these strata are said to be upon an inclined plane, it is conjectured that a part, or indeed almost the whole mountain might slide off, and be precipitated into the lake of Lucerne below. You will, I doubt not, felicitate us that this agreeable little adventure did not occur during our visit to it, for we certainly had not much desire to add to the *splash*.

After regaling ourselves for several hours with this magnificent view, so often denied by the clouds to travellers, who sometimes wait many days on the mountain in vain, we felt that we had been particularly favored, and were completely indemnified for any former disappointments. We descended slowly on foot on the northern side, having ascended on the southern, keeping in view the most serene part of this beautiful picture, and in a few hours were reposing in the chapel of William Tell at the foot of the mountain. This little chapel has nothing remarkable about it, except the in-

terest it possesses in connexion with the celebrated personage whose name it bears. It is said that on this spot he killed the tyrant Gesler; and there are several other chapels dedicated to him in this part of Switzerland. However great our admiration of the heroic acts of the patriot, we did not care to visit each of his chapels, and contented ourselves with this one as a specimen. We were, indeed, well content to take a chaise at the little town of Küssnacht, in its vicinity, to continue our route to Lucerne; for, a walk from the top of the Righi to its base, is no ordinary promenade; and in the present instance, it had been somewhat lengthened by our visit to the chapel, and rendered more laborious by the warm rays of a vertical sun.

We had not proceeded more than a mile, when the chaise seemed to me to move slowly, and yet more slowly, and at length entirely stopped. The cause of our detention was explained by the coachman, who said that the narrow road was occupied by a calèche, which had been accidentally broken, and that we could not proceed until it was removed out of the way. We descended for a short time to facilitate this operation, and were surprised to find that the calèche had been occupied by two gentlemen, one of whom was an old friend and acquaintance. The other I remembered well having seen the evening before at the auberge on the Righi, and being struck with his air and manner, and the pensive sadness which clouded his brow. The most natural arrangement was that we should offer them the vacant seats of our chaise, as they were, as well as ourselves, journeying to Lucerne. Our friend immediately accepted the offer, but his companion, with graceful courtesy, declined it.

"You are less accustomed than I am to climbing these mountains," he said with a melancholy smile to his friend. "I prefer, at present, a solitary walk. Adieu!"—and striking into a pathway which led from the more frequented route, he disappeared.

We re-entered our chaise, accompanied by our friend.

"I am rather surprised," he said, "that I should have presented to you Lord —, with whom we have just parted, for the first time. You must have met with him before in the *haute société de Paris*, though he spends much less of his time there than he did in his more youthful days. He says that his career of folly and dissipation was arrested by a visit to these mountains, where he witnessed a scene that made an indelible impression on his mind, and essentially aided in changing him from the thoughtless being he then was, to the sober and rational man you now behold him. The excellence of his character is well known in his own country; and he occasionally visits the continent, not to renew the mad career in which he was once engaged, but for health and recreation; and, as he says, to revisit this spot, lest he should again become too much devoted to the world, and that he may be reminded by it of the instability of all things here below. He last evening gave me so beautiful and touching a picture, that I have made a sketch of it—not without his approbation, however, for that would be betraying confidence. He told me that he did not object to his experience being made a beacon for others; and that I had his permission to record the events of his early history, with the proviso that his real name should not appear."

Here our friend drew from his pocket a small manu-

script, which we entreated him to read for our entertainment during the ride. To this he assented.

"Some of the other dramatis personæ, with whom you will become acquainted, during the recital I am about to make," he said, "you will, I doubt not, see on your return to your far distant native land, though I have taken the same liberty with their names as with that of Lord —, whom you will recognize under the title of Lord de Vaux. Indeed I think it most probable that you are already acquainted with the charming family to whom I allude. Should you find a resemblance to them in my description, I hope you will inform me if my picture is accurately drawn."

Seeing the impatience with which we awaited the opening of the manuscript, our friend dispensed with farther preface, and thus began:

On a bright and lovely morning in the latter end of the month of June, 1806, a small *char à banc* was seen slowly wending its devious way through one of the romantic valleys at the base of those stupendous mountains, that rise in isolated majesty on the north-western side of the lake of the four forest cantons in Switzerland. As it was traversing the road that leads from the town of Schwitz to the Righi, it might well be imagined that its course was directed towards this *regina montium*, from whose summit the view at sunrise has well been said to "form an epoch in one's life that can never be forgotten." Whether this was the design, or whether, as the slackened motion of the little vehicle seemed to indicate, it was about to pause on the outskirts of one of the thriving villages that dotted the green and smiling valley, may perhaps be ascertained by some reference to its inmates. There were four persons; three ladies, one of whom was apparently rather in the wane of life, while the other two seemed to have numbered hardly eighteen summers; and a young man, who was evidently the guardian and escort of the party. It may be perhaps as well to mention another individual, who certainly thought himself the most important personage of the groupe, whatever consequence other people might be disposed to attach to his pretensions. This was an Italian grey-hound, the most beautiful and diminutive of his species; nestled in one corner of the little carriage, his head reposed in tranquil security on the lap of the younger of the ladies, while an occasional glance toward her face, seemed to invite the caress often bestowed by her delicate hand. Though this dainty favorite could not boast the "ears of jet, and emerald eyes" of the classic and "pensive Selima," yet the "velvet of his paws" might have almost rivalled her's; and some reason he had to be proud of his silken coat of silver gray, his snowy breast, and the soft dark lustre of his gazelle-like eyes. There seemed to be a sort of mysterious sympathy between this dumb companion and his lovely mistress, which, however, a few minutes observation satisfactorily explained: they were alike beautiful, and alike dependent on the kind care of friends; for they were alike—mute. It has often been observed that when several persons are travelling in company, they are either unusually communicative and gay, or particularly silent and contemplative. The latter mood seemed to possess our travellers; for, during the last half hour, not a word had been spoken, except an occasional exclamation of wonder or delight, as each turn

in the road gave them, in ever varying beauty, the bright bosom of the lake of Lucerne, or the soft aerial blue of the distant Alps, in contrast with the bold dark outlines of the nearer Righi or the Rossberg.

As the char approached the village to which its course was directed, the attention of the young ladies was attracted by a neat residence, in which the snug comforts of a Swiss cottage were singularly blended with the embellishments of English taste; and one of them exclaimed—

"There is a sweet rural looking place, Henry! I think that house would exactly suit our mother's taste."

"I am glad it meets with your approbation, Mary," replied the young man, "as it happens to be the one I have selected for your six weeks' sojourn; and if I have been equally fortunate in another quarter," he added, taking his mother's hand, "my frequent visits to this valley, during our stay in Lucerne, will not have been fruitless. As to poor little Olivia," said he, glancing toward their silent companion, "she cannot well be said to have a voice in the matter."

"I am sure you have done all to ensure my comfort that filial duty and affection could suggest, my son," said his mother, gently pressing the hand that held her's; "you know I am not very fastidious: all I wish is a quiet retreat during your tour through Scotland, which I hope will not be delayed beyond the appointed time. It was only for your gratification, my children, that I have consented to wander so far from my native land, whither we must soon retrace our steps. I believe I can hardly consent even to revisit England before our return."

"I know not exactly what the fashionable friends we met with in Florence last winter, will think of our choice," said the young lady. "They will, I dare say, wonder a little, that we should prefer this secluded valley to the shores of lake Lemane's crystal tide, or the rocks of Melleirie."

"It is true," replied her brother, "that Geneva or Lausanne might offer a gayer residence, yet this valley has many charms; and its vicinity to the Righi may perhaps render it at some future time as popular as other places of resort in Switzerland. It is certainly as pleasing as Interlachen, which is becoming so great a favorite; and besides," he added gaily, "when it is understood that Mrs. Leslie and her lovely daughter are here, it will need no other attractions."

"Thank you for my share of the compliment, brother," said Mary. "But you have not yet suspected the cause of our mother's fancy for this spot. Do you know," she added, looking at her mother with an arch smile, "that I begin to think her preference for the neighborhood of the lake of the forest cantons, may be found in its having once been the residence of William Tell. Have you never heard the tradition of one of her ancestors being descended from the Swiss patriot?"

"You have mistaken the cause of my preference, my daughter," said Mrs. Leslie, "though it is certain that it does exist. There is something sweetly soothing in the reminiscences of by-gone days, even when sad thoughts are awakened by them;" and as she spoke, a shade passed over her still lovely face. "I visited this spot many, many years ago, when I was blessed with youth, health, happiness, friends"—she paused, and the unbidden tears started to her eyes—"yet I would not

be so ungrateful as to complain," she continued meekly. "I am now blessed in my children, and I trust I can appreciate the beneficent tenderness of an all-wise providence."

At this instant the carriage stopped at the grille of the little court in front of their new home, and the travellers were saluted with much ceremony and more kindness by their host and hostess, who with their only daughter, a buxom and blooming lass, came forward to meet them. Mrs. Leslie was rather surprised when the hostess addressed her in very tolerable English, though with a marked accent—

"You are welcome to our humble roof, lady," she said; "and the more welcome, because you speak in a language most dear to me. Until I had attained the age of my daughter Annette there, I had heard no other. But will you please to glance at the rooms we have prepared for you?—though simple enough, they are the best we have."

The accommodation she now displayed was far better than her guests had anticipated; a neat parlor, with trelliced windows, from which the grand and beautiful scenery of the adjacent country was visible; a small *salle-a-manger* adjoining it, and two chambers above, separated only by a thin partition, were all she had to offer. This was sufficient for Mrs. Leslie and her two young companions; and her son declined putting the family of their host to farther inconvenience for his accommodation, as his stay was so short. He should remain with them only two days, and for that space of time his lodging might be in the neighboring auberge. The two days quickly passed away; and with a few silent tears, and the tender blessing of his kind mother and lovely sister, Henry departed, promising that his stay should not in any event exceed six weeks.

The hours of ennui that succeeded his departure, his fond friends endeavored to alleviate by arranging their little household in such a manner as to insure them a profitable, if not pleasing use of the time which would elapse during his absence. Books they had been careful to provide, and to these, with Olivia's port-folio, and Mary's harp, which at no small pains and cost had been transported to this retired spot, and now formed the chief ornament of their parlor, they looked for their principal sources of pleasure during their brief sojourn in the valley. The time they had recently passed in Italy, had been chiefly devoted to perfecting themselves in these accomplishments, for which they had both at an early period of their lives manifested a decided taste—and the graceful and spirited sketches of Olivia de Tracey, and the sweet voice and harp of Mary Leslie, were not unknown among connoisseurs even in that beautiful and classic land. It was not, however, a desire of distinction in fashionable society that induced Mary to devote several hours of each day to music: she was the most devoted of daughters; her mother's health was delicate; and often when her spirits were agitated or low, the soft stealing melody of her daughter's loved voice would soothe and calm her, and "witch the shade away." There was something indeed in that voice which touched less tender hearts than that of a fond mother; and few could have heard its soft, rich, thrilling tones, even in speaking, far less in song, without feeling convinced that its beautiful possessor added ineffable sweetness of character to her more brilliant

chisms. It was no wonder, then, that those accents should have been received with pleasure, or each graceful movement of her symmetrical form, and change of her expressive and lovely face, should have been watched with the deepest interest by one to whom she was almost the only earthly treasure.

Three weeks had glided away almost imperceptibly to our travellers in their quiet seclusion, when Mrs. Leslie was a little startled one morning by the rather precipitate entrance of her daughter into her apartment, her heightened color evidently manifesting the occurrence of something that had disturbed her usual gentle equanimity.

"What has happened, my love?" said she, laying her book down, and looking up anxiously: "have you any tidings of Henry?"

"I have, dearest mother," replied Mary; "but nothing is the matter—do not be alarmed."

"Then why did you enter in so brusque a manner; and where is his letter?"

"I have no letter, dear mother, and I am sorry I surprised you so much;—but when I inform you that the bearer of my brother's message is Charles Lennox, and that he is now under our roof, you will, I am sure, pardon my abrupt interruption of your morning occupation."

"I shall be happy to welcome him here, my dearest child," said Mrs. Leslie, rising from her seat, but exhibiting much less surprise at the intelligence of his arrival than Mary had anticipated. "I loved Charles tenderly when a child, for the sake of his mother, who was my dearest friend; and he had many pleasing and, indeed, winning qualities as a youth. Since he left us to return to his friends in England, you know I have seldom heard of him, except that he passes the greater part of his time in the French capital, the gayest of the gay."

"You will hardly recognize the hair-brained youth we loved so much, and so often quarrelled with at home," said Mary, "so much has our young kinsman improved in elegance and—assurance," she added in a lower voice, as her mother left the room, and she turned to a mirror that gave back her blushing cheek, to arrange the silken ringlets which had been a little disturbed by her meeting with her former friend and cousin.

When she descended to the parlor, she found her kinsman engaged in earnest conversation with her mother. He rose on her entrance, and gracefully offering her his seat on the sofa, continued the subject which she had apparently for a moment interrupted.

"I perceive," he said, "that beautiful and mysterious little being is still under your protection," glancing slightly toward Olivia, who was sitting in a recessed window. "May I inquire if she will return with you home?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Leslie, "if I may rely upon the letters I have recently received from her connexions in Paris. The cloud of mystery in which she was enveloped when you last saw her, has been partially dispersed. She is now no longer forlorn and friendless, as when she was first confided to my care. By the death of a near relative, she has become entitled to a considerable estate; and this circumstance, with the accounts they have received of her exceeding beauty, and singu-

lar talents, has determined her friends, as they now call themselves, to request her speedy return to them. She is devoted to her country, to the memory of her parents and her brother; and I believe it would give her more pleasure to wreath a garland of *immortelles* for them within the precincts of *Père la Chaise*, than the most delightful amusement could afford to one less sad. But she knows we are speaking of her."

And in truth, by that singular instinct, if it may be so called, by which those who have been visited with her misfortune, know when they are the objects of attention, Olivia had perceived that she occupied their thoughts and conversation. A slight blush tinged the almost marble hue of her cheek, as she rose and glided softly from the room. With the benevolence which characterized her every action, Mrs. Leslie rose and followed her, saying, as she departed,

"As Olivia has discovered that we were speaking of her, it is but fair to let her know the substance of our conversation."

"It is indeed singular," said Charles, drawing his chair nearer the sofa, doubtless for the purpose of conversing with more facility with his lovely cousin, "to see such rare beauty in a little moving statue. I have never seen so exquisite a model in miniature. There is something marvellously beautiful in the contrast of those bright dark eyes and exquisitely pencilled brows, with the alabaster hue, 'if hue that may be called which hue has none,' of her complexion. How radiantly lovely she appeared a few minutes ago, when that faint tinge of rose appeared on her cheek, like the beam of the setting sun on the Alpine snow. Is it possible there can be any feeling under that ordinarily quiet, cold exterior?"

"It is said that *Etna* is covered with snow as well as *Mont Blanc*," said Mary, smiling. "But to answer your question," she added, more gravely, "Olivia has feeling—she is affectionate and grateful, and any marked kindness is never forgotten by her. When she designates me, it is by placing her hand on her heart. She loves with the simplicity of a child, and with her whole soul; and I have often heard my mother express a fear that when she is withdrawn from the quiet circle in which she has hitherto moved, and is thrown more into the world, the professions of its heartless votaries may be misunderstood by her, and that she may form some hopeless attachment which will perhaps cost her her reason or life. I am, however, answering your question rather too much at length."

"Not at all," said Charles: "that may not be when you are the speaker and I the listener. But you cannot surely have any faith in the idea of a *broken heart*; trust me that is a chimera, fit only for love-sick youths to believe, until they are cured of their credulity by the sober realities of life. If you are so forgetful of our former friendship, and treat me with such coldness," he continued, as Mary withdrew the hand he had gently imprisoned in his own, "I shall be compelled to pay my devoirs at the shrine of another divinity; and as this little *Venus* approaches both in beauty and coloring the 'statue that enchants the world,' I think I shall dedicate myself to her."

Mary shook her head—

"Thoughtless as ever, Charles," she said. "But were I to say any thing on this subject, you might suppose me jealous of the admiration which you have expressed

to me of this beautiful statue ; and which she, with far more than the ordinary care with which such expressive glances are understood, read in those you bestowed on her—all, nay, perhaps, much more than you have said to me."

The re-entrance of Mrs. Leslie at this moment arrested the reply that Charles was about to make. Remarking the lateness of the hour, and apologizing for his interruption of their morning avocations, he took his leave, after receiving a kind invitation to repeat his visits to the cottage frequently during his sojourn in the valley.

It may be easily conjectured, that Charles availed himself of the permission thus frankly and kindly given. Notwithstanding the light and playful manner in which he conversed with his lovely cousin, a deeper feeling was awakened in his heart, in looking on this fair creature, whom a few years before he had loved with all the enthusiasm of youthful passion, and now beheld in the full bloom of beauty. With the confidence, that a very handsome and rather vain cavalier is apt to indulge, he had not for a moment permitted the idea to cross his mind, that she was not equally well pleased with the heightened grace of his manners, and improved elegance of his person ; and before he had traversed half the distance between the cottage and his lodgings in the village, he had formed a thousand plans for the future, over all which his charming cousin should preside. It was true that there was something rather too reserved in her manner, toward one who had formerly been her friend and playmate ; but that was perhaps occasioned by her instinctive perception of the depth of his attachment to her, or she might have been offended by the familiarity with which he met her after their long separation. He did not doubt, however, that a day would suffice for their reconciliation. In the words of Cardinal Mazarin, he said, "*Le temps et moi.*"

"This shall be my motto," said Charles, as he reached his door : "and if I remain in this dull region a month, I shall consider the time well spent that ensures my favor with a creature so gifted."

Many successive mornings found Charles a visitor at the cottage, improving well, as he thought, the opportunity thus allowed him of cultivating the acquaintance and good opinion of its interesting inmates. His gay and lively sallies amused Mrs. Leslie, while the careless playfulness of his manner concealed the depth of his passion for her beautiful daughter. To Olivia his attentions were unbounded : he soon learned to converse with her with perfect facility, and as an avenue to her favor, he neglected not to cultivate the good will of her graceful little favorite, who returned his caresses with interest. Mary, the ingenuous and guileless Mary, was the only one of the little groupe who harbored a suspicion of these pleasing arts. Her noble nature scorned the least approach to coquetry, and she wished sincerely for some suitable occasion, to dissipate the impression she could not doubt her kinsman had received, that he had only to ask, in order to receive her heart and hand. But how was this to be done ? He constantly alluded to their former childish intimacy, and as long as he placed their friendship on that ground, and alluded as he often did to his relationship with her, it would have been prudery to refuse him the pleasure of conversing

with her, of accompanying her in a morning ride, or an evening promenade in their host's neatly kept grounds, which were more extensive than so small an establishment seemed to warrant, and were laid out according to his ideas of English taste, in which he had been much aided by his good wife. She had occupied many days of her youth, in planting hedges on each side of gravel walks, all of which led, though in various directions, from the door of the cottage to a fine grove of linden trees, as fondly cherished as her blooming Annette, and to which the growth of forty years had given considerable stateliness. Near this grove a summer house had been constructed, rather rudely it is true, as old Rudolph himself was the architect, yet the framework of the building signified little, while it was tapestried within, and ornamented without by the dark green foliage and crimson blossoms of the woodbine, the delicate bloom of the clematis, and the silver stars and fragrant breath of the jasmine. It may be easily supposed that this spot was not without its attraction to the inmates of the cottage, and that they often sought in its refreshing shade a refuge from the rays even of the declining sun. Yet Charles found some difficulty in persuading his fair cousin to spend only a few minutes with him there, and observed, not without some apprehension, that Mary was always happier when their interviews were observed by Olivia or her mother.

"Do you not walk to-day, *chère cousine*," said he, as he made his appearance in the parlor one morning, with his usual graceful *entré*, and inwardly felicitating himself on finding Mary and her harp its only occupants. "The air is soft and balmy, and it is beautiful—beautiful as—"

"What ?" said Mary, coloring at the expression with which the words were uttered.

"Nay, do not blush so prettily, my sweet coz, or it will destroy my argument for tempting you to walk—namely, the fear that your roses would wither, without fresh air. I was only going to repeat the words of a witty friend, who, when at a loss for some expression to signify his admiration, always says, 'beautiful ! as the face of a woman !' But on farther reflection," he added, "I believe the sun is a little too warm, and this trelliced window affords a charming air." Drawing a chair near to her own—"à-propos of airs, your harp reminds me of the land of song. Did you visit Venice during your sojourn in Italy ?"

"Our visit there was very brief," said Mary—"we had hardly time to glance at its stately palaces, or to hear the song of the gondoliers, before we were hurried away. I had not even time to select a chain of the delicate workmanship for which its artisans are celebrated, and for which I had an especial fancy."

"A most fortunate circumstance for me," said Charles, "as it emboldens me to make an offering which, for several days past, I have been seeking an opportunity to present ;" producing at the same moment a small casket, which opened with a concealed spring, as he held it towards her. It contained two bracelets, of the rarest and most exquisite workmanship, one of them a singular assemblage of gems and finely wrought precious marbles, or *pierres dures*—the other formed of a number of small chains, so minute as almost to require the aid of a microscope to distinguish the links, the clasp being beneath a small but perfect miniature like-

ness of himself, to which the artist, with inimitable skill, had added many beauties, undiscernable even in the handsome original, without destroying the resemblance; the miniature was surrounded with the purest brilliants.

"I think," he said, "I cannot have forgotten the size of that fair and rounded arm," offering to clasp the bracelet which bore his likeness on it.

Mary blushed and hesitated. "Your offering is too costly, Charles. Why did you not bring me a rose? I should have preferred it greatly."

"Because roses will wither, fairest, and then the donor might be forgotten. Is it possible that you mean to refuse so small a gratification to your friend, your old playmate, your cousin?" He added, in a voice that showed his disappointment, as she still seemed to hesitate, "You will not, you cannot be so cruel!"

Mary was touched at the tone in which the last words were spoken. "I meant not to wound you by my refusal," she said; and as she spoke the fair arm was extended toward him.

"You will then wear this, for my sake," said Charles, "and when you look on it, think of one who offers it as a souvenir of the past; and," he added, in a lower, softer, and more earnest tone, "*a pledge of the future.*"

Mary withdrew her arm decidedly. "On those terms, Charles, I cannot accept your offering—and—indeed—I have wished for some days"—she paused and hesitated, in extreme embarrassment, for the noble ingenuousness of her nature strove with the bashful pride of a maiden's heart. The former would have had the victory, but for the entrance of Olivia, who returned at this critical moment. Charles concealed his extreme vexation beneath the tone of careless raillery he knew so well how to assume.

"Why this is prudery," he said, "downright prudery, *ma capricieuse*. I have made many inquiries of one of our mutual friends concerning you, and though I confess his replies were not very satisfactory, I should at least have supposed he would have given me some information respecting this new and unexpected trait in your character."

"Made inquiries concerning me?" said Mary, evidently at a loss for something better to say.

"Yes, of you, sweet, blushing rose; I inquired of our friend Edward Montague, with whom I lately met in Paris, and who had the felicity of spending some months in Florence during the past winter."

As he spoke, he looked with a penetrating glance at his fair cousin; but Mary at that moment stooped to raise a sheet of music that the air from the window had wafted from its place near her harp.

"I see," he continued, "you are determined, by your cruelty, to drive me to the shrine of the little Venus."

As he spoke, he approached Olivia, and returned the caress of her favorite by joining the costly bracelets together and clasping them around the white and slender throat of the little animal, at the same moment gently placing her hand on the clasp, to indicate that the offering was made to her. Again the beautiful rose tint which had attracted his admiration, gleamed brightly on her cheek—she bent over her little favorite, and unclasping the gemmed bracelets, examined them with fixed attention. Her proficiency in painting, showed her at a glance the exquisite finish of the miniature; and the gems by which it was surrounded were

unheeded. Could a deeper feeling lurk under the expression of unqualified admiration, which animated her beautiful features, as she gazed upon this marvellous work of art? Could it be that the young stranger who had almost abandoned his own country for the sunny land she loved so dearly, and who brought with him from the spot which she had been accustomed to regard as an earthly paradise, so many graces and accomplishments, had awakened a feeling in that youthful heart unknown, unfelt before? This idea certainly occurred to Mary, as she looked on the blushing cheek of Olivia; but Charles was too much absorbed in his recent vexation to think of any thing else at that moment. With his usual self-possession, however, he took his leave, and endeavored, by every means afforded him, to dissipate the unpleasant impressions he had received during his visit of the morning.

A stroll through the wild and romantic environs of the village, and the exhilarating freshness of the mountain air, soon restored his self-complacency. He looked on the affair of the bracelet only as a momentary caprice, which needed no farther explanation. The following morning found him again at the cottage, apparently in one of his gayest moods. Mary flattered herself that he perfectly understood the explanation she desired to make of her feelings toward him, and that a few hours had sufficed to reconcile him to the discovery. She therefore felt more at ease with him, and listened to his lively sallies with far more pleasure than she had hitherto done. The absence of Olivia, and her mother, who excused herself soon after his arrival, as she was making up her despatches for her absent son, Mary now regarded with indifference, and she offered to beguile an hour, which she feared might be otherwise rather dull, in playing for him some of the new music with which he had furnished her on his first arrival.

"How does it happen, Charles," said Mary, rising from her harp, after striking the last chords of a fashionable opera he had brought her, and resuming her silken tapestry on which the expanding flowers and buds and tendrils were beginning to rival the glories of a Flemish picture, "how does it happen that you find Paris so enchanting?"

"Enchanting!" echoed Charles, in a voice of surprise; "is it possible, my fair coz, that you, with all your exquisite tastes, can ask such a question? Methinks an answer might be found in the charms of that divine air, whose ravishing beauties still penetrate my soul through my ear, and which, though now as delightful as a harp and fairy touch can make it, loses nothing by being heard amid the splendors of accompanying scenery, and the rich and varied harmony of the finest *artistes*, vocal and instrumental, that Europe can afford."

"I can easily imagine, Charles," said Mary, "that you may find pleasure in listening to fine music, though I think your expressions are rather extravagant, and pardon me, almost profane. I do not like to hear the word 'divine' applied quite so often, to things which appear to me unworthy of the appellation; but you have not yet satisfactorily answered my question."

"I will answer it, sweet coz," replied Charles, "and as much at length as you will, provided you promise not

to interrupt me by a homily, if I should chance to bring a few divinities on the stage. I am glad, however, that our friend Montague is not here. I protest his solemn air is worse than any sermon you can preach, Mary; when I speak of the pleasure of a *garçon* at Paris, he looks as cold and stern as the Righi in the month of December. I fear he has infected you with some of his precious ideas."

Mary blushed. "You are unjust, Charles, very unjust, to one who really loves you, though he believes, that with all your boasted happiness, you are not happy in Paris. He thinks that the life you lead there, though it may amuse you for a time, will add neither to your stock of wisdom, virtue—or—or—any thing else that an honorable and upright man should endeavor to attain."

Mary paused; for at the conclusion of her speech, she encountered a keen and penetrating glance from Charles, whose brilliant eyes were fixed upon her with an expression she had never observed in them before. There was a sarcastic and haughty curl of the lip in his half smile, that gave her a feeling almost of dread. She blushed yet more deeply, and bending her eyes on her work, seemed silently absorbed in its progress. An unpleasant silence of a minute succeeded, when Charles, in a deep, and rather subdued voice, said—

"I am really vastly obliged to Montague for his affectionate solicitude; doubtless you concur with him in opinion?"

"I?" said Mary, "oh no, I know nothing about it; you have not even answered the simple question I asked you this morning."

"What was it?" said Charles, resuming his usual air of gaiety and thoughtlessness—"oh, I remember; you asked me why I found Paris enchanting? You have so often made this inquiry, or something very like it, that I believe I must answer it at length. Would you like a description of the life of a fashionable man,—like myself, *par exemple*—for a day, or a week?"

"I will hear it for a day," returned Mary, "and then, if it is sufficiently interesting, you may go on to the end of the week."

"As to that matter," said Charles, "I must confess there is not quite so great a variety as we generally boast of; but you shall judge for yourself. Where shall the curtain rise first?—suppose we begin the drama at the *café de Paris*. Imagine a few friends in petit comité—Sir Harry V., Lord L., Col. C., and your humble servant, taking possession of one of the choicest *apartemens* of this pleasantest *café* on the Boulevards, at six o'clock *precises*; and, according to our precise arrangement, meeting the soup and salmon at the door of our *salle-a-manger*. Then, with light hearts and good appetites, sitting down to a dinner, not ordinary and tavern-like, but wreathed with flowers and sparkling with lights, like a Grecian feast. Imagine us enjoying all the exquisite delicacies of the *cuisine Française* and the ambrosial streams of purest wine—not the vulgar productions of Oporto, Xeres, and Madeira, but the more ethereal charms of Burgundy, Chateau-Margeaux, Champagne, Johannisberg, vin de Paille, Hermitage"—

Mary interrupted him by laughing. "Really, Charles," said she, "one would suppose from the interest you manifest, that you were describing the fabled nectar in one or the other of these favorites. But as I cannot

appreciate their merits, I will, if you please, exchange them for a little of the conversation that seasons the entertainment."

"Conversation!" said Charles; "you cannot doubt that the 'feast of reason and flow of soul' could be wanting? The *attic salt* is the only sort of which a profusion is admissible at a French dinner. Let me see if I can give you a sample:"—

"Why were you not at Long Champs to-day, Lennox? I should have had an opportunity of showing you my divinity, the youthful and elegant Madame P.; I should have enjoyed the pleasure of proving to you the favor I am shown in that quarter; though I was near paying dear for it to-day, by the loss of life or limb, or perhaps both, in approaching too near her coupé. Centaur as I am, Wildfire actually prevented me from acknowledging the salute she gave me, by touching with her lips the tips of her rosy fingers. She is certainly a nice creature—a perfect amour—I would lay a wager of a hundred Napoleons to a centime, that she is a thousand times more lovely than your boasted and beautiful Mary"—

Mary started, and the eloquent blood mounted to her temples. She raised her eyes for an instant, and then again busied herself with her work. Charles continued silent for some minutes.

"Well!" said Mary.

"Well!" repeated Charles, "you do not seem to relish my description, *ma belle cousine*—what has given so brilliant a tinge to your delicate complexion?"

"Charles," said Mary, raising her eyes, with an expression of sweet ingenuousness, "there are doubtless many *Marys* to whom the epithet of 'beautiful,' would be more applicable than to me. Yet I cannot help supposing it probable that your friend alluded to me."

"Supposing that you have supposed rightly," said Charles, half doubtingly, half playfully.

"In that case," said Mary, "I confess I should not feel especially flattered by such a notice from such a quarter. I could not esteem it a very great compliment, to be so lightly named by one, who though he may be your friend, certainly from the specimen you have given of his conversation, has shown that he possesses not a few of the attributes of a coxcomb."

"Most gravely and sagely spoken! Montague himself could not have made a speech more solemn. I shall begin again to harbor the suspicions that first raised those mantling blushes on your transparent cheek: take care that I do not penetrate all your thoughts through this brilliant but slight veil."

Again he paused, and again the embarrassment of his fair auditors was manifest.

"You have not finished a day yet," she said, at length, "though you promised me a week in Paris, if I would listen. You have not even finished your feast, but I believe that has lasted long enough; let us suppose it over, and the cloth removed."

"It would be most uninteresting to pursue the process that far," said Charles, "for it has been many centuries since that antediluvian custom, as well as the barbarous antiquity of drinking toasts and healths has been exploded in Paris, even if it ever existed. The *bois d'allonges* would cut a sorry figure by the side of our polished old tables. No, no—we do not thus drain our cups of pleasure to the dregs; we leave the feast,

with all its decorations, its garlands, its lights, its *bronzes dorés, porcelaine de sévres, vermeil, cristaux, &c.*, only to exchange this for a scene still more delightful—for, we are never at a loss for occupation at this witching hour. The opera, the theatres, Frascati's, the salon, a bal à l'ambassade—or—or a thousand other equally attractive places, engage us for the next six or eight hours. These are the hours in which a man of fashion *lives*; in the rest of the twenty-four, he only exists. At three or four in the morning, behold me *au logis*, where, with the aid of *croisées bien fermées*, and protected yet more effectually from the intrusion of the light by the ample folds of Lyons satin, I enjoy the luxuries of a French couch, secure within its graceful canopy from all that may prevent the influences of that most welcome visitor Morpheus. I know not exactly whether I should acknowledge my hour of rising; it is indeed rather too soon for a fashionable man, but owing, I presume, to early habit, I have an inveterate practise of awaking precisely at eleven. In vain does Dupont don his softest pantouffles, and step with cat-like pace into my chamber; he finds me invariably striking my repeater, which gives me the hour of eleven. 'What is the hour, Dupont?' 'Onzes heures précises, Monsieur.' 'How is the weather this morning?' 'Un peu orageux, Monsieur.' 'Ah! I thought so; a man of fashion is a perfect barometer! Well, have you read the journals this morning—what news is there?' 'No sars; dat is to say yes sars; on a attrappé quatre voleurs dans la rue St. Dennis, et trois dans la rue St. Martin—la grande revue aura lieu demain, et le bal de l'opera au profit des indigens, le dimanche en huit, voila tout, Monsieur.' 'Why, Dupont, that is exactly what you told me yesterday, when I asked you the same question.' 'No sars; dat is to say yes sars; it is de nouvelles of dis morning—je vous assure, parole d'honneur—it is de most perfect true, de most exacte verité. Mais, Monsieur, le bain est prêt, et le déjeuner vill be ready in one petite demi heure.' The petite demi heure passed, and my tasteful *cabaret* of *sévres* and *vermeil* removed, I await my usual visitors in my robe de chambré brodée, and pantouffles de velours. 'Monsieur, voici, M. Le Coiffeur, M. Le Tailleur, M. Le Gantier, M. Le Bijoutier, M. Le——.' 'Bah! why did you let all these people in? Bid them wait in the anti-chamber, and send the jeweller to me.' Exit Dupont, and entré M. Le Bijoutier. It would be impossible to select a jewelled cane, and a *chaîne d'or* in less time than an hour and a half. This important matter accomplished, there is no leisure for the rest. I have a rendezvous aux Tuileries at two, and there is barely time for the toilette. 'Dismiss those people in the anti-chamber, Dupont, et defend la porte.' 'Yes sars—dat is to say no sars—dere is a gentilhomme who wish to speak wid you, Monsieur.' 'I am not in, Dupont—or rather I am not up. No, I believe I am au bois de Boulogne. That will be far enough to banish this intruder, I hope.' Soon after I overhear the following colloquy in the anti-chamber. 'Monsieur est sorti!—are you sure of it?' 'Oui, certainement, Monsieur,—depuis dix heures.' 'Oh! you must be mistaken—he never rises until eleven.' 'Mon dieu, Monsieur! I know, certainement—je suis son valet; il est sorti—il est au bois de Boulogne—depuis dix heures, parole d'honneur, je vous assure, it is de most perfect true, de most exacte verité!' My visitor departs, and

in an hour more I am ready for the Tuileries. A lounge there, a ride en verité au bois de Boulogne, and a visit or two, bring me again to six o'clock. Shall I give you another day?"

"Thank you—I believe this will do. But is this a fair sample? Are all your days spent in this manner?"

"It is a fair sample, most fair cox."

"And on Sunday?"

"Oh, that makes no difference in Paris, you know; except that the most delightful operas, and the most brilliant balls are reserved for that day."

"And so, in this agreeable division of time, there are no moments, far less hours, left for reading, reflection, correspondence, deeds of charity, devotion——"

"Stop! stop! lovely preacher; remember our compact. I cannot accept a sermon in return for all my confessions."

"Well, I will not give you one; but, Charles, are there no hours or moments, in which a suspicion crosses your mind that all is not right, and that this is not the sort of life a rational being would be content to lead?"

"An infringement on our compact again!—yet I will answer." As he spoke, a cloud passed over his brow—he pressed his hand an instant over his eyes, as if to shut out some fearful vision, as he continued in an altered tone—"I will acknowledge that impertinent thoughts sometimes intrude on my gayest hours; that I feel as if the sword of Damocles were suspended over my head; and that there have been moments when I would almost have exchanged my delirious pleasures, for the mortal repose of *Père la Chaise*." He said these words rapidly and earnestly, and an expression almost of despair usurped the place of his usually gay and careless smile. "Are you answered now, Mary?"

"I am, indeed; but I did not intend to give you pain. One more question, and my inquisition is finished. What becomes of these fashionable people, if they happen to be ill? I suppose they are not exempted from all human infirmities."

"No, that is very certain; indeed, I believe they are rather more liable to them than you sober people. But then they never permit their cares to mar the pleasures of others. In this they are truly philosophical."

"I agree with them heartily, so far," said Mary; "but there are moments when we have a right to expect the sympathy of our friends. I think I have heard that you were once ill at Paris."

"Not once only, but often. I was once attacked by the *grippe*, in its most ferocious style; and have twice narrowly escaped a *fièvre nerveuse*."

"And did not your friends manifest their concern?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. It is true, I never saw them; but their cards were sent, *pour demander*; and they all congratulated me on my recovery, which they had been assured was almost a miracle. They took it for granted that they would not be admitted, and feared to disturb me. I am not surprised at their repugnance to a sick chamber: pah! the remembrance of it is gall and wormwood. To see a gay youth, whom one is accustomed to admire *en grande costume*, stretched out like a *cadavre*; but it is enough. However, I am unjust. Sir Harry V—— did call one morning, and sent for Dupont. When he returned, I desired to know what he said. 'Did he ask after my health?' 'No sars—yes sars, dat is to say, he desire me to inform you dat he hope to see you au Champs de Mars to-morrow, as he learn dat de

chevaux sont arrivées ; de chevaux dat you import from Angleterre ; and dat he will parier one mille Napoleons contre une centime dat his Wildfire and Selima will beat Daredevil and Mary Leslie."

Mary started from her seat. "Oh, Charles, is it possible that you can have made such a use of my name?"

Charles threw himself on one knee, in an attitude that a *danseur de l'opera* might have envied.

"Beauteous Mary!" he exclaimed—detaining her by clasping her hand within both of his, with the most graceful air of supplication, while Mary, now really vexed, tried in vain to escape—"Fairest of saints! have I not made confession of all my sins—even of this last, which you seem to consider the most heinous? And am I to be repaid with scorn, instead of receiving absolution from those lips; or even a sign of the cross from this delicate hand!" kissing it as he spoke.

"Charles," said Mary, now overwhelmed with confusion, "why do you treat me so like a child? With all your professions, you have proved that you have no respect for me. Pray, let my hand go."

"I cannot, unless you promise me forgiveness, peace, absolution—Mary!"

"Any thing, any thing—there is Olivia's light step; and I confess I would rather even she should not see you thus feigning the gallant!"

"Feign!" repeated Charles—"but I obey. Adieu ma belle!" and after imprinting another kiss on the imprisoned hand, he released her, and the impatient girl flew to her chamber.

Charles retraced his steps slowly and thoughtfully. This last interview certainly was not very satisfactory; and to add to his disquietude, he found letters on his table urging his immediate return to Paris, on account of the illness of a near relative. It was true that the vexation he felt was not a little alleviated by the reflection, that the demise of his old uncle, whom he had hardly known, would leave him possession not only of a title, but a superb estate. Yet he felt an invincible repugnance to leaving the valley, until he should have ascertained, with perfect accuracy, the real state of his beautiful kinswoman's heart.

He waited only for the decline of the summer sun, and as his last rays tinged the snowy peaks of the distant Alps, he again returned to the cottage, in the hope of finding its inmates straying through the refreshing shade of the grove, or among the secluded walks; and thus affording him the opportunity, he now so ardently wished, for a perfect *eclaircissement*. As he had anticipated, he found the cottage untenanted, and passed quickly through one of the avenues to the grove. On emerging from the leafy canopy which shaded and bordered the walk, he found himself within a short distance of the fair object of his search; but to his infinite surprise and vexation, she was not, as he had fondly hoped, unattended; but was apparently listening with evident pleasure, though with downcast eyes and a heightened color, to the animated conversation of another cavalier! and that cavalier young, handsome, graceful, and as he knew but too well, in all more important matters, a most formidable rival. For an instant Charles lost his usual self-possession, and the anger and jealousy that gnawed his heart, were plainly manifest in his countenance; but immediately recovering himself, he advanced with a rapid step, and the exclamation of "Ha, Montague! my ancient friend and comrade!" In spite of the ap-

parent friendliness and careless gaiety of the salutation, there was too much of pique and mortification discernable in his air and manner, to escape the observing eye of him to whom it was addressed. His greeting was, however, reciprocated with perhaps less of *hauteur*, but with a dignified, yet frank and graceful courtesy, which made Charles almost ashamed of the heartiness with which he wished his rival—any where but in his present most enviable position. He was, however, too much a man of the world to permit his feelings to betray him into farther indiscretion; and by the time they had emerged from the grove, and joined the rest of the little party in the summer house, the conversation had become general and animated. As the twilight dews began to descend, Mrs. Leslie proposed their return to the cottage; and Charles, in bidding them adieu, remarked that this was probably his last visit, for he should leave the valley on the following day.

"To-morrow?" said Mary, with a smile. "You have then forgotten the promise you exacted from Olivia and myself, to make an excursion on the lake. Our good host will be quite heart-broken when he hears of your determination; for I think he felt a peculiar anxiety to present us to his brother's family on our way thither. I dare say he would have no objection to an additional oar," she added, glancing at Montague, who readily offered his services.

"Yes, it is true," replied Charles, who had secretly determined at all hazards to remain another day, but who only desired to see if no objection would be made to his departure, "I cannot forego so great a pleasure. I shall claim your promise."

Many revolving and unpleasant thoughts banished the sweet influences, that are wont to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care," from the eyes of our young hero, after he had retired to rest. He tossed on his sleepless pillow until dawn, and then sunk into a heavy slumber. He was aroused by a tap at the door; and starting up, perceived with surprise, that it was near mid-day.

"You are late, my young gallant," said old Rudolph, putting his good humored face within the door. "Our party has been ready and waiting for the last hour."

Ashamed of his apparent want of gallantry, Charles speedily equipped himself for the expedition, and following the counsel of the host of the cottage, he arrayed himself in a light, thin garb, appropriate to the season, and peculiarly suitable for the severe exercise he was about to undertake. He found his handsome rival again in possession of the field, and inwardly upbraided himself for permitting him to have even this slight advantage.

The good host had provided them with horses and another guide beside himself, to traverse the distance between the valley and the far-famed lake of the forest cantons, in the prospect of whose charms they all anticipated so much pleasure. The morning was gloriously beautiful, and the pure azure of the sky was reflected in cloudless splendor from the mirror-like surface of the lake, as it broke on the view of the little party at a sudden turn in the road, or rather the broad pathway that led to the house of Rudolph's brother. This singularly constructed building, presented all the grotesque variety of architecture peculiar to the canton; yet its air of snugness and comfort, the goodly rows of beehives that found protection beneath its broad projecting eaves, the evidences of plenty revealing themselves on

every side, made ample amends for what might have been deemed bad taste; and its rude simplicity was soon forgotten in contemplating the romantic beauty of its situation. The house, or *châlet*, if it might be called by so humble a title, was placed about midway the descent of a gently sloping hill, which terminated at the water's edge; the hill, and the little fields that surrounded it, were adorned with the richest verdure. In front a range of snow-clad mountains melted away in the distance, and made a fine contrast with the tranquil loveliness of the broad lake; while, in the rear, rose an enormous rock, redeemed, however, from its savage wildness by innumerable tufts of the Alpine rose, the fir trees that crowned its summit, and the brilliancy of a dashing waterfall, that soothed the ear with its pleasing though monotonous sound, and was broken into a cloud of white mist as it fell into the stream, that was hurrying on with its tributary waters to the lake.

As soon as the approach of our little party was perceived, the inhabitants of the *châlet* came out, with the simple hospitality which has always distinguished their country, to welcome them. The family, old and young, were dressed in their gayest attire, the athletic young men and stout blooming girls in their holiday costume—the latter looking still taller, from their singular yet pretty head dress, resembling a huge butterfly with its wings erected, or the sails of the paper nautilus. The good old hostess regaled her guests with the most delicate of her cream cheese, the freshest honey, and white bread, which last was regarded as no small luxury in that wild region; and the family only permitted their guests to depart, on the condition of another call on their return from their excursion on the lake. The young men both offered their services as oars-men, but our cavaliers declined their aid: there could, surely, they all agreed, be no necessity for more than two oars, which, with one spare hand, could be easily managed.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows," said Mary, when they had skimmed lightly over the surface for nearly a league, and the fresh air and beautiful scenery had inspired them all with almost equal gaiety.

"Youth on the prow," continued Montague, looking towards old Rudolph, who had stationed himself there, "and pleasure at the helm," he added, with a smile, resigning his oar to Charles, whose turn it was to use it, and taking his place by Mary's side. "I trust our good old guide does not anticipate 'the sweeping whirlwind's sway,' for he appears rather puzzled by something that he is looking at with such intense interest."

In truth, the old man had laid down his oar, and was looking at some distant object with fixed attention.

"I like not that frown on the brow of old Pilatre," said he, looking towards that redoubtable mountain, which is still regarded with a sort of superstitious awe by the simple inhabitants of the country, on account of the ancient traditions connected with it. He pointed, as he spoke, toward the peaked summits of the mountain, behind which a small but very black cloud was discernable. "When he puts on his cap," he added, "it is like replacing the plumed hat of royalty—all humbler people must hasten their departure from his presence."

"I fear we shall find some difficulty in obeying the signal of his majesty," said Charles, "for I have been pulling with might and main for the last five minutes to little purpose. The wind has certainly changed,

or at least risen; for there was hardly a breath when we left the shore."

"It is too true," added their host, as he resumed his oar, and exerted himself resolutely to direct the course of their slight skiff to the place of their embarkation. "I fear much, if this head wind continues, we may get a shower bath, if nothing worse, ere yon rising cloud be past."

The breeze continued to freshen, and the sun began now to be obscured by the clouds which rose with a rapidity known only to those mountainous regions—long wreaths of thick mist floated down the sides of Mont Pilatre, and the glassy surface of the lake was broken into waves, which rose higher with every blast that swept over them, until they were crested with foam. Nearer and nearer the tempest came sweeping on, and at length the red lightning gleamed athwart the snowy billows, and a loud burst of heaven's artillery announced its presence. The dangerous situation of our little party was now manifest; and it seemed in vain, that with stout arms and willing hearts, the oars-men exerted their skill and strength. Their utmost efforts could only prevent the boat from being driven in a direction exactly contrary to their much desired haven. During this trying hour their fair companions were the chief objects of their anxiety; and never did the serene loveliness of Mary's character appear in a more perfect light. She neither shrieked, nor fainted; and it was only by the paleness of her cheek, and the compression of her beautiful lip, that her full apprehension of their peril could be discerned. She supported on her bosom the head of the shrinking and timid Olivia, who sought, by concealing her face, to hide at the same moment her terror, and the alarming scene before her. At length a change, which old Rudolph had anticipated, and of which he had already expressed his fears, took place. The wind, which had so powerfully obstructed their progress, suddenly veered, and a violent gust swept the boat with fearful velocity onward—then for a moment it died away.

"Now in heaven alone is our trust," said the old man, throwing down his oar in despair. "Another such blast and we are inevitably dashed on yon beetling rock."

"In heaven then be our trust," said Montague, who, with the energy that superior minds are wont to exercise under circumstances of difficulty and danger, had assumed the command; "we are within reach of assistance if we could make ourselves heard. It is not more than fifty yards to the shore. I can discern even the *châlet* through the mist." As he spoke, he raised his voice in its utmost power to call its inhabitants to their aid, but in vain; its tones rung like a silver-tongued trumpet to those around him, but was lost amid the roaring of the storm. "The mountain whistle, good Rudolph," he said hastily.

The old man replied only by placing his hand to his mouth, and sending forth a sharp shrill whistle, well understood by the hunters of the chamois amid the high Alps, and which reverberated from rock to rock on the shore. Almost instantaneously two men were seen bounding down the slope that led from the *châlet* to the lake.

"My resolution is now taken," said Montague; "we have only a moment left to rescue us from destruction. You were once a bold and dexterous swimmer, Lennox, and Rudolph has but now boasted to me of his skill. With his aid you can easily support the slight form of Olivia, until those hardy mountaineers come to our

assistance. I will myself be responsible for the safety of Miss Leslie."

"She shall not, she will not entrust herself to your guidance!" exclaimed Charles, in a voice that betrayed jealousy and passion, mingled with real apprehension for her safety in so hazardous an experiment.

"I have saved life under circumstances of almost equal peril," was the calm and laconic reply of Montague.

Charles felt an indescribable repugnance at being reminded at this moment, of the time when, in their more youthful days, he had been rescued from a watery grave by the strong arm and dauntless heart of Edward Montague; but the reminiscence awoke the better feelings of his nature. He permitted Mary to resign the sinking form of Olivia to his arms; while Montague, who waited only for this signal of her approbation of his design, and one glance of her eye, sprung with her into the foaming waves. The instant his movement was perceived by the mountaineers on the shore, they dashed without hesitation into the water and swam to his aid; his example was speedily followed by the rest, and a few minutes sufficed to bring them all in safety to the land. The event proved the wisdom of Montague's counsel; for the instant they had abandoned it, the frail bark was driven by a blast, yet more violent than the first, full against the projecting rock, and dashed into fragments.

Never was the hospitable kindness of the good inhabitants of the chalet more lavishly bestowed, or more gratefully appreciated, than by those who were now so dependent upon it. Fully two hours had elapsed, ere their good hostess was convinced that their comfort had been sufficiently secured. The buoyant spirits of youth, and their happiness in having been delivered from such imminent peril, soon restored their usual animation, and when they all again met, their singular costume excited no little merriment; as, habited in the peculiar dress of the canton, they resembled a party equipped for a masquerade. The earnest persuasions of their kind hosts, to delay their return to the cottage until the next day, was graciously though decidedly declined; for Mary knew too well the agonizing apprehensions that had agitated her fond mother's heart during their protracted stay, to add to it a farther pang. The storm had entirely ceased, and the dewy foliage sparkled in the light of the setting sun, as they again traversed the road that led to their temporary home.

Several times during their ride, Charles thought of seeking an explanation with his fair cousin, which he well knew she had often desired to make; but the formality attending a request to speak with her alone, and above all the very natural desire to be ignorant of that which he did not wish to know, kept him silent. He flattered himself in the belief that circumstances would soon occur, which would place his pretensions in a far more favorable light than at that moment; and before they had reached the valley, his decision was made.

"Here then we part," he said, as they reached the grille of the court. "It would be unkind as unmannerly in your knights to intrude farther, after the fatigues and discomforts of the day. Ere to-morrow's sun be risen, I shall be far, far away!"

Mary hastily returned the adieux of the cavaliers, and flew to the arms of her anxious parent, who clasped her adored child and her loved protégé to her heart with tears of pious joy and gratitude. And fervently did

they offer their united thanks to that Gracious Being, who had so mercifully interposed to save them during the perils of the past day.

Another and another week passed away, and our travellers still lingered in their quiet seclusion. Apparently, Montague had found less difficulty than his rival, in persuading the gentle Mary to permit him to accompany her in her evening visit to their favorite withdrawing room—the summer house; for, each successive evening found them there, often, it is true, accompanied by her mother and Olivia; but it appeared certain that the anxiety she had formerly manifested for their presence, during her interviews with her cousin, was far less with his envied friend, than it had been with him. Indeed, no ordinary impediment would have prevented Montague from availing himself of the permission thus given him; and it was with a degree of impatience, that made him almost overstep the bounds of civility, that he found himself one evening arrested by an acquaintance, who, a stranger as well as himself in the valley, seemed resolutely bent on depriving him of his accustomed visit, by relating all his own adventures. After many ineffectual efforts, on the part of Montague, to appear interested in this prosing conversation, and often "bustling up with unsuccessful speed," the traveller began to suspect that some more agreeable engagement might possibly have awaited his tantalized auditor, and he condescended to take his leave, after having inflicted himself for four mortal hours on his "friend." The instant he departed, Montague hastened rapidly to the cottage, but found, to his mortification, the doors were closed for the night; and to his surprise, his repeater sounded a quarter past eleven. It was too late to request admittance; yet he could not deny himself the gratification of a stroll through the grounds, by the light of the moon that was now riding high in silvery brightness through the heavens, though his entrance might be deemed somewhat lawless. Without much fear, however, of the consequences in case of the discovery of his trespass, he sprang over the slight barrier that obstructed his entrance, and wandered through the walks. He soon reached the summer house; and throwing himself on one of the rustic seats, was speedily lost in a pleasing reverie, in which it may be naturally supposed, that the occupant of his thoughts was the lovely being, who, in that hallowed spot, had renewed to him the vows of plighted love he had won from her many months ere they had met there. It cannot be a matter of surprise that, with such a subject of meditation, breathing the sweet balm of the dewy flowers, and gazing on the resplendent beauties of a cloudless summer sky, studded with countless stars, he should have been aroused from his sweet reflections only by the sound of the distant village bell, which tolled the hour of twelve. He rose, and was departing with a slow and lingering step, when his attention was attracted, and then enchained by the appearance of a figure, gliding through one of the avenues that led to the grove. It passed on so rapidly, that he had not time to form any resolution before it had disappeared among the trees. There was something so singular, so mysterious, so unearthly in the gliding motion of this strange apparition, and in the almost supernatural whiteness of its apparel, as it gleamed in the light of the moon, and was then lost in the leafy shade, that Montague felt an

irresistible curiosity to view it more nearly. His first impulse was to follow it into the grove; but the idea crossed his mind that it might be the stratagem of some robber, who, aware of his presence, desired to decoy him thither. While he hesitated, the apparition emerged from the grove, and was apparently approaching the spot where he stood. Ashamed of the feeling of superstitious awe that involuntarily crept over him, Montague determined to discover who, or what it was; but when within a few feet of the place where he stood, it turned with the same rapid, noiseless and gliding motion, and in an instant had disappeared. Montague followed in the same direction. He was certain that the avenue in which he had lost sight of this extraordinary apparition, terminated, after several serpentine windings, at the cottage door. He pursued the same path rapidly and anxiously, knowing from the thickly entwined shrubbery on each side, that the vision, if a real being, which in spite of his incredulity with regard to supernatural appearances he almost began to doubt, could only find refuge in the cottage itself, where the avenue terminated; but he was destined to disappointment—the door was closed and fastened, as when he had an hour before so much desired to enter it; and he had no other resource than to retrace his steps, and return to the village by the same route he had pursued in entering the grounds.

It may easily be presumed, that Montague felt but little inclination to sleep after this singular adventure. He vainly tried to account for it upon any reasonable supposition. In vain did he endeavor to trace any resemblance between the stout person of Rudolph's blooming daughter, on whom his suspicions had at one time fallen, and the slight form, the graceful, ethereal movements of the apparition he had beheld. If a real being, it must have re-entered the cottage; and it could have been none other than one of its inhabitants. Mary, his loved, his beautiful Mary! never once crossed his mind in connexion with so strange a mystery; but might it not have been Olivia? The face, as the vision glided by him, was partly averted, and so concealed by a long white veil, as to hide the features from him; yet he thought he recognised the stature, and the symmetrical form; and even the fair and delicate arm on which a gemmed bracelet glittered in the bright moonlight, had been near enough to him to challenge his attention. But then, why should a being so helpless, so delicate, expose herself to the night air at this unseasonable hour? What object could she have had in view? Why was she thus alone; and would her strange wanderings be permitted by her affectionate friends and guardians? All these improbabilities perplexed him greatly; but he resolved, if possible, to satisfy his doubts on the morrow.

As soon as a reasonable hour arrived—which, from his disappointment of the preceding evening, he began to think would never come, so slowly did the moments pass—he paid a visit to the cottage. He found the little parlor occupied by Mary and Olivia. It could not be imagination that pictured Olivia to him more delicate, and paler than he had ever observed her before. A playful hint at the want of gallantry, manifested in his unusual absence, drew from him not only an explanation of the circumstances that had caused it, but also of his moonlight adventure.

"It was indeed singular," said Mary, thoughtfully; "but with regard to Olivia, it is impossible that it could

have been herself. Her spirit, you would almost persuade me it must have been; for, if you will look narrowly, you will perceive beneath the folds of her muslin sleeve, the bracelet which shone with so pure a lustre in the moon beams."

Montague looked; and the shadowy outline of the arm, as well as the bracelet, corresponded exactly with that of the apparition of the grove.

"Why should we not ask her?" she continued. "She certainly knows best, and can easily resolve our doubts."

Montague was about to interpose, but Mary had already attracted Olivia's attention by a sign.

"Did you walk last evening—last night, Olivia?" was her first interrogatory. Olivia shook her head.

"I had a headache," was the reply.

"Where were you at midnight, last night?"

Olivia looked up with surprise; but not the slightest expression of confusion appeared in her countenance—not the least agitation—not even the slightest change of color betrayed any embarrassment. Apparently she fancied that she had mistaken her friend's question, for she indicated a wish to have it repeated. "Where were you last night, at midnight?" Mary said again.

With a sweet smile of the most innocent simplicity, Olivia laid her cheek on her hand, and closed her eyes.

"In bed—and asleep," said Mary, translating her gesture.

"It is impossible to doubt the perfect truth and ingenuousness of that lovely expression," said Montague musingly; "yet it is strange, passing strange!"

"It must have been a sort of hallucination," said Mary smiling. "Perhaps you were thinking at the moment of some fair lady; and this pretty ghost only appeared to show you that spirits might be called, if not from the 'vast deep,' from a leafy grove, that would obey your behest. Of one thing, however," she added, in a more serious tone, "we may be certain—that Olivia has answered us faithfully. I have known her intimately, as you are aware, for many years, and I have never known her to depart in the slightest degree from the truth."

The gallantry of the reply to the first part of this speech may well be imagined, but the latter part of it increased Montague's perplexity. Yet he began to think that he had permitted his imagination to dwell too much upon a matter of but little concern to him; and though he naturally felt much curiosity to solve this singular mystery, he resolved to banish the subject entirely from his mind, which, in the delightful society he was now favored with, was no very difficult matter.

"Alone and in tears!" said a well known voice, whose deep rich tones were modulated to the soft cadence in which a youthful lover is wont to speak, as they fall on the ear for which they are destined. "And may I not be permitted to participate in this sorrow?" continued Montague, with a mute but expressive acknowledgment to the fair hand that extended an open letter to him, which had evidently some connexion with the distress he perceived.

"You will not be surprised," was the reply, "at my unhappiness, when you know its cause; though it seems almost like insensibility to the gifts of divine providence to be absorbed in unpleasant meditations this lovely evening, in the sweet embowering shade of this our favorite retreat, and, and with so much to make me happy.

But—may do not interrupt me while I explain my griefs to you. That letter will tell you that my loved brother has been recently exposed to great peril during a tour through the highlands of Scotland. He would fain persuade us that the injury he sustained is very slight, and to relieve our anxiety, his account is corroborated by a friend of our acquaintance; yet he cannot disguise from us that the period of his return hither is thus rendered uncertain, and our mother's anxiety is almost beyond endurance. The declining health of our poor Olivia, too, is a source of the greatest alarm and perplexity to us. She has drooped like a broken lily ever since the departure of our young kinsman, and I cannot help fearing that she has given her unsuspecting heart in return for his thoughtless gallantries. She regards him as the preserver of her life, on the eventful evening of the storm on the lake. She wears the beautiful miniature, he so heedlessly presented her, day and night; and so entirely am I convinced of the delusion she indulges in the belief that he is equally attached to her, that I wish much to undeceive her. It is most probable, however, that she would persuade herself I am mistaken, even if I were to undertake so painful a task. We have therefore determined to leave the discovery to herself, in the hope that time and change of scene may banish her present impressions. My mother's prophetic fears," she continued mournfully, "may be realized; for I do not think my hapless friend would survive a knowledge of the truth. I may perhaps speak too freely, but I am betraying no confidence; and you will, I know, appreciate the motives that induce me to impart my thoughts to you."

It would be vain to attempt even a description of the passionate eloquence, poured forth in the reply to this explanation of our heroine. What a text for a chapter of persuasion to abridge the long, tedious interval, destined to separate him from his promised happiness! It may be perhaps anticipating, to reveal the effect of his oratory; but it is certain that the interview ended by his finding that the exaction of one little word, and even that one conditional, had made him the happiest of men. Speeches, explanations, and arrangements, sometimes occupy more time than those who are engaged in them are aware of; and the bright moon had poured her flood of silvery light around, before all were completed. The happy lover and his promised bride were leaving the summer house on their return to the cottage, when the aerial apparition of the preceding evening, emerged suddenly from the grove. With the same light, noiseless, gliding motion, it advanced rapidly toward the spot where they stood. The same gleaming whiteness distinguished its apparel: again were the features partly concealed by a long veil, that, as it floated on the summer breeze, added to the supernatural appearance. Again it advanced near enough for Montague to distinguish the sparkling gems that encircled the delicate arm. Determined, if possible, not to be baffled, as he had been when it had before crossed his path, he was springing forward to intercept it, but he was arrested by the suppleting voice of Mary—

"Stay! I entreat, I implore you stay!" she exclaimed in accents of terror, "there is far more danger than you imagine in"—A loud shriek from the shaded avenue, whither the apparition had directed its course, interrupted her farther explanation. "Seek not to know more now," she said hastily. "To-morrow I may per-

haps be able to explain what appears so mysterious;" and with a rapidity almost equal to that of the bright vision itself, she followed its course toward the cottage.

We must now, for a short time, leave these scenes of the valley, and pursue the footsteps of our young hero, who, in happy ignorance of what was passing there, found himself once more surrounded by the pleasures and luxuries of the French capital. He was one morning reclining in graceful indolence on the *canapé*, still in the "robe de chambre brodée, and pantoufles de velours," that he once mentioned to our heroine, when the re-entrance of his valet, who had apparently been charged with some commission of importance, drew his attention from the morning journal—whether a *journal des modes*, or something of more consequence, it might not be fair to say. Struck with the odd mixture of real pleasure and affected sorrow, that gave to his attendant the ludicrous expression of one of Hogarth's prints, he almost anticipated the answer to his questions.

"Have you delivered my note, Dupont?" he said. "Shall I be admitted this morning?"

"I bring de most triste nouvelles, mi-lord," replied the valet, bowing with unwonted reverence as he uttered the last word, "Monsieur, votre oncle, est—mort!"

The annunciation of this expected event did not elicit any very profound emotion: we will, however, do our hero the justice to say, that it was received with a feeling of solemnity, to which a heart entirely deadened by the vanities of the world, would have been a stranger. Insensibly, however, this feeling wore away; and, as he paced the apartment, brighter thoughts soon rose uppermost in his mind.

"Lord de Vaux,—twenty thousand a year," said he, musingly. "What female heart can gold despise? especially when"—and his eye rested involuntarily upon a splendid mirror which reflected his elegant person to the greatest advantage. "Mary! beauteous Mary! thou art mine! How unfortunate it is, that I shall be delayed here a week or perhaps longer! Something must be done in that tedious interval. Who can tell what may be the consequence of my apparent indifference?"

The next moment found him seated at his *scrutoire*, penning a rapid declaration of his passionate attachment to his lovely kinswoman, with an offer of his heart, his hand, and his brilliant fortune; his letter concluded with a thousand regrets at being compelled to delay for a week his return to the "*happy valley*." Determined not to trust a communication of such importance to the uncertainty of the post, he thought of some private and express conveyance, and his favorite valet was speedily summoned.

"I think you have been in Switzerland, Dupont?" he inquired.

"Yes, mi-lord," replied the valet, with a slight shudder; "I have been in dat terrible pays sauvage."

"Then, to oblige me, you cannot refuse to go again. Take this letter, and depart with it immediately; deliver it according to the direction. Be faithful, and your reward shall be rich."

"To oblige mi-lord, certainement oui, mi-lord," said the valet; the dismality of his countenance in the anticipation of so long a journey, and so tedious an absence from the place which he regarded as the only habitable spot in the world, being somewhat dispelled by his young lord's last words. "De suite, mi-lord," and

with another profound reverence and unusual alacrity he disappeared.

A few hours found him on the road to the place of his destination; for, having twice travelled the same route in the suite of an English nobleman, he was at no loss to find his way. Before the week had elapsed, the important letter was delivered, read and answered. The reply may be easily conjectured, without being literally cited. It contained a frank avowal of a previous attachment and engagement on the part of the fair writer—a sincere expression of regret that her sentiments toward her kinsman had not, as she had hoped and believed, been explained during his visit to the valley, with the kindest appreciation of his preference, and the hope that he would still retain for her the friendship which would ever be reciprocated on her part. All this was expressed in the most gracious and graceful manner, but without leaving a shadow of a doubt with regard to her sentiments. The letter was signed, sealed and delivered; and in an hour after his arrival, the valet of mi-lord was on his return to Paris.

But the little blind god, who seemed to take such a malicious pleasure in baffling our hero, had prepared another disappointment for him. In passing through Lucerne, the faithful Dupont, unhappily for his young lord, though as he deemed it happily for him, met with a pretty *soubrette*, who had been detained, as she said, amid these *malheureuses montaignes*, by the caprice of Madame la Comtesse, in whose service she was. It would have been cruel and ungallant to decline her invitation to spend a day in the town of Lucerne; and this day involved another and another, Dupont still relying upon the difficulties of the route, and an account of his "hair breath 'scapes," which he trusted that a "*parole d'honneur*" would confirm. Impatient at his unexpected delay, Charles resolved not to await his return; and as soon as the arrangements which had retarded his departure were accomplished, he set out for the valley. A few days rapid travelling brought him to Lucerne, where, it may be easily foreseen he did not meet with his attendant, that worthy personage having taken good care to set out in the direction by which his young lord came, as soon as he heard of his arrival. It was with great impatience that Charles watched the declining sun on the last evening of his journey, and with no small vexation that he found it entirely too late to attempt to pay a visit to the valley before the next day.

The succeeding morning arose in cloudless splendor. Our young hero, as soon as a reasonable hour arrived, procured a guide and horses to pursue his way to the valley. The buoyancy of his spirits was unchecked by even a shadow of doubt as to his success, and the brilliancy of the atmosphere corresponded well with the visions of bliss that flitted through his imagination. Once, and once only, as he looked on the bright bosom of the lake, he remembered that he had seen its placid loveliness succeeded by the awful frown of the tempest; but the painful idea was speedily banished, and all was again light and joy. He was aroused from his pleasing meditations by his guide, who, on reaching a pathway which diverged from the beaten track, had made a dead halt.

"There lies the route," said Charles, who remembered the spot well, indicating it by a motion of his hand; "why do you not proceed?"

"Because," answered the guide, in rather a dogged tone, "my good horse Wolff refuses to go farther."

Charles was about to make an impatient and rather angry expostulation, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of the animal, who had planted his feet in the rocky pathway in the attitude of a mule when urged over a dangerous precipice, as if with a determined resolution not to move an inch farther.

"You travellers are for the most part protestants, seigneur," said the guide, dismounting from his obstinate steed and leaning his arm over the saddle; "and if I tell you a piece of my mind, you will say I am a catholic, and that I am superstitious; but by the holy virgin I believe Wolff is right, and with your leave I shall follow his example."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Charles, whose patience was ebbing fast.

"Why," continued the loquacious guide, "it means that neither I nor my wiser horse will go farther into this valley, both of us being convinced that some evil bodes it this day. Do you not see the very flocks gathering together, as they do before a storm? Do you not hear the cry of those ill-betiding ravens as they scream from the fir trees around us? Have I not twice seen the bats and owls flutter by me—creatures that would never have left their dark hiding places on this sunny day but for our warning? Do you not see the eagles with their young wheeling over our heads?—and shall I disregard all these friendly warnings? No! by the saints! no!"

"Then, in the name of the saints you worship," said Charles, whose patience was exhausted by this long harangue, "begone, and let me find my way alone. I have traversed this pathway often enough to know whither it will guide me."

He threw himself from his horse as he spoke, and flinging the bridle to his conductor, dropped a piece of gold into his open palm, and in another moment was lost to view amid the windings of the forest pathway. The guide remained stationary for an instant, looked after him, shook his head, and then taking his horses, which showed no farther symptoms of the contumacious spirit they had manifested, retraced his steps to Lucerne.

In the mean time, our young hero, with the light step of a chamois, was rapidly surmounting the difficulties of his route; and half an hour sufficed to bring him to the grille of the little court in front of the cottage, which he fondly thought contained his coveted treasure. Without waiting to request admittance, he passed the court, entered the open door, and stopped not until he found himself at the entrance of the little parlor. He paused a moment at the threshold, for all was silent within. A glance, however, sufficed to show him that it was not untenanted; for the slight form of Olivia was reclining on the sofa. She was apparently absorbed in deep meditation, and her downcast eyes were riveted on the beautiful miniature he had himself presented her, and which she held in one hand, while the other rested on the head of her faithful little favorite. A single step within the door-way changed the scene. The little animal, startled by its sound, raised his head from beneath the delicate hand which reposed on it, and turned to look at the intruder; but instead of manifesting the delight he had formerly shown at the appearance of his friend, he looked up with an expression of uneasiness and even terror, and buried his slender head beneath the rich folds of the cachemere which was

thrown around the lovely person of his mistress. This slight movement, however, was sufficient to arouse Olivia's attention; and a hectic flush rose with meteor-like brilliancy into her pale cheek, as on perceiving his entrance, she attempted to rise from the sofa. A supplicating gesture from the intruder, however, aided by her own agitation, prevented her intention.

"You have then been ill?" he said, in the graceful pantomime in which he had become so perfect an adept during his former visit.

Olivia took the porcelaine tablet which lay near her, and inscribed,

"Yes, but I am better now."

"And how is it, then," continued Charles, adopting her own mode of communication, by gently taking the tablet from her hand, "that I find you thus alone?"

"I am not alone," was the reply, "though I often wish much to be alone. My health has suffered sadly since I saw you last, though I think it would have been restored by rambling in the sweet shade of the grove where we used to walk. I have been debarred from this pleasure ever since you were here, by my feeble health, which they tell me was chiefly occasioned by wandering there twice in my sleep; and the second time thrown into a state of nervous terror, by being suddenly awakened by our hostess, whose daughter mistook me for a ghost." A faint smile illumined her beautiful features, as she presented the tablet again.

"But how then," continued Charles, who, in spite of his anxiety, found himself interested in these artless confessions, "is it that your friends are not with you? Has the friend you loved best forsaken you?"

"Forsaken me? Oh no! she is an angel of light!" raising her bright eyes to heaven, with an expression of devoted affection. "She left me only half an hour ago, and will return immediately. They have only gone to Lucerne."

"To Lucerne? Impossible! I have but just left it. Who has gone?"

"All—even the family of our host, whose places are temporarily supplied by other but faithful attendants;" continued Olivia. "I might have accompanied them—and they persuaded me much to do so; but I believe I was capricious, and did not just now care to witness their happiness."

There was a mystery in all this, which embarrassed Charles almost beyond endurance. How could he have failed to meet the lovely being who was his attraction to the valley, unless indeed, as might well have occurred, she had passed by the more frequented route, while he pursued the forest path? Another circumstance also greatly increased his anxiety. Their brief conversation had been carried on chiefly in pantomime, and Olivia had twice passed her hand over her forehead. Charles remembered well an explanation she had once made to him of this gesture. Struck by the singular beauty of Montague's noble brow, she had ever since her first acquaintance with him, indicated his name by touching her forehead. Perplexed and alarmed, he repeated his inquiries.

"They have gone to Lucerne," was the reply; and Olivia made a sign of the cross with an expression of deep reverence.

"To church?" said Charles, interpreting her gesture,—“but this is not Sunday, and your fair friend is not a catholic."

"There is a protestant church in Lucerne," was inscribed on the tablet in reply.

"Do you not yet understand?" raising her hand with a gesture that startled and appalled her attentive companion. Again he signed to her to repeat it. Olivia again made the reverential sign of the cross, touched her brow, then pressed her hand to her heart, clasped both hands together, and raised them towards heaven. Charles translated the gestures aloud—"at church,—Montague—Mary—united—forever!"—he cried, starting wildly from his seat—and forgetful that even the world, far less the narrow apartment contained aught but himself and his bitter disappointment, he paced it with gestures of almost frantic despair. He was flying from the room, when his eye was caught by the death-like paleness of Olivia, who had sunk back in a recumbent attitude on the sofa. The idea flashed across his mind that he beheld in her another victim of unrequited affection. He returned hastily, and throwing open the casement, knelt by the sofa and raised her drooping head from the pillow.

"Olivia! Olivia!" he cried, in tones of agonized distress, as if the hapless being he invoked could even in life have heard and answered him. Alas! his cares were vain! The rich masses of soft dark hair fell over his arm and shaded her marble cheek and brow—the silken fringed lids were closed, and no returning beam of consciousness met his anxious gaze—the throbbing heart was still—the grieved spirit had passed away forever!

"Is this then to be added to my cup of wo, just heaven?" he exclaimed, as the dread reality in all its awful truth burst on him, and as if endeavoring to fly even from himself, he rushed madly from the house.

Unconscious whither his steps were directed, he fled through the forest pathway that had brought him to the cottage, and continued in the same route, until utterly exhausted by fatigue and mental anguish, he sunk upon a moss-covered rock. "Would!" he exclaimed in the bitterness of his spirit, "would that yon dark and cragged mountain had fallen on me and buried me beneath its ruins, ere I had entered that once lovely, but now, oh how fatal spot!"

Could it be his disordered imagination which pictured to him that awful mountain "bowing its cloud capped head?" No! it was no illusion!—a loud crashing sound met his ear, more fearful than the thunder of a mighty avalanche!—the earth shook as if rocked by an earthquake. He looked again—the dark mountain had disappeared from his view, and the beautiful valley lay buried beneath a huge mass of chaotic ruins! The unhappy Charles heard—saw no more.

* * * * *

Nor did I, for at that instant the chaise stopped at the door of the principal hotel in Lucerne, and I lost sight of our friend as completely as the hero of his interesting tale did of the beautiful valley. When I inquired for him, I was gravely told that he had been seen by no one but myself, and it was even hinted that all that had passed during our ride had been conjured up by my own imagination, and might well be attributed to a visit from Morpheus after my sleepless night and fatiguing walk! Of this, however, it is vain to persuade me. I cannot believe it, and the next time I meet with this communicative friend, I am determined that he shall tell me the sequel of the story.

"HOME AS FOUND."

By the author of "Homeward Bound," "The Pioneers," &c. &c.
In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1838.

In a late number of the *Messenger** we reviewed "Homeward Bound," a sequel to which we have in the work before us. The reader of the former article may perhaps remember a prediction which we ventured to make, at its close, in regard to the merits of this sequel, then already promised. We made it, feeling some doubt as to the issue—the doubt which every uninspired prophet must feel—and hoping, sincerely, that it might not be verified. Unfortunately for Mr. Cooper, and for the public at large, our prediction has been more signally fulfilled than we anticipated. Not only has he failed—failed totally of his proposed object, but—and we did not expect this—there is nothing in his last work to redeem any part of his reputation—a reputation not yet extinct, but certainly like to perish. "Home as Found," we should not think of noticing, but for the author's previously acquired fame, and the opportunity it affords of reviewing some other follies of which he has been guilty. The former reason, not very cogent even now, will soon, we fear, cease to be a reason at all.

By thus noticing the book, however, we deprive ourselves of the privilege of treating it as it deserves, and therefore feel bound to do something more than express merely this general opinion concerning it. The author himself seems to doubt the merits of his work, and, in the preface, offers a formal apology for its defects. This we shall give in his own words.

'We remember the despair with which that admirable observer of men, Mr. Mathews the comedian, confessed the hopelessness of success, in his endeavors to obtain a sufficiency of prominent and distinctive features to compose an entertainment founded on American character. The whole nation struck him as being destitute of salient points, and as characterized by a respectable mediocrity, that, however useful it might be in its way, was utterly without poetry, humor, or interest to the observer. For one who dealt principally with the more conspicuous absurdities of his fellow creatures, Mr. Mathews was certainly right; we also believe him to have been right in the main, in the general tenor of his opinion; for this country, in its ordinary aspects, probably presents as barren a field to the writer of fiction, and to the dramatist, as any other on earth; we are not certain that we might not say the most barren. We believe that no attempt to delineate ordinary American life, either on the stage, or in the pages of a novel, has been rewarded with success. Even those works in which the desire to illustrate a principle has been the aim, when the picture has been brought within this homely frame, have had to contend with disadvantages that have been commonly found insurmountable. The latter being the intention of this book, the task has been undertaken with a perfect consciousness of all its difficulties, and with scarcely a hope of success. It would be indeed a desperate undertaking, to think of making any thing interesting in the way of a *Roman de Société* in this country; still useful glances may possibly be made even in that direction, and we trust that

the fidelity of one or two of our portraits will be recognised by the looker-on, although they will very likely be denied by the sitters themselves.'

We shall not just here take into consideration the correctness of the statements on which this apology is founded. Supposing them entirely correct, a very few words will explain the fallacy of Mr. Cooper's excuse. The great majority of readers seek in a novel, as their principal and almost exclusive object, light and agreeable entertainment. Works of fiction that do not afford this, no matter what merit they may possess otherwise, are usually thrown aside as insipid and worthless. Such food is sought for, not as a means of nourishment, but for the piquancy of its flavor. Whatever, then, may be the favorite object with which a writer composes a novel, certainly his first and chief aim should be to make the story interesting—the plot and incident should receive primary attention. However correctly he may illustrate principles or delineate manners, he forms but a dull, lifeless body, unless a stirring soul of romance be breathed over the creation; and if he attempt to convey, under the garb of fiction, moral, political or other lessons, considering, that for the less serious aspect under which truth thus presented appears, its wider currency and the enlistment of feeling on its side, are more than an adequate compensation, he should remember that, in order to gain these advantages he must adhere strictly to the laws of this species of composition. Every end other than the gratification of the reader's taste should be made at least to appear secondary, and should be accomplished as if collaterally. The doctrines which the novelist would inculcate may find a more easy way to the attention of the community, and may be impressed more forcibly upon the mind, when blended skilfully in their development with the details of an interesting story, but can never, of themselves, impart essential interest to fiction. Mr. Cooper's favorite object being to exhibit the characteristics of American society, he has relinquished the peculiar advantages of presenting his views in a grave dress, for the superior ones which the novel offers, and then has wanted the capacity, or, at least, has neglected, to impart to his fiction that which alone could make it a fit vehicle for truth. Instead of endeavoring to throw the fascination of romance around his opinions, he has attempted to make the latter supply the interest which his story lacks. No *Roman de Société* ever written, however well it may have illustrated particular social manners and customs, has owed success chiefly, or in any great degree, to this excellence. Indeed, had Mr. Cooper made his original purpose collateral to that of producing a finished tale, however he had failed as to the former, he might nevertheless have given entire satisfaction to a reader contemplating only an agreeable recreation. So Bulwer, in his last novel, "Alice," which he professes to have written as a development of the "mysteries" of human nature, has produced a romance of intense interest, though he has not shed any new light upon the hidden recesses of the heart; but no one, excepting professed critics, quarrel with him because the object declared to be a primary one, appears, every where but in his preface, when it appears at all, quite secondary.

Considered as a mere literary composition, no regard being had to the pretended delineations of American

society which it contains, "Home as Found," is immeasurably inferior to any of the same author's former novels which we have read. "The Monikins," to be sure, has never fallen under our notice, nor have we been able to find any person who could give an intelligible account thereof. In point of style the present work is exceedingly loose and unfinished, and, in many parts, offends against even the plainest grammatical rules. In the dull, prosing discussions with which it abounds, there is often so much obscurity, that the reader obtains scarcely a single definite idea, but that of the author's spiteful, rancorous feelings towards his countrymen. The following passage will illustrate these remarks, especially the last :

'Eve Effingham had yet to learn that she had just entered into the most intolerant society, meaning purely as society, and in connexion with what are usually called liberal sentiments, in christendom. We do not mean by this that it would be less safe to utter a generous opinion in favor of human rights in America than in any other country, for the laws and the institutions become active in this respect, but simply, that the resistance of the more refined to the encroachments of the unrefined, has brought about a state of feeling—a feeling that is seldom just, and never philosophical—which has created a silent but almost unanimous bias against the effects of the institutions, in what is called the world. In Europe, one rarely utters a sentiment of this nature, under circumstances in which it is safe to do so at all, without finding a very general sympathy in the auditors ; but in the circle into which Eve had now fallen, it was almost considered a violation of the proprieties. We do not wish to be understood as saying more than we mean, however, for we have no manner of doubt that a large portion of the dissentients even, are so idly, and without reflection ; or for the very natural reasons already given by our heroine ; but we do wish to be understood as meaning that such is the outward appearance which American society presents to every stranger and to every native of the country too, on his return from a residence among other people.' Vol. I, p. 40.

If any person, after once perusing this paragraph, can give a clear explanation of its meaning, we envy his ready discernment, though not the acquisition of the grain of wheat winnowed from so much chaff. Between what the author means and does not mean, wishes to be understood as meaning, and wishes not to be understood as saying, we were at first greatly mystified. It is useless for him to wish 'not to be understood as saying more than he means,' if he says so much without any meaning, or if "by a multitude of words he so darkens his counsel."

In the following awkwardly constructed, diffuse and inflated sentences, we are told the important fact, that Mr. Effingham employed a housekeeper, in order that the cares 'of one of the largest establishments, in the largest American town,' might not burden his youthful daughter :

'—— Fortunately for her, however, her father was too just to consider a wife, or a daughter, a mere upper servant, and he rightly judged that a liberal portion of his income should be assigned to the procuring of that higher quality of domestic service, which can alone relieve the mistress of a household from a burden so heavy to be borne. Unlike so many of those around,

who would spend on a single pretending and comfortless entertainment, in which the ostentatious folly of one contended with the ostentatious folly of another, a sum that, properly directed, would introduce order and system into a family for a twelve month, by commanding the time and knowledge of those whose study they had been, and who would be willing to devote themselves to such objects, and then permit their wives and daughters to return to the drudgery to which the sex seems doomed in this country, he first bethought him of the wants of social life before he aspired to its parade. A man of the world, Mr. Effingham possessed the requisite knowledge, and a man of justice, the requisite fairness, to permit those who depended on him so much for their happiness, to share equitably in the good things that Providence had so liberally bestowed on himself. In other words, he made two people comfortable ; his daughter, in the first place, by releasing her from cares that, necessarily, formed no more a part of her duties than it would be a part of her duty to sweep the pavement before the door ; and, in the next place, a very respectable woman who was glad to obtain so good a home on so easy terms.'—Vol. I, pp. 7-8.

In our review of "Homeward Bound," we characterized the plot of that work as exceedingly meagre. This defect is still more glaring in the book before us. If the other appeared "like the few first chapters of a novel spun out to the size of two volumes," this, in comparison, is but a concluding chapter—and a conclusion so wire-drawn, that it has no force or beauty. And the plot is not only meagre, but also as badly conceived as that of any tale with which we have lately met, put forth by the most infantile magazine or newspaper contributor that the public forbearance has emboldened. The awkwardness of its construction we cannot more aptly illustrate, than by comparing it with the most inelegant of the author's own sentences above quoted. The foregoing part left the Effinghams just after they had landed at New York. They spend some months in that city, and thus afford Mr. Cooper an opportunity of introducing numerous illustrations of American town life. This portion of his subject being exhausted, he carries his whole company of actors to Templeton, Mr. Effingham's country seat—the Templeton of "The Pioneers." Here they find Mr. Powis, who, since his sudden disappearance, has crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, and, very opportunely for the further progress of the tale, meets the party on their arrival. The suspicion that has rested on his character is gradually cleared away, and from the disclosures made by Mr. Monday's papers, and various fortunate coincidences, he appears to be the son of Mr. John Effingham, who, having in early life married unhappily, without the knowledge of his family, deserted his wife before his son's birth, and afterwards passed as a bachelor. Paul Powis, or Paul Effingham, as he now proves to be, marries Eve ; Sir George Templemore is united to her cousin Grace Van Cortlandt, and, when the scene closes, the whole family purpose a return to Europe.

All the developments of the plot, as we have already said, are most awkwardly conducted. Mr. Cooper seems to imagine that one important art in novel-writing consists in the preparation of great surprises. In our former article we endeavored to show the mistake

of such a conception; and we think every one must admit, that, if Paul's paternity were, at first, intimated, or even fully disclosed to the reader, while still concealed from the Effinghams, the story would possess double interest. Our expectations should not be disappointed, but wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, to be, at last, realized. The disclosures in regard to Paul's parentage are also, in other respects, most unskillfully introduced. Means of proof are multiplied, as if the author were at a loss how to encompass the object proposed, until he seems perplexed amid the variety of indications, which are to be made clear and convergent towards a single point. And while he is thus apparently struggling to be delivered of the secret, scarcely at any juncture is the reader able to tell precisely how much has been disclosed. Throughout the whole story, instead of appearing to describe real life, detailing events as they might be supposed actually to have occurred, the author outrages probability, and seems continually torturing nature into outré shapes. It exhibits all the marks of clumsy invention, and all the awkward expedients for bringing out the desired conclusion which usually characterize the tyro writer of fiction. John Effingham marries, in early life, a woman whom he does not love and soon deserts. Shortly after the separation, news is brought to him of his release from the unhappy connection by his wife's death; but of the previous birth of a son, the fruit of the marriage, no tidings reach him. Supposing that her decease has severed every tie of wedlock, he forsakes the roving life, in which months of wretchedness have passed away, and returns to his relatives, among whom he still passes as a bachelor, having formed the alliance without their knowledge, and under a feigned name. His son Paul is adopted by a wealthy gentleman, of the name of Powis, who at his death leaves him heir of his name and large estate. Paul, in obedience to the injunction of his adopted parent, crosses the Atlantic and travels for some years in Europe. There he accidentally encounters his father, and Edward Effingham, the cousin of the latter, with his daughter Eve. Again, soon after, they all chance to meet on board a New York packet, bound to the United States, where they fall in, by another chance, with a certain Mr. Monday, who has in his possession papers furnishing a clue to the discovery of Paul's parentage, and fortunately dying, or rather being killed by the author for the purpose, leaves these important papers in the hands of the father and son, still unknown to each other as such. The captain too of the vessel in which they sail, as it afterwards turns out, is able to add another link to the chain of testimony. When at last the time has come for the final *dénouement*, partly by accident, and partly by the management of the novelist, Paul Powis and the Effinghams, Captain Truck, Mr. Monday's papers, with Captain Ducie, Paul's cousin on his mother's side, and one David Bright, who also can shed some light upon the mystery, are all collected for the proof. Were the facts in the case at issue before a tribunal of justice, the writ of *subpena* could not have compelled a more general attendance of the witnesses.

This leads us to remark, that the various characters of the novel are shifted from place to place and from scene to scene, just as Mr. Cooper needs their services,

in a very uncereemonious way; and that the most of them are held together throughout the entire narrative, as if destined to keep each other company for life. The Effinghams, as we have before said, spend some months in New York after landing in this country; and Sir George Templemore forgets his projected visit to Canada, Captain Truck his ship, and Steadfast Dodge, his home, Dodgeopolis, and the editor's chair of "The Active Enquirer," in the fascinations of their society. Then the family retire to their country seat, and in their train follow Sir George and Captain Truck as invited guests, and Steadfast Dodge without any invitation or any reason whatever. The latter personage seems gifted with ubiquity, and perhaps this is intended, that the author need not be continually troubled to explain his movements. Indeed, if the thing did not appear absurd, we should bespeak the reader's belief in the omnipresence of the Yankee editor's newspaper forms and printing press, as well as of his own corporeal existence; for how else to explain the fact, that, wherever he is found, he always seems actively employed in editorial labors, we know not. Another thing also we are at a loss to understand. Though the characters of Mr. Dodge, and his compeer Aristabulus Bragg, are depicted in such disagreeable colors; and though their company is so repulsive and disgusting to the refined and polished Effinghams, that the latter sometimes forget the rules of politeness so far as to ridicule and insult, at their own table, these objects of their dislike, who unfortunately are not of such noble descent, and have not enjoyed such advantages in point of education, as themselves, still Mr. Effingham invites them frequently to his own mansion, takes one or both to the houses of his friends, and tolerates their constant intercourse with himself and his family.

Every character introduced into the preceding part of the story, which appears also in this, and is capable of such a change, degenerates. Captain Truck, a plain, honest, open-hearted, manly old sailor, on board of the Montauk, becomes, on shore, little better than a buffoon—a mouth-piece for Mr. Cooper's small wit, and the instrument of his petty tricks. Though perfect master of the laws of etiquette which regulate the passengers' cabin and the quarter-deck of a New York packet, he is ignorant of the plainest rules of politeness which prevail on land. The author should never have ventured to carry him so far from his accustomed element—the ocean. A sailor at sea, and a sailor ashore, are such very different things, that perhaps a correct delineation of the latter would hardly support the interest felt in the character of the former. Paul Powis, too, the hero of the story, sinks into an exceedingly tame-spirited and common-place personage, amid the quiet scenes of ordinary life. Eve is, as before, a creature dressed in petticoats; by which circumstance, and a few other outward indications, alone, can the sex easily be discovered. This evidence, however, is sufficiently clear for us to set her down as a blue-stocking of the most watery cerulian; the other points of character which distinguish the genus, being all found in the girl's extemporaneous discussions of politics, morals, and religion. She seems to have been brought up with a copy of "Polite Learning," a little book, which we remember as the companion of our early childhood, in

one hand, and some "Girl's Own Book," or "Young Ladies' Friend," a popular treatise on good manners and decent behavior, in the other. Or, perhaps, we might suppose the first mentioned work to have given place, during her adolescence, to Mr. Cooper's "American Democrat." The Messrs. Effingham change character but little—"Cousin Jack" the more perceptibly of the two. His satiric vein assumes more broadly than before, the character of sheer ill-humor, and his so-called sarcasm degenerates, if possible, into more unpardonable and brutal rudeness, and a more undisguised violation of every rule of politeness and decorum. But of him and other personages introduced in the course of the narrative we may have occasion to speak hereafter.

In his delineations of character, unless where coarse, rugged peculiarities are to be depicted, Mr. Cooper is generally at fault. We have before expressed the same idea, and illustrated it by reference to his female characters. He cannot describe refined, delicate feelings and emotions. Where he attempts it, the failure is sometimes even ludicrous. In this work he has adopted a stereotype form of expression for certain feelings, which is repeated until every reader must be ready to smile at its recurrence. Whenever Eve or Grace is momentarily offended, or out of humor, or piqued, the indication is '*her little foot moves.*' Where a state of quiet, lady-like ease, and soft repose of mind are to be exhibited, we have them pictured thus:

'The dressing-room of Eve overlooked the lake, and about a week after her arrival, she was seated in it enjoying that peculiarly lady-like luxury, which is to be found in the process of having another gently disposing of the hair. Annette wielded the comb, as usual——.' Vol. I, p. 199.

The author attempts in vain to interest us in his *dramatis personae*. Even when he comes to the concluding chapter, and seeks to picture a scene which shall leave a good final impression on the reader's mind, we have little more than the affectionate childishness of an old nurse, professing her determination never to part from her young mistress Eve, and some dry moralities from the different speakers in the dialogue.

We have before remarked, that in description—the description of active stirring scenes—lies Mr. Cooper's forte. Yet in this point, as in various others, he falls very far below himself in the present work. Where could he have found a better subject for description than the great fire of New York? This he introduces and briefly depicts, but there is nothing grand or even vivid in the picture; and the apology that he has "alluded to, rather than described" the conflagration, does not alleviate the failure.

Mr. Cooper has been charged with attempting a portraiture of himself, in the character of Mr. Edward Effingham; and therefore with excessive vanity, in ascribing to that gentleman many uncommon excellencies of head and heart, and a superior style of gentility. There is scarcely any popular novelist who has not borne the same accusation, and perhaps there has been some ground for it wherever it has been made. Every one's notions of good and evil are tinged by his own peculiarities of thought and feeling, and this is the case especially in regard to notions of human character. There are many intellectual and moral traits, of which

we can scarcely form a distinct and vivid conception, but by viewing them as exhibited in ourselves, either in actual existence, or by contrast. When, therefore, we endeavor to personify such traits in a fictitious being, the creation will naturally bear some resemblance, greater or less, to the creator. A writer may, on this account, describe himself, or blend his own peculiarities with ideal existences, unwittingly. But Mr. Cooper has given stronger ground for the charge than this—stronger indeed than has any novelist with whom we are acquainted. He has introduced into the narrative well-known scenes in his own private history, and has embodied in his delineation of Mr. Effingham many of his before-expressed opinions on various subjects, and even his peculiar feelings and prejudices.

He lays the theatre of a great part of the events of his story in Cooperstown, his place of residence, to which he gives the name of Templeton. This village is situated on Otsego lake in the state of New York. It seems, that not many months ago, a dispute arose between Mr. Cooper and the inhabitants of Cooperstown, in regard to a point of land, belonging to his estate, commonly called, as we believe, the "Three Mile Point," which juts out into the lake. The inhabitants claimed to have used this point for pic-nics, and pleasure parties of every description, from time immemorial; but Mr. Cooper, irritated perhaps by something said or done in derogation of his proprietorship, published an advertisement forbidding them to set foot on the disputed territory, on pain of being treated as trespassers. The good people of the town, thinking themselves aggrieved, resorted to a very common measure for the redress of their supposed wrongs—a measure common in every country where it is practicable, notwithstanding what the novelist may say about American idiosyncrasies to the contrary—they called a public meeting, at which were passed sundry resolutions declaratory of their rights. How the matter terminated, we have not been exactly informed; we believe, however, that Mr. Cooper eventually made good his title. But the history of this occurrence, which was bandied about freely in the newspapers of the day, is related quite circumstantially in "Home as Found," Mr. Effingham, in the fictitious scene, holding the same place as in the real did Mr. Cooper. Now if a person may unwittingly describe his own character under the garb of fiction, it is not safe always to presume that he has intended to do so, merely because of the likeness. And even where a novelist has intentionally depicted traits peculiar to himself in an imaginary personage, we may, perhaps, suppose that he has done this for the sake of vividness in the picture, and without thinking to arrogate to himself all the features with which he has associated those traits, with more reason than that he has contemplated an exact self-delineation. And as most novels are partially founded on fact—as every writer of fiction gathers his materials from various sources, describing real events, without any regard to the persons actually connected with them, and real characters entirely separated from the transactions of their true history, we cannot see why Mr. Cooper may not embellish or illustrate his narrative, by describing scenes in his own life, and yet have no intention to bring himself before his readers. Still we must consider it imprudent to have given such occasion for sarcastic criticism upon

the author's intention, as he has in this work; at the same time that we think the sarcasm, though perhaps plausible, by no means ingenuous.

We now turn to those parts of the volumes before us which, in themselves considered, are perhaps the least worthy of serious notice—those descriptive of the state of society in the United States. The evidence which almost every page exhibits of their having been written in a spirit soured by disappointment and rebuke, into spite and malignancy, would of itself prove their worthlessness as a source of correct opinion. We have already quoted at least one passage indicative of this spirit, and here add a few others, in which it shows itself still more plainly. We might multiply them to a tiresome extent.

"—Least of all is the manliness you have named, likely to be valued among a people who have been put into men's clothes before they are out of leading-strings. * * * In most nations there is a high standard to which man at least affects to look; and acts are extolled and seemingly appreciated, for their naked merits. Little of this exists in America, where no man is much praised for himself, but for the purposes of party, or to feed national vanity. In the country in which, of all others, political opinion ought to be the freest, it is the most persecuted, and the community-character of the nation induces every man to think he has a right of property in all its fame." *Vol. II, p. 65.*

"—New York, that town of babbling misses, who prattle as water flows, without consciousness or effort, and of whiskered masters, who fancy Broadway the world, and the flirtations of miniature-drawing-rooms, human nature,—"*Ib. p. 159.*

"You have yet to learn, Miss Effingham, that men can get to be so saturated with liberty, that they become insensible to the nicer feelings. The grossest enormities are constantly committed in this good republic of ours, under the pretence of being done by the public, and for the public good. The public have got to bow to that bugbear. * * * Men will have idols, and the Americans have merely set up themselves." *Ib. p. 29.*

"—Thus, the private citizen, who should presume to discuss a political question, would be deemed fair game for all who thought differently from himself. He would be injured in his pocket, reputation, domestic happiness, if possible; for, in this respect, America is much the most intolerant nation I have ever visited. In all other countries, in which discussion is permitted at all, there is at least the appearance of fair play, whatever may be done covertly; but here, it seems to be sufficient to justify falsehood, frauds, nay, barefaced rascality, to establish that the injured party has had the audacity to meddle with public questions, not being what the public chooses to call a public man—" *Ib. p. 176.*

"Mademoiselle Vieffville was delighted; for, after trying the theatres, the churches, sundry balls, the opera, and all the admirable gaieties of New York, she had reluctantly come to the conclusion that America was a very good country *pour s'ennuyer*, and for very little else;—" *Ib. p. 103.*

We agree with Mr. Cooper in the opinion, that this country is comparatively a barren field, to him who attempts a *Roman de Société*, as regards the materials peculiar to this species of fiction. We Americans have

the common emotions, passions, virtues and vices of civilized men; and in human character, and that grade of character which we can best understand and appreciate, from the force of sympathy, are the richest mines whence imagination can draw its precious ores. We have already said, that no romance can be deeply interesting, by force merely of correct and vivid descriptions and illustrations of national or social manners and characteristics: they can form nothing more than the embellishment of the story, which must, after all, depend chiefly for its excellence on its delineations of human nature, and narrative of human actions. We have, then, abundant materials for fiction in this country, although it might "be indeed a desperate undertaking to think of making anything interesting in the way of a *Roman de Société*," considered merely as such. Most novels of this description, which have been successful, may be termed fashionable novels—tales of fashionable life. These have owed that share of success which they have met with, beyond what was due to them as merely entertaining stories, to the distinctions of political rank, and the usual concomitants of those distinctions, which prevail in the countries where this species of fiction has flourished. High rank and title wear, in the eyes of most men, a splendor, closely allied to that which true nobility of character exhibits. Even the glare of fashion is oftentimes mistaken for the lustre of real superiority of intellect. On this account vivid descriptions of scenes in high life possess a degree of the same attraction, which the well-drawn picture of deep human emotions, or brilliant actions possesses. The sight of a baronial castle, or a nobleman's villa at once bespeak the reader's courteous attention to all that can be said of such distinguished objects. There is too, in the countries of which we speak, a universal passion among the lower and middling classes in the community, for aping the manners of the higher classes, and this gives a wide currency to books descriptive of fashionable life. To a very great extent the same feelings pervade different classes of the people of this country; but among us they are best gratified by the perusal of English works of fiction; for we have no titled rank in the United States, and the mysteries of fashion have become too familiar to most orders of our countrymen, from the absence of exclusive political and social privileges, and the constant working-up of the materials of American society, for them to excite the same interest and curiosity here, which they do in England and other European states.

Mr. Cooper has taken at least a comprehensive view of the condition of society among us. He might have labelled the dose, "America, Religious, Political, Literary, Social, &c. &c." We certainly did not expect to meet with the polemic theology of a particular sect introduced into such a work and such company; though perhaps we shall find that our author is too liberal, to consider any place or company unfit for religion. We might indeed have expected a striking exhibition of pious feeling from one whose whole christian (?) creed acknowledges simply belief 'in the goodness and power of a Being whose nature and agencies exceed our comprehension.* The plea of great liberality, however, will not excuse sins of ignorance. Mr. Cooper should know, that, besides believing that it is improper for a

rational being ever to kneel, and that "God never intended an American to kneel,"* some religious sects in the United States entertain scruples against bending the knee, in the more formal exercises of public worship, founded on what they suppose apostolical institutions. For Madame Vieffville, when she comes to the conclusion, 'after trying the theatres, the churches, sundry balls, the opera, and all the admirable gaieties of New York,' that '*America is a very good country pour s'ennuyer*,'† we can find some apology in the laxity of religious education prevalent in France. But for Mr. Effingham, who intrusts his daughter's moral and religious training to such a governess, and for Mr. Cooper, who puts such words into her mouth, we can find none, though both may be supposed to have picked up some strange notions in foreign parts. We would advise the latter gentleman to exclude, hereafter, all religious discussion from his fictitious writings; or, at least, to remember that trifling levity is, in connection with such matters unseemly; that sarcasm and ridicule are not the most fit or effective weapons in ecclesiastical warfare. We make these remarks, not as sectarians; for as critics, in these pages, we have determined to know nothing of theological distinctions of sect.

Our author tells us that his work has been written with "the desire to illustrate a principle," as its chief aim. The principle intended is, that "the governing social evil of America is provincialism."‡ Our first impression on reading this announcement was, that by "provincialism" the author intended to convey the idea of a rude unpolished state of society, or, of a dependance on other countries, which might be regarded in this respect as holding a sway over us, for opinions, manners, arts and sciences; or both the one and the other, as effect and cause. But the following passages seem to exhibit a different intention, though the meanings which we attached to the word seem to have entered into Mr. Cooper's ultimate, if not his original conception.

'——Without a social capital, with twenty or more communities divided by distance and political barriers, her people, who are really more homogeneous than any other of the same numbers in the world perhaps, possess no standard for opinion, manners, social maxims, or even language. Every man, as a matter of course, refers to his own particular experience, and praises or condemns according to notions contracted in the circle of his own habits, however narrow, provincial, or erroneous they may happen to be——.' *Preface.*

'——But in a nation like this, without a capital, one that is all provinces, in which intelligence and tastes are scattered, this common mind wants the usual direction, and derives its impulses from the force of numbers, rather than from the force of knowledge——.' *Vol. II, p. 175.*

With the author's opinion that provincialism, thus explained, is one of the evils of American society, we partly agree, though not in his belief that it is a "governing evil." Indeed, however the term may be explained, we think it applicable to this country. We certainly have no fixed standard of manners among ourselves: we depend on other countries, England and France, for laws of social life. A court, an order of

nobility, and a social capital seem almost necessary to the existence of such a standard. The possibility of the two first is precluded by the peculiarity of our political constitution, and for the same reason, and because of the wide extent of our land, it is extremely improbable that we shall ever have the last: certainly we shall not for long years to come. Under these circumstances we are naturally dependant for the rules which mould the face of society, upon countries where a certain standard exists. When we throw off the political domination of Great Britain, the instant demands of our novel situation led us to think and act for ourselves in politics, and the consequence has been an unique form of government, though, indeed, even in the construction of this, we have not lost sight of the English model. In religious matters, too, we have achieved a complete independence, though without such radical changes as those effected in our civil polity. Theology has always been a favorite field for the spirit of innovation and real or supposed reform. But every tie which bound us to the mother country was not severed by our revolution. It would have been as impossible to destroy, at once, all dependance upon England, as to accustom our tongues to a new language. Under another form of government, our laws are, in a great measure, the same as before the separation; and for learned expositions of those laws we still look with the highest respect to the tribunals of our father-land. The state of public opinion in this country, as to many points, has always been determined by transatlantic influence, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. In literary matters we have hitherto deferred much to British critics; though this kind of dependance, the source perhaps of frequent error, is daily diminishing. As regards every thing relating to manners, and the regulations of refined and elegant society, having, as we have already said, no standard among ourselves, and there being no necessity for the establishment of such a standard, were it possible, we have naturally looked to England for example, having perhaps borrowed from the French very little directly.

We believe there is no country upon earth, where the true principles of politeness and good manners are more universally diffused through all classes of the community, and more generally exemplified in practice, than they are in the United States. As an evidence of this we point to the condition of American females, asserting that their sex is no where treated with such marked respect and attention, among all ranks and conditions, as in our own country. This is the effect of the wide spread of knowledge, and religious teaching, and of our political equality. We speak now of natural principles of politeness, not of mere conventional rules. Perhaps Mr. Cooper may find greater submission and deference to rank among the common people of England, than among our own; he may find that English menials can doff their hats more humbly, and ask for a shilling with a lower bow, than American servants; and for the same reason that a regular soldier goes through the evolutions of his service more readily than a common citizen at a militia muster. But this does not prove that the lower classes in the United States are worse bred than the same classes in Great Britain. We hold, too, that there is as much real refinement and delicacy of feeling in our

* Vol. I, p. 211.

† Vol. II, p. 103.

‡ Preface.

higher grades of society, as in those of any European nation; but, at the same time, are free to admit that we are behind several other nations, in point of those conventional rules of good-breeding before alluded to, some of which are entirely arbitrary, though most of them are founded on true principles. These laws of etiquette are the offspring of a state of society much more artificial than our own; and where there is no court or order of nobility to enact them, they can result only from gradual legislation, under the auspices of great wealth and elegant luxury.

This leads us to observe, that, while Mr. Cooper admits that provincialism is 'a misfortune that is perhaps inseparable from our situation,'* and speaks of the nation as yet in leading-strings, thus implying that the evil is incurable, or is owing to the weakness of immature age, he loses no opportunity of casting ridicule upon this misfortune, and directing the most malignant shafts of satire against our puerile foibles. He will not give the nation the legitimate benefits even of the paltry excuse—that of non-age—which he pretends contemptuously to suggest. A child is not expected to utter the deep tones and rich modulations of the voice of manhood. Should a people yet in their infancy be ridiculed, because they have not carried the fine arts to that degree of perfection which the luxury, refinement and wealth of the nations most renowned for the length and splendor of their career have consummated? Should a rude, half-civilized race be treated with contempt, because the heavenly strains of music that float with every breeze over more favored lands, the ancient homes of song, are not theirs; because, in their humble dwellings, they have not rivalled the architectural taste of the most enlightened people?

Mr. Cooper illustrates the defects of American manners both by example and by contrast. We shall not encumber our pages with extracts from his broad caricatures of the state of society in this country. Like all caricatures they contain just enough truth to make their point manifest. One perfectly ignorant of what he pretends to describe, would find the strongest internal evidence of the infidelity of his sketches. Let such an one turn, for example, to the description of the literary *réunion* at Mrs. Legend's, in New York. If the author claimed for it no other merit than that of a humorous caricature, it might be thought too grossly exaggerated. When, to conclude the farce, Captain Truck, who has never been guilty of such a breach of decorum, as to smoke in the cabin of his packet-ship, thrusts a cigar into each corner of his mouth, and puffs away in a lady's parlor, surrounded by a well-dressed company of both sexes, and the greater number of that company mistake the outrage upon decency for an evidence of superior gentility and refinement, the reader must feel towards the author very much as he would at witnessing the performances of a clown at the circus, not able to restrain his laughter, but in his heart pitying the self-stultified buffoon.

The Effinghams are represented as models of refinement and good-breeding; yet John Effingham, despite his superior good sense, and the advantages of European travel, is the most unmannerly person which the story introduces. At his own table he ridicules and insults an invited guest, and introduces into a lady's

drawing-room more than one individual, under a false character, to throw contempt and derision upon both herself and her company. But we are heartily tired of exposing the inconsistencies and absurdities with which these volumes abound. We had intended to say much more, but both our limits and patience are well nigh exhausted. The motto which Mr. Cooper has prefixed to his work is, "Thou art perfect." If he applies this to either himself or his story, it is rather ill-natured in us to attempt any farther to destroy or lessen such harmless self-complacency.

Soon after this novel made its appearance, both the author and his book were very severely handled by the editor of a New York paper—"The Morning Courier and Enquirer." The attack upon Mr. Cooper's private character we must consider unjustifiable, and unworthy of a respectable journal. And the strictures upon the book itself, though by no means entirely devoid of legitimate force and truth, were, at least, not remarkable for their fairness. Certainly, Mr. Cooper should not have noticed this critique. Yet, on the very day that it appeared, an evening paper published a letter from him in reply. This letter and another that followed it soon after, have lessened their author in our estimation, even more than the novel which we have in hand. He actually so far forgets himself—stoops so low, as to deny his ever having solicited the place of Secretary of the Navy, in answer to an insinuation that he had hoped for that office! And he threatens the editor with a prosecution for libel. If Mr. Cooper, after giving just cause for exasperation to the whole corps of newspaper editors, throughout the country, by a gross, though not a legally tangible libel upon them, under the abominable fiction of Steadfast Dodge, for any sort of retaliation, less than personal violence, obtains satisfaction at the hands of justice, we shall regard his triumph as a signal proof of the supremacy of those laws, which the condition of society renders needful, though strict equity be sometimes violated in their bearing on particular cases.

Before we bid Mr. Cooper farewell—a farewell for months or years—it may be forever—we crave the reader's indulgence, while we review, in a few paragraphs, a character different from that of the novelist, in which he has lately presented himself at the bar of public criticism. In our notice of "Homeward Bound," already several times alluded to, we mentioned one indication of his bearing a personal grudge against Sir Walter Scott, though chiefly for the purpose of illustrating a part of the subject which we then had in hand. Since that was written, he has given the world a clearer exhibition of his feelings toward Scott, in the form of a critique upon the memoirs of his life, by Lockhart. This production we shall notice here, because it seems deserving of some notice, yet not worthy of a separate article; and it has an obvious connection with the subject already treated, if not as a work of fiction, at least by nearness in point of time, and likeness, as one of the author's literary follies. It was thrown in as a sort of interlude between the parts of his *Roman de Société*, appearing in the October number of "The Knickerbocker," and has attracted considerable attention in this country, and perhaps as much in England. It is really a curiosity, looking at either the article itself, or the time and circumstances of its concoction.

It is always in bad taste for an author to set about decrying the character and productions of a fellow-author, laboring in the same field of literature as himself. Especially where a writer has acquired a brilliant reputation; when his name "has gone out into all the earth," has been embalmed in perpetual remembrance; and when, after being the long acknowledged leader of an illustrious host, he has departed in the freshness of his glory, it is unseemly, for one who has humbly rivalled, while appearing but to follow him, to seek, as if determined that death should not have anticipated the chance of dishonor, to cast reproach upon his memory, and desecrate his fame. We cannot help suspecting that such an one is moved by feelings of envy, to whatever motives he may pretend. But there is still stronger ground for suspicion of unworthy motive in the case of Mr. Cooper. He has before manifested a malevolent spirit against Scott, nurtured by wounded pride; and, still more, is well known to have long felt a gnawing grudge against Mr. Lockhart, the author of Scott's memoirs, and editor of the London Quarterly Review, another object of his particular hatred. In "*Home as Found*" he has devoted page upon page to the demonstration of these latter kindly traits of disposition. And, besides, and more than all this, when we turn from these grounds of presumption, to the examination of the article in question itself—an article, be it remembered, written by Mr. Cooper under the galling consciousness of his own literary wane—we find internal evidence, palpable and strong, of malice, disguised but awkwardly under the pretence of a sacred regard to truth, and "those old and venerable principles which have been transmitted to us from God himself."

We do not intend to attempt here any defence of Mr. Lockhart: indeed we were never impressed with a high idea of his character for honesty and fairness, at least considering him as a critic. Nor yet do we purpose any systematic apology for Sir Walter Scott, our chief aim being to expose Mr. Cooper's motives and spirit in writing this review. But we may say in regard to the former individual, that the charge of his being a very improper person for the task of biographer to his father-in-law, is hardly sustained by the proof, that he has admitted into his work some things derogatory from the character of Scott, and the unfair inference drawn from this fact, that "he has been totally unconscious himself of the conclusions to which all right-thinking men must arrive" in regard to these admissions.

Our limits forbid us to go into a full examination of the review under notice, which extends through near twenty closely printed pages: a very general discussion of some of its most important topics must suffice. We do not pretend to say that it contains no truth. It certainly does; but truth so distorted by ill-feeling, and mixed up with so large a proportion of artful or heedless misrepresentations, as to be more likely to mislead than even falsehood itself. The author sets out with the extraordinary and sweeping assertions, which he makes in the sacred name of "truth and human rights," that Sir Walter Scott, whom all the world, before Mr. Cooper made these grand discoveries, had believed to be, in a moral point of view, though by no means perfect, or without stain, a rather good sort of man, one whose faults were owing more to the state of society in which he lived, than to any uncommon badness of heart;

that Sir Walter Scott was often influenced by 'motives that are never admitted by the upright, and never avowed by the sensitive;' that, 'in a moral sense, he owed his extraordinary exaltation to some of the most barefaced violations of the laws of rectitude, that ever distinguished the charlatanism of literature;' that his name should be 'involved in obloquy, in consequence of the offence against the plainest laws of morality and truth;' and that he was 'full of talents, worldly prudence, management, false principles, insincerity, mystification and moral fraud.'

Let us first compare these accusations, which, in the beginning, the writer promises to make good, with the ultimate conclusions at which he arrives, after the exhibition of all his evidence, and the endeavor to palm off upon his readers, numerous hints, and conjectures, and remote presumptions, and inferences, for proof. In summing up the matter, he says, "The personal character of Scott, as is only too often the case, strikes us as having been a union of good and bad qualities." *'As is only too often the case!'* Pray, is it ever not the case? Can Mr. Cooper's motto, "Thou art perfect," be applied, else than in irony, to any human being? Again, he remarks, "There are no apparent reasons to doubt Scott's courage, his liberality, his philanthropy, in the ordinary meaning of the term, his probity in every day transactions, or his neighborly propensities; while there is no proof, but phrases, to show that he possessed either quality in an unusual degree. * * * On the other hand, it is not easy to suppose, after the proof that has been here furnished, and much more that might be adduced, had we room, that Scott was a man of nice moral sensibilities; of lively perceptions of right and wrong, except as right and wrong are subjected to the comments of the world; of even common sincerity; of a proper degree of frankness; of true simplicity of character; of a just manliness in matters touching his own interests; or of due independence of thought, or conduct." The result of this comparison we need not formally state.

Two capital errors are visible throughout the review in hand, and it is better, in the outset, to place them in their proper light. First, Mr. Cooper appears to imagine that, if any stain upon Scott's moral character can be detected, it must appear doubly dark on account of his literary fame. Literary men, he seems to think—but how his opinion has been formed, the reader will be at a loss to divine—are usually so much superior to others, in point of moral worth and probity, that, like angels, if they slip, they must fall into the deepest hell of infamy. Perhaps the reader will feel the same difficulty that we do, in understanding why a literary man is more culpable than any other of equally good moral training, both having committed the same offence. The second mistake into which he falls is, that of making no allowance for the state of society in which Scott lived, but considering virtue and vice, probity and dishonesty, as abstract things. The reader will not understand us to mean, that there are not any fixed and universal principles of moral conduct; that there are no acts which would be morally wrong under all circumstances, or in any state of society. We contend only, that with changes in external relations, is often varied the guilt incurred in the commission of an act, in itself immoral; and that acts, under some circum-

stances immoral, become, under others, almost indifferent, or even praiseworthy. No one will pretend that theft, in a Spartan youth, was as criminal as it is under our institutions; or, to take a more familiar illustration, and one more apt to the subject in hand, no one will pretend, that to conclude a letter to a man whom the writer despises, or with whom he is at enmity, with the customary words of respect, "yours, &c.," or "your obedient servant," is as reprehensible, if reprehensible at all, as saying "not at home" to an unwelcome visitor, in a community where, from custom, this falsehood has acquired a sort of technical meaning, different from its real one; or that the latter is as criminal as any other equally inoffensive lie. But it would seem useless to seek for further illustration of this point: Mr. Cooper himself seems to take a proper view of it, though he does not give Scott's character the benefit of that view.

The chief, and almost the only well supported charges, which the reviewer brings against Sir Walter, are founded on his connection with the *London Quarterly Review*: and having, as he supposes, fixed a deep stain of guilt upon his character, by proofs in regard to this point, whenever he fails of establishing any other crime, by direct evidence, he has only to call to mind Scott's dishonesty as a reviewer, to feel perfectly satisfied, that he might have been, and, therefore, certainly was guilty of such other sin. We do not pretend to justify Scott's conduct, either as an original projector of the *Quarterly Review*, or subsequently as a contributor to its pages when established, or as a self-reviewer. We cannot well doubt that he was influenced by some unworthy motives, in advocating and assisting in its establishment, and that he advised a species of deception in its commencement; yet Mr. Cooper makes much more out of a few passages of a letter on this subject, than he can do with any fairness. The only point which they prove is, that Scott counselled Gifford, not to give his publication a professed political character at the outset, but to introduce politics afterwards, under cover of an established literary reputation. Such a concealment of the real object of the review was certainly a deceit, but a deceit, under all the circumstances, so slightly objectionable, so little different from proper worldly prudence, that Mr. Cooper saw that something more must be tortured out of the letter, in order to accumulate upon that offence, deeper marks of dishonesty. But, to accomplish his purpose, he is driven, in the end, to the palpable sophisms, that Scott must have been insincere in his approval of high Tory principles, because he did not think all of the royal family and nobility, immaculate; and that this insincerity proves his criminal intent, in advocating the establishment of the *Quarterly Review*, to defend those principles! From other evidence, however, we believe it may be shown, that Scott probably did consider strict impartiality, in reviewing, rather a matter of policy than of conscience. All that Mr. Cooper says, in regard to the letter to Ellis, which is without date, is so entirely conjectural, that it is not worthy of a serious remark. Indeed, the evidence that he adduces on that point, resolves itself at last into this assertion—that Scott probably did what he is charged with doing, because, after the other disclosures in regard to the *Review*, he cannot "now come before the world with any pretensions to be superior to suspicions of this nature!"

By far the most reprehensible action, on which Mr. Cooper comments, was Scott's reviewing himself. This species of reviewing is said to be, at present, very common in Great Britain. If so, Scott's example has, probably, done mischief; for we doubt whether the practice was as common, at the time when he committed the sin. As some extenuation, however, of this and his other *Quarterly* offences, the reader should remember the very lax notions prevalent among British literati, in regard to periodical criticism. And even if all that Mr. Cooper charges, in this respect, were made good, we do not think it would be sufficient to destroy utterly Sir Walter's general character for probity, much less to prove all the other specific accusations which he prefers.

The practice which Scott recommends to his brother Thomas, in regard to letters of introduction, is too severely criticised by the reviewer, though we agree with him in considering it an inexcusable deceit. So great, however, is the difficulty in regard to letters of introduction in a country, where such an artificial state of society, as that of England, exists, that there may be a much more plausible apology for a practice of this kind, than merely the fear of losing "a supporter."

As we before remarked, our main purpose is merely to place, in a true light, the spirit and feelings which have actuated Mr. Cooper, in the preparation of this review, not to defend the character of Scott. We shall not, therefore, enter into an examination of all the remaining allegations, most of which are founded on mere conjecture, or, if admitted, show no dishonesty or want of virtue; but, before concluding, shall advert to a few of them. We are at a loss to see any inconsistency in Scott's approving of an aristocracy, and advocating its claims, while he despised many of the individuals of which it was composed, for their vices; or, in his putting a low estimate on the personal character of George IV., and yet being ready to serve him, as *his sovereign*, "by word, and pen, and sword," as a loyal British subject, and to ask favors, which he alone, as king, could bestow. What a monstrous assumption against the novelist's character, is that grounded on Viscount Melville's being his patron, or "the architect of his little fortune!" Because that noble "has the reputation of having employed more corruption in discharging his trust, than any man of modern times," and because Scott says that his patronage was not due to his love of literature, but to "circumstances of personal regard merely," Mr. Cooper takes for granted that Scott was bought by lord Melville, and considers his explanation of the matter, an admission "confirmatory of an accusation of the Scottish Whigs, who charge him with having been, in secret, one of the most ruthless political writers of their country!" This alone is sufficient evidence of the writer's malicious spirit.

Here we must conclude: but before bidding Mr. Cooper adieu, must be permitted to say, that though we may have said some things harshly, we have never felt any but kindly feelings towards him personally, so far as we have been able to separate him from his works. None have ever felt more proud of him as an American author, than did we some years back; and still we feel proud of many of his works, as American productions. None would rejoice more heartily than ourselves, at the redemption of his fame—none to do him honor,

where honor was justly due. He has already announced a new work in preparation—A Naval History of the United States. No one with whom we are acquainted, would be fitter for such a task, than Mr. Cooper, had he a little more of that nationality of feeling, which seems essential to its proper accomplishment. Still, with highly favorable anticipations, we await impatiently the appearance of the work, hoping, nay, expecting, that, in hereafter doing it justice, we may be able to pronounce it the bright harbinger of its author's restoration to his country!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTHERN LIT. MESSENGER.

Sir,—While Dr. Franklin was in France, as minister of the United States, a poem was presented to him, a copy of which I send to you, taken from the original now before me. Perhaps you may consider it, under all circumstances, worthy of a place in the Messenger; and perhaps some one competent may favor you with a translation. The spirit, in which the article was conceived and expressed, was truly patriotic—I might say glorious. No one can wonder at the revolution of France, if many of her sons entertained such sentiments as those of Col. Vaublanc. There is but one alloy to our delight, when reading his effusions, that the reality does not correspond with the generous fancy of the poet. Blessings we have had, and have; but we seem not to be sensible of the precious nature of our inheritance. If man is capable of reaching the high degree of perfection, described in the poem, it must be confessed, that, although more than half a century has passed away since it was written, we are still in our political infancy, and sometimes, like children, sporting with things that should be hallowed.

W. J. D.

Philadelphia, 1839.

SUR LES ETATS UNIS D'AMERIQUE.

Par Mr. de Vaublanc, maréchal de camp, ancien lieutenant colonel du regiment de la Sarre.

Il est donc un lieu sur la terre
Exempt de vaine ambition,
Où le magistrat, vraiment père,
Est l'homme de la nation.

Où l'on obéit sans bassesse,
Où l'on commande sans fierté,
Détestant la perfide adresse,
Qui cimente un droit usurpé.

Sous une sauvegarde sûre,
La précieuse égalité,
Comme au printemps de la nature,
Y regne en sa simplicité.

Le poison de la flatterie
N'y corrompt pas l'autorité,
Et qui parle pour la patrie,
Est toujours sûr d'être écouté.

Nations qui sur la victoire
Fondez votre droit le plus beau,
Sachez qu'il est une autre gloire,
Contemplez ce peuple nouveau.

Le jour de son indépendance,
Par le sang ne fut point souillé,
Et sans passer par la licence
Il parvint à la liberté.

Il saura toujours se prescrire
Moyen honnête, honnête fin;
Il n'étendra pas son empire
Aux dépends d'un foible voisin.

Le dévouement à la patrie
Helas! oublié parmi nous,
Aux dépends même de la vie,
Lui paroît honorable et doux.

Plus sage que Sparte, qu'Athènes,
Il rend tous ses membres heureux,
A l'esclave il ôte ses chaînes,
A chacun il laisse ses Dieux.

D'un suffrage légal et libre
Le magistrat tient son pouvoir,
La loi par un juste équilibre
Contient chacun dans le devoir.

Le fils des titres de son père
Ne peut jouir qu'en l'imitant,
Mais aussitôt qu'il dégénère
Il est remis au dernier rang.

Une vigilance éclairée
Anime toutes les vertus,
Et la rigueur est tempérée
Contre le crime et les abus.

Sur l'autorité qu'il confie,
Veillant avec attention,
Le citoyen ni la patrie,
N'en craignent pas d'oppression.

Source du pouvoir légitime
Peuple! ailleurs à peine compté,
Peuple! que par tout on opprime,
Connais tes droits, ta dignité.

La force à l'artifice unie,
Veut en vain te les enlever,
Tu les reçois avec la vie,
La mort seule peut t'en priver.

Nation vraiment respectable
Conserve ces augustes droits,
Pour rendre ton bonheur durable,
Sois toujours fidèle à tes lois.

Consacre à jamais la mémoire
De tes généreux défenseurs,
Leurs noms sont gravés dans l'histoire,
Ils doivent l'être dans les cours.

Par son courage et sa prudence
L'un dompta tes fiers ennemis,
L'autre par sa douce éloquence
Partout se donne des amis.

La même main qui du tonnerre
Enchaîne le feu dévorant,
D'un roi terrible en sa colere,
Brisa le fer étincelant.

Un repentir pusillanime,
Te rendait un honteux repos,
Dans ton sein, peuple magnanime!
La liberté fit des héros.

Loin de toi fausse politique
Cabale, intérêt, faction,
Sois fort de la force publique,
Sois jaloux de ton Union.

Laisse à l'Europe corrompue,
L'art des êtres insidieux ;
La vertu n'est bien défendue,
Que par des moyens vertueux.

L'ambition insatiable
Veut vaincre, envahir, enchaîner ;
Toi peuple ne sois redoutable
Qu'à ceux qui voudront t'opprimer.

Tu recouvras par ton courage
L'inestimable liberté,
Fais en toujours un noble usage,
Sois l'honneur de l'humanité.

Enflamme nous par tes exemples—
Suffiroit-il de t'admirer ?
L'univers te devoit des temples—
S'il pouvoit un jour t'imiter !

Americains ! ce foible hommage,
Fut dicté par le sentiment,
Chez-vous sans les glaces de l'âge
J'irais en faire le serment !

CONFESSIONS OF A NOVEL READER.

Disappointed in my prospects, dissatisfied with myself, and soured with the world, I have resolved, at the age of sixty-five, to record the history, not so much of my adventures, as of my mind, and to trace, in the errors of my education, the causes of those disasters that have embittered my past life. I cannot hope, at this late period, to repair those errors, or to reform the defects of my mind and character ; yet I shall not have lived in vain, if, by recalling the accidents of an idle and unprofitable life, I may reclaim one human being from the indulgence of that fatal propensity, which has reduced me to the condition of a miserable drone, unfit for any steady occupation. Philosophy teaches by examples to be shunned, as well as to be imitated. In reviewing my career, I have not to reproach myself with any gross vices ; but time misspent, talents misapplied, opportunities neglected, have entailed on me the calamities, if not the guilt, of dissipation. At an early age I acquired a taste for novel reading, and indulged it to such an excess, that my mind was enervated, and its relish destroyed for higher and more solid attainments. I feel that I had a capacity for better things ; but, under the ascendancy of this idle habit, it sunk into a fatal lethargy, from which neither shame nor ambition could awaken it. The drunkard, in the intervals of sobriety, feels most keenly the evils of intoxication, and, if self love allowed him to be candid, could a tale unfold of disease, of mental and bodily suffering, that would do more for the cause of temperance than all the societies in the world have ever accomplished. The excitement of novel reading is akin to intoxication. When it subsides, it leaves the mind collapsed and im-

becile, without the capacity or the inclination for active exertion. I question, whether the confessions of an opium-eater exhibit more striking evidences of the pernicious influence of that stimulating drug on the physical system, than the experience of an habitual novel reader can furnish of the injurious effects, produced on his mental organization by the constant perusal of works of fiction. By the results of my own experience, I desire to warn my young cotemporaries of the danger of yielding too much to the fascination of these seductive works. In this age, when the press groans under the multitude of these productions, when every department of literature is stuffed and spiced with the effusions of fancy, that it may cater to the prevailing taste, it might be a profitable speculation to inquire, whether we are not feeding the imagination at the expense of the other faculties,—whether this stimulating regimen has not produced a kind of intellectual dyspepsia, whose diseased appetite relishes only the exaggerations of fable, while it rejects and loathes the wholesome nourishment supplied by works of practical usefulness. But let me not be understood as advising entire abstinence from this kind of reading, though that is the favorite panacea in all those gratifications which have a proneness to excess ; a proclivity proper to all pleasurable emotions. Religion and philosophy have not disdained to invoke the aid of fiction, and to employ its allurements in the dissemination of truth ; and it must be confessed, that many of our cotemporary novels evince talents of a high order, taste, imagination, fertility of invention, and a deep knowledge of human nature. Such works, if read with a critical eye, and as a relaxation from severer studies, must conduce to the cultivation of the taste, and to the formation of sober views of life. Yet I question, whether even these are not read by most people, rather for the interest of the narrative, than for the beauty of style, the ingenuity of plot, or the lessons of moral wisdom, which they exhibit. But I have been insensibly led from my purpose by this disquisition. I hate long preambles, and have always thought the introductions, prefixed by Scott to his novels, the greatest blemishes in those delightful fictions. I like a writer or speaker who enters at once in *medias res* without the formality of an exordium.

To proceed then with my tale ; I was born of respectable parentage, in a part of Virginia not necessary to be mentioned. Neither do I think it essential to the purposes of my story to impart my name, more especially as I have some private reasons for withholding that piece of information. This departure from established rules will, doubtless, expose me to the censure of those who are curious in such matters, and who hold it indispensable, in the construction of a tale, to assign the hero a "local habitation and a name." But, as I acknowledge no allegiance to their canons of criticism, I conceive myself entitled, in revealing the private transactions of my life, to limit the extent of the disclosure. The circumstances of my family, though moderate, were sufficient to supply the means of giving me a liberal education. My father, with very limited opportunities, had qualified himself for the practice of the law, and, by his success in that profession, had amassed an honorable independence. He designed to prepare me for the same calling, and hoped, by affording me every facility of improvement, to remove from my path the impedi-

ments which retarded his own progress in early life. The imperfect education, which he possessed, had been acquired, for the most part, by his own unaided exertions; and those efforts, the fruit of necessity, had imparted to his mind habits of application and self-reliance, the certain passports to distinction in every pursuit. It is this constant struggle with difficulties, this training as it were in an intellectual gymnasium, this confidence in his own powers derived from the sense of obstacles subdued, that give to the self-taught man a vigor and an energy, seldom displayed by those who have enjoyed greater advantages. My father was no exception to this remark; but, conscious how much he had benefited by his own slight opportunities of education, he resolved that I should want no means of mental cultivation within the reach of his resources. He fondly expected, that with a mind thus stored with information and disciplined by study, I should be fitted for any station to which my ambition might aspire. How far his hopes were verified will be seen in the sequel.

I was naturally imaginative. From my earliest childhood I was addicted to that visionary propensity of the mind called castle-building. Though not averse to the usual pastimes of my age, I delighted to withdraw from my companions, to repose under some tree in a dreamy abstracted state of mind, lulled by the hum of insects and the song of birds, while bright scenes and forms of loveliness, dim and shadowy like the recollections of a by-gone existence, flitted before my imagination. I would sometimes remain for hours, entranced in these fantasies, and peopling the surrounding solitudes with beings of my own creation. Near my father's house meandered a small rivulet, whose banks were embowered with copsewood. This was my favorite haunt, and there would I linger, listening to the ripple of the water, and watching the small fishes that played under the banks, till the fears of the family recalled me from my seclusion. In that chosen retreat I could ruminate at pleasure, and without interruption, upon the visions with which my fancy was teeming. Seldom could I be seduced from the enjoyment of these fantastic day-dreams even by the amusements so fascinating to the elastic spirit of childhood. I had then no knowledge of books, and shrunk with repugnance from any occupation which might debar me from these delicious reveries. The idea of going to school, of being imprisoned for hours in a noisy school room, compelled to pore over books which offered nothing to engage my imagination, was most distasteful to me. Against a bondage so irksome, my spirit revolted, and with wayward pertinacity, I resisted every effort to instruct my infant mind. Books and pedagogues became my utter aversion. I acquired the character of an idle, perverse boy, and my parents almost despaired of overcoming my obstinacy. Still, with a natural partiality, they clung to the belief, that I did not want capacity, and that, if my love of knowledge were once kindled, I would realize their most sanguine hopes. By dint of perseverance, I was instructed in the art and mystery of reading, and, to confirm me in the practise of it, I was supplied with story books, garnished with cuts, according to the most approved plan of modern education. These works were miserable catchpennies, compiled, rather than composed, by that numerous class of writers, whom benevolence, or the itch of scribbling, or

more probably the desire of profit, has prompted to contribute to the instruction of children. These authors displayed no deep knowledge of the metaphysics of education, and proceeded upon the hypothesis, that the only aim was to arrest the attention, without regarding the objects to which it should be directed. For this purpose, they relied upon their pictures, and on fictions, that set all nature and probability at defiance. Crude, however, as these works were, and barren of invention, they vanquished my abhorrence of books, and, falling in with my original turn for romance, furnished new materials for my solitary ruminations. In my holidays, I was often observed with some of these tales, rambling through the fields, or resorting to my favorite retreat. My parents were charmed with this apparent fondness for reading. Little did they think, that, while my eyes seemingly wandered over the pages before me, I was chewing the cud of my own fancy, and conjuring up shadows far more enchanting to my mind, than the meagre incidents which they recorded.

The natural bias of my mind to these visionary contemplations, scarcely suspended by the discipline of school, now returned with renovated vigor. My father had in his library many of the old-fashioned novels, tales of love-sick damsels, whose fortune or imprudence involved them in situations, from which no female in real life could escape without a cracked reputation, and whose beauty, while it exposed them, on one side, to the violence of unbridled desire, on the other, raised them up protectors in some highborn and accomplished nobleman, ready to sacrifice the dignity of his rank to the ardor of his love. Some, in the style of the *Castle of Otranto*, harrowed the soul with supernatural appearances, with bravoes, banditti, trap-doors, sliding-panels, and all the apparatus of horror and crime. My father, though a man of business and with little leisure for such amusements, had a predilection for books of this description; and, like most ladies of her time, my mother was passionately fond of them. On some occasion, I accidentally glanced at one of these novels. My attention was at once arrested. I devoured it with an eagerness and assiduity, which was thought surprising in a child, and a proof of the precocity of my genius. Such was my anxiety to reach the denouement, that I could scarcely be persuaded to eat or sleep. The abstraction of Hogarth's newsmonger, whose hat is unconsciously consumed by the candle, while he is absorbed in the pages of some public journal, was surpassed by mine. To confirm my new-born taste for reading, my parents made my uncommon fondness for books the constant theme of remark and commendation. Once formed, they vainly imagined it would render the acquisition of knowledge easy and delightful; not reflecting, that the intoxication of the fancy differs from the vigorous exercise of the higher faculties of intellect, as much as the sports of childhood from the labors of regular industry. I read, in succession and with increased avidity, every novel in my father's library, and all that I could procure elsewhere. When I had exhausted the whole stock, my only resource was to read them again, till my memory became a vast storehouse of fiction. My mind was so replete with these fables, that I could not refrain from recounting them, in my childish dialect, to my school-companions and the servants, who regarded me as a second

Scherazade. I question whether that accomplished story-teller excited greater admiration and astonishment in her imperial consort. My vanity was tickled, and I fancied myself a miracle of knowledge. My faith in these extravagant narratives, was as implicit as that of Don Quixotte in the romances of chivalry. Their most incredible adventures, I supposed to be ordinary occurrences in real life. These false notions of human nature and of the course of human transactions sunk deep in my mind, and became incorporated, as it were, into its very frame and nature. My subsequent intercourse with the world, though it has weakened, has never completely obliterated the impressions which I then imbibed. But there was another effect, not less durable or pernicious, which these books produced on my mind. I have mentioned my propensity to solitary musing in early childhood. My reveries were then untinged with gloom, and were replete with soft and pleasing illusions. After having "supped full of the horrors" with which these books abounded, a sombre hue was diffused over my meditation. My imagination was haunted with hideous forms, which chilled the blood, and chased sleep from my pillow. In the stillness of the night, the slightest noises are audible, and I have often laid awake for hours, conceiving the stir of a mouse to be the creak of a trap-door or the jar of a sliding-pannel, and awaiting, with trembling apprehension, the approach of some bandit, or bravo, or spectre, which these sounds announced to my startled fancy. I thought each copse and dingle the haunt of robbers and assassins, and, in terror, I abandoned my accustomed rambles, and my favorite brook. Such was the state of my mind, and such my acquirements at the age of ten years.

My father was too shrewd an observer not to perceive, in some degree, the complexion imparted to my mind and character by the perusal of these books, and supposed, it might be counteracted by diverting my studies into a different channel. For that purpose he engaged me in a course of historical reading, but it appeared to me tame and insipid. The wild creations of fable had so perverted my taste, that I felt no interest in realities. I have seen the story of a lady who applied to David Hume for the loan of a novel. The philosopher furnished her with Plutarch, which interested her greatly as a fiction, till the names of Cæsar and Alexander dispelled the illusion, whereupon she returned the book in disgust. My feelings were akin to those of this learned lady. His credulity and marvellous stories rendered the old Grecian more tolerable to me, than the graver and more authentic historians; yet even his romantic account of the primitive ages of Greece and Rome was tedious, compared to the incredible and unnatural tales, which had so captivated my fancy. The perusal of one was a labor of love, while the other was a task, irksome and disagreeable. From compulsion, I waded through the ordinary routine of historical reading, but the events and characters described left no abiding impression on my mind. The memory, I found, is only tenacious of those things which rivet the attention and excite the feelings. My acquirements were estimated by the number of books I had read, and I was supposed to be deeply versed in historical lore when I scarcely re-

tained its most conspicuous features. In after life I have found this no uncommon mistake, having encountered many, who enjoyed the reputation of learning, more from the extent of their reading, than from their capacity to apply it to any practical use.

Though I had been at school for several years, I had always resided beneath the parental roof. The time had now arrived, when it was thought expedient to send me to a boarding school to be instructed in the ancient classics. Behold me then, at the age of eleven years, placed, for the first time, among strangers; persons devoid of all sympathy with my previous tastes and pursuits, and by no means disposed to tolerate the lofty ideas of my own knowledge and importance, in which I had been nursed. I shall never forget the anguish and sense of utter desolation I experienced for the first three weeks. I felt like a retired student, suddenly transplanted from solitude and meditation, from scenes endeared by long habitude, from tranquil occupations and amusements, to the bustle of a city hotel. The abrupt suspension of old habits and pursuits, the transition from calmness and quiet to clamor and confusion, the rude gaze and intrusive curiosity of the throng, the undisguised derision of many, are whips and scorpions to a sensitive spirit. But, fortunately, the distresses of childhood are evanescent. The tempest of my feelings gradually subsided, and I became partially reconciled to my new situation and associates. The collision with tempers so uncongenial, their unsparing ridicule of every peculiarity of conduct and opinion, their intense selfishness, which compelled me to rely on myself, infused a new energy into my character, and tended, I doubt not, to correct the original bias of my mind. But the fire was smothered, not extinguished. It smouldered in secret, till at a subsequent period, it kindled into a flame, that blasted my prospects. But I will not anticipate.

My comrades, though rude and selfish, were not unkind. So soon as I adopted their manners and customs, their derision ceased, and they admitted me to their amusements. The master was a stern pedagogue of the old school, who like Dr. Parr, regarded the rod as the only efficient teacher. His compendious system of education consisted only in the judicious application of fear, as an incentive to diligence; but, like the celebrated man I have mentioned, he had not the cruelty to make innate stupidity the subject of his experiments. It was only when he saw, or thought he saw, capacity, united with indolence, that he put on all his terrors. And then, indeed, his port and aspect were alarming. When he scowled beneath the penthouse of his heavy brows upon the unhappy culprit, when he propounded his questions in the voice of a hungry lion, when his extended hand threatened punishment, which was always inevitable, truly the head of Medusa could not have produced more consternation among his pupils. Had he lived in these days, he might, perhaps, have received some valuable hints from the numerous writers on education; but I doubt, whether the progress of his scholars would have been accelerated by their patent recipes. He was an excellent linguist, and, with professional partiality, considered the classics the most important branch of human knowledge.

I am indebted to this inflexible disciplinarian, for four years of diligent application, and for a respectable

proficiency in the ancient languages. Luckily for my improvement, he suspected me of capacity on my first arrival, and was not slow in putting it to the proof. The imaginary terrors, which harassed me at home, vanished before the real terrors of his brow and voice. He gave me no leisure for reverie or castle-building, nor would he have permitted me to desecrate that abode of classical learning by the presence of a novel. Such frivolous productions and their writers he held in utter contempt; nor did he think any composition of sufficient dignity to attract his notice, which did not contribute to the illustration and advancement of classical knowledge. Those writers only, who lighted their midnight lamps at the shrine of ancient literature, commanded his reverence. "The rest were only leather and prunella." Under the auspices of this able pedagogue, I advanced with a sure and steady step in the career of improvement, and, at the end of four years, was restored to my family, with the reputation of a diligent boy and a good classical scholar. I am now satisfied, that nothing but this rigid discipline could have produced such a result, or suppressed so long the visionary and romantic propensities so deeply rooted in my character. My disgust with the study of the dead languages was at first so vehement, that but for the fear of punishment, I am sure I should never have been induced to apply myself to them, nor was that disgust ever completely extinguished.

After my return from school, I remained at home a year, before I was sent to college; fatal interval of idleness, in which the fruits of bitterness, that poisoned my future existence, had time to ripen! Having no regular occupation, I resumed, at once, my old habits. The novels, which in the lapse of four years had insensibly faded from my recollection, were again perused with undiminished zest and eagerness, and my romantic propensities, suppressed for a season, not destroyed, received a new and powerful impulse.

I was at an age when the unfledged youth begins to feel the earliest emotions of manhood. The first symptom of that change, so pregnant with good or evil to the future man, is the admiration of the other sex, hitherto viewed with shyness and indifference. I now felt my pulse quickened by the approach of beauty, and began to have some conception of that passion, whose influence on the happiness of mankind formed the chief subject of my favorite romances. With a mind so strongly imbued with the spirit of these extravagant fictions, it was not surprising that I should invest some ordinary girl with the attractions of a heroine, and make her the goddess of my idolatry. I found a subject for my imagination to act upon in the daughter of my father's overseer, a pretty girl just budding into womanhood, but withal vulgar and illiterate. Heated to enthusiasm by visions of ideal loveliness, beauty was inseparably associated in my mind with every female perfection and accomplishment. The disparity of our situations presented no impediment; for I had always read, that the highborn hero bestowed his affections on a maiden of low degree, but of superlative merit and beauty. "King Cophetua loved a beggar maid," and, on the authority of this royal precedent, the very circumstance, which, to the eye of common sense, formed an insuperable bar to such a connexion, was the strongest reason for my selecting this girl as

the peculiar object of my love. The heroes of fiction are impassive to the dictates of reason and prudence. Having decided that I was desperately enamored, I commenced my operations. In the true novel style, all my proceedings were clandestine; for it is the fate of true love always to be thwarted by the cruel opposition of parents and friends. I plied the girl with billets and serenades, with sighs and tears, with extravagant compliments and vows of everlasting attachment—in short with all the artillery so successfully employed, on such occasions, by the heroes that I imitated. I hovered round her father's dwelling like a perturbed spirit, and accosted her at every turn with the most inflated expressions of admiration. The girl saw things in their natural proportions, not magnified and distorted through the medium of fancy, and thought, at first, I was laughing at her. At length the earnestness of my protestations subdued her incredulity. Touched by so many evidences of my sincerity, her tenderness was awakened, and she could not refuse to my importunity a confession of reciprocal sentiments. What rapture! she promised to be mine, as soon as I had completed my education. This she understood; but when I talked of the happiness of congenial souls, the bliss of living alone for each other, the delight of participating in kindred tastes, of enjoying the beauties of nature and the refinements of intellect, I spoke a jargon she could not comprehend. Our correspondence had advanced to that point, that I was in a fair way of making myself a fool, or seducing an innocent girl, when it was suddenly and unpleasantly interrupted; another proof, that "the course of true love never does run smooth." The overseer was a respectable man in his calling, and, I believe, had no suspicion of the state of matters between his daughter and myself. My father, however, had, by some means, got an inkling of the affair, and, either for the purpose of separating us, or because he suspected the overseer of countenancing my assiduities, abruptly dismissed him from his employment. To disconcert effectually any scheme of future intercourse, I was soon after dispatched to college. I parted from my mistress with vows of eternal constancy, which, I hope and believe, she did not confide in. I remembered, that in similar situations the lovers of romance displayed a cureless misery that refused consolation, and, imitating their example, I acted all the extravagancies of melancholy and despair. But alas! I was not moulded of the stuff, of which these heroes were made. "In one little month, or ere those shoes were old," in which I had declared my love to be eternal, the whole delusion vanished, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and I awoke to the consciousness of the folly into which my treacherous fancy had betrayed me.

At college I was not subjected to very rigid restraint, either in my amusements or in the ordinary exercises of the institution. So that I appeared regularly in the class-room and at chapel, and acquitted myself with tolerable facility in my recitations, no inquiry was made what books employed my hours of recreation. I was not devoid of ambition, and, therefore, made sufficient efforts to maintain a respectable standing in my class. But, incited to these exertions rather by the fear of disgrace, than a just estimate of the value of knowledge, my application was languid and desultory. The

dry abstractions of science had no charms for my imagination, nor was I inspired with that enthusiasm, that *divinus afflatus*, which sustains the fainting student up the rugged steep of philosophy. I never felt, and could not conceive, that ardent love for truth, which animated the toils of those "who have travelled nature up to the sharp peak of her sublimest height," and conducted them to those discoveries, that have shed a light, steady and brilliant, on the path of human reason. I recoiled from labor, and was content to skim the surface of science. I had no dervise to touch my mental eye with his magic ointment, revealing to my astonished vision the countless riches, that slumber in its unexplored recesses. To me it was "a toad, ugly and venomous," and I dreamt not that it carried "a precious jewel in its head." I preferred to revel among the flowers and fruits of elegant literature, whose sweets could be extracted by an easier process, or to gaze, in indolent repose, on the gorgeous scenery of fiction. I was sensible, that the gratification of these tastes weakened, as it were, the muscular powers of the mind, impaired its vigor and its capacity to wrestle with the abstract investigations of science. Yet such was my craving for this sort of excitement, that I became more enamored than ever of its illusions. I had access to libraries, that abounded in poetry and romance, and I drank deep at those intoxicating fountains. But such was my aversion to the exercise of thought, so effeminate had my mind become from the repetition of these excesses, that even in the realms of fancy, I preferred the region of romance. Poetry, when it did not minister to my prevailing inclination, was tedious to me "as a twice told tale." The graces of language, the beauties of thought and sentiment, were not sufficiently piquant to provoke my jaded appetite. I must have men and women, and scenes, and adventures to rouse my imagination. Shakspeare I could tolerate; but Milton, and Dryden, and Pope, and Goldsmith, wearied and disgusted me.

This course of reading exercised a baneful influence, not only on the habits of my mind, but threatened, at this time, to produce an effect not less fatally injurious to my moral character. I have never had a taste for the pleasures of dissipation and debauchery. The cold selfishness and brutal sensuality of such pursuits are, usually, offensive and disgusting to ardent and imaginative characters. Persons, of that temperament, have a native delicacy and refinement, which recoil from a participation in those low and degrading scenes, in which the habitual libertine delights to revel. But habit reconciles us to every thing; and evil example, operating on hearts governed by impulse rather than principle, has often perverted the best dispositions. I had now reached a time of life when the passions are peculiarly inflammable, and when the blandishments of vice too often find a responsive chord in the youthful bosom. At this critical period, accident threw in my way the works of Smollet and Fielding. Their inimitable humor, their deep knowledge of human weaknesses, their acute discrimination of character, their consummate art in the development of their stories, their infinite fertility of invention, and their vigorous powers of description, though indications of a high order of genius, afford but a feeble compensation for the immoral tendency of their writings. I was so charmed with their

amusing qualities, that I was unconscious of the poison that lurked beneath them. The apologists of these writers allege, that they drew their pictures from real life; but surely the pencil of genius might find more fit employment, than in transferring to the canvass every loathsome object in nature, or in weakening our abhorrence of things intrinsically hideous and detestable. In the works of Smollet and Fielding, virtues and gross vices are so intermingled in the delineation of the best characters, that we are led to believe their association inseparable, and are betrayed into the dangerous error of supposing the possession of brilliant or estimable qualities a sufficient atonement for the most flagrant enormities. Success in intrigue, the seduction of innocence, and habits of debauchery, so far from being blemishes in the character of a young man, are, according to them, conclusive proofs of his spirit and capacity. They enforce this dissolute and pernicious doctrine by the most glowing and meretricious descriptions of vicious delight. An idea so flattering to the depravity of human nature, was readily adopted by a young man like myself, whose passions were just budding with all the vigor and luxuriance of the spring-time of life. The practise and conversation of the dissipated youth, by whom our public schools are always infested, confirmed me in these sentiments. To palliate their own irregularities, they willingly inculcated the belief, that all who had been distinguished by genius, had been equally remarkable for their wild and reckless dissipation. It was, therefore, the height of my ambition to become a gay Lothario, and, to earn that infamous distinction, I selected the daughter of my landlady, as the first victim of my gallantry.

With the permission of the faculty, some of the students were allowed to board in the adjoining village, and this permission was accorded to me. The old lady with whom I boarded, was of a genteel and respectable family, and had once enjoyed an independent fortune. By the imprudence of a profligate and improvident husband, her fortune was squandered, and at his death she was left, with a family of several children, in very indigent circumstances. Her only resource against impending want was to open a small boarding-house, which she was enabled to furnish by the liberality of her friends, and, as she was universally respected, the compassion of the public rewarded her exertions by a generous patronage. She was a most amiable and affectionate creature, and exercised towards her boarders a kindness truly maternal. Her youngest daughter, a giddy, thoughtless, and pretty girl, was the only child that resided with her. Propinquity is said to be a great provocative to love, and I found it no less calculated to awaken viler passions. I had the baseness to meditate the destruction of this girl, and to pursue my purpose with an art and contrivance scarcely to be expected from such a novice in intrigue. But passion has an intuitive perception of the means of securing its object, and requires no teacher. I made my approaches with insidious caution at first, seeking, by respectful and assiduous politeness, to make an impression on her heart, and resolving to push my adventurous gallantry in proportion as I gained on her affections. The girl was flattered, and her mother won so entirely by my civilities to her daughter, that I became her acknowledged favorite. The intimacy and familiarity arising

from the old lady's partiality for me, favored my views, and availing myself of the unsuspecting confidence with which I was received, my attentions to the girl became more passionate and ardent. She was evidently solicitous to secure such an admirer, and, to ensure her conquest, permitted, in the absence of her mother, a freedom and liberty in my deportment, totally inconsistent with that maidenly and dignified reserve which is the best protection of female virtue. To what consequences this imprudent intercourse might have led, I cannot now conjecture. It has been remarked, that a woman "who deliberates is lost," and I am sure she has every thing to fear from the treachery of her own passions, when she throws aside the safe-guard of that modesty which shrinks from the touch of rude familiarity.

Fortunately for the peace and reputation of this family, and for my own honor, I was arrested in this selfish and unprincipled scheme, before I had an opportunity of accomplishing my purpose. I was seized with a severe illness, which confined me for three weeks, and brought me to the brink of the grave. I was indebted for my recovery more to the strength of my own constitution and to the care and attention of my landlady and her daughter, than to the skill of the physicians. Those kind creatures had watched by my couch, sympathized with my sufferings, anticipated my wants, and strained their slender means to the utmost for my accommodation. I should have been a monster, had I not felt the warmest gratitude for their disinterested kindness. In the retirement of a sick chamber and the weakness of convalescence, all the passions are hushed, and the mind, insensible to pleasure and unbiased by temptation, readily yields to calm and salutary reflection. It was then that I reviewed my past conduct. Was it possible that I had harbored the purpose of injuring those benevolent beings, who hovered round my bed like ministering angels? who had nursed me with so much tenderness? whose soft hearts had melted at the spectacle of my sufferings? whose unwearied attentions had probably saved my life? It was monstrous and detestable. The base design I had formed became utterly abhorrent to my imagination. The recollection filled me with shame and remorse, and I resolved, if my act had wounded the happiness of the girl, to make her ample reparation. A professed libertine, selfish, ungenerous, and restrained from the indulgence of his passions by no moral obligation, would have reasoned differently. But I was not yet so hackneyed in vice, as to be callous to the claims of gratitude. Had I engaged the girl's affections, it was my fixed purpose to marry her at every hazard, as the only adequate atonement. But a more thorough knowledge of her character relieved me from this painful alternative. She was kind-hearted and amiable, but essentially a coquette. Her vanity was more concerned than her heart, in her flirtation with me, and though had I made the proposal, I make no doubt she would have married me, such a step, I became satisfied, was not necessary to her happiness. A young man in the village, of respectable condition, made her about this time the most honorable proposals, and as I perceived that his overtures were acceptable, I did every thing in my power to promote so suitable a connection. I had the satisfaction, soon after, of witnessing her marriage, and

of believing that no act of mine had injured her feelings or her prospects. The victory which I achieved over my passions in this affair, has, I believe, given stability to my moral principles, and preserved me from the slightest taint of libertinism. Had I given way to the temptation, the whole color and complexion of my character would have been changed. In the rake's progress, when the first act of vice and folly has been committed, the crimes, the infamy, and the calamities, which darken his subsequent career, are its legitimate and inevitable consequences. I should then have added the still keener stings of remorse to the bitter consciousness of wasting my time and talents in idle and unprofitable pursuits.

My passion for fictitious narrative had now gained such an ascendancy, that no consideration of duty or ambition could induce me to forego its indulgence. It was my practise to read in bed, and I have often spent the greater part of the night, thoughtless of every thing but the tale of love or horror, which engrossed my attention. Numberless were the mortifications to which I was subjected by this headlong propensity. Often has it exposed me to public rebuke for my irregular attendance in the class-room and at chapel. Often have I entered the class-room almost wholly unprepared, having devoted the appropriate hours of study to this favorite recreation, and trusting to escape disgrace only by ascertaining, in the progress of the recitation, what portion of the lesson would fall to my lot. But I was frequently deceived in my expectations, and compelled, at the expense of my pride, to expose my idleness and ignorance. But it was destined to inflict upon me a still greater disappointment.

The termination of the course was now approaching. The candidates for honors and degrees were released from attendance on the ordinary exercises of the college for the space of three weeks, that they might prepare, without interruption, for the final examination. I determined to atone for past truancy by redoubled diligence, and to secure, if possible, some of the distinctions. I persisted in that laudable purpose for a fortnight; but, at the end of that time, my ill-fortune threw in my way the temptation of a new batch of novels, fresh from the press. Manfully did I resist my inclination, but I thought I might safely glance at the few first pages. Fatal indiscretion! My curiosity became ungovernable, and I was hurried along by the interest of the story, till the most important week of my preparation was nearly consumed. I awoke to the conviction, that my hopes of distinction had been sacrificed to an idle gratification, and that I could scarcely expect to make a decent appearance at the examination. With the preparation I had already made and a little contrivance, I managed to pass muster without making my deficiency conspicuous, and returned home, chagrined by my failure, and resolved to exercise greater self-command for the future.

My father had not forgotten, that the want of employment had entangled me in the affair with his overseer's daughter, and to guard against the recurrence of a similar adventure, insisted that I should immediately commence the study of the law. No study could be more foreign to the habits of my mind, or more ungenial with my prevailing tastes. The hard, severe style of law-writers, employed in the discussion of dry precedents and technical distinctions, their subtle refine-

ments and endless reference to authorities, running back into the obscure ages of black letter, and their barbarous confusion of tongues, struck me with dismay. To relinquish my favorite pursuits for one so barren and repulsive, was like leaving the soft and luxuriant climate of Madeira for the deserts of Africa. The elegant Commentaries of Blackstone were, indeed, an oasis in this desert, yet only tolerable, to one of my tastes, from contrast with surrounding desolation. I penetrated, however, into this uninviting waste with the resolution of a second Denham, determined never to look back till I had traversed its arid plains. I had the firmness to adhere to this resolution for more than a year. The novels, my old companions, slumbered untouched upon the shelf, and habit every day rendered the style and reasoning of my new acquaintances less disagreeable. But a fatality I could not resist, or rather my own want of self-control, doomed me to a relapse into my old infatuation.

I was endeavoring one day to recruit my languid attention by a little repose, after being exhausted by a four hours' perusal of Coke, when the lettered backs of my old tempters obtruded themselves on my eye. My mind required some refreshment, and I felt an irresistible inclination to regale myself by a few moments dalliance with one of these Delilahs. To beguile the tedium of the moment by so innocent an amusement, seemed to me not only a harmless but a necessary recreation. When we once parley with temptation we lose insensibly the power of self-denial. I was soon absorbed in a story, whose thrilling interest had often fascinated me in the days of my childhood. The ice once broken, I was like some drunkards, who, the instant they touch the forbidden liquid, madly rush into intoxication. From this time romances were my constant resource in the intervals of rest made necessary by the abstruseness of my studies, and I found this recreation so delightful, that it gradually encroached on my hours of serious application. But aware how essential an accurate knowledge of my profession was to my success in life, I struggled vigorously with my inclination, and, with laudable forbearance, devoted a portion of the day to my law-books. But I must confess I read them with very little profit. My thoughts were constantly straying in quest of more agreeable objects. My mind, clouded by the delusions of fiction, became incapable of grappling with the subtle reasonings and nice distinctions of legal science. Themis is a jealous goddess, and will not tolerate a divided worship. My father was too much immersed in business to observe my devotion to the dragons of fable. Being constantly in his office and exhibiting every external mark of diligence, he supposed, without further inquiry, that I must be occupied with the ponderous tomes of jurisprudence. But I doubt whether even his authority could have reclaimed me from habits so incorrigible and rivetted by such long indulgence.

After having spent three years in these desultory efforts to qualify myself for my profession, I became a candidate for admission to the bar. The examination of candidates is committed by our laws to the judges, who are required to license such as have sufficient knowledge and acquirements, to engage in the practise of the law. This examination, contrived originally to exclude incompetent persons from a profession of so

much consequence to the body politic, had long since degenerated into an empty form. As to myself, I was more indebted to the lenity of the judges, than to my own merits, for the success of my application. I was now, at the age of twenty-two, admitted into an honorable profession, where my fame and emoluments would depend exclusively on public patronage and opinion. It was indispensable, therefore, to my future success at the bar, to make a favorable impression at the outset. The estimate now made by the public, of my capacity as a speaker and man of business, must have a decisive influence on my prospects. Once believed to be deficient in these essential qualities, the young lawyer finds it difficult, by the most strenuous subsequent efforts, to recover the public confidence. In the debates of the literary societies at college, I had acquired considerable fluency of elocution; but I felt myself wanting in the more solid endowments of a public speaker, in information, in power of reasoning, and illustration. My mind, enervated by the luxuries of light and amusing literature, was untrained to those habits of patient thought and laborious inquiry so necessary in legal investigation. From the same temperament, the accuracy, the punctuality, the minute details of business, were, to me, worse than Egyptian bondage. And to crown all, I was totally uninstructed in those hidden springs of human action, which the able advocate touches with so much skill and artifice in the argument and management of causes. It was with no sanguine hopes of success, then, that I entered upon my profession, and this very want of confidence operated as a constant clog upon my exertions. Boldness and impudence often supply the want of capacity, and I am now persuaded, that in every pursuit a strong belief in our ability to surmount difficulties inspires an ardor and a perseverance, which most commonly effect our purpose. Destitute, unhappily, of this powerful incentive, I was prepared to succumb under the first discouragement.

I know no position, in every view more critical, than that of a young lawyer loitering in the courts, without business, without any thing to interest his mind or feelings. If he does not slide into habits of dissipation, a too frequent result, he becomes idle and indolent, and his mind, sinking into a lethargy, moulders away for want of exercise. How many young men of liberal education and promising abilities, before their five years quarantine has expired, have fallen victims to profligacy or sloth, and been lost forever to themselves and society. To pass through such an ordeal, unscathed either in mind or morals, demands a prudence, an energy, and a self-command, rarely manifested at that early period of life. Such a situation was peculiarly perilous to a person of my previous propensities. "Time," said Rosalind, "stands still with lawyers in vacation, for they sleep from term to term." I found it equally stationary at all seasons; and, though its leaden pinions did not lull me to bodily repose, they shed a sleepy influence on my mind, which gradually sunk into that dreamy state so admirably described in the Castle of Indolence. Had I plunged at once into the turmoil of business, pressed by the demands of duty, and stimulated by the hope of profit, I might have lashed my lazy faculties into action, and effaced forever the traces of old and inveterate habits. But to remain a dangler at

the bar, a listless spectator of scenes in which I took no interest; deprived me of the only motive that could goad me into activity, and left my mind open to the invasion of those propensities, whose dominion, though sometimes weakened, had never been overthrown.

These evil prognostics were too soon fulfilled. Instead of observing the course of practise in the courts, of remarking the skill and dexterity exhibited in the management of a cause, of treasuring in my memory the questions discussed and the arguments advanced, of examining the authorities referred to, in my own office, exercises by which I should have been improved in my profession, my time was occupied either in frivolous conversation with my young companions at the bar, or in the perusal of that innumerable brood of romances which have issued from the modern press. I delighted to catch them at their first transit into the world, before they had lost their freshness and flavor by exposure to the gaze of vulgar curiosity. I became the critic of coteries, the oracle of the shallow throng who flutter round bookstores and public libraries. It was only in these public repositories of books, that my cormorant appetite could be glutted. In the circles which idle curiosity assembled at these places, the characters and incidents of the last novel were discussed with as much earnestness as would have been displayed in analyzing the motives of real persons and the circumstances of actual events. This idle gossip, betraying a total ignorance of the principles of literary criticism, afforded me infinite amusement; on the same principle, that the description of a good dinner is a gratification to the gourmand, second only to the pleasure of eating one. The time and ingenuity I have spent in such disquisitions would have resolved the knottiest point of jurisprudence.

This course of reading exacted no effort from the mind, and the more I indulged in it the more averse I became to the drudgery of business, and the more incapable of that accurate thinking and careful analysis required in the practise of the law. I have said, that when once absorbed in a novel, I was hurried to the conclusion with an eagerness of curiosity that admitted neither pause nor reflection. Severely as I had already smarted under the consequences of this habit, it was destined to work me still more serious mischief. I cannot remember how often it has occasioned my absence from court, the breach of my appointments, and neglect of important business. These are unpardonable faults in a lawyer, and, whatever his talents or acquirements, must ultimately strip him of employment.

My first cause, I remember, was in chancery, and as it was to be argued the next day, I promised my client to devote the night to the examination of the papers. But my evil genius deposited a new novel on my table, and thinking I had ample time for the task I had undertaken, I could not forbear the gratification of glancing over the introductory chapters. I forgot my client and his papers, until the flickering of my candle in the socket compelled me to relinquish the book; and the next morning I endeavored, by a hasty and superficial examination, to prepare for the argument before the session of the court. When it was my turn to speak, I discovered such an imperfect knowledge of the facts and of the questions involved in the case, and was so far eclipsed by a plodding industrious young fellow on

the other side, in accuracy and acquaintance with the legal authorities, that I sat down overwhelmed with shame and mortification. Men, however ignorant, are quicksighted where their interests are concerned, in discerning to whom they can be safely entrusted. This failure lost me the confidence of my client, and I believe made an impression on the bystanders very much to my disadvantage.

My fondness for romance, now become my ruling passion, not only impaired my powers of reasoning and investigation, but destroyed the balance of my mind by giving an undue preponderance to the imagination. The unnatural activity of that faculty, by presenting false and exaggerated views of persons and events, was frequently a serious disadvantage to me in my profession. Often when I was wrought into a fever of excitement by an ideal state of facts, the reality has so differed from my preconceived hypothesis, as to produce a sudden syncope of all my faculties. I remember being engaged in a case of breach of marriage promise, on which I had built the most extravagant expectations. The vagaries of my own imagination and the representation of my client's friends, had misled me as to the true character of the evidence, and when these illusions were dissipated at the trial, the revulsion of my feelings left me incapable of sustaining my part in the argument. Relying on my instructions, I had figured to myself a case of great aggravation. A young female, of considerable beauty, of unimpeachable purity, of the most delicate sentiments, and of the most respectable connexions, had engaged herself to a man of suitable condition, and from the intimacy warranted by such an engagement and the confidence she reposed in his honor, had been involved in indiscretions fatal to her reputation. I supposed that this man, after thus betraying the confidence and tainting the innocence of his betrothed wife, had basely trifled with her affections by refusing to fulfil his engagement, and had abandoned her to misery and shame. A story, so similar to tales of seduction, with which my memory was stored, at once inflamed my imagination. I pictured to myself in the most glowing colors the whole train of artifice and treachery by which this arch-seducer had succeeded in the ruin of innocence, the misery of the parents, the disgrace of the connexion, and the shame of the poor girl, consigned to infamy and wretchedness. Here was a tale of real life, marked by darker shades of villainy and deeper wounds of anguish, than my own imaginings or the wildest fiction had ever depicted. I entered into the case with a zeal and ardor proportioned to my sense of the magnitude of the injury. My indignation was at the highest pitch, and I was prepared to overwhelm the wicked defendant with a tempest of invective. But at the trial many circumstances conspired to damp my enthusiasm. I had the most exalted conceptions of the delicate sensibility, the keen sense of disgrace belonging to the female character, and it was the belief that he had wounded these admirable qualities in the person of my client, which inspired me with such deep abhorrence of the conduct of the defendant. When I saw her, adorned with the most tawdry finery, exhibiting, with an unblushing front, her person, day after day, to the rude gaze of the crowd that thronged the court-house, instead of shrinking from public observation, I felt the most inef-

fable disgust. I discovered too, in the conferences I held with her, that she was not much concerned at the public exposure of her disgrace, and was chiefly solicitous to increase the amount of damages. Such a greedy desire of money, in an affair that touched her reputation so deeply, was most repugnant to my feelings, and I could well believe that a woman of such coarse and grovelling sentiments would barter her fame and her innocence for a pecuniary equivalent. In the investigation that followed, proof was offered that her character was suspicious before she was acquainted with the defendant, and that during her engagement with him she had courted familiarities which no modest woman would have permitted. What I had myself witnessed, prepared me to place implicit faith in this evidence. I was so much disconcerted by the discovery, that my feelings had been enlisted by an ideal picture of guilt and injury, that, though the evidence on the part of the defendant was liable to be assailed, and there was clear proof of the promise, of the breach, and the seduction, I could not utter a word on these topics. My associate counsel argued the case with ability, and obtained a verdict for considerable damages.

My reputation at the bar, such as it was, had long been on the wane, and this failure gave the *coup de grace* to my prospects. It was said that I loved pleasure more than business, that I neglected the most important affairs, that I made no preparation for my causes, and that when my adversary surprised me with unexpected evidence or argument, I was unable to rally. Such assertions, publicly circulated, soon left me utterly caseless, and I began to think of seeking a livelihood in some other calling.

I became acquainted, about this time, with a young lady of amiable disposition and engaging manners, whose beauty and accomplishments made a deep impression on my heart. She possessed all those showy and brilliant endowments so captivating to the fancy, and my imagination readily invested her with every perfection that enters into the composition of a consummate female character. Smitten with this ideal phantom, which I mistook for her, I became her professed admirer; and it was only when a more intimate acquaintance unfolded those hidden graces, which shrink from the glare of notoriety, that I was sensible of her real worth and excellent qualities. I found her encompassed with suitors, and the object of general admiration; but these obstacles to my success only augmented my eagerness and assiduity. In romantic tempers, when the prospect is smiling and propitious, the tender passion languishes and expires, but burns with the more intensity when it encounters rivalry or opposition. I was unremitting in my attentions, and my reception emboldened me to cherish the most sanguine hopes. My parents were anxious that I should marry, and as the family and circumstances of the lady made the connexion desirable, they encouraged me to prosecute my addresser. I pressed my suit with ardor, and having at length obtained a favorable opportunity to declare my attachment, was rewarded by the confession that my overtures were not unacceptable. That charming confusion, the offspring of innate delicacy, with which this precious acknowledgement was uttered, heightened my admiration. Superior to

disguise or coquetry, she no longer kept me in suspense but with the native frankness of her character, at once consented to be mine. Whether it is that they are unwilling to relinquish the last remnant of their power, or that maiden modesty shrinks from the idea of matrimony, ladies are, generally, reluctant to appoint the day of their marriage. I found it so on the present occasion, and could not, by any importunity, prevail on my mistress to ascertain the epoch of my happiness.

Being now an accepted lover, I was received by her on the most intimate and confidential footing, and spent much of my time in her society. She displayed in her conversation a strong vein of good sense and a native purity of taste, cultivated by reading and extensive intercourse with the best society. She had no pleasure in that censorious gossiping, which delights in the dissection of characters, that it may detect the minute faults and weaknesses that dim the surface of the finest dispositions. She put a liberal construction on the conduct of her acquaintance, and was content to balance their virtues against their defects. She had none of that mawkish fantastic sentimentality, which weeps only over the recital of fictitious distresses, and is deaf as an adder to the groans of real misery. Her benevolence was practical and unostentatious, springing from a heart open to every impression of pity, to every impulse of generosity. Without a spark of that romance, which is the fruit of a diseased imagination, she was capable of the noblest self-sacrifice, of the most ardent and enduring attachment. But her innocent and unaffected tenderness endeared her to me still more than the new charms and virtues which her character revealed upon a closer acquaintance. There was one foible, however, in her disposition which I did not detect, and which, co-operating with my own egregious folly, produced all the mischief that followed. She was punctiliously tenacious of respect, and could not brook the idea of indifference in those to whom she was attached.

Hitherto, while the event was doubtful, and with the fear of rivalry before my eyes, I had been a most assiduous and attentive lover. Relinquishing every occupation, whether of business or amusement, I bent my undivided energies to the prosecution of an affair in which my heart was so deeply interested. But when the prize was gained, when her affections were secured, my anxiety subsided, and my usual propensities, which had sunk under the ascendancy of a master passion, revived. The lady resided in a town where there were several bookstores. My morbid appetite for new romances made me a frequent visitor at these establishments. When I got possession of a novel, I would remain, like Doctor Ockbourne, for hours in the same spot, wrapt in the interest of the tale, heeding neither the lapse of time nor the want of sustenance. My mistress, not having the same taste, could not comprehend the nature of this inordinate passion, and thought it very remarkable that I should prefer such frivolous amusements to her society. She was offended at my frequent absences and the unsatisfactory reasons I gave for them. Though she did not reproach me, she conceived that the ardor of my affection was subsiding into indifference. When this idea had once taken possession of her mind, "trifles, light as air, were confirmations strong" of her pre-existing suspicions. I cannot

enumerate the various instances in which my infatuation betrayed me into conduct that a jealous temper might construe into slight. I never dreamt of the misconstruction to which I was exposing myself, and thoughtlessly repeated the offence so often, that at length her displeasure was manifested in her deportment. Alarmed at these appearances, I eagerly inquired wherein I had offended. She replied, that my conduct discovered such entire coldness and indifference, as to impress her with a belief that I was weary of our engagement, and that if I wished it, it might be cancelled. I protested that I never designed to exhibit coldness and indifference, that my attachment to her was as ardent as ever, and that, so far from desiring a dissolution of our engagement, there was nothing I so earnestly coveted as its speedy fulfilment. I reiterated, again and again, the sentiments of respect and love which I had never ceased to feel towards her, until appeased by my apparent contrition and sincerity, she dropped the subject, and resumed her former frank and affectionate demeanor.

She had promised to spend the day with a lady who resided about a mile from town, and with whom I was unacquainted. She designed to accompany this lady, who was then in town, on her return home; and to show me that she cherished no resentment she proposed that I should walk with her back in the evening, to which I joyfully assented. Having nothing to engage me after I left her, I strolled to the bookstore, my usual resort, to while away the time, and there, unluckily, met with a new novel by a celebrated name, which extended to several volumes. Having no engagement until the evening, I thought I might innocently appropriate the interval to the perusal of a work of such reputation. But I became so much entranced with the interest of the tale that I totally forgot my appointment, until I was admonished by the approach of darkness that the time had passed. I hastened to make my apologies, and found my mistress in an agony of distress and agitation. It seemed that she set out alone in the hope of meeting me, and was assailed by a drunken man, who would have insulted her grossly but for the interference of a chance passenger. As soon as she became composed, and had heard my explanation, she told me, with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger," that it was useless to disguise it; that my indifference to her safety that evening, evinced by my wanton breach of promise, revealed, more strongly than words, the extinction of my love, and that a regard for her own dignity constrained her to annul our engagement and to dismiss me at once and forever. Saying this, she retired from the room, leaving me overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, astonishment, dismay, grief, and despair. From this time she refused to see me, and, though I frequently wrote to solicit an interview, returned me my letters unopened. Satisfied that she was inflexible, I fled from the village in unspeakable anguish, and never saw her more. Such was the inconsiderate folly by which I lost the possession of an amiable and beautiful woman, and made shipwreck of my own happiness.

I was now thirty years of age, and my father, finding that I had utterly failed in the profession of the law, put me in possession of a farm, hoping that in the honorable pursuit of agriculture, I might at last

earn an independence. I became passionately devoted to my new calling, and read with indefatigable diligence all the books and publications I could find on the subject of tillage. I aspired to the character of an improver. My honest neighbors, who belonged to the family of the good-enoughs, called me, in derision, a book farmer. They warned me of the ruin that must ensue from my innovations on the old modes of farming in that neighborhood, which had been transmitted from father to son, without addition or diminution, from the first settlement of the colony. I was deaf to their prophecies. With my usual proclivity to castle building, I imagined that my system of tillage would in a few years convert my farm into a garden. I had counted and appropriated the great profits which the completion of my plans must certainly produce. I would become a great land proprietor, and when I had purchased all the land I chose to cultivate, I would vest my surplus resources in works of public improvement. But while I was so busy with my projected reforms in agriculture, I did not forget to provide a fund of entertainment for my idle hours by the purchase of an abundant stock of novels. These companions were not calculated to increase my attention to the operations of my farm. I was seen more frequently seated by the fireside, poring over one of my favorite romances, than in the fields, superintending the cultivation of my land. While I was thus dissipating my time in unprofitable amusements, or indulging in extravagant expectations, my overseer and negroes were consuming my substance. My stock dwindled and disappeared, my crops mouldered and wasted away, until, by midsummer, I found myself in want of all the necessaries of life. To put the copestone to my disasters, I had one night been reading a novel in bed, according to my frequent custom, and fell asleep without extinguishing the candle. I was awakened by a suffocating smoke, and found the whole room wrapt in flames. I saved my life with difficulty by jumping from the window in my shirt, while my house and all its contents became the prey of the devouring element. Thus, in one night, was I bereft of clothes, house, and furniture, and left to the charity of my neighbors, who generously afforded me all the assistance in their power. By their friendly exertions, a temporary hut was erected for my accommodation, and having now a shelter for my head, I had leisure to inquire into the origin of the fire. I was soon satisfied that I had left the candle burning, and that that act of negligence was the cause of the whole mischief.

By a series of disasters, for which I could only reproach my own folly and infatuation, I was reduced to very narrow circumstances. I could trace the principal calamities of my life to that overweening fondness for novel-reading which had destroyed the vigor and activity of my mind, and disabled it alike for the pursuits of business and the toils of study. To the same fruitful source of misfortune were attributable my severest disappointments both in love and ambition. In the despondency produced by reflections such as these, the idea suddenly occurred to me that the very cause of all my difficulties might be made subservient to the restoration of my shattered fortunes. Archimedes, when he shouted *eureka*, felt no greater rapture, though from a worthier cause, than I did when I hit upon this

brilliant expedient. I resolved forthwith to write a novel, and embody all the dreams and fantasies of my past life. The habits of my mind, and my intimate acquaintance with the whole region of romance, I conceived, qualified me in a peculiar manner for such a task. I could now give the visions of my distempered fancy "a local habitation and a name." The stories of fiction which I had been amassing for so many years would no longer be useless lumber, but would furnish inexhaustible materials for the execution of my work. I set about the undertaking with an ardor and application which promised its speedy accomplishment.

My scheme of romance consisted in unexpected incidents and sudden surprises, in grouping together circumstances of terror and distress, and in the history of tender and constant lovers sundered by the pride or avarice of their families. "To catch the manners living as they rise," to describe national peculiarities, to distinguish the moral features of the different classes of society, to paint the natural evolutions of passion and the effect of circumstances on the characters of men, to inculcate the great principles of ethics by examples of human depravity or virtue, belonged to a different province. I had always disliked those novels that terminated in a tragic catastrophe, and I determined, therefore, to bring mine to a fortunate conclusion. My own country furnished neither castles nor ruins, nor robbers, nor monks, nor nobility—things essential, in my estimation, to the constitution of a romance. I laid my scene, therefore, in Italy, the land of monks, inquisitions, ruined castles, bravoos, and banditti. I will not exhaust my reader's patience by sketching the outline of a story that extended to seven mortal volumes. Let it suffice that there was a combination of all that is pathetic and horrible, and that the heroine was conducted through a succession of the most surprising and incredible adventures—from obscurity to the possession of rank, wealth, and unalloyed happiness.

I finished my novel in eighteen months, and the next inquiry was how I could make it profitable. The art of printing was at so low an ebb in my own state, and there was so little disposition to patronise native literature, that I could not hope to dispose of the copy-right, and to publish by subscription, was, with my slender finances, too hazardous an experiment. I resolved, therefore, to repair to the northern cities, those great marts of commerce and genius. I procured letters of introduction to several persons in Philadelphia and New York, and with my precious manuscript set out on my journey filled with the most buoyant hopes of fame and fortune.

As I am writing a history of my mind, not a journal of my travels, I shall not pause to record my observations on men and things during the journey. Suffice it that I reached Philadelphia without any remarkable adventure, and was installed in a comfortable apartment at one of the principal hotels. The impressions of a stranger for the first few hours after his arrival in a large city, are always melancholy. His mind has not yet been diverted from its solitary musings, by the various objects of curiosity which offer themselves to his researches. He is incapable of analyzing the confused assemblage of things that press upon his observation, and the vastness of the prospect oppresses him with a sense of his own insignificance. In the busy multi-

tudes that throng the streets, he sees no familiar face, recognises no friend, and is struck with a feeling of loneliness the more painful because the scenes around him perpetually excite his natural yearnings for society. It was in a mood like this that I first entered the city of William Penn—and to shake off these disagreeable sensations, I set out as soon as I could obtain the necessary directions, in quest of a gentleman to whom I bore a letter of introduction. This gentleman belonged to the society of Friends. He was a merchant of extensive connexions, and a shrewd and intelligent man of business. Though the pressure of his affairs did not leave him much leisure for the exercise of hospitality, he received me with the plain unpretending civility peculiar to his sect, promised me all the assistance he could render in an affair so foreign to his pursuits, and assured me, that while my engagements detained me in Philadelphia, he should always take pleasure in entertaining me at his house. This was no empty profession. I availed myself frequently of his friendly invitation, and was uniformly received by him and his family with an engaging simplicity and unaffected kindness far more congenial to my taste than the most magnificent hospitality. On my return to Virginia I was indebted to this excellent man for a most essential service—a service which I shall never forget. Through his intervention I had an opportunity of submitting my work to the inspection of all the leading publishers in the city. It was not then the fashion to patronise the efforts of native genius. Books were prized in proportion to the distance they had travelled, and were supposed, like wine, to be improved by a voyage across the Atlantic. We imported our literature as well as our woollens from Great Britain, and never dreamed of fostering the domestic manufacture. It is now the American system to build up a native literature by praise and puffing. Criticism is divested of its terrors, and "roars you as gently as any sucking dove." It is the very paradise of mediocrity, and many an insect author is now brought into a transient existence by the warm breath of applause, who, but for that genial influence, would have slept forever in his shell. Had I offered my work for publication thirty years later, its destiny would have been far more fortunate than that which was now prepared for it. I could prevail on no publisher to bid for the copy-right. Some objected to its length, some to the style, some to the story, and all agreed that it would not suit the prevailing taste. Indignant at their frivolous criticisms, I thrust the manuscript into my trunk, and posted off to New York, with the hope of finding greater discernment in the publishers of that city. But the same fate awaited me there. I could never persuade any one of the merits of my book, or of the immense gains which its publication must produce. After being tantalized with some faint prospect of success for several weeks, I at length abandoned my project in despair, convinced that the stupidity of the publishers had robbed me of immortality. I had a strong disposition to try my fortune in England, but the slenderness of my resources compelled me to relinquish that idea.

While I was thus dancing attendance upon the printers of New York and Philadelphia, I did not fail to find abundant entertainment for my predominant taste in the bookstores and public libraries. At those places I met with some aspirants to literary distinction,

who, like me, had been paying court to the despots of the press. Similar pursuits soon cemented an intimacy between us, and we became constant companions in our pleasures and amusements. These gentlemen introduced me to the theatres, which boasted at this period of some celebrated actors. This was the first time I had witnessed a theatrical representation, and I beheld it with the deepest and most engrossing interest. The scenery, the dresses, the artifices of exhibition, the action and emphasis of the performers, gave me such a vivid impression of reality, that I felt as if the dreams and fantasies, which had haunted my imagination for so many years, had received actual life and being. My companions were diverted at the rapt attention with which I listened, and ridiculed my rawness and inexperience. But in the excited state of my mind, their pleasantry was entirely lost upon me, and did not for a moment damp the fervor of my enthusiasm. I became passionately devoted to spectacles so congenial to the temper of my mind, and even when they had lost the gloss of novelty still continued to frequent them with undiminished avidity.

One memorable evening I saw on the theatre at New York the most beautiful woman I have ever known. This lovely creature, whom I shall call Rosalie, united with the most perfect face and figure, a gracefulness of action and a melody of voice which would have secured the plaudits of an audience to the most indifferent acting. But she required not the support of these adventitious endowments. Her performance displayed the most consummate art and the profoundest knowledge of the passions. The emotions, proper to the character she was representing, flitted across her varying and expansive countenance like ripples over the surface of a lake, while her impassioned gesture and melting tones carried them to the bosom of the spectator. Never have I been so enchanted, so transported with admiration. Feelings so deep disdained the ordinary expressions of applause, and I hung in breathless silence on her accents.

I was accompanied on that occasion by a man with whom, from the unguarded impulse of an ardent temper, I had formed a great intimacy. The fascination of his address and the apparent similarity of our tastes, had won my entire confidence. When Rosalie appeared on the stage, he observed my agitation. With his penetration he had not failed to discover my ignorance of the world, and how much my opinions of men and things depended upon the phasis which they presented to my imagination. He was aware that the nicety of my notions with regard to female delicacy, amounted almost to squeamishness, and that I deemed all public exhibition repugnant to the modesty of the sex. Apprehensive that these sentiments might abate my admiration of Rosalie, he undertook to relate her history. He described her as the most talented and amiable creature in the world, of irreproachable character, and of the most delicate sentiments. Her father was once a wealthy merchant, and in his prosperity had bestowed on this, his only child, all the advantages of education. Her progress amply repaid his parental care. Before her sixteenth year, she had, with an aptitude almost intuitive, acquired a fund of knowledge and a variety of accomplishments most uncommon in females of any age. The development of her personal charms kept pace with

the precocity of her mind, and at the age of sixteen she appeared a prodigy of beauty and talent. An English merchant of great wealth, with whom her father had long had commercial transactions, happened to visit New York about this time, and saw her in the full maturity of loveliness. Smitten with her charms, he made her proposals of marriage, and was rejected. The accidents of commerce had given this man unlimited control over the fortunes of her father. Enraged at his disappointment, he had the vindictive baseness to use that power for the accomplishment of the parent's ruin, that he might avenge the disdain of the child. After this wanton destruction of her prospects, he had the impudence to insult her with the promise of re-establishing her father in business, if she would yield to overtures now no longer honorable. She indignantly spurned the proposition. Urged by her friends, and still more by the cruel distresses of her parents, whose age and indigence appealed to her for aid, she had reluctantly made a theatrical engagement, with the pious hope of acquiring by that means a competence for her family. She avowed the utmost repugnance to this public exposure of her person, and was resolved to abandon her profession as soon as the demands of filial duty were fulfilled.

A story like this was calculated to take a strong hold on my imagination, already inflamed by the view of her uncommon beauty and accomplishments. Her conduct and adventures bore so strong a resemblance to the incidents of romance, that they enlisted my warmest sympathies. Fiction frequently described females of the purest character and most finished education, stifling their delicate sensibilities from a sense of duty, and publicly exercising their accomplishments to gain an honest subsistence. A woman, who could so act, was a heroine, and I honored her character. I desired to become acquainted with Rosalie, and my companion promised to introduce me. We visited her lodgings the next day, and I had no reason to distrust his account of her from any thing I observed in her conversation or demeanor. She was evidently a woman of brilliant talents, and there was no trace of indelicate boldness in her manners. I was so much delighted with her society that I became a frequent visitor at the house where she boarded. Southern gentlemen were then well received every where at the north, and were generally supposed to be opulent. I discovered that my visits were acceptable, and my daily observations confirmed my original impressions of the purity and tenderness of her manners and character. She spoke often of her parents in the most affectionate language, and expressed her anxiety to quit her disreputable occupation, that she might enjoy their society in the humble cottage where they resided. The deep tenderness of her accents convinced me of her sincerity. The dignity, the modest reserve of her deportment, the brilliancy of her conversation, the splendor of her beauty, her filial piety, and, above all, the flattering attention which she paid me, gradually so won upon my affections, that I felt an irresistible inclination to rescue this gifted being from so hateful a lot, and to restore her to the society she was formed to adorn. In a delirium of admiration, I one day avowed my attachment and made a direct proposal of marriage. She expressed the greatest surprise, acknowledged her sense of my generosity in

contemning the prejudices of the world by tendering my hand to an actress, and declared, that the connexion would be every way agreeable but for her unwillingness to be separated from her parents. This token of filial affection endeared her to me the more, and to remove that impediment to my wishes, I proposed that her parents should reside with us, not reflecting on the total inadequacy of my means. This was a burthen, she said, which she could not think of imposing on me, but that after such a distinguished mark of my regard, she could no longer withhold the confession, that she had conceived an attachment for me at our first interview, and would joyfully dedicate the remainder of her life to the promotion of my happiness. My finances were now at a very low ebb, and we agreed to be married as soon as I could make the necessary pecuniary arrangements.

I had frequently met the gentleman (I call him so by courtesy,) who had introduced me to Rosalie, at her lodgings, and had sometimes seen them walking together in the streets. This did not exceed the ordinary civilities exchanged between the sexes in polite society, nor had I ever detected any symptoms of peculiar intimacy between them. Being wholly unsuspecting and relying implicitly on the account already given me, I had never inquired of any other person into the particulars of her previous history. I was returning to my lodgings one day, in the dusk of the evening, when I saw this man and Rosalie enter together one of those infamous houses resorted to in large cities by the dissolute of both sexes for the indulgence of their vicious passions. I well knew the character of the house, and could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. To ascertain beyond doubt the truth of my suspicions I resolved to watch their exit from the opposite side of the street. Was it possible? could this fair form enshrine an unclean spirit? was she a whited sepulchre, shining without, and full within of rottenness and corruption? could a common wanton counterfeit so successfully the modesty of virtue? While these reflections were passing through my mind, they reappeared at the door, and I could no longer doubt her identity. I rushed towards them in a phrenzy of passion, but they fled at my approach, and disappeared in the obscurity of the adjoining alleys. I returned to my lodgings in a state bordering on insanity. A gentleman of my acquaintance happened to call, while I was in this paroxysm of rage and anguish. In the fulness of my heart I told him what had passed, and he assured me I had escaped most fortunately from the meshes of an artful courtesan. The story which I had heard was almost entirely false. It was true that Rosalie was of respectable parentage and had been well educated, but she had been seduced about a year since, while at a boarding-school in the city, by the very man who had given me this false information, and had fled from the protection of her friends upon the discovery of her disgrace. My eyes were now opened to the infamous plot by which they had nearly entrapped me. A thousand circumstances recurred to my recollection, that should have put me on my guard; but dupe, dolt, idiot that I was, I could not see through the thin veil of deception with which they covered their designs.

I vowed the direst revenge against my treacherous friend and his frail mistress. I spent several days in

their pursuit, but they eluded my search. Before I could discover their retreat, a letter from my mother, announcing the severe illness of my father, summoned me to receive his last breath. My father had been always kind and generous to me, and I had the strongest affection for him. The tidings of his illness afflicted me with the deepest distress, and I determined to return home with the utmost despatch. My finances were so nearly exhausted, that I had scarcely the means of reaching Philadelphia, and I should have been totally unable to return to Virginia, but for the liberality of my old friend the Quaker, who generously advanced a sum sufficient to defray my expenses. I parted from him with the warmest acknowledgements, and with the promise to remit the sum he had loaned, on my arrival in Virginia; a promise which I faithfully fulfilled.

Though I travelled with the utmost expedition, my father had expired before I reached his house. I had yet the melancholy satisfaction of performing the last sad offices to his remains, and of mingling my tears with my mother's. My affliction was redoubled when I understood, that during his whole illness his greatest concern was to see me. Parental affection, strong in death, still yearned to pour its last admonitions into the ear of the prodigal son, who had wasted his substance, not in riotous living, but in idle dreams and worthless pursuits. When he felt the approach of dissolution, and found that I had not arrived, he sent me his blessing, and calmly gave his parting injunctions to his weeping family. With tranquil fortitude and pious hope, he took his departure to a better world, and closed his useful and well-spent life, displaying, in its last scene, the same benevolent regard for others, which had always distinguished his character. What keen remorse did I feel at the remembrance, that while he was languishing on a sick bed, I was lavishing my time and affections on a worthless woman, unmindful of filial duty, and thoughtless of every thing but my own selfish enjoyment. Would that I could have received his last breath! could have listened to his last words! could have seen his last looks, expressing his undiminished tenderness for the living! would that I had profited more by his precepts and example! but it has been my fate through life

To see the right, and to approve it too,
Abhor the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

The small accession of fortune which I inherited at the death of my father, enabled me to re-stock my farm and improve its appearance and condition. During my absence it had been reduced to a most miserable state, and I found it destitute of almost every necessary supply. I had not yet relinquished my projects of improvement; but, profiting by experience, I did not attempt to execute them with such imprudent haste. I determined to accomplish them gradually, as time and opportunity permitted, without interfering with the regular cultivation of the farm; and as my profits increased, I thought I should be better able to support the expense of such a system. Sensible of the injury I had sustained by the negligence of my managers and the carelessness and dishonesty of my slaves, I resolved to appropriate a larger portion of my time to the personal superintendence of my estate. For the first year I bestowed the most diligent attention upon the operations

of my farm ; but I did not perceive that I derived much advantage from my care. Though very learned in the theory of agriculture, I was ignorant of its details, and I found that my best digested plans uniformly deceived my expectations in practise. I had no talent for the management of men, and was kept in a constant state of irritation by the disobedience and inattention of my slaves and overseer. I became disgusted with an occupation so repugnant to all my previous habits and feelings, and gradually relapsed into my old pursuits. At length I left the whole management to my overseer and negroes, and devoted my time more agreeably to my favorite amusements. Under their administration the profits of my farm constantly diminished, and I was constrained, to relieve myself from debt, to encroach upon the principal of my estate. By the annual sale of a portion of my property, I was enabled to support for some years my accustomed style of living, but it was plain that such a system must ultimately strip me of the small remnant of my fortune. I was acting like the sloth, who gorges his voracious appetite until he has consumed the last leaf upon the tree, and then drops to the earth, bloated, helpless, and incapable of exertion.

I was popular with my honest neighbors, and though they thought me a visionary farmer, they conceived from my fluency of speech that I might succeed as a politician. After several years solicitation, I consented to become a candidate for the county, more to gratify them, than from the promptings of my own ambition. In this country, where public affairs are the topic of discussion in all circles, every man conceives himself a statesman and a legislator. A knowledge of newspaper along, a facility in public speaking, and a blind devotion to party, are the only qualifications deemed necessary in the management of public affairs. I had very little acquaintance with the general principles of politics ; but having known some of the little-great men who had thrust themselves into favor and distinction by party subserviency, and a noisy repetition of the second-hand arguments of their leaders, I had the presumption to think that I might play a respectable if not a conspicuous part on the public theatre. It did not occur to me that craft, impudence, insensibility to censure, and an unscrupulous conscience, were qualities essential to success in such a career. In these I was deficient, and found too late, that ignorant as I was of the theory, I had still less genius for the practise of politics. A distinguished man has said, that the skin of a politician should be as thick as that of a rhinoceros, that he may be callous to the small shot of defamation. I found mine as tender and sensitive as a new-born infant's. The morbid excitability of my imagination, nourished and increased by those romantic visions on which it delighted to dwell, exaggerated every petty misrepresentation into a serious wound to my character. "I was whipp'd and scourg'd with rods, nettled and stung with pismires," at each repetition of these assaults on my reputation. I was kept in torture during the whole canvass by the host of falsehoods launched against me by my political enemies. On such occasions the people are prone to credit imputations on the candidate, when the same charges against the man would have been scouted and disbelieved. My vindications were generally unheeded, or if I succeeded in the refutation of one lie, it only served to make room

for the circulation of a thousand. I was like the fox in the fable, and every swarm of these insect enemies that I drove off was succeeded by another more numerous and envenomed. My every word and action was watched and noted ; the whole tenor of my life exposed to the severest scrutiny. The slightest ambiguity of expression, the most venial errors, were fastened upon, magnified, and distorted into the most serious offences. Unconscious of having ever injured one man in the county by word or deed, I had thought myself secure from the assaults of personal enmity, and I felt the injustice under which I suffered the more keenly because it was unprovoked. My adversary was a practised electioneerer, skilful in touching the springs of popular prejudice. Shrewd and artful, he was versed in all the stratagems and manoeuvres of this kind of warfare, and knew how to spring the mine of misrepresentation upon his opponent by the agency of others, while he stood by an indifferent spectator. He was equally expert in courting the favor of the people by an imperturbable smoothness and suavity of manner, and by a coarse and familiar jocularity peculiarly acceptable to the bulk of the voters. He was made of the willow and not of the oak, and could accommodate himself with ready suppleness to the tastes and opinions of every circle with which he came in contact. My habits and pursuits had not instructed me in the knowledge of mankind, and though I had been trained to treat all men with politeness, my feelings revolted at the coarseness and familiarity which, with an ill grace, I was compelled to practise. Those rude liberties which many people think themselves authorised to take with a candidate, were equally offensive to me, and it was with difficulty, on some occasions, that I could restrain the resentment which they kindled. My friends had warned me not to be moved by such things, and I had heretofore borne numberless scoffs and insults with the fortitude of an Indian at the stake. One day when I had been striving in vain to stem the torrent of defamation, and was wrought to a high pitch of nervous excitement by the sense of injustice, my patience was suddenly exhausted by the offensive rudeness of a double-fisted ruffian, and in the first impulse of passion I struck him. The consequence was that I was beaten black and blue, and had to appear, on the day of the election, with a face which exhibited all the colors of the rainbow. The result was what might have been expected. I was defeated, and cured forever of all political aspirations.

Under the mismanagement of my overseers and from my own inattention, my property continued to dwindle, till, at the age of forty-five, I found myself on the brink of ruin. How could I ward off the approach of poverty ? I had tried every thing and succeeded in nothing. My situation was desperate, and required desperate measures.

Nothing is more certain, than that those who acquire a taste for pleasures beyond the reach of their income, whatever their original character, must ultimately become calculating and mercenary. He who lives within his means is as independent as the nabob, and much less avaricious. Improvidence and cupidity have been invariable companions since the time of Catiline ; and the lust of gain, engendered by profusion, is infinitely more rapacious and perhaps more debasing than the

niggard parsimony of the miser, whose whole happiness consists in counting his hoards. Want, too, has a marvellous tendency to dispel the illusions of romance. It brings forcibly to our view the animal necessities of our nature, and "feelingly reminds us" how much more bitter are the squalid distresses of poverty, than the fantastic woes of the child of opulence and indulgence. It divests the world and its concerns of the delusive drapery of the imagination, and exposes them in the cold nakedness of reality. "When poverty (says the old adage) enters the door, love flies out at the window." I repeat again then, that those who have been nursed in habits unauthorised by their means, and who, therefore, are unfit to struggle with the privations of indigence, must look sharply to the main chance, especially in matrimony. It is because the present generation are nourished in such extravagance, that sordid views and calculations of interest enter, even in the ardent season of youth, into the formation of a connection whose happiness depends on the cultivation of our best and tenderest affections. How many beautiful young girls do we daily see, in defiance of nature and their own better feelings, wedding age, ugliness and vice, for the sake of wealth! How many promising young men are willing to barter their affections for money, and shamelessly avow that they are fortune-hunters! Marriage is no longer an affair of the heart, but of money! and the chances of such an event may be computed by the plainest rules of arithmetic. How much time and trouble, I have often thought, might be saved in these negotiations, by the intervention of the auctioneer. If such things are thought venial in the young and beautiful, surely those whose age naturally betokens the reign of avarice, may be excused for yielding to such considerations.

Such reflections as these began to effect a change in my character. I saw ruin staring me in the face, and remembering past disappointments, despaired of earning a subsistence by my own exertions. In the extremity of my distress I bethought myself of matrimony, as a means of repairing my broken fortunes. I had no time to lose, and cast my eyes on an old maid in the neighborhood, of a considerable estate, and whose love of celibacy was not supposed to be inflexible. Had I searched the world I could not have pitched on one more unlike the beau ideal of female perfection with which my youthful fancy was enamored. She was ugly, ungainly, ignorant, cross-tempered, and parsimonious—but she had the one thing needful for me, and that reflection reconciled me to all her infirmities of body and mind. I made my proposals, and was accepted; but though she was prodigal of her person, which I did not value, she was unwilling to surrender the control of her property, the real object of my pursuit. The idea of the dissipation of her wealth by an improvident husband, was gall and wormwood, and she insisted upon a marriage contract, reserving to herself the management and disposition of her property. I was obliged to consent, and, to do it with the best grace possible, expressed the utmost indifference to her fortune, protesting that it was her person only that I coveted. Upon this flattering assurance she became extremely gracious, and very much to my discomfiture, was so fond and tender that I could scarcely suppress my disgust at these unwelcome tokens of her love. After obtaining her

consent to a speedy celebration of our nuptials, I withdrew. The contract was duly executed—the marriage duly solemnized—and I became the unenvied spouse of the homeliest woman in the county. Like the valiant captain Lismahago, under similar circumstances, I wore my bonds with a gallantry befitting the occasion.

Having exhausted my own estate, I now lived a pensioner on her bounty, and as she doled out her liberalities with a sparing hand, interest compelled me to play the tender and complaisant husband. I now comprehend what constitutes the philosophy of a stoic and the spirit of a martyr, having endured so long the acerbity of her temper and her cutting reproaches of my extravagance. It was the fear of her displeasure that induced me to suppress my name in this narrative. As she never reads, and I am not known as the author to any body, I hope to escape detection. If she were to know of my description of her person and character, I would sooner go on a forlorn hope than face the artillery of her wrath. I still live in constant fear and trembling, lest her own suspicions or the suggestions of others might lead to a discovery.

It might be supposed that the caustic of twenty years conversation with a woman of this character, would have extirpated every root and fibre of romance from my nature. But though my old propensities are sobered, they have never been vanquished. I still amuse myself with the best romances of the day, and find that they sweeten, in some degree, the unpleasant circumstances of my lot. The rational and moderate enjoyment of the best works in that walk of literature, no one I think can condemn. I have presented the results of my own bitter experience in this slight sketch, as a warning against an intemperate and indiscriminate indulgence in this sort of reading, especially in early life. Had I power, like the curate in *Don Quixotte*, to sentence all the productions of romance to the flames, I should exercise, like him, a just discrimination, and rescue many from the conflagration. I exhort my young readers to peruse only the best works of this kind, and to abstain altogether from them while their education is in progress. Whether any will be influenced by this advice, I know not, but I pray that all

"May better rack the rede,
Than e'er did the adviser."

D.

"I HAVE NOT LIVED IN VAIN."*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AMREETA."

I.

'Twas the holy hour of night,
For rest to mortals given,
And the stars with their mild and pensive light,
Illumed the face of heaven.

II.

To the echo of the surge,
The low night-breezes sung,
As they struggled along the calm lake's verge,
The willow-boughs among.

* Last words of Tyho Brahé.

III.

The moonlight, soft and pale,
Like a guardian spirit lay
On the mountain top and lowly vale,
With its gentle, silv'ry ray.

IV.

While happy, dreamy rest,
Woo'd the world to repose,
The angel of death shook a noble breast,
With its strong, convulsive throes.

V.

A sage, almost divine,
In the evening of a life
Spent in devotion at nature's shrine,
Engaged in the fatal strife.

VI.

The tide of his life was low,
The sands were well nigh told,
And there settled upon his lofty brow
The death-damps thick and cold.

VII.

They threw the casement high,—
His heart beat quick again,
And he cried, as he gazed on the starry sky,
"I have not lived in vain!"

Dickinson College, March, 1839.

THE POET.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis a fearful thing for the gifted one
To turn from his dreams of light,
And see the woes and wants of earth
Come crowding o'er his sight!

The pale rays of a solitary lamp, dimly illuminated the small and scantily furnished apartment that formed the poet's studio. The bare walls, the uncarpeted floor, the want of comfort around, told the too common tale of genius struggling with misfortune and poverty. At a table, on which lay a few books of classical poetry, sat the young author, one hand holding a pen, while the other was pressed to his forehead, as if to still the throbbings of his busy thoughts. His eyes were fixed in melancholy abstraction on the paper before him. It was blank; not a word was written there, yet the lines to be traced on that page, were to buy him food for the morrow. He had been engaged by the publisher of a fashionable periodical, to write for a sum that would scarcely procure him the necessities of life for a single week; but it was all he could depend on—all that was to give his sister and his aged mother their daily bread. Before noon, the next day, he must present the fruit of his long, sleepless hours, to be decided on by a careless stranger, who would judge them as calmly as if the work of the mind required no loftier standard than the work of the hands. O! these are the dark realities that take the lustre from talent, and steal the glory from genius! When the outpourings of long treasured ideas, and the soft memories, hoarded up for years, are paid for like the labor of the artisan; when the mind is not aroused by its own soaring ambition, but awakened by the want of raiment and shelter—these are the circumstances that make intellect a fearful gift, a doom, and a

curse!—It was late, after midnight, and still the poet sat silent and motionless—his heart and his dreams alike far from all that lay before him. A gentle touch startled him from the deep vision that had come over him without slumber, and his mother stood beside him.

"It is late, my child," she said, in the sweet, quiet tone of anxious love, "leave your writing till to-morrow, and try to rest now."

He smiled sadly as he looked on the worn, haggard face that bent over him, as he replied, "I will go to bed presently, my mother; I am not tired now."

"But you will wear your strength out by this kind of life; you can write to-morrow, Walter."

He shook his head as he answered, "I must finish my writing now, mother: leave me for a little while—I will not sit up much longer."

His mother did not contradict him; and, kissing his pale forehead, retired to a couch but rarely visited by the softness of quiet sleep. The calm repose of the happy had long been a stranger to the poor widow, and when her eyes closed, it was more from the weight of tears than from a sense of slumber.

It is a dark era in life, when neither wish nor weariness can summon back to the pillow the gentle rest that once came as unbidden as the starlight. Even to the blest and contented, the sleepless hours of night bring to the mind all its deepest thoughts, while the saddest visions of many and long years, seem recalled by the still gloom of darkness and silence. But to the unhappy, who have no bright hours to anticipate; to whom the morning promises no gladness; whose very thoughts have dwelt so long on sorrow, that they have almost forgotten the name of joy, and whose lives have been passed in hoping so vainly, that hope is become the saddest kind of despair; to such as these, it is, that the wearisome season of others' rest, is a time of double wretchedness!

His mother had recalled the young author's thoughts to the task appointed him, and awakened him from the contemplation which had made him forget for awhile the necessity for action. He rose and opened the window which fronted on the street. The air blew feebly on his feverish temples, and waved the careless curls of his black hair; but it was laden with the vapors of a crowded city, and brought no coolness or freshness to the brow it bathed. His room was in the fourth story of the house, and the noise of the carriages, which even at that hour still occasionally rolled beneath him, sounded faint from the distance. A party of late revellers passed at the moment, and their harsh unnatural laugh grated on the ear that had been long a stranger to merriment. The scene had no attractions for him; the very stars of Heaven looked dim when seen through the heavy air; and the moon, as it broke faintly through the foggy atmosphere, served only to make the lamps in the streets look more gloomy and distant.

With a slow step—and nothing like the languid movement in youth, which bespeaks the languor of the feelings—the poet returned to his seat. But as he took up his pen, his faculties were recalled, as if they felt their master's need, and the power of composition was less a necessity than a passion. He remembered not that he must write or starve! He thought only of the lines which fell in music from his pen, and of the bright object who was the inspirer of his genius. He dwelt not on want

or poverty; he recollected, in their place, *that* beauty which it was *his* part to celebrate in the tender strains of undying verse. It is a sweet thought to a writer—and a thought which often comes over him in time of care—that he has, in his own gifted spirit, the spell which can give interest and immortality to the one being who has made the sunshine of his life; that long after both shall have passed away, future ages will read the songs that told the loved one's name, and strive to imagine the wondrous beauty of her who had been the poet's love!

Hour after hour, Walter wrote rapidly on, heedless of time. The straggling beams of day had paled the rays of his lamp, and the sun had risen with a dismal and murky light on the comfortless room, when he finished his writing; and, without undressing, threw himself on a bed, in an adjoining closet, to snatch a few moments repose. He soon slept soundly: for years must have given their seal to care, before the deep rest of the young will fly away forever; and the lassitude which follows high excitement, contributed to deepen a slumber unbroken even by a poet's dreams.

CHAPTER II.

Pleasures were scattered round her,
Pride was upon her brow,
And every charm that wealth could lend,
Increased her beauty's glow!

In a room, whose splendid and harmonious decorations bespoke at once wealth and taste, was a lady, whose proud and lofty air announced her of noble birth. The rose-colored curtains of the chamber, cast a delicate hue on her soft rounded cheek, and the velvet couch of the same color, on which she reclined, made the faultless and jewelled arm look fairer and purer. On the little mosaic table before her, lay the last fashionable novel, and the eyes that gazed listlessly on its pages, seemed scarcely conscious where they rested.

Married early in life, and wholly from ambition, to the old and wealthy earl of Lysle, lady Alice's hopes had been fulfilled by the death of her husband, and finding herself sole heiress of his princely fortune. Naturally indolent in her disposition, and with a strange mixture of pride and vanity, the young widow had now nothing to interfere with her wishes or caprices. The earl had, at the time of my history, been dead about six months, and his countess had laid aside the odious and unbecoming weeds which custom had forced her to wear for awhile. Receiving with haughty carelessness, the open admiration of numberless suitors, the lady Alice had lost the kindness and amiability which had graced her earlier years; and it would be difficult to imagine a character more completely artificial and selfish than her's had become. Wealth she regarded as the most important thing in existence, and, except her beauty, it was the only thing she took the trouble to think about at all. She was indeed very beautiful, and heightened, as her attractions were, by every advantage of dress, she stood unrivalled. By none was the countess more admired than by herself, and a glance in her mirror often put her in a good humor when nothing else could.

She was roused from her dreamy reverie, by the entrance of a servant, who presented her with an embossed card, on a golden waiter. She glanced carelessly at the name, and, without altering her position, said, "Show Sir Clarence up!" The servant withdrew, and Sir Clarence Wayland entered the boudoir.

Past the spring time, and even the summer of life, the baronet yet retained the manners of his youth, and strove, by his gaiety, to impress on the world the belief that he had not outlived the graces or the season of a juvenile gallant. His whole existence was a continued effort to appear young, and though he but rarely succeeded, he was so decidedly fashionable, as to be esteemed a welcome visitor even by the youthful.

As he approached the countess, his salutation was animated, and on the sparkling hand she extended to him, he imprinted a courtier's kiss.

"It is, indeed, an honor," he said, glancing around him, "to be allowed an entrance here; and I cannot tell you how gladly I accepted the invitation. It is like being permitted to enter the secret palace of a fairy queen, to be admitted in the boudoir of the countess of Lysle!"

"Pray, cease with your compliments, Sir Clarence!" said Alice languidly; "you really do not know how tired I am of flattery, I hear so much of it!"

"Flattery!" exclaimed the baronet; "to flatter you were impossible; for the highest praise that language can express, falls far beneath what you deserve! When I can add to the rainbow another hue, then, lady Alice, you may deem my words flattery!"

"I have not told Sir Clarence," said Alice abruptly, and as if she had heard his compliment, "of my new plan for driving away *ennui*. I have it so much in my power to gratify all my whims, that I am really charmed when I can find something to wish for; and I have determined to engage, as a sort of companion, some well educated, but not affluent person, who will amuse me by talking when I am in the mood, and being silent when I choose it; in short, a *demoiselle de compagnie*: what do you think of the scheme?"

"As I *must* think of all you do; it is an excellent one, but I fear you will have some difficulty in finding such a person."

"Nay, that is nothing," replied Alice; "there are many poor girls who would accept such a situation thankfully, as I offer a liberal salary. I consulted Dr. Lester, who knows every body, and he has promised to present a person who will suit me; indeed, he promised to bring her this morning."

"I congratulate you," said Sir Clarence; "pray, what are you reading?" and he took up the book which lay on the table.

"Somebody's last novel," she answered; "but I don't know whose. I can't trouble myself to remember authors' names. It is not worth reading, however; all about love and such nonsense!" She had not read half a page!

"And do you, who inspire it so often and so deeply, consider love only nonsense?" and the baronet tried his best to look loving.

"I can't say I ever thought of the matter at all, for it never interested me. I was too obedient to marry except from policy, and lord Lysle was too old for a lover."

Alice was aware that age was a disagreeable subject with the baronet, and she intended him to see the satire of her last sentence; but he thought it wisest not to notice it. As is usually the case, when people are without delicate feelings themselves, Alice did not hesitate to wound the feelings of others. Unrestrained sarcasm is a bad sign in a woman!

"Dr. Lester is below, my lady," said a servant.

"Ask him here, of course," said Alice, with more animation than she had yet shown.

A few minutes elapsed and Dr. Lester entered, introducing the young lady with him, as Miss Vere.

The countess received her with more graciousness than was her wont, and gazed in undisguised admiration on the slight figure before her, unnoticing the visible embarrassment her inspection occasioned. They formed a strong contrast, Alice and the stranger. The countess with her light brown and curled hair, and brilliant color; the other with dark braided tresses, full hazel eyes, and clear brunette complexion, where the color wandered, but did not linger. The expression of the two faces made their greatest difference—the one calm, bright and youthful; the other sad with the beauty, but not the gladness of the young. And what was it which had thus shaded that placid brow, and stolen the joy from those unsmiling lips? The thing which had thus clouded that face, and shadowed her yet fairer hopes, was poverty!

The countess was without a line of thought impressed on her countenance, and careless, except of the present, for she was rich! The stranger's soft gaze was full of care, and she dwelt fearfully on the future: she was poor! Alice looked on her companion eagerly and openly: she did not fear rebuke, for she was rich! Lucy submitted to the look, mildly and timidly: she dreaded criticism, for she was poor! The countess, adorned by every attraction that wealth could give to beauty, received admiration as her due. Lucy was dressed simply, and thought of her appearance only as it would affect the lady's decision: she did not expect to be admired—she was so poor!

Dr. Lester observed his young protégée's uneasiness at the prolonged examination, and wishing to relieve her, he said kindly,

"I had to use all my eloquence, lady Alice, to induce Mrs. Vere to part with her daughter; but I am sure she will never have cause to regret having relinquished her to your ladyship."

"Certainly not," replied the countess, withdrawing her eyes for the first time from her companion—"of course Miss Vere will be liberally paid for her services."

Tears came to Lucy's eyes, but she struggled to suppress them; and Alice continued:

"I do not expect any arduous duty; I merely want some one to answer my notes, read aloud to me, and converse with me when I do not care to talk to any one better."

Alice did not notice the rising color in Lucy's cheek, for she did not know she had said any thing to occasion it; but Dr. Lester was more considerate, and as he rose to take leave, he said,

"Miss Vere, I do not doubt, will give your ladyship satisfaction; and I shall take pleasure in telling her mother the advantages of her new home."

He extended his hand kindly, and the poor girl

pressed it affectionately. He was the only friend Lucy had as yet found in London, and his goodness had done much for her family. His manners were gentle and conciliatory, and alike to all; for though moving in the first circles, Dr. Lester had seen the rich too near to despise the poor. The door closed after him, and Lucy fancied the day was darkened. She was alone among strangers.

"Ring the bell, Sir Clarence," said Alice; and the baronet, who had silently observed the interview, eagerly rose to obey the command.

"The servant will shew you your apartment, Miss Vere," she continued, "and you can give what orders you please as to your arrangements. I shall be engaged with visitors all this morning, and shall not need your services till this afternoon."

Lucy quitted the room in silence, not daring to trust her voice in speaking, and followed the domestic to the handsome chamber she was for the future to consider her own. The attendant looked at her with suspicious impertinence; her want of confidence told she was poor, and servants, like masters, have great respect for riches. When left alone, Lucy could control her feelings no longer. She felt wretched and desolate, and throwing herself on the bed, wept long and bitterly. 'Tis a sad thing to look on misery, but saddest of all to see it in the young! But Lucy's tears were as the dew-drops, and they refreshed as they fell.

CHAPTER III.

That name! it was the sweetest sound,
That ever he had heard,
And all the hopes of many years,
Came o'er him at that word!

It was near twelve o'clock, and the poet left his room to carry his verses to his employer. It was a beautiful morning, and the sun seemed bright, even in London, as it penetrated the dark alleys and winding streets, scattering health and beauty over their crowded dwellings. Walter's feelings, too, were happier than usual. The weather has generally a great effect on the sensitive and enthusiastic, and with the superstition that forms part of a poet's character, he hailed the gladness around him as a happy omen. On the gay equipages and richly dressed passers-by, he looked calmly, not in envy. He knew that he saw those powerful in rank and riches, but he felt no inferiority. They were welcome to such advantages: he only wished enough for independence; and he was proudly conscious that he was superior to the many in the might of intellect and the magic of mind.

I can imagine no sensation more delightful than the knowledge that we possess genius: that we have in our own spirits the power to make our own path. It is a consciousness that enables us to look without ill feeling on the superior worldly prospects of the prosperous. And it is a thought which will uphold and sustain us when the wealth and power of earth have passed away. Yet, in spite of his former confidence, it was almost with trembling that Walter presented his verses to the publisher.

We are no judges of our own compositions: the page on which we have expended most time and care, may

be passed lightly over by the reader, while the one for whose fate we feared, is lauded as the best. The young author knew this, and he awaited, with that feeling of impatience that makes us hasten even what we dread, for the critic's decision. He saw him turn over the last leaf, read the last line, and he almost doubted his senses as the publisher grasped his hand, and warmly congratulated him on the beauty of his verses.

"I cannot tell you, Mr. Vere," he said, "how much I admire this writing; it surpasses even your usual poetry, and will do you honor. As to the promised compensation, you must allow me to double it; and remember, I must always be the first to publish your works. I may gain credit one of these days," he added with a smile, "as having been the means of introducing to the world one so capable of adorning it."

Walter's thanks were as brief as they were sincere, and as he returned to his lodgings, his heart and his step were lighter than they had been for many a long day. He entered his mother's room, and telling in a few words the occurrence of the past hour, gave her the result of his labors.

"This has been a happy day for us, Walter," she said, "and one we shall have cause to remember with gratitude. Dr. Lester has been here, and offered Lucy a situation as companion to a lady of wealth and rank. It will be an honorable home for her—the salary is a liberal one, and the duties he says are merely such in name. We ought indeed to be thankful."

"Did Lucy wish to go?" asked Walter: "for I would rather write night and day than send her unwillingly from us!"

"Nay, my son," said the mother, "she desired it even more than I did; and though she wept at leaving me, she saw all the advantages of the plan."

"And the lady?" asked Walter.

"Is the countess of Lysle," was the reply.

The mother suspected nothing, and she did not notice the burning color that flushed her child's cheek, as he hastily left the room and entered his own. Locking the door, he threw himself on a chair, and clasped his hands across his brow.

"The countess of Lysle!" he said slowly, as if he doubted the correctness of the name; "my sister a companion of the countess of Lysle!"

The veins in his temples grew deeper in their purple, and his hands moved convulsively, as if that name had awakened a long train of intense and stirring thought. But, after a moment's pause, he mastered his emotion; and though in the passionate paleness of his cheek, might be traced the record of excitement, there was nothing else to tell the tale. Strange that a name, a mere empty sound, can thus, by arousing recollection, become a spell, causing the proud to bend, and the high heart to tremble! There are times to us all, when a single word, a tone of music, or the sight of some long forgotten thing, will move us more than the power and might of eloquence and grandeur! Trifles are the most important things in human life, and a wheel that the strength of many could not move, will turn on a pivot.

During that day, Walter wrote little, and his abstraction was even deeper than usual. The necessity for immediate exertion had gone by, and his past excitement made idleness requisite for repose. In the evening, the beauty which had characterised the day, still

lingered, and the moon rose full and clear. The young author left his room, to seek in the open air the freshness denied him in his close and confined apartment. All without was bright and happy: even the occasional passing of the heavy carriages, and the gay laugh of their inmates, no longer jarred on the ear of the listener. It is strange how differently we look on the same things at different times! The night before, Walter had turned in disgust from the very sights and sounds he now regarded so calmly. The feelings have often more effect upon our decisions than the judgment.

Leaving the more crowded streets, Walter directed his steps to a square formed by the handsome residences of the rich, and not thronged by the compact dwellings that composed most of the city. Here were only marble pillars, stately columns, and that tranquil magnificence that distinguishes the mansions of the high born and wealthy. Before one, and the handsomest of all, Walter paused; it might be to admire the Parian marble of which it was built.

It was the same palace, for such it might be called, where the scene of our last chapter occurred. As Walter looked, a hand, sparkling with jewels and shining fair in the moonlight, lifted aside the gorgeous curtain, and revealed a richly dressed lady. She glanced around for an instant, and then the heavy drapery again fell over the window. Walter had only a moment's gaze; but he could not mistake the radiant beauty whose lines he had celebrated so often, and which had long been the awakener of his sweetest thoughts. He turned away silently, and returned to his humble home; but the poet's dreams that night, were the brighter for the vision that had blessed him.

CHAPTER IV.

Her words of careless coldness,
In bitter accents fell,
On a heart that long had lov'd her,
Too fondly and too well!

Light as were Lucy's duties in her new situation, they occupied every hour of the day. The countess would send for her early in the morning to read to her before she rose, and afterwards she would find a thousand different things to employ her submissive companion. The sweet, unobtrusive manners of the young girl, made her a very agreeable associate to a being so full of caprice, so spoiled by admiration, as the lady Alice. She took delight in displaying her consequence, even to an humble spectator; and in her ostentatious generosity, she loaded Lucy with presents of dresses and ornaments. The gentle companion in vain endeavored to decline the offerings; the countess always insisted on her receiving them, and the thanks poured forth by the object of her bounty, made a new and grateful tribute at the shrine of her power. Lucy ascribed her gifts to a purer motive than they sprung from in reality; and long unused to kindness from strangers, she felt for lady Alice a gratitude she could only express by the most devoted attention. Yet the countess, by her thoughtless and inconsiderate speeches, frequently wounded the feelings of the poor girl, whose naturally delicate sensibility had been rendered more acute by poverty and misfortune. Often, when some

rude remark had brought the color to Lucy's cheek or the tears to her eyes, Alice would heap gifts upon her, and the tear, called forth by injured pride, would flow in grateful affection. On such occasions, Lucy would retire to her own room, and weep, she scarcely knew why.

"She gives me riches," she would say passionately, "but she denies me love, and *that* is all I ask!"

The lady Alice did not know that there are some hearts, to which a soft smile and tender word are worth more than the costly gifts of pompous pride. Lucy's was one of these; and though thankful for the countess' favors, she would gladly have relinquished them all for the gentleness of friendship. Lucy knew not that Alice had so loved herself, she could give no affection to another; that she had so long looked on tenderness as a mockery, she had forgotten it was a reality. Talk as we will of misfortune's deadening the feelings, there is nothing refines them so much. Those who are accustomed to suffer, can best pity the sufferings of others: it is an uninterrupted course of prosperity that hardens the heart and makes it insensible to the emotions of those around us. We are apt to forget, while we are blessed with light, that many are in darkness; and the clime, where the sun shines brightest, is sometimes a barren desert.

"You can remain in here this morning, Lucy," said the countess—"I expect visitors; but I wish you to be within call, if I should want you. You can get your embroidery to amuse yourself with."

Lucy obeyed, and taking her seat near the curtained window, proceeded silently with her work. Alice, in the mean time, half sat, half reclined on the low velvet couch, and languidly opened, one after another, the notes and invitations which had just arrived, and been placed on the centre table for her inspection. Letter after letter, written on fancy colored paper, and sealed with perfumed wax of every shade and hue, Alice cast carelessly by, after glancing at the signatures. One, the last of all, was a note of fine satin paper, with the motto, "we have met before." The countess changed color as she looked at the name signed at the conclusion, and without throwing it aside like the others, she read every word the page contained. The lines were these:

"I have returned, Alice—though when last we parted, it was with the expectation we should not meet again. Since I saw you, many changes have passed over us both. I left you wedded for wealth and ambition to an old and doting man. Do not be offended, Alice; you know you did not, you could not love the earl of Lysle! I quitted England with every hope blighted, and every vision of happiness gone. I am here now to find you a widow, more beautiful, report says, than even in your girlish days; may I then be pardoned if some of the glad dreams of past years come over me, when I remember you are no longer bound by ties that must sever you from me? I am altered, Alice, much and sadly, more perhaps in feeling than in appearance; but the passionate ordeal through which I have struggled, could not go by without leaving a trace on the brow as well as the heart. You will find me a changed being from the enthusiastic boy, whose ardor was ever highest when with you. The last few months have seen me a wanderer over Europe, tossed as a weed on the

ocean, where'er the billows might sweep me. Without a tie left to bind me at home, I recked not where destiny carried me; and though in Greece and Italy, I could sometimes wean my thoughts from the wreck of earlier links, the shadows of the past were over me still. Among men, I was deemed cold and haughty; but the crowd look at effects, not at causes. You know, Alice, that my feelings were not *once* branded as chill and senseless. The disappointments that have clouded, one after another, a pathway knowing little but sadness, left me few tokens of my natural spirit, and *they* were crushed to the very dust by the loss of the treasure dearest of all! I shall come and see you, Alice, if you will not refuse admittance to one, who, though rejected as a lover, may still be regarded as the warmest of your friends.

ERNEST GORDON."

As Alice finished the note, she placed it in the secret recess of the port-folio near her, and a tear, that seldom glittered in the eye of the woman of fashion, trembled on her lashes. An instant after, and the emotion had passed away, as streams in the desert flow for awhile and then are lost in the burning sands.

A woman never likes to give up the admiration of an old lover, and as she approached a mirror, she never felt more perfectly satisfied with the image it reflected. The bright curls were arranged more gracefully round the girlish brow, and her eyes shone more brilliantly from their previous dimness, as the violet is loveliest after being bathed in dew.

"Come and read to me, Lucy—I feel sentimental this morning; and here is some poetry which will suit me very well."

Lucy took a pamphlet from the table, and in a low, sweet voice, that set the poetry to music, she read unknowingly her brother's verses. As line after line of impassioned feeling fell on her ear, the countess became insensibly interested in the description of a passion she could admire, though she did not understand. For more than an hour Lucy continued uninterrupted till she had finished the verses, when the announcement of visitors prevented any remark from the listener.

Among the first who entered, were Sir Clarence Wayland and lord Derwood, a young and dissipated nobleman, whose naturally fine mind had "run to waste and watered but the desert." When they came in, Lucy was still seated on the low ottoman where she had been reading, and as she rose, Derwood's eyes followed her with a gaze of open admiration. She quietly took her position by the window, and was soon absorbed in the mysteries of embroidery. No one addressed her; and though the looks of the young peer were frequently attracted towards her, he gave his words, at least, to the lady Alice. The countess was in one of her most animated moods; for the transient depression occasioned by the note, had caused her to affect a gaiety, which the effort at last made her really feel.

The polished compliment, the honied flattery, the ready repartee, flew quickly round; and the countess was laughing one of those gay, happy laughs, that make the listener smile from sympathy, when Ernest Gordon entered the apartment. He seemed surprised at a merriment he had not expected, but as the countess became suddenly grave on seeing him, he endeavored to dispel her embarrassment by imitating her animation. However he might have succeeded, for once in

her life the lady failed ; and the witty allusions of Sir Clarence won him no reward but a forced smile. Lord Derwood saw the constraint of the parties ; and leaving his station near the countess, sauntered, with the coolness of rank and fashion, to the window where Lucy sat. He saw, by her not being introduced, that she was not considered exactly an equal ; and Sir Clarence had told him of lady Alice's plan of employing a poor companion. Accustomed as he was to win his way by a mixture of politeness and effrontery, the calm composure of Lucy's manner puzzled him ; and he was about relinquishing the attempt at acquaintance, when one of the balls of worsted she was using, dropt on the floor. He took it up and gracefully presented it to the owner, whose simple "thank you," was uttered in too sweet a voice to alter his determination to gain her smiles.

"Is not this light too dim for your work ? Shall I raise the curtain higher ?" he asked.

"I can see very well, I thank you," was the calm reply, without even a word, or a look of encouragement.

Derwood was at a loss ; the impudence of the gay peer was completely put aside by the unaffected dignity of the poor protégée. But though repulsed, he was not discouraged ; and the difficulty of obtaining her notice, only made the prize seem greater.

"Are you a relation of lady Alice's ?" he asked.

"I am not," returned Lucy ; for ignorant of the rank of her questioner, she could not address him by any title.

"Have you been long a visitor here ?"

"I have been three weeks with the countess."

"I have called several times during that period : strange I never saw you before !"

Lucy made no answer to this remark, and lord Derwood, completely baffled, resolved to try some other time to make a more favorable impression. He now returned to the side of the countess, and finding his attempts at conversation as illy received as those of Sir Clarence, both gentlemen took a speedy leave.

"I will not detain you here any longer, Lucy," said the countess, when all the visitors had left, except Ernest Gordon ; "you can go to your own room if you wish."

She spoke in a softer tone than usual, and Lucy retired. How considerate people are for others' feelings, when they want to get rid of them !

Ernest first broke the silence which followed Lucy's departure.

"I did not think we should meet so soon, lady Alice, when last we parted ; but I find we can trust no more to the future than we can to ourselves."

"I hope your tour has been a pleasant one, Mr. Gordon," said the countess, in the calm tone of politeness ; and though the calmness might have been forced, Ernest thought it unassumed.

"A pleasant one !" he repeated bitterly ; his eye flashing, his lip curving with earnestness—"yes, as pleasant as the pilgrimage of an exile, who, in leaving home, has left hope also ! To find pleasure in new scenes, we must have experienced no recent sorrow ; but for me, I did not look for happiness—I knew I was parting from it."

"I had imagined," said Alice, in the same tone of composure, "that to one so full of romance and enthusiasm, Italy would have been a fairy land."

"Alice !" said Ernest, passionately, almost wildly, "do not speak in that calm manner to me, to one who knew you before you had lost every ray of nature in the blaze of fashion. You were not always thus ; I can remember the time when a softer smile was accorded to me, and when your gentlest words welcomed me warmly. Be as you once were, and do not make me curse the day that brought me again to England ! I love you, Alice, better than any have ever done ; cast not from you a tenderness you may never find again !" He took her jewelled hand, and for an instant it trembled in his ; but Alice withdrew it—and as if he read her looks, Ernest continued, "Beware how you trifle with me, Alice ! I offer you now, for the last time, a heart that has known no other divinity ; if you value it not, say so now—I will listen calmly !"

"Mr. Gordon," said the countess, "I had hoped time would have cured a passion that reason has so long declared hopeless."

"Hopeless !" interrupted Ernest. "You do not, you cannot love another ?"

"I do not," replied Alice, as calmly as if she gave no pain : "I never intend to marry again, and I cannot hear such words as your's. I am sorry you persist in declarations that can have no effect on me ; for we were friends in early life, and I would not we were enemies now. I am not so changed as to forget old ties ; and though we can never be more to each other than we now are, let us not be less, Ernest !"

With a struggle, Ernest subdued his emotion ; and though the tones he had heard, shut him from happiness, he said,

"Be it so, lady Alice ; you are right—we will be only friends !"

Alice did not notice his smile of bitterness ; and when he departed, she bade him good morning with the composed air of languid politeness. All traces of excitement had passed away, and the woman of fashion was herself again.

CHAPTER V.

'Twas the one soft secret, fondly kept,
The one sweet memory, that never slept !

The shadows had gone, and twilight was over the earth. Ernest Gordon was alone in his room, at one of the most splendid hotels in the city. He paced the apartment with the hurried, irregular step, that is a sure indication of excited feeling ; and at last, as if to cool the burning torrent of his meditations, he left the house and walked rapidly along the street. As he approached the shop of a bookseller, the rays of the lamps in the store shone full on his face ; he was passing on, when a young man emerged from the door, and pronounced his name.

"Ernest Gordon !" "Walter Vere !" and the friends in pleasure at their unforeseen meeting, forgot for a while their separate schemes of love and ambition.

"I did not know you were in England, Ernest," said Walter ; "and I have wished for you so often lately. I have needed sadly the counsel of a friend."

"Mine is your's, Walter, whenever you desire it : I have been in town only since yesterday, and I did not know where to find you, or I should have called to renew the friendship of past years."

"I am living here now," replied Walter, "and my mother and sister are with me. You have never seen Lucy, Ernest: she is very beautiful!"

"I know her through her brother's poetry," returned Ernest smiling. "Will you not introduce me more particularly?"

"Lucy is now living as a companion to the countess of Lysle; but I am sure she would gladly know one, whose interest in her brother claims her warmest thanks."

"You place too much value on the little services I have been able to render you, Walter: I have done nothing to claim such gratitude. The wealth that Heaven has given me, could not be better employed than in assisting those less gifted with the world's riches, but highly endowed with intellect and genius. Have you published yet, Walter? When I left you, your thoughts were all bent on literary fame."

"I have given many verses to the public," answered the poet; "but my dreams of fame are still *only* dreams. It is the rich and powerful whose talents are thus rewarded: to the poor and the lowly, the page of celebrity is a sealed book."

"You speak bitterly, Walter: you should not thus humble yourself. My aid, in every way, you can claim; and you should not let pride reject assistance from a friend, to whom years of affection have given a right to assist you."

Ernest spoke kindly, and Walter answered in the same spirit.

"I do not, at present, need aid," he said; "the price of my late labors will suffice for some time to procure us the common necessities of life: with its luxuries the poor have nothing to do. It was with a view to the world's opinion that I spoke, and it is only when I think of *that* I repine. It is a hard lot, Ernest, the destiny of one who feels he was made for loftier things than the common herd; who pines for distinction; whose intellect is wasted in vain to gain it; and whose soul is consumed with the fire of ambition, that burns brighter because kindled in darkness,—it is a difficult thing for such an one to bend calmly to poverty, and find all his aspirations crushed in the dust! All this I have felt deeply, bitterly; and the pen has fallen powerless from my hand, when the next instant it had to be resumed to save my mother from starvation. These are the cold realities of life, Ernest; and they fall with double heaviness on those who descend to them from the bright realm of an ideal world."

Walter paused, and Ernest said,

"I shall call and see you to-morrow, and you must show me your late compositions. Though no poet myself, I can admire and appreciate the poetry of others. I often wished for you in Italy, Walter; and I never saw a glorious sunset, or wandered by moonlight over the fallen columns that speak so sadly of desolation, without thinking with how much enthusiasm you would have looked on them!"

"I should indeed," said the young author: "it would have made me forget the gloom of the present, to ponder over the glory of the past; and to have wandered over the land of Petrarch and Dante, might have given me a portion of the fire that gained them immortality. Did you meet any friends at Rome, Ernest?"

"Not one," answered Gordon. "I did not mingle in

society: you know I left England in bad health and spirits, and I felt no desire to join the happy in their gaiety. I was as solitary as the most ardent lover of solitude could wish; my rambles were always made alone, and my soliloquies, if not as eloquent as your's sometimes are, were at least as enthusiastic." I have a great deal of poetry of feeling, though denied the power of expressing it in numbers; it is fortunate for you, Walter, that I cannot rhyme, or I might prove a dangerous rival."

The conversation now took a lighter turn, and when the friends separated each felt happier in the love of the other. There is nothing so soothing as the sympathy of a gentle spirit, to those who have little in common with the world around them. Although living in a sphere of imagination that had no communion with the sterner truths of life, Walter found in the firm and more worldly disposition of Ernest Gordon, at once a support and a guide. The kind encouragement, which is the greatest incentive to exertion, had a stronger effect on the poet, because it was the sole sympathy he had ever known. To Ernest, the friendship of boyhood gave deeper interest to his tenderness for his young companion. Accident had thrown them together early in life, and constant intercourse had produced one of those violent attachments, which, though often formed without judgment, are still the brightest features in the picture of youth. Unlike such ties generally, their's had grown stronger with following years, and Ernest's superior wealth and position in society, had enabled him to aid his less fortunate friend. Walter's efforts as a poet, Ernest encouraged, without exaggerating their merit, and Walter always showed him his compositions with a certainty that the criticism they might meet, though severe, would be kind. But though great confidence subsisted between them, each had a secret from the other. Even in their days of boyish intimacy, Ernest had never revealed his love for the lady Alice, and Walter had never said the theme of his eloquent verses was more than a fancied divinity. Neither told the one subject on which the thoughts of both were so often dwelling; and Ernest did not dream that the beauty he adored was the same that lent a softer inspiration to the genius of the poet. It was from no want of candour that each concealed this passion from the other: it arose from that indescribable feeling of delicacy that makes us dislike to speak of our own most violent yet most sacred emotions. Had the friends been separated for a long period, their letters might have told the secret—for we can write so many things we cannot say with the eyes of our listener fixed upon us. These feelings form the mystery of the spirit, the under-currents of life's stream—and there are times when such currents are most powerful, and when "trifles light as air" will overbalance the weightiest of our deeds.

"And now let me see your poetry," said Ernest, when the next morning found him in Walter's apartment. The author handed him the pamphlet containing the verses, and they were attentively read by his friend.

"It is very beautiful, Walter," said Ernest. "You have improved astonishingly in the melody of your numbers, and you have done what few English poets have done before you, written of love without losing dignity. There are few writers of poetry in our language,

who have described the passion ardently, without being love-sick or parting from common sense."

"I have often thought so," said Walter; "hackneyed as the theme now is, it can only borrow originality from the talents of the writer. But you must not flatter me, Ernest, by placing these feeble productions above those which will last when my name shall be a forgotten sound."

"I am very anxious to see your sister, Walter," said Gordon: "I have had but a passing glimpse of her, and I wish you to go with me to the countess of Lysle's."

"Do you know the countess?" asked Walter eagerly.

"I am one of her earliest friends," said Ernest, a shade of sadness passing over his brow as he spoke. "Her ladyship," he continued, "sees visitors this evening, and I have the privilege of old acquaintanceship to introduce my favorite companion. You must go, Walter—I will not let you hide your light any longer; you ought indeed to mingle in the society for which your education and talents fit you so well."

Walter hesitated, but the repeated entreaties of his friend at length forced him to consent. When Ernest left him, Walter almost repented his engagement: delightful as it would be even to look unchecked on the loveliness of his idol, he felt that repugnance to entering a strange circle, common to those who feel the superior advantages of the persons they meet. Although qualified by appearance and acquirements to adorn any society, the poet could not shake off his disagreeable feelings; and he thought of the coming evening till the whole affair seemed the deception of a dream. But Ernest had taken the precaution to prepare the countess for receiving him graciously, and as she knew he was the fashion, she expressed her anxiety to see him.

This was one of the countess' most amiable days, as it had been marked by a conquest of more than usual worth. Alice had received proposals from one of the handsomest men in London, and the offering, though declined, proved her attraction and put her in a good humor. Alice did not remember that her wealth was among her greatest charms, for when did a woman ever believe she was courted for her money?

To Lucy, the changes in her lady's feelings were often subjects of real anxiety, dependent as she was on her caprices. But on this day her conduct to her companion was kinder than common, and as Lucy finished the notes of invitation she had been answering, Alice said, "you must look your prettiest this evening, Lucy, for I expect a large party, and Mr. Gordon has asked permission to introduce your brother."

"Walter coming here!" exclaimed Lucy, her cheek crimsoning with pleasure.

"I thought it would surprise you," returned Alice; "but Mr. Gordon seemed so anxious, I could not refuse; besides, his poetry has made him the fashion just now, and I suppose will introduce him into society."

"Is Mr. Gordon a relation of your ladyship's?" asked Lucy.

"No," replied Alice, "but a very old friend;" and she looked at Lucy as if she feared to trace some suspicion of the truth, but she saw only the calm look of unsuspecting innocence. Alice was conscious she had played a heartless part towards Ernest, and she did not like to have it known, even by Lucy. Still the theme was an agreeable one on which her companion

had touched, and impelled by a vague feeling of curiosity, Alice continued: "I knew Ernest Gordon before I was married, and he has been on the continent ever since; do you think him handsome?"

"The handsomest man I ever saw!" said Lucy warmly; "I never saw a more intellectual face, and its melancholy expression only makes his smile the brighter."

Alice felt pleased, she scarcely knew why; this very person that the world admired so much, she had discarded, and his praise sounded sweetly in her ear, for it ministered to her vanity.

There are some persons who have no thought or feeling beyond themselves, who care for companions only as contributors to their own pleasure, who are linked to the world by ties of selfishness, and who even when appearing most amiable, act from unworthy motives. Alice was one of these. She looked on Ernest Gordon, not as the high spirited and intellectual man, but as her admirer; for wealth she cared only as it contributed to her enjoyment, while the refined and gentle Lucy she regarded solely as the tool which was to work out the fabric of her own caprice.

Let the situation of such persons be what it may, even when surrounded by pride and luxury, they are to be pitied; they are apart from their kind in the solitude of self, exiles from all the sweet commune of kindred thought, and alone in that weary desert of the heart that knows no end. The light of worldly advantages cannot atone for the soul's darkness, and the purple mantle of rank and pride is valueless compared to the white robe of kind and tender feeling.

CHAPTER VI.

He sought a glory that could not save;
He toiled for fame, and gained—the grave!

The evening approached, and Alice was dressed in the rich, brilliant style that became her so well. Lucy too spent more time at her toilette than usual, and she had never valued the splendid dresses given her by the countess so much as now. One after another was tried and discarded before a choice could be made, and Lucy was arrayed for the evening. The guests arrived at the fashionable hour, and the rooms were thronged by the wit, the beauty, and the talent of the day. Ernest and Walter were among the latest who entered, and the graceful affability of the hostess' reception soon relieved the poet from his embarrassment.

Introduced by his friend to the most conspicuous among the visitors, Walter speedily lost his slight *emprossement*, and the kind encouragement which true nobility of mind always gives to youthful genius, was amply awarded to the poet.

"Who is that gentleman with dark eyes, who appears so great an admirer of beauty? I have noticed him looking at lady Alice for the last half hour."

"I will introduce you," was Ernest's reply, and advancing, Walter was presented to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

"I should perhaps apologise," said Walter, "for forcing you to withdraw your attention from a face that is beautiful to all, but must be doubly so to one who has made loveliness the study of his life."

"I should rather thank you," replied the painter with

a smile, "for interrupting a reverie so dangerous, and I assure you it could not have been more agreeably broken."

Walter was charmed with the natural yet polished manner of his new acquaintance, and the long conversation which followed mutually produced favorable impressions. When they parted, Sir Godfrey said,

"I see you are an admirer of the fine arts, and as we are worshippers of sister deities, I hope we shall often meet. If you will come to my room to-morrow morning I think I can promise you a circle of agreeable friends."

Walter accepted eagerly an invitation given with so much kindness, and from that night the star of his destiny shone brighter.

In the meantime Lucy had excited no little admiration among the fashionable young men, who always give preference to a new face. Lord Derwood was of the number, and now that he saw Lucy in society, he resolved to win from her the favor his rank and manners generally claimed.

"I scarcely know how to address you, Miss Vere," were his first words, uttered with an air of graceful embarrassment, "after my rudeness in venturing to offer you my assistance when not authorized to do so by a formal introduction. May I hope that Miss Vere will pardon an act which a look in her mirror will amply justify?"

Lucy blushed, she knew not why, at the open flattery so unfamiliar to her ear, and not knowing what to say, merely bowed to the compliment, while his lordship continued:

"I really cannot believe we are such new acquaintances, for I have thought of you so constantly since my transgression of that morning, that I feel more as an old friend than the worshipper of an hour."

Wishing to rouse her from her silence, Lord Derwood asked if the talented poet, Walter Vere, was a relation of her's.

"He is my brother," replied Lucy, while the pride of affection colored her cheek; "does your lordship know him?"

"Only through his poetry," said lord Derwood, who had never read a line of it; "but I intend this evening to solicit the honor of his acquaintance; you will not, I hope, by relating my offence to you, prejudice him against me!"

"I never pretend, Lord Derwood, to influence my brother's judgment; and the offence of which you speak I really never thought of until you mentioned it."

Lord Derwood bit his lip; it was certainly very mortifying to be entirely forgotten by a girl he had tried to fascinate; he had much rather she should have been seriously angry.

"I find I was not mistaken," he said, as these thoughts passed over him, "in attributing to Miss Vere, a kindness equalled only by her beauty; I trust our friendship, commenced so unpropitiously, will in 'the future contradict the past,' as those days are often brightest whose mornings rose in clouds."

The approach of Ernest Gordon terminated a conversation which Lucy disliked, because she did not know how to receive it, and the more agreeable society of Gordon was a happy relief. From the time of his first acquaintance with Lucy, Ernest had treated her

with a cordiality which his intimacy with her brother authorized, and his easy, intelligent style of addressing her made him a welcome companion. He now came from the countess to demand Lucy's attendance, and offered his arm to escort her to the other apartment. Alice was surrounded by her guests, Walter among them, and as Ernest and Lucy approached, she said,

"I sent for you, Lucy, to scold you for not telling me of your talents as a musician, which I have now accidentally learned from your brother. At the request of all this circle you will atone for your long silence by a song."

Lucy in vain endeavored to escape—the countess would not be denied.

"Let me add my entreaties, Miss Vere," whispered lord Derwood; but Lucy pretended not to hear him—and Alice, observing her protégée's unwillingness, laughingly said,

"Lead her to the harp—we will not be denied!"

Lord Derwood eagerly offered his arm, but Ernest had proffered his, and Lucy took it. From a heap of the fashionable music of the day, she selected the following song:

THE DISCARDED.

Nay, spare those words of haughtiness,
They cannot move again;
I will not offer now the love,
I offered once in vain!
Thy scornful tones inflict no pain,
Unheeded they shall fall;
They only serve to erase the vow
That acknowledg'd thee dearest of all!

That very scorn has blotted out
The worship I had felt,
For it shows so well the vanity
Of the altar where I knelt.
Then calm the proud and lofty look,
Upon that peerless brow;
Thy coldness can inflict no pang,
I do not love thee now!

The gentlemen applauded warmly, and the unaffected admiration of Ernest atoned to the songstress for the unpleasantness of singing before a crowd. Alice was delighted, yet at the same time half angry at Lucy's having concealed an accomplishment which might have amused some of her moments of ennui. Thus it ever was with the countess; every thought ended in those words of selfishness, "mine" and "myself." Alice was in the highest spirits, and her laugh rang as merrily as if she had not crushed hope in a heart that had loved her, "not wisely, but too well!"

Ernest had in some measure learned to look calmly on the idol of the past as the friend of the present. There is rarely a medium between passion and dislike, where love has been violent—and it requires a strong mind to pass from adoration to indifference. To indifference, Ernest had not yet schooled his feelings; he still felt that a word from Alice could rule him more than he liked to acknowledge, but the fire and fervor of devotion were gone. If the remembrance of that vision was ever with him, it served not to revive the dream, but to guard him from a similar one. He knew he could never cherish for another the sentiments he had nourished for Alice, and on the gay beauties around him he scarcely threw a glance—most certainly never gave a

thought. Towards Lucy his manner was kind as a brother's, and he conversed with a freedom to her, which he did not use to any one else but Walter. Her gentle, confiding manners, sweet beauty and dependent situation, claimed at once his admiration as a man, and his kindness as a friend. His long acquaintance with her brother, and the services rendered him, gave him a right to her friendship, and while she gave that, he did not dream of any other sentiment.

Friendship between a handsome, talented man, and a beautiful girl, is a miracle which never yet has been: on one side or the other, there will be a warmer feeling, and in this case that feeling was with Lucy. Without a suspicion of Lucy's interest in him, his manner served to heighten it, and ignorant of his love for Alice, she might perhaps be pardoned for attributing his solicitude to warmer motives than those of kindness.

The next morning, Walter repaired to Sir Godfrey Kneller's. He was shown into a room where the painter was seated at his easel: near him was a young man who was also painting.

"I am glad you have come," said Sir Godfrey, offering his hand, "I shall have an opportunity of improving our acquaintance before the arrival of other visitors; but first I must present you to my young friend, a pupil who bids fair to rival his master. Ludovic, this is Mr. Vere!" The painter started as if roused from a dream, and the calm, sad smile that greeted his new acquaintance, faded rapidly away, as he returned to the task before him.

"If you are an admirer of painting," said Sir Godfrey, "you may perhaps find some entertainment among those pictures, the heroines of Shakspeare."

Walter approached the portraits which were enclosed in rich frames, and gazed on them in mute admiration. There was Cordelia, with her mild, affectionate eyes, and lips parted as if uttering words of gentleness; lady Macbeth, with her look of stern and haughty pride, and there too was Juliet, the child of the south, whose soft, graceful and voluptuous beauty, realized the bard's ideal.

"There is nothing," said Walter at last, after looking long on the loveliness before him—"there is nothing that makes us so intimately acquainted with a writer, as to see in reality the faces he has pictured in his dreams. While I look on those features, I can fancy the feelings of Shakspeare, as in the visions of his genius those same lines of beauty flitted before him."

"And yet," said the painter, "those may be very different faces from the imaginary ones of the poet, though they realize in a faint degree my conceptions of the characters. Many who have seen those pictures, say the portraits they had fancied of the same heroines were very different. But as we have no regular description of the beauties, and therefore can have no certain standard, we must each have our own peculiar ideas concerning them; mine are embodied, but not perfected in the features before you."

"Not perfected!" repeated Walter; "surely nothing can be more beautiful."

"Have you yet to learn, my young friend," asked the artist smiling, "that in painting as well as poetry, the reality ever falls below the ideal? There are times when I am tempted to destroy the works which are so far from fulfilling the conception, while at another

period, I regard them with the admiration of a stranger, and almost wonder at the inspiration which enabled me to perform them so well!"

The entrance of visitors prevented their further conversation.

During his frequent visits to Sir Godfrey, Walter saw the best society of the metropolis, and the kind patronage of his friend was of the greatest service to him. Sir Godfrey advised him when he needed the counsel of experience, and through Ernest Gordon and the artist, Walter soon acquired both independence and celebrity by his writings. With the young pupil of Sir Godfrey the poet could never sustain any conversation; he was always silent, except when addressed, and always after such an interruption would return with redoubled ardor to his task. As he seemed to dislike being taken from his painting even for an instant, Walter forbore, after a few attempts, to force an acquaintance who greeted him so reluctantly. He noticed one day for the first time the young artist was missing from his accustomed place, and as he was alone with Sir Godfrey, he ventured to ask the history of the silent pupil.

"Poor Ludovic!" said the painter, "he is prevented by illness from being here to-day, and I fear it will never be his lot to finish the work he has commenced. He is an Italian by birth and his circumstances are independent. He came to England for the purpose of receiving my instruction, as I was once intimately acquainted with his father. He has been with me several months, and the progress he has made in his art, is really astonishing; but his health is so delicate, he is often forced by illness to leave his easel. This climate is too severe for his southern constitution, and I fear he will soon fall a victim to his ambition."

"Has he no friends in his own country?" asked Walter, who was deeply interested in the tale; "none to love him at home?"

"Not one!" replied the painter; "he is bound to Italy by no ties but those which link the exile to his childhood's home. He sometimes talks of returning there when he has gained celebrity—but I do not think he is aware of the dangerous state of his health, and his unwearying devotion to his art is hastening his disease."

"What is he painting now?" asked Walter.

"His first original piece," answered the artist, "and its correctness amazes me in one so young."

He removed the covering which protected the picture and displayed the still unfinished outlines of a group from Italian history.

"Poor Ludovic!" said Sir Godfrey with a sigh, as he replaced the veil, "so young, so gifted, and so early doomed!"

The next day, and the next, Ludovic was still absent from his picture; on the third he sent to ask Sir Godfrey to have his painting brought to his room. His request was complied with, and whenever his strength would permit, Ludovic labored at his work. About a week after, Sir Godfrey went to see his poor pupil. The curtains were all closed but one, and the light which that admitted streamed full on the finished picture of the dying artist. It was hung in a splendid frame, where the eyes of its creator first fell when he waked, and the last thing he saw at night was the idol

he had made. The artist was asleep when Sir Godfrey entered, but on awaking he warmly thanked his friend for his visit.

"I long to show you my picture," he said, "for it is finished at last!"

"I have been looking at it while you were sleeping, Ludovic," said Sir Godfrey; "it does you honor."

The cheek of the young artist brightened at the praise, though he expected it, and a tear shone on his lashes.

"I shall do better even than that," he said, "when I am well; and you shall have cause, my best friend, to glory in your pupil. There is but one thing on earth I value more than that picture—it is this miniature of my mother." He handed Sir Godfrey a miniature set in diamonds: the face was a sweet and mild one, with the dark hair and lustrous eyes of an Italian.

"That face," he continued, "was the first to shine on me in love, and it was the last. I have looked at it a great deal lately, and its sweet beauty has brought me hope. When I am better I intend to copy it. Remember, my dear friend," he said, pressing Sir Godfrey's hand as he spoke—"remember, that if any thing should happen to me in future years, that picture and this miniature are your's. They are dearer to me than anything else on earth, and while I live they shall be with me, but when I am gone, they will serve to remind you of one who owes much to your kindness."

A few days after, the picture hung in Sir Godfrey's room, and the miniature was enshrined among his dearest treasures. Poor Ludovic!

CHAPTER VII.

Youth's sweetest hopes may not come again,
To one who has loved, but to find it in vain!

Walter was now a frequent visitor at many noble houses, and among them at the countess of Lysle's. He called one morning and found the countess alone, apparently reading. She looked beautiful, and Walter might almost have been pardoned his idolatry for so much loveliness.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Vere," said Alice, as he entered, "for Lucy has gone to see her mother, and I long for somebody to talk to. Can't you tell me something amusing? Come, relate a few of your own adventures!"

"I fear your ladyship would find little amusing in them," said Walter, smiling. "I don't think I ever met with a real adventure in my life!"

"Impossible!" cried Alice, "and a poet too! Now I am sure you have saved some body's life, or attempted the release of some imprisoned beauty!"

"Neither, on my honor!" replied Walter: "you know such deeds belonged only to the days of chivalry, and they are past."

"Well at least," persisted the countess, "you have been in love; pray was it with some fair and lowly maiden, or, like Tasso, with a beautiful princess?"

Walter's cheek became deadly pale and then flushed like crimson.

"I have been in love, lady Alice!" he said, "if that hackneyed phrase can express the madness of a passion

scarcely less presumptuous than Tasso's. From the first moment I saw her who is the starlight of my life, she has been with me in my dreams as a light from Heaven. I have looked on her when she knew it not, and I have cared for wealth, for rank, for fame, only to merit her; she has been the inspirer of my sweetest thoughts, the idol of every hour!"

"You are enthusiastic," said Alice, half smiling, "and the lady of your love is—"

"Yourself!" and Walter knelt before her as he spoke.

Amazed beyond the power of utterance, Alice answered not, and Walter continued: "I have loved you, lady Alice, as you may never be loved again by the heartless beings around you; oh! let me hope, that when my name shall be a proud one, when the poet's wreath shall win me greatness, let me then hope I may not have loved vainly."

"Mr. Vere!" said Alice, and she rose from her seat in lofty pride—"Mr. Vere, you have strangely forgotten to whom you speak."

"I know but too well," interrupted Walter, "the rank and the loftiness of her I address; but that knowledge only shows me more plainly the value of what I would gain. Lady Alice, you compared an instant since, my love to Tasso's; will you not, like the princess Leonora, look kindly on the one who has dared to love you?"

Alice proudly drew her figure to its full height, as she said, "I could almost smile, Mr. Vere, at your madness, were it not too insulting to be passed thus lightly over; your own mind should have told you that a poor and lowly poet, is no lover for the countess of Lysle!"

With a look proud as her own, Walter gazed on the eyes that sunk beneath his.

"It is well," he said calmly and bitterly, "I do see, though too late, that we have nothing in common. Had I known this a little sooner, I should not have intruded so often on the countess of Lysle. We shall meet no more!" and his voice faltered. "May the peace you have taken from me forever, be with you still. Farewell!" And before Alice could answer, Walter was gone.

While Walter was with the lady Alice, Ernest Gordon entered the poet's room. He found Walter absent, and Lucy alone. She said she expected her brother in a few moments, and Ernest seated himself to wait for his return.

"I believe you are not often absent from lady Alice," he said.

"No," said Lucy, "I can rarely find a moment even to come here. I have been looking over Walter's late writings," she continued; "one would really think from their style that he is desperately in love;" and she placed one of the sonnets before Ernest.

"I expect," said the latter, with a smile, "that this is merely for the rhyme's sake. I believe many people are cradled into poetry by love; but as Walter has never mentioned his *amour* to me, I fancy his heroine is an imaginary one. I do not know either, whose beauty could merit such enthusiastic admiration. I never met such loveliness but in one."

He spoke without looking at Lucy, or he would have seen by her deep blush, that she had appropriated to herself a compliment intended for another. How often does woman's vanity make her misery!

"Was it in Italy, you saw such beauty?" asked

Lucy, though she fancied she could foretell his answer.

"No," replied Ernest, "I never found abroad the loveliness of the one at home; and I believe it would be impossible now, for even the dark eyes of Spain or Italy to win a share of my admiration."

As he spoke Ernest looked at Lucy; her cheek flushed the hue of the ruby, and that blush told Ernest the secret of her feelings. After a few moments light conversation he took leave, saying he would call again on Walter. He left Lucy in a vision of happiness. Ernest she imagined had alluded to no beauty but her's; and she fancied so warm an admiration might soon be changed to as warm a love. Poor Lucy! her dream was a brief one!

Ernest was startled at the knowledge acquired so accidentally, and without a shade of the vanity so many would have felt, he regretted it sincerely. His own disappointments taught him sympathy for a passion that must be hopeless. To offer to another the heart filled by Alice, he could not, and he determined on a course which he thought would break, before too late, the tissue of Lucy's affection.

When Lucy returned to the countess, her lady received her coldly. Incensed at Walter's boldness, and with her usual selfishness, making no allowance for his feelings, Alice's anger was still unabated, and she harshly told Lucy to go to her room. When alone, Alice vented her wrath in broken exclamations, and at last, as if a bright idea had come over her, she wrote a few lines on a card, and ringing for a servant, sent the note to Miss Vere. Lucy had been surprised at the countess' manner, but thinking it arose from caprice, she thought no more of it, and was quietly reading when she received the note. It was as follows:

"The countess of Lysle presents her compliments to Miss Vere, and informs her that her future attendance will be dispensed with."

Astonished beyond measure at this message, Lucy could scarcely realize the change. The certainty came but too soon, and tears of mortified pride and wounded feeling sprung to her eyes.

"And all ends in this!" she exclaimed passionately; "I am dismissed with this haughty coldness; I, who have devoted every moment to her pleasure—who have even dreamed she loved me!"

When she became calm, Lucy made her preparations to return to her mother. The articles given her by the countess she selected and put aside, and with her simpler wardrobe, she left her splendid home. The amazement of Mrs. Vere equalled that of Lucy; and though Walter could have explained away their astonishment, he did not do it. Soon after her return, a servant from the countess brought the dresses Lucy had left, and a note. It contained these words, with a sum of money:

"The enclosed is the amount due Miss Vere for attendance on the countess of Lysle."

"You must not keep it, Lucy!" said Walter; and with the returning of the dresses and the money, ended all communication with the countess. The next day Walter announced his intended departure from London.

"There is nothing to detain us here now," he said, sadly. "Lucy is released from her engagement, and I

have made arrangements which will enable me to send my writings to my publisher. Ernest Gordon, too, is going again to the continent, and he told me to bid you both his affectionate farewell."

"Is he not coming to see us?" asked Mrs. Vere.

"He will not have time," answered Walter; and glancing at Lucy, who though silent, was cold and pale as marble, he added, "perhaps it is better thus."

The mother had outlived her days of intenser feeling, and while thinking of the change in their prospects she did not observe Lucy's emotion. Walter knew her sensations by his own, and approaching her, he imprinted a kiss on her forehead, and whispered,

"You must not be sad, Lucy, for there are many still to love you!"

Lucy pressed his hand in silence, and without a word of explanation: Walter knew all.

The poet left London with his mother and sister. Sir Godfrey wrote to him, kindly inviting him to return, but he declined, though with many thanks for the painter's interest.

Lord Derwood was very much disappointed, when, on his next visit to the countess, he learned Lucy's dismissal; but the new face of a pretty actress consoled him for her loss.

Surrounded by other admirers, Alice soon forgot both Walter and his love, and among his many friends, Sir Godfrey Kneller was the only one who remembered the existence of the once flattered poet.

J. T. L.

TO THE ROSE.

Child of the morning! I love thy uprearing,

Gemm'd with the pearls of the dew that surround thee,
When bright o'er the burnished horizon appearing
The sun casts his glorious effulgence around thee.

Child of the sunbeam! I love to behold thee

Wet with the kisses impress'd by that dew,
When soft thou art seen 'mid the leaves that enfold thee,
Blooming and blushing with loveliest hue.

Raise up thy bosom, fair daughter of morning,

Spread forth thy breast to the amorous breeze;
See how it speeds through the mists of the morning,
Whistling regardless o'er spice laden trees.

Where must I look for thy rival, fair flow'ret?

Where the home of the Peri its sweet garden rears!
When they weave a rich zone of their locks to embower it,
Watered with nectar and nursed by their tears?

Or shall I look in the depths of the waters,

When forests of coral a shelter outspreads?
Shall I search in the bowers of ocean's dark daughters,
When clusters of pearls are encircling their heads?

Sweetest of flowers! I need not endeavor

To find out another a rival for thee;
Relic of Eden, I love thee! and never
Can I wish one more blooming or od'rous to see.

Live on, and bask like the child of a day dream ;
Feed on the rays and the smiles of the sun ;
Pout forth thy lips to the kiss of the May beam ;
Smile on—for sweet is the course thou shalt run.

Nursling of Heaven! though thou perish to-morrow,
Heed not the short span of life that's assigned thee ;
Thou livest in beauty—thou know'st not of sorrow—
When thou diest thou leavest thine odors behind thee.

H. M. S.

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1833.

By Rev. H. Ruffner, D.D., President of Washington College, Va.

CHAPTER III.

From Louisville to West Tennessee.

The Galt house in Louisville furnishes the traveller with excellent accommodations, administered too with a promptitude in the servants and a kindness of manner in the landlord, that make one's abode there doubly agreeable. Southern gentlemen on their way, up and down, often tarry some days in the Galt house for their pleasure alone. In a shop on the opposite side of the street, I drank of the "Blue Lick water;" brought from the Blue Licks in the upper part of the state. It is sulphureous, but mainly distinguished for a strong mixture of salt, of which the muriate of soda, or common salts, is distinctly *tasteable*. It is reputed to have very salutary effects; but it is certainly not as agreeable to the palate as our sulphur waters in Virginia.

From Louisville, the traveller to Nashville has generally the choice of a conveyance by steamboat or by stage. The low state of the waters now, made the success of a voyage up the Cumberland rather problematical; so I took passage in a stage coach, on the third day after my arrival at Louisville.

Our way down, for twenty miles, lay through the broad level tract on which Louisville stands. The soil is exceedingly rich, but cursed with ponds full of rank and rotting vegetation—the potent nurseries of mosquitoes and fevers. The country is aptly named "The Pond Settlement." We stopped in the midst of it at a whiskey tavern to change horses. Here we saw some of the *pale faces* of the settlement. They told us that the annual visitation of fevers and agues had already begun. When we asked one of them, whether the ponds could not be easily drained, he answered, "yes, very easily; but a good many of the settlers are opposed to draining them." "What!" said I, "opposed to draining these festering ponds! Do they wish to be sick every year?" "It seems so," said the pale face—but he spoke with an indifference of manner, which showed that he felt little concern on the subject. "How use doth breed a habit in a man!" These people have grown so accustomed to ponds, mosquitoes and fevers, that they take them quietly, as things in the due course of nature.

The next stage brought us to the bank of the Ohio

at the mouth of Salt river, which, though gentle as a lamb where it meets with the superior Ohio, is said to be as violent as a brawling bully at a distance from its mouth, and consequently to require a navigator with strong arms and a stout heart to stem its current. This has furnished the Kentucky bruisers with a striking figure of speech: when they would terrify an adversary with a lively apprehension of rough usage, they threaten to "row him up Salt river." We descended the steep muddy banks to a boat, and were rowed not up Salt river, but over it—an operation that would have been pleasant enough, had not the festering ooze of the banks saluted our nostrils with a compound of villainous smells, drawn forth steaming hot by the cloudless sun of July. After this nasal treat, I was not surprised to hear that the hamlet on the southern bank, where we dined, is a sickly place. In fact, no place on the Ohio, below Louisville, can be called positively healthy; though some situations are comparatively so. All will become less sickly, when the lands shall be drained and cleared of the overshadowing forests. Were the settlers to spare the valuable trees, and destroy the others, and to cut ditches through their low wet lands, they might generally enjoy the blessing of health, while they reaped the exuberant harvests of their teeming soil.

Below Salt river, we soon began to ascend the hills which here border the Ohio; and after mounting some five or six hundred feet, above our former level, we found ourselves in a broken limestone country of indifferent soil, which became more sandy as we advanced into the less broken parts of the interior; while the trees dwindled to a new growth of saplings, or if not this, an elder generation of black-jacks—till, what with the yellowish white sand and the scattered dwarfish trees, and the peculiar character of the annual plants growing among them, the country assumed the genuine aspect of *The Barrens*, as the early settlers descriptively named this wide region. But the soil, unlike most men, performs more than it promises; flourishing fields of corn surprise the traveller with its vigorous growth and healthy green, on a soil which in its natural state would seem to be scarcely worth cultivation.

As we advanced, the ravines made by streams flowing into the Ohio on our right, gradually disappeared; and the country spread out into a great plain, somewhat variegated by hills and vales; but again showing only some hills at a distance, with slight undulations near the road, without streams of water, but with frequent ponds of dirty water—an ugly sight to one accustomed to vallies and clear brooks. For the space of more than one hundred miles across the country we met with only two brooks. We crossed the Green and Barren rivers, which seemed to be fed by subterraneous streams; for the flat region of ponds about them, leaves the rain water no choice but to go up into the clouds again, or to sink down into the earth. The country is full of caverns and sinkholes. In some of the latter, as before remarked of Greenbrier, streams of water issue at one side and flow into a cavern at the other; seeming to have made for themselves these holes, through which they could take a peep at the upper world as they pursued their under-ground way. Where a natural breach occurred in the limestone, and left only earth above these streams, the loose matter would gradually fall in and be carried away.

Near Bowling Green, the road passes directly over a mill in a cavern, out of which a stream flows and then enters another cavern a few yards distant. In this country, too, is one of the largest caverns in the world, if reports be true, as I heard them on the way: it is said to have been explored nine miles, and yet no end discovered! But it appears not to be remarkable for any thing but its vast extent.

We arrived at Elizabethtown to supper, the first day; but we were not permitted to take lodging there. We had to go on, and to sleep in the coach as we best could. Happily there were but three of us, one to a seat. Mine was the fore seat, broad but short; whereupon I spread the breadth of my back, with a fellow-traveller's portmanteau under my head, and my lower members doubled and erected to a perpendicular, with the knees up. Thus I slept, and the better, after a hot day, for being fanned with the night breezes. About once an hour, I had to rise and unfold my cramped limbs; which being presently restored to their wonted animation, I folded them up again to their perpendicular attitude, and was soon rocked and fanned away to the silent realms of Morpheus. I note this incident of my journey, that I may commend this mode of sleeping to stage passengers, who can have a whole seat for their bed. It is far preferable to the more common custom of going to bed in a tavern at eleven o'clock, and of being called up at one—just as a body begins to enjoy a sound sleep after a fatiguing day.

But, N. B. (that is, *noty beny*, as I have seen it written,) If you measure six feet or more in length, choose rather the middle seat for your bed; as my next neighbor, who was very long, found the length of that seat an advantage. At first indeed, he tried the doubling process as I did, but the seat being narrow and round backed, and open on both sides, he was frequently jolted off; until he put his head upon the coach window on the one side, and his feet through the opposite one: thus he could maintain his position, without being cramped. He only complained a little of the hardness of the wood used in making the coach-frame: but the interposition of a cloak made it somewhat softer.

The second night we reached Bowling Green, in the midland region of the Barrens. The soil rather improved in appearance, but owing, I suspect, to its thinness upon the surface of the rock, the crops in many places, were of inferior quality. Dry hot weather soon exhausts the moisture of these thin layers of soil, especially where the rock lies in horizontal strata, as it does in this country. Vegetables are then precluded from striking deep root, as they may in the crevices of inclined or broken strata.

The horizontal stratification of the rocks in this country, was most strikingly apparent in a range of hills on the right, which seemed to constitute the western boundary of the Barrens. As the road gradually approached them, I was struck with the regular formation of a hill, which swelled out on the side of the adjoining ridge, in the perfect shape of a half cone; the base curving round in a semicircle more than half a mile in extent, in the manner of a natural wall of limestone; then after a gradual slope of soil, a second wall of rock with a smaller curve; then another slope of ground contracted the hill; and so in succession, a wall and a slope, like a terraced garden, till the lessening

semicircles terminated in a small round top, higher than the ridge out of which this regular half cone projected. The hill had been cleared of trees, except such as grew about the walls. It made an appearance at once beautiful and grand. Should some wealthy proprietor, one hundred years hence, build his mansion on the top, he might by some additional planting and by trimming and cultivating the smooth slopes, convert this hill into the most splendidly elegant residence in the world. Its height I would suppose to be about three hundred feet, and the view from the top must be of great extent.

Bowling Green, is a small but neat village. All the villages which we saw on this route are small; but the country is of late becoming populous.

When the wave of emigration first reached the Barrens, it suddenly stopped before a wide treeless waste of apparently barren soil. When the vicinity of settlements, checked the custom of yearly burning the dried grass of the Barrens, a crop of young trees sprang up, and in ten or twelve years settlements began to be made. The unexpected productiveness of the soil, and the extension of the young forest, caused a rapid succession of new settlements. The whole country is now peopled, though not as densely as it may and will be. But for me this country has no attractions. Without mountains, without valleys, without brooks, without large trees—but a great plain with deep sink holes and shallow basins of dirty pond water, and puny woods of the black-jack pattern—it has no charms for my eyes, nor has it any invisible qualities to make compensation.

On the third day we entered the state of Tennessee, at a point near which the waters of Green river part from those which flow into the Cumberland. The character of the country changed immediately; streams of water flowed through vales, and the soil assumed a reddish cast, except the alluvian of the vallies, which was darker. The color of the soil, I suppose, occasioned the name of Red river to be given to the stream, of which we crossed the head waters. Then ascending a ridge, we dined at the Tyree springs, a small watering place, whose water has a muddy sulphureous taste, but, I suspect, very little medicinal virtue. Here, however, we found forty or fifty visitors, who seemed to be trying to enjoy themselves. We then descended into a valley of limestone with a soil black and rich, but in many places too thinly laid over the rock to be very productive in a dry season. This valley conducted us to the Cumberland, a little above Nashville. We crossed the river on a good bridge at the city, and ascending the bluff to the public square, we were put down at the city hotel.

I may as well here, as elsewhere, notice a certain custom of boarders at public houses—a custom which I observed at almost every place in my tour, but more particularly in Tennessee. It may be thus described in general:

You arrive, a stranger at a public house; you wish to see men and things, so you keep yourself a good deal about the bar-room and door. Near meal-time, you observe the company increase; young men and middle aged men come in; and as the minutes wear away, they become restless, pacing the room near the door that leads to the dining hall, and seeming frequently to listen, as if they watched for tokens of a coming

person or event. If ignorant of this custom, your curiosity is excited to learn the cause of their movements and gestures. Wait a little, and you will see them simultaneously rush through the door, and hurry into the dining room, almost before you hear the dinner bell. You and other strangers begin to follow. Before you have time to enter the dining room, you hear a thundering of chairs, succeeded instantly by a sharp confused clatter of plates, dishes, knives and forks. When you enter the room, you find all the most convenient seats at the table, occupied by a set of men, with heads down and mouths open; and pieces rapidly disappearing from their plates by the quick three-fold operation of a cut—a gape—and a swallow. You may take your seat where you can, and eat as you list—what is it to them? They see you not, their eyes are on their plates—they hear you not, their ears are filled with the music of the knives, forks, and glasses. By the time you are fairly under way with your meal, you again hear the frequent grating of chairs on the floor as they rise and depart.

Now I have but two remarks to make on this custom:

1st. It is *unmannerly*, thus to push in before strangers to the table, to take all the first places, and to snatch all the choice dishes: and, 2nd, It is *bestly*, to rush, seize, gulp down a meal; like a pack of famished hounds. I turn to a more pleasant theme.

Nashville has a commanding situation on a rocky hill, against which the river has run, by means of a horse shoe bend, until it has worn and torn off the point, so as to form a precipitous bluff, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high. The top is broad and level enough for a large public square containing the court house and market house. Around this and on the sides of the hill, most of the town is built, or rather was built; for the late additions have been made principally on the hill further from the river, where the ground—or rather the rocks—rise still higher and form, half a mile from the square, a lofty round top, where groves of stunted cedars draw a scanty nourishment from crevices in the limestone.

The buildings are generally neat, but not remarkable for size or elegance. Three or four churches, all apparently new, are constructed in a chaste style of architecture, unless we except an unfinished Baptist church, which is deformed, externally, with a superfluity of corrupt Gothic appendages.

The hill which lifts the town to the air, also exposes it to the summer sun, which in a dry hot season like this, makes the bare rocks and walls glow with a heat that issues nightly without being exhausted, and increases daily until rains or long nights bring relief.

I was struck most agreeably with the open benevolent countenances of the people about the streets. None of your care-worn, shy, suspicious-looking faces, so frequent in northern towns. I felt at once that I might freely address any and every man, on any matter that interested me, and be sure of his polite, and even kind attention. Nor did my few days' acquaintance belie these first impressions. They are a sociable, hospitable, orderly and moral population. I never saw more quiet streets, and more uniform good behavior. A population of this character cannot be idle, though I observed less signs of a painful and bustling industry,

than is usual in northern towns. There are no large manufactories, except a rolling-mill.

Here are a number of flourishing schools for both sexes: and in the vicinity is the Nashville University, the chief literary institution of the state. It is, however, as yet, merely a college, with eighty or one hundred students. It was once richly endowed with lands; but the legislature so managed this valuable fund, that the institution has enjoyed but a small portion of what the lands might have yielded. Popular legislatures are often very unfit trustees for seminaries of learning.

Just below the town there is a saline sulphur spring, the water of which is very similar to the Blue Lick water that I drank at Louisville. I found it a very salutary drink in hot weather, and not unpalatable, though persons unaccustomed to mineral waters, would be apt to loathe such a strong compound of salts and sulphureous gas. Warm baths are also made of it, and these are both pleasant and medicinal. The spring was known of old to the French settlers of Louisiana. Their hunters made salt of it: hence it came to be called the French Lick.

In addition to a navigable river, the commerce of Nashville will soon be facilitated by four or five Macadamised roads diverging from it. These are now in a process of construction. The one by which I travelled southwards is finished, eighteen miles, to Franklin, and will soon be extended twenty-three miles further to Columbia.

The aspect of the country on this route is pleasant. Low winding hills, crowned with woods of a dark green foliage, part the vallies of the different rivers and brooks. The borders of the Cumberland are diversified with rich low grounds, and high rocky bluffs. The vale of the Harpeth about Franklin, is of a tamer character, but is broad and very rich. Duck river again, on which Columbia stands, exhibits, on a smaller scale, the bold scenery of the Cumberland. This town, like Nashville, is built on a rocky hill; and so is Shelbyville, thirty-eight miles eastwardly, also on Duck river.

All the towns of West Tennessee are laid out after the same model: a public square in the centre containing the court house, and streets crossing at right angles. Nashville, the oldest and largest, seems to have been the prototype.

From Shelbyville I directed my course towards McMinnville, in the Barrens, north-east, about forty miles. Here the Cumberland mountains are in full view, not more than five miles off. This is a village of four hundred inhabitants. Hence to Sparta, in a line somewhat more northward, the distance is twenty-six miles. This village, about as large as McMinnville, is also in the Barrens, and within two miles of the mountain, where the road by the Crab Orchard passes over to East Tennessee.

Having thus indicated my route, I will now make some general observations on West Tennessee. Of the "Western District," between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, I saw nothing, and have therefore little to say. It is represented to be a plain, with small differences of level; the higher parts are generally dry and in part healthy; the lower, flat, marshy, subject to general inundation in wet seasons, and of course infested with mosquitoes and fevers. The soil is mostly rich,

and human industry may do much to alleviate the natural evils of the country.

Middle Tennessee, between the river and the Cumberland mountains, is crossed, north and south, by a belt of rich dark loamy soil, on a deposit of recent limestone, full of shells, beginning in the valley of the Cumberland, and extending into Alabama. This belt is about forty miles, more or less, in width, and the richest line of it is marked by the position of Nashville, Franklin, Columbia, and Pulaski. Westward of this tract, the sand-stone appears, where the descending waters have cut deep ravines in their course to the Tennessee. Here the country is comparatively rugged and poor. On the eastern side, the soil gradually becomes more sandy and less dark, but continues to be for the most part rich and productive, till you approach the Barrens, which is a plateau of level country, elevated about four hundred feet above the rich country below. Here a bed of gravel and sand covers the limestone, except where the waters have washed out vales and exposed it again. The high flat surface of this table land is too poor for cultivation. These Barrens may extend some twenty miles from the base of the Cumberland mountains.

The rich lands are not generally of first rate productiveness. The staple crop is maize; and fifty bushels to the acre is above the average product. Wheat does tolerably well; but twenty bushels to the acre are esteemed a good crop. Cotton often fails, and must be abandoned. Grass does not flourish well in so dry a soil, where meadows cannot be watered. The country is not well watered; the streams do not purl with twinkling surface over beds of gravel: they are evaporated by the scorching sun of July, and the farmers (as one of them told me) have to go sometimes twenty miles to mill.

I do not like the climate. The country slopes north-westwardly from the mountains; it is exposed, therefore to the unmitigated blasts of the coldest wintry winds: therein the summer time, the tropical winds of the gulph, meeting and struggling with the northern current on the parched expanse of the great prairie, is turned upon this country with its hot breath; or falling short, leaves the inhabitants becalmed under a burning sun, to snuff the hot steam of their limestone rocks. Hence the climate is often, in winter, as cold as New England, and in summer, as warm as the West Indies. The spring season is exceedingly variable; one while opening the buds with genial heat, then suddenly destroying the embryo fruit and tender plants with a wintry blast from the northwest. These are faults of climate, common to the middle and southern states; but I suspect, that the position of west Tennessee gives them here a sensible aggravation. The suspicion is confirmed by the fact, that while the spring naturally begins two or three weeks earlier than in middle Virginia, the frosts continue to occur to as late a period.

Yet, notwithstanding these objections, he would look in vain, who desired to find a country, where nature has upon the whole, offered much higher rewards to human industry, than in the belt of fine lands under consideration. The esteem in which it is held by its densely settled occupants, is evinced by the high prices of farms, and many other tokens of ease and plenty among the inhabitants. He must feel like a prosperous

farmer, who can be induced to change his location only by the offer of forty or fifty dollars an acre, even where no very expensive improvements have been made; when a steamboat would in a few days, carry him to regions where every acre sold, would purchase him eight or ten acres of the richest virgin soil.

To me, a mountaineer, there is another objection to this fine country as a residence. Though its surface is varied by low hills, not a mountain is to be seen, even in the distant horizon. I would not choose my abode, where the rising and the setting sun shoots his rays along the surface of the plain. I prefer to see him rise over the mountain top, and to send down his rays through tall pines upon the dewy herbage of the valley, and in the summer evenings to sit in the shadow of the western mountain, while his golden light steals up the side of another in the east. The advantages of such a locality extend beyond the pleasures of the imagination. Here are the abodes of rosy health; and here the farmer's cattle, range through the herbage of unbought pastures. The rich counties of Tennessee are not very healthy; the finest situations on the rivers are too generally infested with *malaria*, which makes the occupants pay dearly for their advantages. Sallow complexions are common; but still there are many exceptions.

In a moral view, Tennessee exceeded my expectations, although two of her lately enacted laws gave me favorable impressions of what I might expect. These were the law against those fashionable instruments of murder, pistols, daggers, and bowie knives, and the law to prohibit the selling of spirituous liquors by retail.

During a ride of more than four hundred miles, through the most populous parts of the state, with frequent stops and sojourns in the most public places, I saw but one drunken man, (and he was from Virginia, and had been in the army.) I rarely heard profane language; I saw no riotous or disorderly parties; and no quarrelling or fighting, except a sudden affray between two students at a dancing school in Nashville. Even these fiery boys only boxed each other a little, to the great terror of the girls, rather than to their own hurt.

But while the population generally seem to be characterized by mildness, sobriety, and good order, I observed a marked distinction between the inhabitants of the rich lands, and those who live in the Barrens and in the sandy tracts adjacent to them. The former seem to be a compound of Virginians and Kentuckians. The mixture appears to have invigorated the one and mitigated the other, in this climate. A good result. But no sooner had I entered the sandy soils, and especially the Barrens, than I seemed to have discovered a people a century old, not in respect to their individual longevity, but in their ideas and habits. Their "speech bewrayed" their origin; I soon recognized old *Noth-Caklinur*, in their nasal mushy pronunciation. Among these ancient denizens of the sands, Arkwright's machinery had not invaded the prescriptive rights of the spinning wheel and loom; nor had a Windsor chair yet showed his rounded form among the old *split-bottoms*, with low seats and tall perpendicular backs. Here the honest countrywomen still enjoy the summer luxury of bare feet, and make no extravagant use of soap and water. Yet among them all, I saw a manifest spirit

of kindness and good nature. If not as wise as serpents, they are, however, as harmless as doves.

The cause of education is making rapid progress in Tennessee, particularly the education of daughters. To prove this, I will mention a few facts. Besides the numerous schools at Nashville, I found at Franklin, eighteen miles distant, an academy for males, and three seminaries for females, with more than two hundred scholars: at Columbia, twenty-three miles further, a flourishing academy for young men, in the neighborhood, and in the town, two large edifices, nearly finished; the one a college for youth, the other a seminary for young ladies: at Shelbyville, in the next county, besides a male and a female academy in being, they had just filled a subscription of twenty-five thousand dollars for a college. Even at the small town of McMinnville, in the Barrens, they had an academy for each sex. In east Tennessee, there are also many seminaries of various ranks and merits, the chief of which is a college at Knoxville. The legislature has also provided a fund for common schools by means of a new bank, with branches diffused over the state. This banking scheme seems to have been ill devised; but perhaps good as well as evil may result from it.

As to the quality of the education given in all these schools, I can say nothing, except to express a suspicion that it is generally too superficial; but this fault is not confined to Tennessee; and where a good thing is so widely diffused, the effect in the aggregate must be highly beneficial. Superficial education will also lead to a more thorough system.

Yet Tennessee contains a numerous population, especially in the sandy and barren regions, who are very ignorant, and who, as might be expected, are opposed to the patronage of literary institutions by the state. The mental condition of this class may be illustrated by two anecdotes. I breakfasted one morning at the tavern of a late senator of Tennessee, when his son, a youth of eighteen, was setting out to join his school-fellows in turning the master out of doors, until he should treat them to a barrel of cider! I was also told of a case, a few years ago, on the Cumberland. The boys tied their teacher to a board and ducked him in the river, till he promised to treat!

SONNET.

Think not, oh gentle lady, that I grieve

That we should ever in this world have met,

For of the past Fate never can bereave,

And Memory culls unfaded roses yet

From the sweet garden where affection grew.

Time never can restore our Eden hours,

Nor the lost happiness of love renew;

For me a sword waves o'er those happy bowers,

And a stern angel beckons me away;

Yet where, deserted and alone, I stray,

On the rough paths of life, afar from thee,

Some fragrant airs come wafted from the skies,

Some pleasant glimpses of that land I see,

Which to my trusting heart appeared a paradise!

New York, February 22.

HERMION.

A MOTHER'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

O homefelt joys,—so dear and sweet,

My clear, wood fire beside,—

My baby creeping at my feet,

Who oft with glance of pride,

Looks back, elate, and pleas'd to show

How fast his tiny limbs can go.

And closely seated by my side,

My little daughter fair,—

Whose doll upon her knee doth ride,

Essays a matron's care,—

While many a lesson, half severe,

With kisses mix'd, must dolly hear.

There lie my volumes clos'd and still,—

Those chosen friends of old,—

My pen, regardless of my will,

Lurks in its bronzed hold,—

High joys they gave,—but not so dear,

As those that gild my fireside here.

Where harp and viol carol sweet,

'Mid youth's unfolding hours,

And gladness wings the dancer's feet

That seem to tread on flowers,

I've shar'd the cup,—it sparkled clear,—

'Twas foam,—the precious draught is here.

I've trod the lofty halls,—where dwell

The noblest of our land,—

And met,—tho' humble was my cell,—

Warm smile, and greeting hand,—

Yet she doth feel a thrill more blest,

Who lulls her infant on her breast.

Strong words of praise,—such words as gird

To high ambition's deed,

The impulse of my mind have stirr'd,—

Though still unearn'd, their meed,—

But what of these?—they fleet away,

Like mist, before affection's ray.

Tho' many a priceless gem of bliss,

Hath made my pathway fair,—

Yet have I known no joy like this,

A mother's nursing care,

To mark, when stars of midnight shine,

My infant's bright eye fix'd on mine.

Might woman win earth's richest rose,—

Yet miss that wild-flower zest,

Which by the lowliest cradle grows,

'Twere but a loss at best;—

Pass on, O world, in all thy pride,

I've made my choice,—and here abide.

Even she, who shines with beauty's ray,—

By fashion's throng carest,—

If from that pomp she turn away,

And build her shelter'd nest,—

And hoard the jewels of the heart,

Like Mary finds the "better part."

Hartford, March, 1839.

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the creation of animals, and in their history, habits and instincts; by the Rev. William Kirby, M. A., F. R. S., Rector of Barham. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard; 1836.

Perhaps for many years, no works have come from the press, which have received more consideration from educated men, than the Bridgewater Treatises. The nobleman whose name they bear, a clergyman of the established church of England, left by will a sum amounting almost to forty thousand dollars, which, with the dividends accruing thereon, he directed to be paid to certain persons, nominated, to publish a thousand copies of a work, "On the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation; illustrating such work by all reasonable arguments; as for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; the effect of digestion and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as, also, by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences and the whole extent of literature." He desired, moreover, that the profits arising from the sale of the works so published, should be paid to their authors. The president of the Royal Society, the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, and the friends of the deceased nobleman, appointed eight individuals to the charge of writing treatises, agreeable to the will of the testator.

Works ushered into the world under such unusual auspices, might be supposed to be the production of the most talented men in the British empire—the representatives of modern science. We should expect to find in them no fault, but rather the very *beau idéal* of perfection. All the incentives to book-making were here—ample remuneration and the prospect of a distinguished reputation. To be selected to the high honor of pointing out to the religious and educated world, the extraordinary support which the word and works of God mutually afford each other—to be brought forward as the champions of the faith of christendom—was, surely, no common task. We are, therefore, warranted in expecting to find these works spotless, their scientific reputation unquestionable, and their religious doctrines sound. There should be no lack of argument, where the subject is so boundless—no sophistry, where the object is truth—truth of the highest caste; nor should the writer stand in danger of being convicted either of illogical reasoning, or of inharmonious language.

Some of these treatises we have perused with pleasure, fulfilling as they have, our idea of what a Bridgewater treatise should be; a commendation which, however, we cannot bestow upon all. Whilst some of them,—as Roget's treatise on animal and vegetable physiology—will rank high as scientific productions, others of them,—as Kirby on the history, habits, and instincts of animals—can only be viewed as deplorable abortions in point of science, and as theological treatises, extremely pernicious.

The extensive circulation which these books enjoy, renders them productive of much good or much evil: in this respect, to the eye of the critic they possess interest. Finding from the circumstances of their origin a ready admission every where, among the scien-

tific, the religious and the worldly, and quoted on all occasions as undoubted standards of reference, any errors which they may contain, either of matters of knowledge or of faith, may be the cause of incalculable mischief.

To write a treatise, setting forth the power, wisdom and goodness of God, is indeed no common task; to draw from the works of God, proofs corroborative of his written word, demands an intellect of the highest order. It is true, that all men from the most casual and rude examination of natural things around them, deduce the existence of some powerful and beneficent being; and there is also something in the human breast which tells us that we are not solitary in the world, but that there is a kind hand that guides us. The scenes of the day and the silence of the night, bring with them the evidence of an overruling Providence—the returns of seed time and harvest, of storm and of calm, and even the vicissitudes of human life, continually place the same thing before us. We do not, however, gather from these any thing more than vague impressions; they teach us the existence of a Creator of the universe, but they leave us in the dark as to who or what he is; they lead us to hope, that we are the objects of his goodness and care, but they tell us nothing definite; the prospect that they give us, of all that is beyond the tomb, is desolate and dark, and we recoil from it as "a land of deepest shade."

The true object of scripture, is to give us full information of these important topics; information which we cannot gather from any other source. It is not designed to teach us any thing, that our own reason could discover, but only those things that are above reason, and which it is proper we should know; but the same being who gave us a written word, placed around us those objects we find in the exterior world, and he was their author: he made them according to certain laws, and confined himself to the operation of certain rules. Throughout all the range of creation, whether in the heavens above us, or the earth beneath us, we have abundant proofs that there was an unity in his design and an identity of action. In those remote worlds, of which we can barely catch a glimpse without the aid of powerful instruments, whose distance is untold and utterly inconceivable, we know that the same laws obtain that have dominion over us and all that is near us, and hence we infer that all is the production of one intelligent mind. From the first dawn of science, its followers have been impressed with these truths; and, with a very few exceptions, all have come to the same conclusion. The old Chaldeans—Plato, Socrates and the wise men of Greece—Galileo, and the revivers of true knowledge of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—Newton, and the philosophers of his school, and the leading men of science of our own day, all declare it to be the result of their researches and studies, that there is one governing mind—the architect of this universe. On the other hand, those whose profession it is, to have the scriptures in their immediate keeping, tell us that there is to be found in them, incontrovertible and abundant proof, that they are the work of an omnipotent and omniscient being, conveying his will to us as respects ourselves. It is the exalted object of the Bridgewater treatises to show, that the God of the man of science, and the God of the divine, are ONE.

A more noble object for the human intellect to accomplish cannot be well conceived. The opinion of mankind has already given a decision on the matter, but only on a very superficial view of the general mass of evidence. Some, indeed, and those of very gifted and highly cultivated minds, have professed doubts as to the correctness of the main conclusion: LAPLACE, the ablest of the philosophers of this century, and LAMARK, a distinguished natural historian, may both be mentioned as examples in point. The great influence which the opinion of men of this stamp carries with it, called loudly for some attention from those who know the value of the christian faith. It was high time that the question should be brought to a decision; the testament of the Earl of Bridgewater afforded a splendid opportunity of settling it, by drawing general attention to the subject, and furnishing the means of procuring men of unquestioned talent to devote themselves to it.

The Rev. Mr. Kirby's treatise professes to be a history of the habits and instincts of animals, and also *their creation*; as giving proofs, enabling us to decide affirmatively in this argument, and controverting the opinions of Laplace, Lamark, and other philosophers of the French school. In respect of the creation of animals, it admits without reserve the modern doctrines of unity of design, and progressive development,—doctrines which are of deep importance in the decision of the question, and which are carried out in other works of the Bridgewater series, as in Dr. Buckland's geology, to conclusions of interest; showing us that the same reason which actuated the Creator in the production of animals co-existing with us, actuated him, untold ages ago, in the production of a race of creatures now extinct, and only found entombed in the bowels of the earth; nay more, if any thing were required to prove to us the identity of that intelligent mind, whose pleasure it was to give life to all creatures, whether recent or fossil, whether alive or extinct, there is an unity of mechanism which can but be imputed to the reasoning of ONE only. If, for example, a certain motion is to be produced, the very same muscular contrivance is resorted to; if an organ of vision is required, the same optical laws are had recourse to, both in the fossil and in the recent creation. Descending to the minutest particulars, the same observance of certain rules is recognised, in those remote geological periods, which exhibit the first appearance of living things on our globe. The shell-fish of the transition rocks, were formed according to the same laws, which obtain in the structure of the shell-fish of modern seas, and the contrivances they display for the accomplishment of certain ends, are identical, in point of mechanism, with those of their modern analogies. And who shall say how many ages have elapsed since these creatures had life? If, as some of the Bridgewater writers tell us, millions of ages have gone by, do not these things place before us the unchangeable nature of the Creator? Do not they tell us that his actions proceed upon fixed and invariable rules? Do they not give us an irrefragable proof of his omniscience? The works of man are subject to successive improvement—his steam engine, and all other machinery, receive continual modifications; but in the natural world, the first creation is as perfect as the last,—the experience of years adds nothing to former knowledge. Again, many of these extinct beings belong to the series of existing

orders; they are links of one chain, and are parts of one plan. No matter how long it may have been since they existed, whether a thousand or a million of years, they are a part of the present creation, the continuity of which would be destroyed without their existence; they prove to us, that in the eye of their Maker, the future and the present were equally known; and, in the long lapse of ages, the vicissitudes of animal life, and the complex interworking of natural laws and agents, nothing new has been suggested to HIM: unlike the most exalted of creation, experience adds nothing to prior knowledge.

In the remarks which we shall make on Mr. Kirby's treatise, we shall confine ourselves strictly to his philosophical facts and opinions, without venturing at all on his religious creed or theological speculations. These, however, we would commend to the perusal of some of our professional friends, who are more conversant with their nature and bearing. If, as we shall abundantly show, the scientific part of the work is crowded with errors, there is *prima facie* evidence that the theological will not be free from heresies. A man, who, with incompetent information, presumes to grapple with the task of reconciling all apparent discordances in the natural world, and squaring creation and revelation together, is not blindly to be taken as a guide, either in faith or in science: if his ignorance is made apparent in the one, his knowledge of the other may well be doubted.

Let us turn to the book itself: we find it prefaced with a very long introduction—a considerable fraction of the total amount of the volume. It sets out with stating the pernicious heresies of some of the continental European philosophers, who, in moments of mental aberration, like some of their ancient prototypes, had concluded that they could account for the production of the world and all animated nature by the fortuitous concourse of atoms. Perhaps, with us, some of our readers might suppose that the most suitable mode of treating such absurdities, would be to let them pass unnoticed. What could induce a clergyman to draw the obnoxious doctrines of Laplace from behind the inscrutable barrier of mathematical symbols which conceals them from the common gaze? Why should he divulge the follies of the author of the "*Genera Conchyliorum*," and insert them in broad English in a work that was certain to go wherever the English language is spoken? He might have spared us a description of the way in which attraction and repulsion, and heat, and electricity, operate on a material spherule,—how appetencies are formed, how organs arise, how, finally, "a monad becomes a man." If the weaknesses of those gifted men, led them into such a tissue of glaring absurdities, our author should have known, that the deliberately expressed opinions of the first astronomer and the first zoologist of the age, were not to be put down by a sneer. He who would controvert them, must stand prepared to dispute the grounds on which they rest; must be ready to grapple with his giant antagonists, and, before "he goeth to war, sit down first and count the cost."

The work is professedly a treatise on the history, habits, instincts, and creation of ANIMALS. The philosopher is staggered, and the pious man shocked, to find (*Intro. page 44,*) the cherubim and seraphim first

on the list—the Jewish tabernacles, the golden candlestick, the table, and the shew-bread; then follows a disquisition (page 46,) on the flaming sword that kept our first parents out of the garden of Eden!! Is it a Talmudical Rabbi that speaks, or a christian minister, on animated nature?

We feel that we are here almost upon forbidden ground; but we must protest against such an utter perversion of these mysteries. Are we to identify these unknown intelligences with the physical agents of the world? Is the light of the sun, the falling of a stone, or the complex organization of an animal, to shadow forth to us the ruling powers of another world? One step more would bring us to the verge of the old Chaldean philosophy, which looked upon each star as the residence of an angelic being, and named the planets after the gods that dwelt in them; every plant and herb was under the dominion of their controlling agency, and gold was sacred to the Sun, and iron to Mars, and silver to the planet Venus; but we forbear. And how is this train of reasoning supported—these astounding conclusions verified? By a tissue of physical absurdities which have no parallel save in the ranting gibberish of a lunatic retreat. Our scientific readers will for the first time learn, (page 34,) that heat and cold are synonymous with positive and negative electricity—that LIFE (page 34,) is a radiant principle like heat—that man is a microcosm, (page 59,) the blood going to his heart in a negative state, and coming from it in a positive—the lungs also inspiring it in one of these states, and expiring it in the other; that the terms, heavens and cherubim, are synonymous, (page 56,)—that they signify the firmament. But let us quote him, (page 60:)

“The terms expansion, then, and firmament, express the matter of the heavens in a state of action, going from or returning to its central fountain; for every system, as well as its own sun and planets, has doubtless its own heavens, probably never stagnant, but incessantly issuing from a centre of irradiation, as the blood from the heart in a positive state, and returning in a negative state to that centre, where it is as it were again oxygenated, and circulates to the *flamantia mœnia mundi*, and so,

‘*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*’”

That is a sample. On the very next page, not a dozen lines farther, we find evidence of an absolute ignorance of the commonest principles of mechanical philosophy; the comets are represented as wandering from one system to another, having two aphelions, and two perihelions. Our author is utterly unacquainted with the conditions necessary to ensure the path of a mobile body in a conic section.

Not content with stating his deliberate conviction, (page 65,) that the air or wind is a cherub, he gives us a silly quotation from Philo Judæus, who wrote a treatise upon the two that were placed at the gate of the garden of Eden, (page 67.) But what will our theological readers say, when they find on the seventieth page of a Bridgewater treatise, “This they (*the cherubim*) do, as the physical powers under God, upholding the universe, especially as fire, light, and air, all of which in passages of the scripture above noticed, appear to represent the Three persons of the Holy Trinity.” Our comprehension of this passage may be

incorrect; but if it is as we understand it, it would be hard to find in the works of Condorcet, Diderot, or D’Alembert, or even in the far famed *Encyclopédie* itself, any thing that can exceed it.

Thus much for the introduction. We blame the author for going out of his way, to treat of subjects not connected with the matter in hand, and for introducing topics pernicious in themselves, and quite uncalled for. The doctrine of a superintending intelligence is too firmly rooted in the breasts of all men; it asks no aid from far fetched hypothesis, and might almost be regarded as a physical axiom. For where is the man to be found that denies it? We should search in vain over the expanse of the earth: the Buddhist in the remote east, and the worshipper of Brahm on the banks of the Ganges, the wild man of the western forest, and the inhabitants of the borders of the arctic circle, or the colored races beneath the equator. It matters not, whether a perpetual winter or a burning sun is upon him; whether he lives in the remote islands of the sea, or in the central regions of a continent; whether he is the founder of ancient cities, or pitches his tent beneath the palm tree—all over the world, men of all colors and castes and climes, recognize one supreme and overruling power.

Nor is this all,—the tokens that are given us by animate and inanimate nature point out the same thing in characters too plain to be mistaken: they bear with them, as it were, a voice that speaks to us, and finds an echo within us. The sea and the earth, the day and the night, the calm and the storm, the sunbeam and the lightning—

“Far along

From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the *live thunder*. Not from one lone cloud—
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, that call on her aloud.”

Let us now pass to the examination of the main body of Mr. Kirby’s work. The first chapter we find entitled, “Creation of Animals;” and here we might suppose that we should certainly meet with something tangible. After a short synopsis of the order and course of creation, paraphrased from the first part of Genesis, we suddenly skip from the leading subject, to the discussion of a question which opens as follows, (page 7:)

“Besides those insects of a disreputable name, which under more than one form inhabit his person (the human) externally, and those that burying themselves in his flesh, annoy him and produce cutaneous diseases, a whole host of others attack him internally and sometimes fatally. Can we believe, that man in his pristine state of glory and beauty and dignity, could be the receptacle and prey of these unclean and disgusting creatures? This is surely incredible, and I had almost said impossible. And we must either believe with Le Clerc and Bonnet, that all those worms now infesting our intestines, existed in Adam before his fall, only under the form of eggs which did not hatch until after that sad event,” &c.

But he concludes: “It is scarcely to be supposed, that any single individual, from that time to this, was subject to the annoyance of every one of these animals, and it seems incredible that Adam and Eve had experience of them all.”

Let us turn over another leaf, and we find the doctrine of a subterranean world boldly broached. Nay more, not only does he show how the springs and rivers of our upper world, are derived from that beneath, but he also determines the nature and character of its inhabitants, which it appears are varieties of the genus *saurus*. But the whole of this is too ludicrous for further examination.

Page 81—gives a very good example of perspicacity in writing. In speaking of the infusorials, he says, "The fact that they almost all have a mouth and a digestive system—many of them eyes, and some rudiments of a nervous one—implies a degree more or less of sensation in them all." This would no doubt be intelligence to Professor Ehrenberg, who has detected the polygastric arrangement of these animalcules: we should doubt whether his powerful microscopes would show "some rudiments of a nervous eye."

Page 107—"We may observe, that though the whale devours myriads of millions, yet the quantum of suffering is less than if he were enabled to make his meal off larger animals, and his jaws, like the shark's, were fitted with laniary teeth. In fact the gelatines are incapable of suffering pain, having no digested nervous system; and when cast upon the shore they dissolve into a fluid, exactly resembling sea water." We should like to know how the author measures the quantum of suffering of large and little animals? how he comes to know that death by laniary teeth is more painful than death in any other way? Elsewhere we have read, that

—"Every insect feels a pang, as great
As when a giant dies."

The perception of pleasure and pain is the true characteristic of animal life; yet here we are told that the gelatinous animals are incapable of these perceptions. What! and are the labors of the immortal Cuvier so soon forgotten? the intricate and complex structure of the radiant class of animals dissolved into a fluid resembling *sea water*! We have doubted Mr. Kirby's knowledge of mechanics, now we begin to doubt his acquaintance with chemical philosophy. Page 134 will aid us in our conclusion: speaking of a bivalve mollusk, under the name of *saxicave*, which excavates crypts in the rocks, he states, that it is not improbable that it does this by means of a phosphoric acid transuding from its body. "It is surely possible that the acid may be so mixed and tempered, as to act upon the rock and not upon the shell." A remark that would not have been made by any one, with more than a very superficial knowledge of chemistry.

Page 155, affords a good specimen of our author's style of writing—alluding to the hybernation of the garden snail—"But at a destined period, often when the range of the thermometer is high, not stimulated by a cold atmosphere, except perhaps by the increasing length of the night, at the bidding of some secret power, it sets about erecting its winter dwelling, and employing its foot both as a shovel to make mortar, as a hod to transport it, and a trowel to spread it evenly, and duly at length finishes and covers in its snug and warm retreat; and then, still further to secure itself from the action of the atmosphere, with the slimy secretion with which its maker has gifted it, fixes partition after partition, and fills each cell formed by it with air, till it has retreated

as far as it can from every closed orifice of its shell, and thus barricades itself against a frozen death. Again, in the spring, when the word is spoken, *awake thou that sleepest*, it begins immediately to act with energy," &c.

The practice of frequent quotations from the sacred writings, though very prevalent, is not the less reprehensible. The dignity of the subject they communicate, ought to secure even the phrases and modes of speech from perpetual and inapplicable repetition. It is true, there is a peculiar terseness in them, that is very inviting both to the public writer and public speaker; and men generally in early life being accustomed to hear arguments on the most important subjects, backed in the pulpit by some scriptural quotation, insensibly acquire the habit of regarding an introduction of this sort with pleasure—as a kind of climax to the proof. Hence the temptation of writers to indulge in this fault; no matter how inappropriate or inapplicable the passage may be, nor even how inaccurate the chain of reasoning, they are often induced, as the merry Scotch poet has it,

"A rousing whild at times to vend—
An' naill't wi' scripture."

Here we have a case in point—the beautiful and affecting appeal of the sacred writer to the man slumbering on the point of everlasting destruction: "*Awake! thou that sleepest*," transferred to the garden snail.

As the Rev. Mr. Kirby has undertaken to write a book on the creation of animals, we may charitably suppose he has duly investigated his subject, and must know, if anybody knows, something of the reasons which induced the Creator to do *this* thing and leave undone *that*. The world has, of late years, been full of world-builders;—astronomers have built it in their way,—chemists in their way, and geologists in a good many ways. The "student of nature" may perhaps like to know what would be Mr. Kirby's way; and if he looks "with inquiring eye," as our author hath it on page 158, he will see the process of reasoning that is to be followed:

"As the Creator willed, that the waters, whether salt or fresh, should have their peculiar inhabitants, it was requisite that each of them should have its appropriate food. Did all feed upon the same substance, there would be an universal struggle, (!) unless indeed the entire variety of the submarine botanical world was done away, and one homogeneous article provided, in such a quantity as to be a sufficient supply for all. But further, doubtless different organizations and forms could not be maintained upon the same pabulum, and therefore different creatures required different articles of food, or different parts of the same article. Here was a mutual office,—the numberless vegetable productions require to be kept within due limits, and therefore the functions of the aquatic animals is to maintain them in due relative proportions. Was the ocean and all its streams planted as now, and there were no animals of any description, to keep in check its vegetable productions, they would all in time grow up and choke the rivers and gradually raise the bed of the ocean till there would be *no more sea*."

Astonishing! and be it remarked that it is not we who have italicised the last three words, but our author,—the conclusion seems to have come upon him like the blast of a trumpet. *Awake! ye geologists, awake!*

and gird on your armor. No more sea!! Did you not tell us that once the whole face of the earth was covered with gigantic plants, ferns, and so forth, before animals were made? Be ready for the battle—a Bridgewater treatise is upon you! a Bridgewater treatise is upon you! and its watchword is “no more sea!” Be steady—quit you like men,—be strong.

Let us try our author's philosophy again, (page 480.) After observing that the word “hair” is generally used as a symbol for strength or power, and referring to the case of Samson, whose superhuman strength departed from him when his locks were cut off, he proceeds: “It is well known, that the hair is affected by the electric fluid, and it may conduct it to the brain and other organs. Whatever be its function, however, its force will depend on its quantity, and the quantity on the number of conductors, and this God regulates in the case of individuals, according to circumstances, so that some receive more and some less: ‘*he that receives much has nothing over, and he that receives nothing has no lack.*’”

Shade of Benjamin Franklin where art thou? And does the uncombed pate of every bristly headed urchin, expose a thousand of thy lightning rods to the clouds? “The force depends on the quantity, and the quantity on the number of conductors,” quotha? Then let us burn our books on electricity, for they lie; and break our torsion balances, for they have deceived us. And let us use bear's grease that we become not bald; and those of us who are enduring that infirmity, let us not go out uncovered, lest we tempt Heaven.

Nor is Mr. Kirby's grammar much better than his philosophy. His construction of sentences a college sophomore might well be ashamed of. Thus, speaking of a celebrated English comparative anatomist, (page 166,) he gives his reader to understand that Mr. Owen is led by the nervous system of the foot of a snail. Perhaps the author himself is occasionally led by the same system in some of his opinions. Again: (page 166,) “In fact the oral apparatus, for the full description of which I must refer the reader to Mr. Owen's excellent tract, except the mandibles and upper lip, is formed,” &c.—the mandibles and upper lip of Mr. Owen's tract! In other places we find a certain variety of mouth described as a “suctorious organ,”—window glass as a “lubricous surface.” Sometimes, too, we are treated with a touch of the sublime,—here is an example, (page 381:) “But of all the beetle tribes, the timber devourers are the most numerous: one of the most splendid and brilliant of the whole order, the buprestidans, belongs to this department; and the still more numerous and varied capricorn beetles, though less refulgent with metallic splendor, add a vast momentum to the interminable forests of tropical regions, and must be of the greatest use in gradually reducing trees that have been uprooted by tornadoes, or any other cause, to a state of putridity and finally to dust.”

Natural historians are often charged with credulity by other philosophers;—our author may give them new reasons, (page 181:) “Mr. Madox states he has seen on the banks of the Nile, a bird about the size of a dove, or rather larger, of handsome plumage, and making a twittering noise when on the wing. It had a peculiar motion of the head, as if nodding to some one near it, and at the same time turning itself to the right and left, as if making its congé, twice

or thrice before its departure. This bird he was told was called *sucksaque*, and that tradition had assigned to it the habit of entering into the mouth of the crocodile when basking in the sun on a sand bank, for the purpose of picking what might be adhering to its teeth, which being done, upon a hint from the bird, the reptile opens its mouth and permits it to fly away.” “Whether the animal really attends upon the crocodile, has not been ascertained, but it would be singular that such a tradition should have maintained its ground so long without any foundation.” Again, (page 368:) “The last hymenopterous tribe, includes the *ants*,—their great function seems to be to remove every thing that appears to be out of its place, and cannot go about its own business. I have seen several of them dragging a half dead snake, about the size of a goosequill.” Now the insects thus praiseworthily employed, may certainly be regarded as enabling the aforesaid snake to go about the business that he had in hand; but the “great function” that the Rev. Mr. Kirby assigns them, would have been much more nearly fulfilled, if they had been engaged in removing his work from among the Bridgewater treatises.

We had marked many other passages, in the course of our perusal of this work, for comment, but we find that we have already exceeded the limits to which we are necessarily prescribed. A further examination, though it might add to the amusement of our readers, would not tend much to their edification. And indeed the dignity of criticism requires, that where no redeeming feature can be found, when justice is satisfied and the truth vindicated, that mercy should be shown in silence. The ephemeral novelist and the lovesick poet, chanting his amorous ditties to the moon, have many a time been stricken down from their fair imaginations and crushed into the common walk of an ordinary routine of life, by the stern blow of the relentless critic, who spares not even these “butterflies,” but “breaks them upon his wheel.” Yet, they have not poisoned the fountains of truth—they have not crowded heresies in science with heresies in faith; the strictness of investigation and the severity of judgment should always be proportioned to the magnitude of the crime, and a double punishment awarded to him who seeks to hide an inveterate ignorance under high sounding pretensions and a pomp of words.

“I have been like a child, playing on the seashore, picking up a pretty pebble here and there, and the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me,” said the immortal Newton at the close of his brilliant life. And this was the man who had weighed worlds in a balance—who had foretold events that were to happen a thousand years after he had returned to the dust—whose almost omniscient eye had penetrated into the remote recesses of the universe. “I have been as a child,” said this monarch of astronomers; a lesson that deserves to be handed down to the remotest posterity—a lasting rebuke to presumption and ignorance.

It is only within the present century, that the study of the laws of life has been begun by philosophers. Abandoning metaphysical researches, which never present any thing tangible to the mind, they may be said in this respect to have forsaken the shadow to seek after the substance. For more than two thousand years the ancient philosophy had been handed down from gene-

ration to generation, becoming more dark and more obscure in proportion as it was older. From this undistinguishable mass of truth and error, the researches of the naturalist can alone deliver us. When we glance over animated nature, what amazing diversities we behold, yet how many connections we perceive. Some races people the land, some reside in the sea, some live as it were in the air,—each climate and country has its own inhabitants: the lion in the torrid zone, the bear in the frigid; man, with the animals he has taken under his charge, lives in them all; yet no matter how different these races may be, in point of size or disposition, or habit, there are extraordinary bonds of connexion between them. Why are the beasts of New Holland marsupials, when no animal of that type is an inhabitant of the old world? Can climate account for this? for, through the extensive range of North and South America, the occasional occurrence of creatures of this order, proves that there are wide regions of country suitable to their modes of life. Descending even to minuter peculiarities, we may observe that all animals of the class mammalia, have seven cervical vertebrae—whether it be the cameleopard, whose neck is excessively long, or the mole, which in vulgar parlance, has no neck at all,—whether they live in the air, on the earth, or in the water. This, among many such peculiarities, has induced naturalists to adopt the theory of *UNITY OF DESIGN*—by which they mean, that in the case of the creation of all living creatures, one general plan was adopted, which was only departed from in particular instances to meet particular ends; and then only in obedience to certain laws. Thus the whale, which, though an aquatic animal, suckles its young, and is therefore of the class of mammalians, in common with all the members of that class, has teeth—yet it never cuts those teeth, and they remain in the jaw in an undeveloped condition. Here, whilst the type is observed, development is checked, in order to meet peculiar habits of life.

Again, in the serpent tribe, the bones of the feet exist in an undeveloped condition beneath the skin, and never fulfil their office as organs of progressive motion. The ribs, which in most other animals, perform an important part in the process of breathing, and afford protection to the organs of respiration, are here employed in lieu of feet. So, whilst the general type is kept up, non-development takes place, and the discharge of the required function, often falls upon one of the most unlikely organs.

It is not our object here, either to admit or to disallow these doctrines, or to examine the somewhat extensive mass of evidence on which they rest. It should have been the business of the work we have reviewed, to have discussed the theories of unity of design and progressive development, and those other important doctrines, which are so rapidly making converts in the philosophical world.

Δ.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

"I resolve," said a pious English bishop, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." If every one would not only adopt such a resolution but carry it into effect, the dawn of millennial glory would soon illumine the "whole broad earth."

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES

TO THE EDITOR.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

NO. III.

"*Bardolph*. Pardon me, sir, a soldier is better accommodated than—

"*Justice Shallow*. It is well said, in faith, sir! And it is well said, indeed, too! Better accommodated! It is good! Yea, indeed, it is! Good phrases are, surely, and ever were, very commendable! Accommodated! It comes from *accommodo*; very good! a good phrase!

"*Bardolph*. Sir, pardon! I have heard the word. *Phrase* call you it? By this good day, I know not your *phrase*; but I will maintain the *word* with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say—accommodated! or, when a man is,—being,—whereby, he may be thought to be—accommodated! *which is an excellent thing!*

"*Shallow*. It is very just!"

Henry IV.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Romeo and Juliet.

My friend Fisher of that well conducted Pittsburgh 'weekly,' the name of which I, at this present writing, do not remember, (as clever a fellow, by the bye, as you and I know, my dear W., as any who graces the ranks of the corps editorial,) takes exception to the title of these papers, and calls it "ridiculously far-fetched." This is a matter of taste with my friend, as with myself, and, as long as "'Tis but my name, that is his enemy," (once more to quote Shakspeare,) I shall not quarrel with mine ancient crony on this theme. But, instead of such misdoing, will assay to vindicate, in some degree, the fabrication of the very expressive compound word, which stands at the head of these familiar monthly scribblings to you.

In the first place, a father has a right to christen his bantlings by just such names as he, in his paternal discretion, may see fit, without advice or consent of any one. When Mr. Preserved Fish's father chose that prefix for his son to his own piscatory cognomen, was he not exercising a natural and civil right, which was as inalienable as the right to breathe? What though the parson who officiated at the font might have laughed in the father's face,—did that flout him of his humor? By no means; the boy grew up apace, and is now one of the first merchants of the first city of the land. There is a man in Congress yclept "Virgil Delphini:" look in the catalogue of those worthies who sit in that noble hall, else, and see if I am romancing. And will any body say that a man has not a right to name his son after the back of a school-book? Why, my friend Fisher bears the christian name of Edmund Burke, if I do not err: and how "far-fetched" is that prefix? Some thousands of ocean-miles at least! A bell-ringer, proctor, servitor, or something of the sort, at St. Edmund's College in Lisbon, had a desire to signalise his respect for the English, out of regard to a friend at the University from that country, and resolved to have his first-born son denominated after some distinguished English personage. Looking over the list of those from that nation who were celebrated at St. Edmund's, he met with the name of "the venerable Bede," and to the much surprise of the priest, and the no less amusement of the congregation, handed up that christian name for the prefix to his infant son's cognomen! And the child was always called "the venerable Bede," till the faithful chronicler of the anecdote lost sight of

him. The fact is, people generally baptise their bantlings to suit themselves; unless some rich old nabob neighbor expresses a desire to perpetuate his appellation by handing it down to another generation, having no children of his own;—and such a suggestion is generally sufficient, I freely admit, to alter the case entirely.

But we have to deal, in this inquiry, not with the names of persons, but with the titles of literary works. The 'Tatler,' the 'Spectator,' the 'Idler,' the 'Rambler,' the 'Lounger,' the 'Connoisseur,' were all thought strange titles when they first appeared; and many were the droll mistakes, to which the application of them to those admirable essays gave rise. A French translation of Johnson's "Rambler" ran thus: "Le Chevalier Errant,"—and a literary gentleman of that country actually proposed the health of the illustrious author, in downright earnest good faith, as the Monsieur Vagabonde! We learn from the indefatigable D'Israeli, that affected titles to literary productions were quite common among both the Greeks and the Romans: who gave to them such appellations as 'Cornucopia,' or the Horn of Abundance; 'Limone,' or the Meadow; 'Pinakidion,' or the Tablet; 'Pancarpe,' or All-fruits; &c. The same author also cites the quaint titles of some of the religious writers of modern times, to show that all ages have indulged in these freaks, with equal ingenuity of invention. Among these are mentioned "Matches, lighted at the divine fire;" "the Gun of Penitence;" the "Spiritual Apothecary, his shop;" "Some fine Baskets, (?) baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation;" "A Fan to drive away flies," &c. &c.

But to come down to our own time. The Gentleman's Magazine has been published to the present day from a very early date, by the impersonal "Sylvanus Urban,"—a name selected, of course, for the purpose of conveying, at a glance, an idea of the true purpose of the publication, as at the same time devoted to the detail of town and country matters. Blackwood's Magazine, in like manner, rejoices in the editorial control of "Christopher North,"—whom may Heaven long spare to the literary world! In our own country, that admirable miscellany, Dennie's Port-Folio, was edited by "Oliver Oldschool;" and that rare hebdomadal, so brief yet so brilliant in its career, Irving's "Salmagundi," (a title which, perhaps, the critics of that day might have called "ridiculously far-fetched,") was under the editorial management of "Launcelot Langstaff, Esquire." The admirable Pickwick papers, and other works of the same inimitable writer, purport to emanate from the pen of "Boz,"—but I have never yet heard them much depreciated on that score.

I look upon all this kind of neology, in the matter of titles and signatures to books, pamphlets, periodicals, and papers in magazines, Mr. Editor, as nothing more nor less than an ingenious device to attract the attention of the reader to the subjects of them; an innocent conceit of the author, for the indulgence of which he is not to be too harshly criticised. For my own case, I certainly cannot admit that it was so very "ridiculously far-fetched" to denominate a series of off-hand, desultory papers for a monthly magazine, upon any and every topic that might present itself to the mind of the writer, as he wrote, as I have denominated these articles addressed, my dear Editor, to you. As D'Israeli, the Elder, in his most valuable "Curiosities," well says:

"there is no government of words; and it is no statutable offence to invent a felicitous or daring expression, unauthorized by Mr. Todd!"

I derive "Currente-calamosities" from the two Latin words, "currente calamo," with a running pen,—(solely for the purpose of indicating the character of these papers,) just as "Johnsoniana," was derived for a similar purpose, in the English magazines, from Johnson, soon after he died: and just as our own newspapers derive the heading of a column of good things from the Louisville Journal, "Prenticeana," from the surname of their witty author. I do not expect Time will ever stamp the word with his authority, nor, to adopt the felicitous allusion of an author already cited, do I flatter myself that it will secure the public adoption; nor that, even after I am laid in my grave, I shall ever "enter the dictionary," with my new phrase! Still, for my present purpose, the designation of a monthly article in the Southern Literary Messenger, during the current year, I will uphold it to be "a good phrase, and very commendable."

Some of the allusions contained in the above defence of my title, have called to mind some more of those "Readings with my pencil," a number of numbers of which have already appeared in your pages. Those which now recur to me are some short epigrams, jeux d'esprit, epitaphs, &c., &c., chiefly gathered from those pyramids of embalmed literature, the magazines of years gone by. Some of these are worth exhuming, and to this task I will, with your permission, devote some portion of this paper.—This is quaint, though somewhat late in the day:

"Art thou, my friend, so near the brink
Of matrimony? Stop, and think!"

The following is an epitaph in St. Alban's Church Yard, in London. Tom must have been an odd-fellow, dead or alive.

"Hic jacet, Tom Shorthose, sine tombe, sine sheets, sine riches,
Jus vixit, sine gowne, sine cloake, sine shirt, sine breeches."

Here is another, to be found in the same burial place. The challenge conveyed in the last four lines is inimitable, in its way.

"Johnny Bell lyeth underneath this stane,
Five of my sinners laid it on my waine:
I lived a' my days withouten sturt or strife,
I had meet in my house, and was master o' my wife.
If, reader, ye ha' done mair in your time,
Than I ha' done in mine,—
Ye may tak this stane from my weame,
And lay it atop o' thine!"

The following contains a touching truth, conveyed in a figure of singular quaintness. It is inscribed on a stone at Frith in Denbighshire, and was written on the death of a youth.

"Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast, and away!
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,—
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed!
Large is his debt, who lingers out the day,—
Who gives the soonest, has the least to pay!"

The following was written during the Revolutionary war, and was published in the Craftsman; a periodical then printed in London. It certainly contains a good deal of sense, as well as no small epigrammatic point.

"We've fought some years to gain taxation,—
But lost our men, and reputation.
No longer, Britons! be such silly elves,
Is it not madness thus to tax yourselves?"

And here is another to the same point :

"America must be subdued,—
The common cry of men
The wise in office point out *how*,—
But who can point out *when*?"

An epitaph on a lawyer :

"Beneath this smooth stone,
By the bone of his bone,
Lies Master John Gill.
By lies while alive
This attorney did thrive,
And now, he lies, still.

Another, on a fiddler :

"Steven and Time are now both even :
Steven beat Timo, and Time beat Steven!"

Bating the profanity, this Scotch epitaph has some point :

"Here lie I, Martin Elderbrod,
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God!
As I would do, were I but you,
And you were Martin Elderbrod!"

The following, on the tomb-stone of a bustling little busy-body, is very neat :

"Hic quiescit, qui nunquam quievit."

Here is one, which is certainly anything but a flattering tribute to the departed :

"Here he lies, besides a witch,
Hated both by poor and rich.
Where he is, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares!"

In one of the oldest towns in the good old "bay-state," is an ancient church-yard, enclosed contemporarily with the earliest settlement of the place: and in that enclosure is the following pathetic tribute to the memory of a celebrated deacon of those parts.

"Oh Rowley, Rowley! thou has sinned sore!
Thou'st lost thy Deacon Jewet, and never'll see him more!"

But I must bring these extracts to a close; and, as the foregoing have been chiefly tributes to the memory of the departed, by *death*, I will conclude with one written to the memory of one whose departure was suggested by *debt*. It is full of point, and far more witty than such things usually are. I find it in the London Chronicle, November 29, 1778.

"A copy of verses on Mr. Day,
Who from his landlord ran away!"

"Here Day and night conspired a sudden flight,—
For Day, they say, is run away, by night!
Day's passed and gone,—why, landlord, where's your rent?
Did you not see that Day was almost spent?
Day pawned and sold, and put off what he might,
Though it be near so dark, Day will be light!
You had, one Day, a tenant, and would fain
Your eyes could see that Day, but once again.
No, landlord, no! now you may truly say,
And to your cost, too, you have lost the Day!
Day is departed, in a mist, I fear,—
For, Day is broke, and, yet, doth not appear!
From time to time, he promised still to pay,
You should have rose, before the break of Day!
But, if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,
For Day was cunning, and broke over night!
Day, like a candle, is gone out, but where
None knows, unless to Pother hemisphere.
Then to the tavern let us haste away,—
Come, cheer up! hang it! 'tis but a broken Day!
And he that trusted Day for any sum,
Will get his money, when that Day shall come!"

Adieu, for another month!

Truly yours, dear Editor, J. F. O.
WASHINGTON, March 1, 1839.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RETIRED LAWYER.

RECOLLECTION II.

LYNCH'S LAW.

Forty years ago, the practice of wreaking private vengeance, or of inflicting summary and illegal punishment for crimes, actual or pretended, which has been glossed over by the name of *Lynch's Law*, was hardly known except in sparse, frontier settlements, beyond the reach of courts and legal proceedings. The first example of it in my part of the country, was almost unanimously approved. It was exercised upon a man, accustomed, in frequent fits of inebriation, to beat his wife. Her three brothers, disguised as women, with faces blackened, one dark night, took him from his own door just after one of his outrages; carried him gagged and blindfold, to a neighboring wood; stripped him, tied him to a tree, and gave him a hundred lashes.

All, save one, who heard of the deed, were loud in their praises—and I, with the rest. It operated like a charm, upon the brute of a husband. For some time, he was merely crest-fallen and sullen: but finding that he could fix only suspicion upon his mysterious executioners, and knowing that public opinion allowed him no hope of a successful suit or prosecution, he yielded to the assuaging influence of time and reflection. The discreet gentleness of his wife softened and re-won his heart: he became a pattern of sobriety and kindness. Still, there was one man, who would not approve. This was a sagacious old farmer and magistrate, who deserved to be, but was not, an oracle in the county. From the very first, he shook his head at this infraction of the laws; and declared that it would lead to much evil in the long run.

I essayed to reason him out of his 'error.' I told him, there were offences the law could not reach: sot-tishness, for instance, accompanied by such behavior as might break a wife's or daughter's heart, without any open act, to justify legal process. So it was, with certain forms of licentiousness: so it was with gambling, and receiving stolen goods. In many such cases, either the law afforded no remedy, or it was unavailing for want of proof, while the nuisance was intolerable.

The old gentleman heard me patiently, and replied—'Offences, the law cannot reach? Then amend the law, so that it will reach them. It has no defect, that may not be supplied by good, common-sense. Treat the sot like a lunatic, as he is. Put his property, and if need be his person, under a guardian: admit his wife's testimony for that purpose, as you do already when he does or threatens violence to her. Enact more effectual penalties, and better means of enforcing them, for transgression in all its forms. Provide sober, and more intelligent juries. Organize the courts, so that they may know their duties better, and perform them more steadily. Until all this be done, let us bear nuisances, which are the just penalty of our own supineness. Let us, every man, employ all the influence we possess, to get the needful amendments made: and meantime, countenance no outrage on the laws—no taking of the law into private hands, to redress particu-

lar griefs. Tolerate this in one case, and you authorize it in a thousand: and that is anarchy at once. Every man, though he may disapprove such violence in general, will single out some one or two offences which, he thinks, justify it; until this extraordinary and usurping jurisdiction, shoving aside the regular penal code, will embrace the whole circle of transgression. Mark me—you will see the rankest injustice done, under pretence of summary justice. You will see lawless men using it, to satiate their private enmities. Mark me, if you do not.' (These were his thoughts: and very nearly, his words.)

He left me unconvinced. I thought him timid, and overscrupulous.

The practice of 'Lynch's Law' went on. For a while, it was deemed by our chivalry, appropriate only to drunken husbands, who maltreated their wives. Then, it was held justly applicable to some gross indecencies of life, which shocked the moral feelings of society, but were not effectually grasped by the laws. Next, it was employed against receivers of stolen goods, and petty thieves, whose rogueries, it was said, could not be *proved*, though every body knew them—they were *notorious*. In all these cases I justified the practice; though I confess, misgivings began to flit athwart my mind when I saw its frequency and violence increase, and when I heard various persons, respectable and influential, talk of applying it also to misdeeds of many other descriptions. Nobody was for it in all cases: on the contrary, every man condemned it, except as to a very few offences—seldom above two—which he considered as peculiarly flagrant. One worthy citizen thought strolling gamblers ought to be thus dealt with; another, suspicious vagabonds of all sorts; another, horse thieves; a fourth, all thieves;—a fifth, drunkards who had wives; a sixth, common drunkards, whether they had wives or not; a seventh, inhuman masters; an eighth, persons who traded clandestinely with servants, encouraging them to steal. All these opinions were severely acted upon, in the course of three or four years: and from avowals made, it was evident that men were ready to do the like with respect to any misdemeanor, real or supposed, which the sharpened optics of excited feeling might discern, or magnify into crime.

I was not so bigoted as to doubt any longer, that my sagacious old farmer friend had been more than half right in his warning. Each successive, novel application of usurped authority, startled me; but by two instances, which occurred in my own county, and where, almost beyond question, the usurpers had made innocent men suffer to gratify personal malice,—I was thoroughly roused. In those two cases, they had taken their measures so cunningly, that no sufficient clew was found to convict them. It did not occur to the counsel consulted, that they might be compelled to bear witness against each other: and some of them were honorable enough to speak the truth, if they had been sworn.

At length an outrage took place, which excited general indignation for many miles around. A free negro, sixty years old, whose life had been upright, decorous, and useful, was taken from his bed one night by five men, who broke open his door for the purpose. He was put into a large bag, which was tied over his head: thus confined, he was carried to a retired place hard by;

and there mangled with innumerable stripes and bruises. His oppressors ended by telling him, that he should receive the like treatment again, unless he quitted the neighborhood in two weeks; and that then it would be repeated once a week, so long as he remained.

Such was the respect which the old man's uniform propriety of deportment had inspired, that the vicinage was at once in a flame, as the news of this barbarity spread. His neighbors were eager to trace out its authors: and circumstances were not wanting, which produced a decided belief, and seemed to promise a judicial conviction, of their identity, and guilt. Their victim, in the few words they uttered, recognized the voices of three. He had offended one of them—a contiguous landholder—by steadily refusing to sell him his little tenement, which ran in, awkwardly, upon that neighbor's ampler tract. Another was an idler, who subsisted by hunting, fishing, and other, more doubtful means; and who, having seduced the old man's only son into profligate habits that ended in his fleeing the country,—had become, according to a very old rule, the injured father's implacable enemy. The third was a son of the first. This hopeful youth and exemplary parent, by addressing each other as 'Father,' and 'Tom' at the scene of violence, confirmed the sufferer's assurance of their identity. His impressions were reinforced by those of a little boy, his orphan grandchild, who slept in the same, only apartment, of his lowly mansion: and who was quite sure of the voices, and persons, of the pair—for a few coals flickered in the fire-place, diffusing a dim light.

But of what use was the old, or the young negro's knowledge? The stern, though indispensable rule of our law, arising from a state of things not chargeable to us, sealed *their* lips, as witnesses against white men. This circumstance heightened to intensity the general eagerness of the surrounding country, to ferret out and bring to justice the perpetrators of the outrage. It gave to their guilt a deeper shade of cowardice and cruelty, which swelled public indignation to a pitch absolutely sublime. Every eye, ear, and mind, were on the alert for evidence: and there was a cool discretion, unusual in such excitements, which was highly favorable to success in this vigilance.

I (the nearest lawyer) was consulted in the old man's behalf, by two of his respectable neighbors; who told me what he and his grandson had seen and heard. I asked if Dickson (the idler) could be depended on, to speak the truth, if examined as a witness against Smith and his son? 'No—and, besides, he'd quit the country at a word. He has nothing to keep him here—property nor character.' 'Would Thomas Smith tell the truth, on oath, against his father and Dickson?' 'Yes. There's good in that youngster. He's a wild, out-breaking fellow, and no doubt he thought he was acting quite right, with his father standing by to help him. But he would not swear to a lie.'

I therefore counselled at once a suit for damages, and a criminal prosecution, against the father (Smith), and Dickson: provided any material testimony could be obtained in addition to that of young Smith—upon whom, alone, it did not appear quite safe to rely. I urged the importance of trying to find out the two unknown assailants—and of strict secrecy as to our views and plans.

The unknown were soon discovered. They had dropped hints of their intending, before long, to 'regulate old Jerry Jackson,' who, they said, had been stealing corn from Mr. Smith. And, about an hour before the violence, they had been seen going that way, by one of the neighbors, whom they told, that they were going to help Mr. Smith find some stolen goods. Amid the hubbub which shook the vicinage, they were singularly unconcerned; showed no surprise on hearing the particulars; and cast furtive, knowing glances at each other, when the wonder went round,—'who could have done it?'—They were a couple of low bucks, named Rakewell; intimate at Mr. Smith's, and fond of any thing like a frolick, or an adventure. They would not (I verily believe) have engaged in this cowardly assault, but for their confidence in what Mr. Smith said—that he lost 100 bushels of grain every year, by that old rogue, and harborer of rogues, Jerry Jackson. This notable speech he had been heard to make in their presence, very soon after Jackson's refusal to sell his piece of ground. Various persons recollected also, that Smith had shown deep exasperation at that refusal; and had sworn, that if he did not get the place, the old rascal should find it too hot for himself. All his complaints of stolen grain were after this.

These facts appearing sufficient, the suit was instituted; an action of *trespass, assault and battery*—laying the damages at 5000 dollars; in the then 'District Court,'—nearly corresponding to the present *Circuit Court*.—At the next term of the same court, indictments were found by the grand jury against Smith, his son, and Dickson, upon the foregoing evidence. Writs were awarded to arrest the three indicted parties, and compel them, either by confinement in prison, or by finding sureties [*bail*], to appear, answer the indictments, and abide the final decision. The witnesses also, for the commonwealth, were recognized to attend and testify.—As to the civil action, we could only subpoena them.

I spare the reader a detail of the preparations for trial. By some odd casualty, such as often happens in our courts, to delay and disarrange their business, the civil suit came on to be tried before the indictments.

It was against the elder Smith, and Dickson; Tom not being sued, because we designed to use him as a witness in the civil action.

The jury being sworn, I opened the case for the negro, with a rapid and warm recital of the facts by which he had been aggrieved. An eminent counsel on the other side, followed, with a statement of the points relied upon for defence. Then, the witnesses were called.

To the evidence of Thomas Smith and the two Rakewells, the defending counsel objected; on the ground that they, being accomplices in the assault (if any had been committed), were inadmissible as witnesses for the plaintiff. Here too, I forbear a detail of the points we made in discussing this important question, though I recollect them more distinctly than events of yesterday, and my spirit is roused by them, as that of an old war-horse by a trumpet-call.—The court overruled the objection; deciding that joint-trespassers, at least when not sued jointly, might be witnesses against each other.

The proof was full and conclusive—of the outrage, in all its particulars; of the previous threats of Smith; of the real incentive to his displeasure; and of his ca-

lumnious pretext for it, and for the outrage. In cross-examining our witnesses, and by some evidence on his own side, his counsel endeavored to elicit proof of the thefts, and encouragements to theft, which he had imputed to the plaintiff. The court interfered, to stop any such testimony; saying, that be the plaintiff ever so guilty, there were LAWS which Smith should have invoked, and not have taken justice into his own hands: that therefore, such guilt was no justification for him, and no evidence of it could be heard. But we waived all objection to such proof, if it existed; and set the door of inquiry wide open,—daring the other party to enter, and prove whatever they could. All their siftings, however, produced not the slightest ground of suspicion against the negro.

The argument came next. My associate, a young man of seven and twenty, opened it in a style of uncommon eloquence and power. He was answered by the two defending counsel.—I closed.

It is not difficult to imagine the topics of argument, on both sides.

We portrayed the old man's life—humble, peaceful, honest, respected: the leading astray and ruin of his only son, by one of the defendants: the attempt to blast his character, by the other: the midnight irruption into his cottage home, and the laceration of his person, by both! All, aggravated tenfold, by his condition—inferior, solitary, aged, every way defenceless! We exhibited the lengths to which illegal violences of the kind had gradually gone, from small and even good beginnings: the danger lest, if tolerated in cases of the plainest guilt, they should be abusively employed where there was no guilt: the necessity, therefore, of arresting them by signal penalties, even when they seemed warranted by crime in the sufferers—much more, where innocence had been oppressed, under a most foul and false pretence of guilt, to gratify personal hatred and cupidity. We did not omit to urge the sacred, imperious duty, of spreading the shield of public justice peculiarly over the class to which our client belonged: a class debarred, by the necessary strictness of our laws, from one of the most important means of self-protection against outrage, and therefore entitled, when trampled upon, to have all the energies of the whole community animated and eager for redress.

The adversary counsel made the best of their cause. They could no longer deny the outrage: they could only palliate it, and attempt to mitigate the damages. The suspicions of Smith, naturally excited by his loss of corn—the irritation of Dickson, at having been contumeliously termed by the old man an unfit associate for his son, a negro—the necessity, if there was theft, of its being punished in this way, for want of judicial proof—these, and similar topics were pressed with such boldness, eloquence, and plausibility, that some of the jury really seemed for a while staggered. A little time, however, and counter discussion, showed their fallacy, and converted them into additional causes of indignation.

The verdict was for 2000 dollars damages: the jury intending, as one of them said, to give half of Smith's estate to Jackson and the commonwealth.

When the indictments were tried, juries fined S. 300, his son 50, and Dickson 50 dollars. The court sentenced each of them to three months' imprisonment.

This severe rebuke, and the attendant circumstances, repealed 'Lynch's Law' in that part of the country. The immense throng who witnessed the trials, and the far greater numbers who heard of the facts, seemed to perceive, as if written with sun beams, the liability of that dreadful code to insufferable abuse. Its origin, growth, and natural consummation, were obvious to every startled mind: all saw, and wondered they had not seen before, that if allowed in any case, however apparently flagrant, it would at length be used where nothing but weakness was on one side, and bad passions on the other.

It was near the time of my retirement from the Bar, before any renewal of such violences met my knowledge. They then began, very much as before: they have multiplied by like degrees: and no doubt they will grow more frequent and more atrocious, until either the Legislature and the courts do their duty, or till some deed, too high-handed and shocking to be winked at, shall once more rouse a feeling, which may again suspend (not abolish) the perpetually reviving mischief. The efforts of counsel, supported by facts more eloquent than any tongue, may cure for a time, and through a certain district: but it is the LAW-GIVER, alone, who can eradicate the disease, utterly and forever, from the whole body politic. Let HIM, (as my early adviser, the sagacious farmer, said) enact more effective penalties for transgression, and provide better means of enforcing them: have juries more sober, intelligent, and respectable: so constitute the inferior tribunals, that they may know and perform their duties better: and (I add), as a measure of prevention perhaps equal to all other measures,—send the schoolmaster more widely and thoroughly abroad among the people; so that ONE FOURTH of them may no longer be qualified by ignorance to be nothing but brutes and law-breakers.

TO A LADY, WITH A BOUQUET.

I send thee flowers, fresh flowers, to breath
An incense on thy lovely shrine;
Oh, take them while they bloom, and wreath
A chaplet for that brow of thine!
Better than gems from Indian mine,
They will become thy raven hair;
For, like those gems thy bright eyes shine,
And other rays thou need'st not wear.

If I could lure some minstrel-bird
From his dear summer home away,
My pen should trace no idle word
Nor frame this unregarded lay:—
For more than I can dare to say
That captive bird should sweetly sing—
And thou, perchance, would'st bid him stay!
And fold with thee his weary wing!

P. B.

New York, February 22, 1839.

JAMES McDOWELL, ESQ.

OF ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

We have been favored by the publisher, John Bogart, Esq. of Princeton, with a copy of the "Address delivered before the Alumni Association of the college of New-Jersey, Sept. 26, 1838," by the distinguished individual whose name is prefixed to these lines. Mr. McDowell is well known in Virginia, as a gentleman of literary attainments and an eloquent speaker; and the address before us will not have the effect of diminishing his high reputation. It is true, that we do not consider his style in composition as perfect, or altogether a safe model for imitation by younger men; but its very faults are occasioned by the exuberance of his genius and the splendor of his imagination. If some might complain of the superabundant foliage which is spread before us, none could be dissatisfied with the rich and precious fruit which always accompanies it.

We regret, that our limits will not permit us to present a critical analysis of the address, or to make copious selections from its pages. It is not easy to commend particular passages, where there is so much equality of beauty throughout, and so rapid a succession of brilliant thoughts and wholesome precepts, clothed in eloquent language. We cannot forbear extracting, however, the following forcible and beautiful appeal to those of his hearers, who were about to receive the "spur and belt of college knighthood," and to go forth upon the labors of life:

"To you who have just received the ceremonial seal, which closes your connection with the college, and which accredits you with honorable testimony to the world, this hour, glad as it is in the exulting sense of independence which it inspires, is the beginning one of more anxious and solemn consequence than any other that has opened upon you. It is an hour which advances you to undertakings and duties which, whether considered in reference to mind or character, outmeasure by far, in complication and importance, any other to which you have yet been called. The gown, with all the responsibilities and obligations of manhood, is taken to day. The rubicon of youth is passed, and is now behind you: the battle of life stands ready before. The quiet harbor, where you have been ministered to for years in gentleness and peace, is now quit, and you are launched upon the wave of the wide sea, where your pilotage and success must be such as heaven and your own good heart shall supply. At this moment, which is always one of rejoicing, follow what may, when the restraints of impatient pupilage are taken away, and the heart leaps forward to busy life as to a revel and a feast; at this moment, to read you over the lessons of a grey and care-worn experience is, in some sort you may think, to exhibit anew the mystic hands and the mystic words upon the wall, the skeleton finger and the boding motto, calling up only images of gloom unseasonably to dim the ruby of your cup, unkindly to check the joy of your banquet. Rather imagine that as you are no Belshazzars to tremble at prophetic revealings, and I no sage or seer to announce them, that some words not of gloom, but of soberness and truth, may even now be spoken which may benefit and aid you when this festal hour shall have gone. So presuming, let it be said, that if you would acquire firmness, elevation and weight of character at the very outset in life, if you would impart to the mind the whole of that consistency and vigor of which it is susceptible, and would crown all these virtues by reputation and by profit, then choose at once the profession or pursuit to which you intend to be attached, and embody all your energies in preparation for it. Choose candidly, upon thorough examination of yourself, but choose promptly. Decline to do so, loiter away a year or two of the most precious period of your lives in the vain and voluntary self-delusion that you are wisely exercising your judgment with observation and reading and facts, that you may decide at

last with the better discretion; do this, as thousands have done to their sorrow, and not only will the tone and courage of your mind abate, and all of its faculties gradually give way under the abandonment of its accustomed discipline, but innumerable conjectures of hypothetical evil will fill it, and visionary reasons for further and further delay will spring up in afflicting abundance on every side of you, to postpone and perplex your decision. Every moment not imperatively demanded by the necessities of self-examination and an intelligent survey of the general operations of society, every one beyond this, which is spent under the deceptive pretence of deliberation and inquiry, only aggravates your perplexity and distress, and will ultimately fasten upon your mind the disordered and incurable habit of haling and indecision. You may search and search and be no more profited withal, than the inquiring and eccentric hermit who roamed through the world, looking in all its paths with a candle in his hand for an honest man, but retired at last, wearied, disappointed and disheartened to his cell, where, as the fable reads, he renounced his hopes, extinguished his torch, and died in despair. Let all waywardness and caprice be dismissed from your choice, and your plan of life be definitely settled, and it is amazing to see how instantaneous is that firmness and energy which result to the mind from this single act of concentrating its purposes and powers. But delay and delay, and as no system of life is adopted, or adopted in time, your self-control, your sense of personal value, your efficiency and your promptitude of decision are all lost: your struggles to live, to act, to play your part in society as might become you, insensibly but inevitably dwindle down into a petty and contemptible shuffle of daily expedients; and repentance, mortification, disappointment, to say nothing of positive and resulting vices, oftentimes follow after to bring up in mournful array the procession of life."

Indeed, the whole of that part of the address which is intended for the *Alumni*, when they shall have engaged in the active duties of social, professional and political life, abounds so much in fervid morality and glowing patriotism—that we could sincerely wish it in the hands of every intelligent reader in the country. The following passage particularly ought to be read by every politician of every party in the Union, and is of more value as coming from a gentleman known to be a warm admirer and supporter of the last and present administrations of the federal government. As we are not politicians ourselves, we leave the application to others:

"Public offices are trusts, pure trusts; conferred in faith for the general weal, and opposed throughout the whole range of their intentions, to all the purposes of individual advantage. To pursue them, therefore, as being in any respect whatsoever the proper subjects of traffic or private emolument—to clutch at and seize upon and apply them as the just acquisition of personal booty, is in reality to perpetrate a robbery; a robbery more wicked and worse than that which classic fable has punished with the naked rock and the gnawing vulture; nay, it is to commit simony against the state, only less criminal and less accursed in itself than that simony against heaven, which would have purchased its gifts and its powers to dishonor, defile and destroy them."

The concluding remarks of the address we cannot omit. They relate to that gloomy subject which we never approach without shuddering. If such appeals are lost upon those misguided spirits who, in the name of peace, are lighting up the fires of discord, and would, for the sake of religion, plunge society into crime and darkness, we shall despair ever reaching them through the influence of reason, and must calmly await that hour of trial which an overruling Providence may have in reserve for our country:

"I shall be pardoned, I trust, by this audience, already taxed too long, for introducing, in connection with this view of a patriot's duty, and as an appropriate appendage to it, a closing remark upon an all-engrossing and all-pervading subject, which deeply, intensely, and sternly involves it—a subject which, though it takes hold more immediately and more totally of the

peculiar interests and structure of southern population, yet, in its final issues, interweaves itself indissolubly with the peace and the hopes and the destinies of us all. If it is ever important to consider it with admonitory reference to its inevitable and its dread results, it is at this moment, above all others the most important, whilst the public mind is ruminating upon it, and before any violent or any irrevocable act has thrust it out from the forum of reason, to be discussed and decided upon the field of battle. It is now, if ever, when a threatening frown scowls and lowers upon its front, that evidence should be heard, lest an unwary judgment should let loose the sword to "slay the man that is thy fellow." Who here that asks—who here that needs to be told, that abolition is the subject meant; that subject of monstrous omen, though perchance of pious birth—which fostered and forwarded with a wild and explosive energy, has been made to tower above every interest of party, and above every measure of policy, by putting into contest the very body and being of the state. Passing by the questions of theology and morals and constitutional power and private right which have been embodied with this subject, I have this only to say which my southern position, and, therefore, my keener apprehension, both as witness and victim of all its results, will enable me to say—that if it be pushed onward by those who are locally foreign to its interests and its dangers, until it becomes the efficient and admitted cause of some insurgent ebullition, it will be the parent, not only of unutterable calamities to us, but of certain, irretrievable and bloody undoing to themselves and to all. Let those amongst you who choose, bewail the existence of slavery as a maelstrom in the bosom of southern society; if they but touch it with pragmatical, with forbidden and infatuated hand, they render it a maelstrom to engulf the Union. Be adjured, therefore, by the weal of this and of coming ages; by our own and our children's good—by all that we have and all that we hope for in the glories of our land, to leave this subject of slavery, with every accountability it may impose, every remedy it may require, every accumulation of difficulty or of pressure it may reach—leave it all to the interest and the wisdom and the conscience of those upon whom the providence of God and the constitution of your country have cast it. Leave it to them *now and forever*, and stop, before stop is impossible, the furious headway of that destructive and mad philanthropy which is lighting up for the nation itself the fires of the stake: which is rushing on, stride after stride, to a strife and a woe that may bury us all under a harder and wickeder slavery than any it would extinguish. Nothing but bitterness—nothing but aggravation of heart and of lot has been brought upon that unfortunate man whom rash and pernicious attempts—the promptings of this blinded and baleful spirit—have been put forth to benefit. They have broken down the footing he had reached, crushed the sympathies he had won, embarrassed and accursed the fortunes they were interposed to control. The generous and elevating influence of our free institutions was relaxing his bondage, bettering his condition, lifting up his character, turning upon him the public anxieties and the public councils as a great object of provident and public provision—was changing at all points the aspects of his fate, when a spirit, sent of heaven as it insanely imagined, came from abroad, to scourge him with demon visitation; to wrench him from the arms of his only true and only capable benefactors—to throw him back again upon the earth a thousand fold more suspected and more separated than before; rivetting upon him every fetter it would loosen—poisoning every blessing it would bestow, and filling his whole case with elements of hopelessness, explosion and evil, which the heart sorrows whilst it shudders to think upon. Why, then, persist? Why abet the growth or the daring or the power of a spirit, which wisdom and mercy plead to you, with all their tongues, to silence and to stop? Will any daughter in this assembly, the cherished and defended of a parent's love; blessed to the uttermost with the holy peace of perfect security; sheltered to the uttermost from the apprehension and the approach of every wrong; with no enemy to dread, no hand to injure, no terror to affright; safe in her repose, safe in her innocence at every hour and in every place; will she do that, which, all-valueless for its objects, will yet be all-powerful to send wakefulness and watching and danger and anguish, perchance, to the days and the nights; to the summer shade as well as to the barred and bolted chamber of her southern sister? Will any mother here, as she soothes her infant to its rest, and looks upon its balmy sleep, and pressing it to her heart, bows in gratitude to God for his mercies to her child, thanking him that

its life is safe, safe from harm, from the hand of violence and revenge, and that all its slumbers are guarded by a nation's power: will she—oh, can she, as the consequence of *Aer* acts, bear to behold the southern mother startling and shuddering, at every foot fall, and at every noise which breaks upon the silence of the night, and flying from her pillow of wakefulness and wretchedness to kneel and crouch upon the cradle, weeping and sobbing in the agony of her soul over the murder and the horror that surround it? Will the father and the citizen hail us and greet us and press us to their bosom, as better brethren and better men, when we shall come up with our hands all red and reeking with the blood they have made us shed? But if not, then abjure the cause which involves the crime, and the disciples who support it! Friends of the slave! they are stripping him of the wretched remnant of liberty he has left. Friends of humanity! they are cruelly and recklessly staking it upon means of massacre and convulsion. Friends of the country! they are rapidly becoming its iron homicides—cleaving down its institutions with murderous hand, and tearing it limb from limb. If you would see the practical working of the spirit that is spoken of—the woe and the ruin it can occasion—go to the quiet and the passive slave of the south, pour your insurrectionary sentiments into his ear, parade the worst of his condition in artful and in pictured horror before his eye, then trace the progress of the poison—trace it through his murmurs, his resentment, his resistance; his passions growing deeper and darker at every step, under the discipline he provokes, until anger and ulceration and agony of spirit have done their work, and revenge and murder have become the companions of his bosom: then see him leagued and banded with others as fell and as furious as himself, the vulture at his heart, the dagger and the torch in his hand, stealing into the silent and midnight chamber, and standing, with horrid and uplifted weapon, over the parent and the child as they slumber for the blow: see him—let the shriek, the gasping struggle, the gory blade, the blazing dwelling, tell out the deed that is done. For one moment—one palsied moment—a shivering and convulsive horror seizes upon the hearts of millions of our people—in the next, a dreadful wrath drives on to a dreadful retribution. But if the blood of our people is ever thus to stream in our dwellings, and ooze from the very bosom of the soil that feeds us, it will cry from the ground like that of Abel for vengeance, vengeance against the brother hand that shed it, and vengeance would be had, though every drop that was left should be poured out in one anguished and dying effort to obtain it. Nothing—no nothing but heaven could prevent a people, so lashed up to frenzy by rage and suffering and wrong, from pouring back, upon the fields and firesides of the guilty, that visitation of calamity and death which had been sent to desolate their own. Spare us—oh, spare us the curse of a ruptured brotherhood, of a ruined, ruined country. Give up your happy and united country; give it up to the madness of some factious hour, to the frenzy of some fanatic spirit; let it sink overwhelmed in some horrible struggle of brother with brother, and you will recover its liberties and its blessings again, when the sun shall “slumber in the cloud, forgetful of the voice of the morning;”

“When earth's cities have no sound nor tread,
And ships are drifting with the dead,
To shores where all is dumb.”

Here upon your northern fields it was, at some dark and dismayed period of our revolution, when army after army had been lost, when wretched and dispirited and beaten, the boldest quailed, the faithfulest despaired, and all, for an instant, seemed to be conquered except the unconquerable will of our glorious chief: here it was, that rising above all the auguries and the terrors around him, he exclaimed to the despairing of his followers as if inspired of Heaven for his work, “Strip me of the wretched and the suffering remnant of my soldiers—take from me all I have left—leave me but a standard—give me but the means of planting it upon the mountains of West Augusta, and I will yet draw around me the men who will lift up their bleeding country from the dust and set her free.” That “West Augusta” stands here to-day pleading through me, who am a son, for the individual and unbroken heritage of Washington and his comrades. Loyal to the result as to the struggle of the revolution—devoted, as when her devotion was counted upon as equivalent to fate—true, as when you were grasped and bound to the bosom of each other in the hour of distress, it is her hope and her wish to finish with you the destinies of the nation—arm

In arm to share with you in a common glory, and perish, when perish she must, only upon a common field:—thus testifying, through all time, to a fidelity which there was nothing in life that could shock, and nothing in death that could destroy. Turning her eye and her heart upon no other banner than the proud one which floats from the capitol of the republic, she prays as she looks upon it with its “stars and stripes,” that the glad shout which centuries hence may hail it in the land of the pilgrims, may be echoed back from the waves of the Pacific seas. Heaven grant that generations and ages hence, some future son of the south, honored and welcomed and greeted as I have been to-day, may stand upon this consecrated spot, praising and thanking God, as I do, that he also can say, “these are my brethren, and this, this too is my country.”

THE IDIOT BOY.

BY MISS E. H. STOCKTON.

Strangers would pause, with admiration gazing
Upon the features in their perfect mould;—
The soft, dark eyes, their lids so meekly raising—
The ivory brow beneath its curls of gold.
The face was of a child—though bud and blossom,
For fifteen summers had enwreathed his home,
Still leaned his head upon his mother's bosom,
Still with his hand in her's he loved to roam.

Slight was his form, yet graceful in its motion,
And sweet the voice that breathed one word alone;
And *that*—oh who that feels a child's devotion,
But knows his mother's was that dearest one?
And she—her soul was full to overflowing,
Of wild and passionate tenderness for him,
But on his image every thought bestowing
From early morning to the twilight dim.

He held a silent sympathy with nature,
And with a strange, sweet smile would gaze around,
And joy, like light, would brighten every feature,
When in some mossy cleft a flower he found.
The wild-bird in the shady forest singing—
The dream-like music of the southern breeze—
The butterfly its sunny pathway winging,—
Each had a charm the gentle boy to please.

He had no memory of days departed,
His thoughts like rosy shadows came and went—
He was not one of those, the weary-hearted—
Who gaze with sorrow on a life misspent.
Each time when winter came with sombre vesture,
And he beheld the feathery flakes of snow,
He hailed them with the same astonished gesture,
Nor knew that he had seen it long ago.

And still, with every little new-found treasure,
His hasty footsteps to his mother led;
Clasped in her arms he knew a sweeter pleasure,
Than he who feels a crown upon his head.
Poor and a widow was that lonely mother,
And by her daily labor fed her child;
Yet there was no one ‘knew her but to love her;’
She was so gentle and to all so mild.

At last the messenger of death appearing,
Gave warning that the mother's hour was nigh,

When on life's scenes, however sad or cheering,
The mortal form must close the glazing eye.
She had no fear—But oh the speechless sorrow,
That swelled her heart, and seemed to press her brain,
As, picturing to herself the dreary morrow,
She knew her boy would call on her in vain.

But wherefore dwell upon the scene of parting ?
God gave sweet rapture to the saint at last,
As on its plumes of glory upward darting,
The joyous spirit knew all grief was past.
Morn came—and the pure sunlight brightly beaming,
Gave to that solemn brow a radiant grace,—
So calm she looked, you might have tho't her dreaming,
But for the coldness of the placid face.

"Mother!"—how like a bird's the note came sounding,
From the red, parted lips that smiled with joy ;
As, with his wonted step of airy bounding,
He came—the orphan child—the Idiot boy !
The shroud—the bier—the face of marble whiteness,
Seemed to inspire with wonder, not with dread,
As he stood gazing in his youthful brightness,
The thoughtless living on the unconscious dead.

Mother—alas, that word so often filling
Her soul with joy no language might impart,
Gives to the air a music soft and thrilling,
But wakes no echo in that silent heart.
Ah this it is that aye forbids our deeming,
When by the form of death we sit and weep,
That after all it may be only seeming,
And the dear eyes are closed in slumber deep !

'Tis not the pallid brow, or purple tinging
Of the once rosy lip that proves the most ;—
Nor the dim orbs just seen through lashes fringing,
That tell of life and hope forever lost.
But oh when tears and cries, our grief revealing,
Fail to excite a soothing look or tone,
Then how intense becomes the bitter feeling
That even with the *loved* we are *alone* !

Poor boy ! when by each little fond endeavor
His thought could prompt he had essayed in vain,
To win one look from eyes now closed forever,
One word from lips that ne'er should speak again,—
With a sweet patience, he who knew not sorrow,
Close by the bier sat down, of hope possest,
Nor left her side till on the weary morrow
Exhausted nature claimed and found her rest.

Then to the home of one who loved his mother,
Even from her youth, the lonely one was borne ;
They deemed he'd lose all memory of another,
And of the lovely tie so rudely torn.
So on that lowly grave the rose of summer,
Blossomed and drooped, and autumn hastened by,
Bearing rich blessings like an angel-comer,—
Giving new glory to the earth and sky.

And there were strangers in that sacred dwelling,
Where Love had wept and Innocence reposed ;
Gay, happy faces of contentment telling,
And shouts of laughter when their labors closed.
And often to the cottage-windows gliding,
A fair, sad boy would gaze a moment in,

Then with a plaintive tone, as half in chiding,
Would murmur "mother," and depart again.

This could not last ;—day after day declining
Gave deeper shadows to the mournful eyes,
Though the soft curls upon his forehead shining
Still seemed too bright for aught beneath the skies—
And ere the autumn glory had departed,
They laid him gently by his mother's side :
There rest they both in peace—the weary-hearted,—
Whom time nor death shall ne'er again-divide !
Philadelphia, March, 1839.

NOTICE TO THE REVIEWER OF "NEW VIEWS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM."

Mr. White: Permit me to review my reviewer in part, and in a very few words: reserving for a future occasion a more general review, and a drawing of the distinctive lines between the system I propose, and the system he defends, if indeed he defends any system. As to "ignorance," and "stuff," and "impertinence," I have no objection to make, except, if he pleases, that without a little more reflection on his part, he may find himself placed ultimately in the same condition others have been placed, by opposing the progress of science. He must see that there will be *necessarily* a vast difference between a *physical system* founded on a *stationary sun*, and a *physical system* founded on a *progressive sun*. Now would it not have been more philosophical—would it not have comported more with the *genius* of our country, for him to have entered into an investigation of this difference, and to have given his views of the difference, if any difference could have been discovered by him? I wrote with a view to excite inquiry; and what I principally had in view, was to lay the question before the learned, whether it was or was not a correct scientific principle to compare the Moon moving round the Earth, with Mercury round the sun? I too adverted to that which I consider to be the fact, the progressive motion of the sun; and of course, if so, then the progression of the sun must limit the progression of the planets, and that consequently their *progressive motion* must be equal. Now if this state of the system really exists, he (the reviewer) will find it no easy matter to apply all the principles of Sir Isaac Newton to such orbits, as the planets do actually describe, they having been applied to orbits which in fact have no existence, with, however, some exceptions—such as the eccentricity of their orbits, which really exists, but which is produced by the progressive motion of the system itself, and not from any principle advocated by Sir Isaac Newton, La Grange, or La Place. For all the phenomena discovered by the practical astronomer among the planets, as their times, and their *perturbations*, as the inner planets pass the outer ones, and as the inner moons pass those more remote from their primaries, the Principia of Newton may be considered good authority, *excepting the means* by which such phenomena are produced. The Principia applied to a physical system, supposed to be stationary, and occupying the same local position without progressing in any direction; but it is now supposed that such a fixed locality is incompatible with other views of astronomers, and the more recently discovered phenomena, and that of course the whole requires recasting. Well; I propose a system suited to a progressive sun, and why? Certainly not with a view to injure any science, but, on the contrary, to promote scientific inquiry in our own country.

Now, sir, I would be glad to see a review of the paper on the Tides, in the December No., by the same author; and he is at full liberty to use any epithets, he may (however unphilosophical) think necessary and proper to call to his aid. I thank him for the objections he has made to my views so far as he has gone; but I fear from the manner and style of his objections that he is not very well qualified to do justice even to himself. But be that as it may, I will take the liberty now to say to him, that the great question to be settled will render it necessary for me to draw largely upon Newton, La Grange, and La Place, and also on a still later astronomer than either, Sir John Herschel.

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RICHMOND, APRIL, 1839.

No. IV.

THE TRANSFIGURED:

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

The following tale is translated for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, by a lady of Pennsylvania, from the German of Techokke, published a few years since. The chief design of the author seems to have been to illustrate the German philosophy of *Animal Magnetism*; in the course of which he endeavors to explain some curious, not to say mystical, metaphysical speculations. The learned may find something in them for reflection, while the lovers of romance will be better pleased with a very ingenious story, diversified with several interesting characters and exciting incidents, drawn with great power and rich coloring. The whole is thoroughly German, both in its beauties and defects. As the subject of *Animal Magnetism*, engages, at this time, a good deal of attention, and has enlisted in its behalf some of our men of science, the publication of this exposition of its theories and mysteries may be peculiarly acceptable.—*Ed. So. Lit. Mess.*

The charm, elegance and retirement of the villa, the hospitality of our rich host, Ambrosio Faustino, and the grace of his most lovely wife, contributed not a little to the healing of our wounds, received in the battle of Molito, (we were four German officers,) but still more the pleasing discovery, that both the generous Faustino and his beautiful wife were of German descent. He was formerly called Faust, and was, by a singular chain of circumstances, induced to settle in Italy and to change his name. The delight of being able, far from our native land, to exchange German words, made us mutually confidential.

I had the liberty of passing my morning hours in Faustino's library. There I found in magnificent rows the choicest works, and also some volumes of Italian manuscripts, written by Faustino. They were memoirs of his own life, mingled with observations on painting and sculpture. I asked the favor of being permitted to read them, which Faustino was not only good enough to grant, but also drew out one of the volumes and pointed out what I should read.

"Read it," said he, "and believe me, however incredible it may appear, it is true. Even to myself, it seems at times a deception of the imagination, though I have experienced it all."

He also imparted to me many smaller circumstances. But this is sufficient for an introduction. Here follows the fragment from Faustino's or rather Faust's memoirs.

ADVENTURE IN VENZONI.

On the twelfth of September, 1771, I crossed the stream Tagliamento at Spilemberg. I approached with firm steps the German confines, which I had not seen for many years. My soul was full of an indescribable melancholy, and it seemed as if an invisible power drew me back. It constantly cried to me, return. In fact, twice did I stop on the wretched road, looked towards Italy, and wished to return again to Venice! But then, when I asked myself, "what argues it? to live! for

what?" I again proceeded onwards, towards the dark mountains, which rose before me in clouds and rain.

I had but little money in my pocket, scarcely sufficient to reach Vienna, unless I begged on the way, or should sell either my watch, linen or better clothes, which I carried in a knapsack. The finest years of my youth I had passed in Italy, in order to improve myself in painting and sculpture. At last I advanced sufficiently in my art to discover, in my twenty-seventh year, that I should never accomplish anything really great. It is true my Roman friends had often had the kindness to encourage me. Many of my pieces had occasionally sold well. Nevertheless this gave me but little comfort. I could not but despise creations which gave me no satisfaction. I experienced the painful feeling, that I was and should remain too weak to call into life with pencil or chisel the living conceptions within me. This threw me into despair—I wished not for money—I longed only for the power of art; I cursed my lost years and returned to Germany. At that time I still had friends there: I longed for a solitude, where I could forget myself. I would become a village schoolmaster, or engage in any humble employment, in order to punish my bold ambition, which had attempted to rival Raphael and Angelo.

The rainy weather had already continued several days and increased my uncomfortable feelings. The thought frequently awoke in me, if I *could* but die! A fresh shower drew me aside from the road, under a tree. There I long sat upon a rock, looking back with deep melancholy upon the destroyed plans and hopes of my life. I saw myself, solitary, amidst wild mountains. The cold rain fell in streams. Not far from me a swollen torrent roared through the rocks. What will become of me? sighed I. I looked at the torrent, to see whether it were deep enough to drown me if I threw myself in. I was vexed that I had not already made an end of my sufferings at Tagliamento. Suddenly an unspeakable anguish and the pangs of death seized me. I shuddered at my resolutions and wishes. I sprang up and ran on in the rain, as if I would escape from myself. It was already evening and becoming late.

I came to a single large house not far from Venzoni. The increasing darkness, continued rain, and my own fatigue, induced me to stop at this building, which exhibited the friendly and inviting sign of accommodation for travellers. As I passed the threshold of the door, a violent shuddering and the same mortal agony seized me, that I had experienced whilst sitting on the rock in the wood. I remained at the door to take breath, but quickly recovered myself. I felt lighter than I had for some days, when in the warm public room I again felt the breath of man. Without doubt it had been merely an attack of bodily weakness.

They welcomed me, and I cheerfully threw my knapsack on the table. I was shown a small room where I could change my wet clothes. Whilst undressing, I

heard a quick step on the stairs; the room door opened, and some hasty questions were asked about me, such as whether I should remain over night—if I came on foot and carried a knapsack—if I had light hair; and many more of a like nature. The interrogators went away—came again, and another voice asked similar questions. I knew not what it meant.

When I returned to the public room, all eyes examined me with curiosity. I seated myself as if I remarked nothing. Yet I was tormented to discover wherefore any one had made such particular inquiries about me. I led the discourse to the weather—from the weather to travelling, and from thence to the inquiry, if any more strangers were in the house. I was informed that there was a noble family from Germany, consisting of an old gentleman and a very beautiful and sick young lady, an elderly lady, probably the mother of the young one, a physician, two servants and two maids. The party arrived at mid-day, and had been detained, partly by the badness of the weather and partly by the weakness of the young lady. I learnt, besides, that both the physician and the old gentleman had come into the public room, in great haste, and had inquired with some anxiety and astonishment about me. The host was certain that the party knew me well. He urged me to go up, as I should certainly meet old friends and acquaintances, since they appeared to expect me. I shook my head, convinced that there was some mistake. In the whole world I had no noble acquaintances, and least of all could I claim any of the German nobility. What confirmed me still more in this belief, was that an old servant of the Count came in, seated himself at the table near me, and in broken Italian called for wine. When I addressed him in German, he was delighted to hear his native tongue. He now related to me all that he knew of his master. The gentleman was a Count Hormegg, who was carrying his daughter to Italy for change of air.

The more the old man drank, the more talkative he became. At first, he had seated himself gloomily by me; at the second flask, he breathed more freely. As I said to him, that I thought of going back to Germany, he sighed deeply, looked towards Heaven, and his eyes filled with tears. "Could I only go with you! could I only go!" said he sorrowfully and softly to me. "I can bear it no longer. I believe a curse rests on this family. Strange things occur amongst them. I dare confide them to no one, and if I dare, sir, who would believe me?"

THE MELANCHOLY COMPANY OF TRAVELLERS.

By the third flask of wine, Sebald, for so he was called, became openhearted. "Countryman," said he, and he looked timidly round the room; but no one was present but ourselves; we were sitting alone by the dim burning candles. "Countryman, they cannot blind me. Here is a curse under the veil and abundance of riches—here rules the bad spirit himself; God be merciful unto us! The Count is immensely rich, but he creeps along like a poor sinner; he is seldom heard to speak, and is never gay. The old lady, companion, governess, or something of that kind, to the Countess Hortensia, appears to be in constant fear, from a bad conscience. The Countess herself,—truly a child of

paradise,—can scarcely be more beautiful; but I believe her father has united her with the devil. Jesu Maria! what was that?"

The frightened Sebald started from his seat and became deadly pale. It was nothing but a window shutter, dashed violently too by the wind and rain. After I had tranquillized my companion, he continued:

"It is no wonder; one must live in constant fear of death. One of us must and will shortly die! That I have heard from the young woman Catharine. God be merciful to me! May I not, in the mean time, with my comrade Thomas, refresh myself with wine? Sir, there is no want of what we desire, to eat, to drink, nor of money; we fail only in a happy mind. I should long since have run off—"

Sebald's fable appeared to me to be full of his wine. "From what do you infer that one of you must die?"

"There is nothing to infer," replied Sebald: "it is only too certain. The Countess Hortensia has said it, but no one dares speak of it. Look you—at Judenberg, fourteen days ago, we had the same story. The young Countess announced the death of one of us. Being all in good health, we did not believe it. But as we were proceeding on the highway, Mr. Muller, the secretary of the Count, a man generally beloved, suddenly fell, together with his horse and baggage, from the height of the road, over the rocks, into the abyss beneath, ten times deeper than the church steeple. Jesu Maria! what a spectacle! Hearing and sight left me. Man and horse lay shattered to pieces. When you pass through the village where he lies buried, the people will relate it to you. I dare not think of it. The only question now is, which of us is to be the next victim? But if it comes to pass, by my poor soul, I will demand my discharge from the Count. There is something wrong here; I love my old neck, and do not wish to break it in the service of the God-forsaken."

I smiled at his superstitious distress, but he swore stoutly, and whispered: "The Countess Hortensia is possessed by a legion of devils. For a year she has frequently run over the roof of the castle Hormegger, as we scarcely could do on level ground. She prophesies; she often, unexpectedly, falls into a trance and sees the heavens open; she looks into the interior of the human body. Dr. Walter, who is certainly an honest man, affirms that she can not only see through people as if they were glass, but also through doors and walls. It is horrible. In her rational hours, she is very sensible. But, oh God, it is in her irrational hours that she governs us, when those evil spirits speak out of her. Could we not have remained upon the high road? But no, immediately upon leaving Villach, we must go on sumpter horses and mules over the worst roads and most frightful precipices. And wherefore? Because she so willed it. Had we remained on the great road, Mr. Muller (God be merciful to him!) would still to-day have drunk his glass of wine."

ATTEMPT FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

The return of the people of the house, with my spare evening's meal, interrupted Sebald's gossip. He promised when we were again alone to disclose many more secrets. He left me. In his place, a small, thin, gloomy looking man seated himself, whom Sebald, on

going away, called Doctor. I knew, therefore, that I had before me another member of the melancholy travellers. The Doctor looked at me at my supper, for a while silently. He appeared to be watching me. He then began to ask me in French, from whence I came, and where I thought of going? When he heard I was a German, he became more friendly, and conversed with me in our native tongue. In answer to my questions, I learned that Count Hormegg was travelling with his sick daughter to Venice.

"Could you not," said the Doctor, "give us your company, since you have no particular object in going to Germany? You are more familiar with the Italian language than we are,—know the country, the manners and the healthy parts. You could be of great service to us. The Count could take you immediately in the place of his late secretary. You will be free of expense, have a comfortable life, six hundred louis'd'ors salary, and to that added the known liberality of the Count."

I shook my head and remarked, that neither did I know the Count, nor the Count me, sufficiently to foresee whether we should be agreeable to each other. The Doctor now made the Count's eulogium. I replied in return, that it would be very difficult to say so much to my advantage to the Count.

"Oh, if that is all," cried he hastily, "you are already recommended; you may therefore rely on it."

"Recommended! By whom?"

The Doctor appeared to be seeking for words, in order to rectify his hastiness.

"Eh, why, through necessity—I can promise you, that the Count will pay you an hundred louis'd'ors down, if you—"

"No," replied I, "I have never in my life labored for superfluities; only for what is necessary. From childhood I have been accustomed to an independent life. I am far from being rich, yet I will never sell my freedom."

The Doctor appeared to be irritated. In truth, I was serious in what I said. Add to this, that I particularly desired not to return to Italy, in order that my passion for the arts should not resume its power. I do not deny, also, that the sudden importunity of the Doctor and the general behavior of these travellers, were disagreeable to me, though I certainly did not believe that the sick Countess was possessed by a legion of devils. As all his persuasions had no other effect than to make me more unwilling, the Doctor left me. I then reflected on all the different little circumstances—weighed my poverty against the comfortable existence in the train of the rich Count, and played with the little money in my pocket, which was all my riches. The result of these reflections were,—*"Away from Italy; God's world stands open before you. Be firm! only peace in the breast—a village school and independence! I must first endeavor to recover my individuality. Yes, I have lost all—the whole plan of my life—gold cannot replace it."*

NEW OFFERS.

My surprise was not a little increased, when, scarcely ten minutes after the Doctor's departure, a servant of the Count appeared, and begged me, in his name, to visit him in his room. "What in the world do these

people want with me?" thought I. But I promised to go. The adventure began, if not to amuse, at least to excite my curiosity.

I found the Count alone in his room; he was walking with great strides up and down—a tall, strong, respectable looking man, with a dignified appearance, and pleasing, though melancholy features. He came immediately to meet me, and apologized for having sent for me—led me to a seat, mentioned what he had heard of me through the Doctor, and repeated his offers, which I as modestly, but firmly declined. He went thoughtfully, with his hands thrown behind his back, to the window, returned hastily, seated himself near me, and taking my hand in his, said, "Friend, I appeal to your heart. My eye must deceive me much if you are not an honest man—consequently sincere. Remain with me, I entreat you—remain only two years. Count upon my deepest gratitude. You shall have, during that time, whatever you need, and at the expiration of it, I will pay you a thousand louis'd'ors; you will not repent having lost a couple of years in my service." He said this so kindly and entreatingly, that I was much moved, more so by the tone and manner, than by the promise of so large a sum, which secured me, with my trifling wants, a free and independent fortune. I would have accepted the offer, had I not been ashamed to show, that at last I had yielded to vile gold. On the other side, his brilliant offers seemed to me suspicious.

"For such a sum, my lord, you can command much more distinguished talents than mine. You do not know me."

I then spoke to him openly of my past destiny and occupation, and thought by that means, without vexing him, to put aside his offers, as well as his desire to have me.

"We must not separate," said he, as he pressed my hand entreatingly. "We must not, since it is you alone that I have sought. It may astonish you; but on your account only, have I undertaken this journey with my daughter; on your account have I chosen the worst road from Villach here, that I might not miss you; on your account have I stopped at this inn."

I looked at the Count with astonishment, and thought he wished to jest with me.

"How could you seek me, since you knew me not? Since no one knew the road I wandered? I, myself, three days ago, knew not that I should take this road to Germany."

"Is not this a fact?" continued he: "This afternoon you rested in a wood; you sat, full of sorrow, in a wilderness; you leaned on a rock, under a large tree; you gazed at the mountain torrent; you ran on impetuously in the rain. Is it not so? Confess candidly—is it not so?"

At these words, my senses almost forsook me. He saw my consternation, and said, "Well, it is so! you are indeed the man I seek."

"But," cried I, "I do not deny that some superstitious horrors seized me," and I drew my hand out of his. "But who watched me? Who told you of it?"

"My daughter—my sick daughter. I can easily believe that to you it appears wonderful. But the unfortunate one says and sees many strange things in her sickness. Four weeks since, she declared, that only through your means could she be restored to perfect

health. As you now appear before me, so did my daughter describe you four weeks ago. Perhaps about fourteen days since she declared, that you came, sent by God, to meet us, and that we must break up and seek you. We set out. She directed the way we should take—at least the part of the world we should go to. With the compass in the carriage, and the map in hand, we travelled, uncertain where, like a ship at sea. At Villach, she pointed out the nearest way to you, described even the particulars, and that we must leave the high road. From Hortensia's mouth, I learnt this morning how near you were, and at the same time the little circumstances which I have mentioned to you. Immediately after your arrival, Dr. Walter declared to me, that from the description of the host, you resembled exactly the person whom Hortensia, four weeks ago, and since that time, almost daily had described. I am now convinced of it, and since so much has already been fulfilled, I do not for a moment doubt that you and no other can save my daughter, and give me back my lost happiness."

He was silent, and waited my answer. I sat long, uncertain and silent. I had never in my life met with so singular an adventure.

"What you tell me, my lord, is somewhat incomprehensible, and therefore, with your permission, somewhat incredible. I am, or rather I was, nothing but an artist; and I know nothing of medicine."

"There is much in life," said he, "that is incomprehensible to us, but all that is incomprehensible is not therefore incredible, particularly when we cannot put aside the reality, and the phenomenon stands before us, whose cause lies hidden from us. You are no physician; that may be. But the same power which discovered to my daughter your existence in the world, has, without doubt, destined you to be her saviour. In my youth I was a free thinker, who scarcely believed in God, and can now, in my mature age, even go as far as any old woman, and consider as possible the existence of devils, witches, spectres and familiar spirits. Hence is explained both my importunity and my offers. The first is pardonable in a father who lives in constant anxiety about his only child, and my offers are not too great for the saving of so precious a life. I see how unexpected, extraordinary and romantic it must all appear to you; but remain with us, and you will be a witness of many unexpected things. Do you wish for an occupation exempt from the care and trouble of a journey? It depends upon yourself to choose. I will impose no labor on you. Remain only as my confidential companion, my comforter. I have now before me a heavy hour, perhaps it is very near: one of our company will suddenly, and if I rightly understand, in an unusual manner, die. It may be myself. My daughter has foretold it, and it will happen. I tremble to meet the fatal moment, from which my whole fortune cannot redeem me. I am a very unhappy man."

He said still more, and was even moved to tears. I found myself in a singular dilemma. All that I heard, excited sometimes my astonishment, sometimes my just doubts. Sometimes I had a suspicion of the right understanding of the Count, and sometimes supposed the error was my own. At last I made the courageous resolution to attempt the adventure, come what would of it. It appeared to me unjust to consider the Count

as an impostor; and in God's wide world I had no employment or living.

"I renounce all your generous offers, my lord," said I; "give me only so much as I have need of. I will accompany you. It is sufficient for me, if I may hope to contribute to your happiness and your daughter's recovery, though, as yet, I in no way comprehend the *how*. A human life is of much value; I shall be proud if I have it in my power, one day, to believe that I have saved the life of a human being. But I release you from all that you promised me; I do nothing for money. On the contrary, I will, moreover, maintain my independence. I will remain in your retinue as long as I can be of service to you, or can find my life comfortable in it. If you agree to these terms, then I am in your service. You can introduce me to your invalid."

The Count's eyes shone with joy. He enclosed me silently in his arms, and pressed me to his heart, whilst he merely sighed, "Thank God." After a time he said, "To-morrow you shall see my daughter. She has already gone to rest. I must prepare her for your presence."

"Prepare her for my presence?" exclaimed I, surprised. "Did you not tell me a few minutes since that she had announced my arrival and described my person?"

"Your pardon, dear Faust; I forgot to inform you of one circumstance. My daughter is like a double person. When she is in her natural state, she is in no way conscious of what she hears, sees, knows and says in her state of trance, if I may so call it. She does not recollect the smallest trifle that occurred during that period, and would herself doubt that she had spoken and acted as we related to her, if she had not every reason to place confidence in my words. But in her trance she remembers all that has passed in a similar state, as well as what she has experienced in her usual and natural life. It is only during her trance that she has seen and described you, but out of that knows nothing of you, except what we, by repeating her own expressions, have been able to inform her; you are, therefore, entirely unknown to her. Let us only wait for one of her extraordinary moments, and I have no doubt she will immediately recollect you."

In a conversation of some hours, I learnt from the Count, that his daughter had had for years, even from a child, an inclination to sleep-walking. In a state of somnambulism, she had, without being able to recollect it afterwards, with closed eyes, left her bed, dressed herself, written letters to those present, or played the most difficult pieces on the piano, and executed a hundred other trifles, with a skill, which she not only did not possess when awake, but which she could not afterwards acquire. The Count believed that that which he now sometimes called a trance, and sometimes transfiguration, was nothing more than a higher grade of somnambulism, but which enfeebled his daughter almost to death.

A FRIGHTFUL EVENT.

It was late when I left the Count's apartment. There was no one but old Sebald, in the public room, who was still enjoying his wine.

"Sir," said he, "speak a little German with me,

that I may not entirely forget my noble language, which would in truth be a shame. You have spoken with the Count?"

"I have spoken with him. I shall now travel with him to Italy, and remain in your company."

"Excellent! It does me good, to have one more German face near me. The Italians, as I have heard, are bad birds. Now, with the exception of our possessed Countess, you will be pleased with all our company. As you now belong to us, I can speak more openly of our affairs. The Count would be a good man, if he could only smile. I believe he is not pleased when one laughs. All that surrounds him has the aspect of the last day. The old lady is also right good, but is easily vexed, if one does not immediately fly here and there, according to her motions. I believe she goes to Italy merely on account of the pure burnt water, as she sometimes loves a glass of liquor. The Countess, also, would not be bad, if she had not, besides her pride, an army of devils in her body. Whoever wishes to be in her good graces, must creep on all fours. Bow yourself diligently before her. Dr. Walter would be the best of us all, if he only knew how to exorcise the devils. My comrade, Thomas, is therefore ——" At this moment, the host, full of horror, rushed into the room, and cried to his people, "Help! help! there is fire."

"Where is the fire?" asked I, alarmed.

"Upstairs, in a chamber: I saw the bright flames outside the window."

He ran out; the house was filled with cries and confusion. I was following, when, Sebald, white as a corpse, held me by both arms: "Jesu Maria, what has happened?" I told him in German to get water, as the house was on fire.

"Another piece of devilry!" sighed he, and hurried into the kitchen.

The people ran up and down stairs. It was said that the room was fastened, and they sought instruments to break open the door. Sebald was up stairs even as soon as myself, with a bucket of water. As he perceived the door, towards which all pressed, he cried, "Jesu Maria! that is the chamber of the old lady."

"Burst it open," cried the Count Hornegg, in extreme agony. "Burst it open—Mrs. Montlue sleeps there, and she will be suffocated."

A man soon came with an axe, but it was not without difficulty that he could break the strong well mortised oaken door. All pressed in, but shuddering, bounded back.

The room was dark. Only in the back ground, near the window, a yellow flame played on the floor, which soon went out. An indescribably sharp stench, blew towards us as we opened the door. Sebald made the sign of the cross, and sprang headlong down stairs; some of the maids followed his example. The Count called for a light. It was brought. I went through the room in order to open the window. The Count directed us to the bed. It was empty and undisturbed, and no where any smoke. Near the window the stench was so great that it made me sick.

The Count called the name of Mrs. Montlue. As he came nearer with the burning candle, I saw at my feet—imagine my horror!—a large black spot of ashes, and near by a burnt head, we could not recognize; one

arm with the hand; in another place, three fingers with gold rings, and the foot of a lady, partly charred.

"Great God," cried the Count, turning pale—"what is that?" He observed, shuddering, the remains of a human figure. He saw the fingers with the rings, and sprang with a loud shriek to meet the Doctor, who was entering. "Mrs. Montlue is burnt, yet no fire, no smoke! Incomprehensible!"

He tottered back, in order once more to convince himself of the reality of his discovery. He then gave up the candle, folded his hands, looked fixedly before him, and turning deadly pale, left the room.

I stood petrified, by so horrible and unheard of a spectacle. All that had happened during this day, the wonders that had been told, had so stupified me, that I stood, without feeling, gazing at the black dust, the coals and the disgusting remains of a human form at my feet. The room was soon filled with the men and women belonging to the inn. I heard their whispers and their stealthy steps. It seemed to me, that I was in the midst of spectres. The nursery tales of my childhood were ripened to reality.

When I came to myself, I withdrew from the chamber, intending to go down into the public room. At that moment, a door at the side opened; a young lady, dressed in a light night dress, came out, supported by two maids, each of whom carried a lighted candle. I remained standing, as if blinded by this new apparition. So much nobleness in figure, movement and features I had never seen in reality, nor even found in the creations of the painter or statuary. The horrors of the preceding moments were almost forgotten. I was only eyes and admiration. The young beauty tottered towards the chamber, where the frightful event had occurred. When she perceived the men and women, she stood still, and cried out in the German language, and with a commanding voice, "Drive away this crowd from me." Immediately, one of the Count's servants executed her commands. He did it with such uncourtly violence, that he forced them all, and me with them, from the gallery to the stairs.

"If there ever has been a fairy, this is one," thought I.

Sebald was sitting, quite pale, in the public room, near the wine. "Did I not say so?" cried he. "One of us must go. The possessed, or rather that malicious Satan, so willed it. The one must break his bones and neck—the other, a living body, be burnt. Your obedient servant, I take my leave to-morrow, lest the next turn comes to my insignificant self. Whoever is as prudent as I am, will not travel with them to hell. In Italy, even the mountains spit fire. God keep me from going too near. I should certainly be the first roast of Moloch, since I am much too pious, and, nevertheless, at all hours, not a saint."

I told him of the young lady.

"That was she," said he; "that was the Countess. God be near unto us! She has probably desired to snuff up the burnt mess. Go with me to-morrow; let us make our escape. Your bright young life raises my sincere compassion."

"Even the Countess Hortensia?"

"Who else? She is handsome, therefore the chief of the devils has himself bewitched her; but"——

At this time Sebald was called by the Count; he went, or rather staggered, sighing deeply. The acci-

dent had filled the whole house with noise. I sat on my chair, amidst all these wonders, estranged from myself. Long after midnight, the host showed me a small room where there was a bed.

ANTIPATHY.

After the fatigues of the past day, I slept soundly till near mid-day. As I awoke, the events of yesterday appeared like a feverish phantom, or the illusions of intoxication. I could neither convince myself of their truth, nor yet doubt them. I considered every thing now with greater composure of mind. I no longer hesitated to remain with the Count. I rather followed him with pleasure and curiosity, so entirely new and wonderful did my destiny appear. Then also, what had I to lose in Germany? What even in life? What could I risk in following the Count? At last, it only depended upon myself to break the thread of the romance as soon as its length became disagreeable to me. When I entered the public room, I found it filled with the overseers of the place, police officers, Capuchins and peasants of the neighboring country, who had been drawn thither either from motives of curiosity or by their official duties. Not one of them doubted but that the burning of the lady was the work of the devil. The Count, indeed, had the remains of the unfortunate woman buried by his own people. But it was thought proper that the whole house should be consecrated and blessed by the reverend Capuchin fathers, in order that it might be purified from the evil spirit. This was a considerable expense. There was a question, whether we should be arrested and given to justice; but it was disputed whether we should be delivered to the civil or ecclesiastical authority. The majority were in favor of our being taken to Undine and brought before the arch-bishops.

The Count, not being master of the Italian language, was glad when he saw me. He had in vain offered a large sum of money to defray the expenses occasioned by the extraordinary circumstances. He entreated me, to finish the business with the people in his name.

I immediately drew near the priests and police officers, and declared to them, that until now, I had had as little connection with the Count as themselves, and offered two things for their consideration; either the misfortune of the burning had happened naturally, or at least without the participation of the Count, in which case they would bring much trouble on themselves by the arrest of so high a nobleman; or he was truly in league with bad spirits, in which case, he could out of revenge play some bad tricks on them, their cloister and their village. Their wisest course was to take the Count's money and let him go; they would then have no responsibility or resentment to fear, and in any case would be the gainers. My reasons were obvious. The money was paid. Our horses were given us—we mounted and rode on. The prospect cleared up.

The Countess with the women and other servants, had gone some hours before; the Count, with only one servant, having remained behind. On the way, he began to speak of the frightful event of the past evening. He said his daughter had been very much overcome by it. She had suffered, for some hours, with cramps and

convulsions, after which she had a quiet sleep. She appeared tranquil on awaking, but desired to leave the unfortunate house immediately.

Probably in order to prepare me for my future situation, he added—"I am obliged to pardon and yield much to my sick child. She is of unconquerable obstinacy. From her extraordinary irritability, the least contradiction moves her to anger, and a slight vexation is sufficient to cause many days of suffering. I have announced your arrival to her: she heard it with indifference. I asked if I might introduce you to her. Her answer was, "Do you think I have so much curiosity? It will be time enough when we are in Venice." I think, however, we shall have sufficient opportunities on the way. Do not allow the humors of my daughter to vex you, my dear Faust. She is a sick, unfortunate creature, whom we must treat with tenderness, lest we destroy her. She is my only treasure, my last joy on earth. The loss of Mrs. Montlue does not appear to be painful to her, as she had lately, I know not from what cause, taken an aversion to her. Perhaps the slight, certainly not violent, inclination of that person to strong drink, was disgusting to her. Dr. Walter affirms, also, that this habit was the cause of her spontaneous combustion. Formerly, she was a very good woman, and much attached to my daughter and myself. I lament her loss very deeply. Dr. Walter related to me other instances, which must be extremely rare, of the spontaneous combustion of the human body, by which it is in a few moments reduced to ashes. He endeavored to account for the phenomenon on very natural grounds, but I cannot comprehend it. Only this much I know, this burning-door of death is one of the most frightful."

Thus spoke the Count, and this formed the subject of our conversation to Venice. For the young Countess had now the humor, notwithstanding her bodily weakness and the objections of her father and physician, to make the journey by long day's rides, and with no other delay than the nightly rest demanded. I had not, therefore, the honor of an introduction. Nay, I must even keep at a distance, since, alas! I had not the good fortune to please her.

She was carried in a sedan chair—servants ran near her on foot. The women rode, and the Count likewise in his own carriage. The Doctor and myself rode on horseback.

As the Countess one morning came out of the inn to mount her sedan, she perceived me, and said to Dr. Walter, "Who is that man, that forever and eternally follows us?"

"Mr. Faust, my lady."

"A disagreeable fellow—send him back."

"You yourself have wished for him; it was on his account that the journey was undertaken. Consider him as the medicine which you have ordered for yourself."

"He has the disgusting qualities common to all drugs."

I was near enough to hear this not very flattering speech, and know not what countenance I put on, though I well recollect that I was almost vexed, and should immediately have left the whimsical Venus, had not the Count been so kind. I could not affirm that I was a handsome man, but I knew that generally I did not displease the women. But now only to be endured as disgusting me-

dicine, was too severe on the vanity of a young man, especially for one who, had he been a Prince or Count, would not have hesitated to have joined himself to the adorers of the charming Hortensia.

In the meanwhile I continued with them. The Countess reached Venice without any particular accident, and her medicine followed obediently after. A magnificent palace was hired, in which I had an apartment, and also servants, particularly appropriated to my service. The Count lived in great style, as it is called. He had many friends amongst the Venitian nobility.

THE TRANCE.

We had been about four days in Venice, when one afternoon I was hastily sent for by the Count. He received me with an unusually cheerful countenance.

"My daughter," said he, "has inquired for you. Indeed, no day has passed without her speaking of you: she has done so already to-day; but now is the first time that she has desired your presence. Enter her room with me, but very gently; the least noise throws her into dangerous cramps."

"But," asked I, with secret horror, "what does she wish me to do?"

"Who can answer?" replied the Count. "Wait for the future. May God direct all."

We entered a large state chamber, hung round with green silk hangings. Two female servants were leaning, silent and anxious, near the window—the Doctor sat on a sofa, watching the invalid. She stood upright, with closed eyes, in the middle of the room—one of her beautiful arms was hanging down, the other, half raised, stiff and immoveable as a statue. Only the movement of her bosom betrayed breath. The solemn silence which reigned, the goddess-like figure of Hortensia, upon whom all eyes were fixed, filled me with involuntary yet pleasing horror.

As soon as I entered this silent sanctuary, the Countess, without opening her eyes, or changing her position, said, with an indescribable sweet voice, "At last, Emanuel! why dost thou keep so far off? O come hither, and bless her, that she may be cured of her sufferings."

I probably looked rather foolish at this speech, being uncertain whether or not it regarded me. The Count and Doctor motioned me to draw nearer, and gave me a sign that I should, like a priest, make the sign of the cross towards, or else, as blessing her, lay my hands on her.

I approached, and raised my hands over her wonderfully beautiful head. But from extreme respect, had not courage to touch her. I let my hands sink slowly down again. Hortensia's countenance seemed to betray discontent. I again raised my hands, and held them stretched out towards her, uncertain what I was to do. Her countenance cleared, which induced me to remain in that position. My embarrassment, however, increased as the Countess said, "Emanuel, thou hast not yet the will to relieve her. O, only give thy will—thy will. Thou art all powerful. Thy will can do all."

"Gracious Countess," said I, "doubt all, but not my will to assist you." I said this truly, with the greatest earnestness. For had she commanded me to throw myself into the sea for her, I should with joy have done

so. To me it was as if I stood before a divinity. The soft symmetry of her form, and her countenance, which seemed to belong to the unearthly, had likewise disembodied my soul. Never had I seen grace and sublimity so united. Hortensia's face was, as I had before seen it, it is true, only transiently or from a distance, pale, suffering and gloomy; now it was quite different. An uncommon delicate color was spread over it, like the reflection from the rose. In all her features swam a light, such as a human countenance, under ordinary circumstances, could never obtain, either by nature or art. The expression of the whole was a solemn smile, and yet no smile, but rather an inward delight. This extraordinary state was justly called transfiguration by her companions, but such a transfiguration, no painter in his moments of inspiration, ever saw or imagined. Let one, therefore, figure to himself the statue-like position, the marble stillness of the features, with the eyes closed as in sleep. Never before had I felt such fearful delight.

"O, Emanuel," said she, after a time, "now is thy will sincere. Now knows she, that through thee she will be cured. Thy hair flows in golden flames; from thy fingers flow silver rays of light; thou floatest in heaven's clear azure. How eagerly her whole being imbibes this brilliancy—this health-bringing flood of light."

At this somewhat poetical form of speech, the drugs, with which I had the melancholy honor of being compared to a few days before, involuntarily recurred to me, and I continued silent, taking no notice of the gold and silver rays.

"Be not angry with her in thy thoughts, Emanuel," said Hortensia. "Be not angry that her weakness and distempered wit compared thee with bitter remedies. Be more generous than the thoughtless one, by suffering misled, and often by earthly weaknesses given up to frenzy."

At these words the Doctor threw a smiling look on me—I also towards the Doctor, but with a gesture of astonishment, not because the proud beauty humbled herself to an apology, but that she appeared to have guessed my thoughts.

"Oh! distract not thy attention, Emanuel!" said the transfigured quickly. "Thou speakest with the Doctor. On her alone turn thy thoughts, and on her safety. It distresses her when thy thoughts for one moment leave her. Continue in the firm desire to penetrate her half dissolved being with the beneficial power of thy light. Seest thou how powerful thy will is? The stiffened fibres relax and melt like the winter's frost in the sun's rays."

Whilst she spoke, her raised arm sank. Motion and life animated her figure. She asked for a seat. The Doctor brought her one which stood in the chamber, with richly embroidered green silk cushions.

"Not that kind," said she. After a while, she continued: "The arm chair, with a striped linen cover, which stands in Emanuel's chamber, before his writing table. Bring it here, and leave it forever!"

I had, truly, but the moment before left the arm chair standing before the table. But the Countess had never seen my room. As I reached the key of the room to one of the women, Hortensia said, "Is that the key? I did not understand those dark spots. Thou hast in the left pocket of thy vest, yet another key—put it away from thee." I did so. It was the key of my press.

So soon as the chair was brought, she seated herself in it, apparently with great comfort. She commanded me to stand near before her, with the ends of my fingers towards the pit of her heart.

"God! of what delight is the man capable!" said she. "Emanuel give her thy word, she entreats thee, not to forsake her till the ruins of her mind have been re-established—till her recovery is perfect. Shouldst thou forsake her, she must die wretchedly. On thee hangs her life."

I promised with delight and pride to be the protector and guardian angel of so precious a life.

"Also, regard it not," continued she, "if she, in the state of earthly waking, mistakes thee. Pardon her—she is an unfortunate, that knows not what she does. All faults are the sicknesses of the mortal part, which cripple the power of the spirit."

She was talkative, and so far from being vexed by my questions, she appeared to hear them with pleasure. I expressed my astonishment at her extraordinary situation. Never had I heard that sickness made a person, as it were, godlike,—that she should, with closed eyes, perceive what she had never seen before, and what was far distant from her, and even know the thoughts of another! I must believe that her state, which, with justice, might be compared to a transfiguration, was the perfection of health.

After a minute's silence, which was always the case before she answered, she said, "She is healthy like a dying person, whose material is breaking asunder. She is healthy as she will be, when her humanity ceases, and the earthly body of this lamp of eternal light falls to pieces."

"The transfiguration," said I, "makes all dark to me!"

"Dark, Emanuel? But thou wilt experience it. She knows much, and yet cannot express it; she sees much clearly, much dimly, and yet cannot name it. See,—man is combined from a variety of beings, which bind and arrange themselves together, as around a single point, and thereby he becomes man. So are all the little parts of a flower held together, whereby it becomes a flower. And as one part holds and binds the other, so the other restrains it in turn; no one is what it would be by itself, since only ALL can form man, and be otherwise nothing. Nature is like an endless ocean of brightness, in which single solid points are drawn together. These are creatures. Or like an extensive shining heaven, in which drops of light run together and form stars. All that is in the world, has run together from the dissolved chaos, which is everywhere and always imbibing and then dissolving itself again in ALL, since nothing can remain stationary. So is man, out of the manifold substances of the universe, grown around with floating flowers. But in order that man may be, more insignificant beings must place themselves around him, which shall support his divine part. The strange things or beings which are placed around us, form the body. The body is only the shell of a heavenly body. The heavenly body is called the soul. The soul is but the veil of the Eternal. Now is the earthly shell of the sick broken, therefore her light flows out, her soul meets in union with ALL, from which it was formerly separated by a healthy shell, and sees, hears and feels without it and within it. Then it is not the body that feels; the body

is only the inanimate casement of the soul. Without it, eyes, ears and tongue are like stones. Now, if the earthly shell of the sick cannot become healthy by thy aid, it will be entirely broken and fall to pieces. She will no longer belong to mankind, since she possesses nothing by which she can communicate with them."

She stopped. I listened as if she brought revelations from another world. I understood nothing, and yet divined what she thought. The Count and physician listened to her with equal astonishment. Both assured me afterwards, that Hortensia had never spoken so clearly, connectedly, and supernaturally, as at this time; that her communications had been broken and made often under great suffering; she frequently fell into the most frightful convulsions, or would lie for many hours in a torpid state; that she very rarely answered questions, but now the conversation appeared not at all to fatigue her.

I reminded her of her weakness, and inquired, if talking so much did not exhaust her strength? She declared, "Not in the least! She is well. She will always be well, when thou art with her. In seven minutes she will awaken. She will enjoy a quiet night. But tomorrow afternoon about three o'clock her sleep will return. Then fail not, Emanuel. Five minutes before three the cramps will begin; then, blessing her, stretch thy hands towards her, with an earnest desire of healing her. Five minutes before three, and by the clock in thy chamber, not by thy watch, which is three minutes different from the clock. Set thy watch exactly with the clock, that the sick may not suffer by their difference."

She also mentioned several trifling circumstances; ordered what they should give her to drink on her awaking; what for her supper; at what time she should go to bed, and gave other similar directions. She was then silent. The former death-like stillness reigned. Her face gradually became paler, as it usually was; the animation of her countenance disappeared. She now first appeared to wish to sleep, or actually to be asleep. She no longer held herself upright, but sank down carelessly, and nodded, as is usual with a person sleeping. She then began to extend her arms and stretch herself, yawned, rubbed her eyes, opened them, and was almost in the same minute awake and cheerful, as she had announced.

When she saw me, she appeared surprised—she looked around on the others. The women hastened to her, also the Count and Doctor.

"What do you want?" she asked me, in a hard tone.

"Gracious lady, I wait your commands."

"Who are you?"

"Faust, at your service."

"I am obliged to you for your good will, but desire I may be left alone!" said she, somewhat vexed; then bowing proudly towards me, she arose and turned her back on me.

I left the room with a singular mixture of feelings. How immeasurably different was the waking from the sleeping person! My gold and silver rays disappeared; also her confidential *thou*, which penetrated deep into my innermost feelings—even the name of Emanuel, with which she had enriched me, was no longer of value.

Musingly, I entered my chamber, like one who had

been reading fairy tales, and became so absorbed in them that he holds the reality for enchantment. The arm chair before my writing table was wanting. I placed another, and wrote down the wonderful tale, as I had experienced it, and as much of Hortensia's conversation as I recollected, since I feared that I might not hereafter believe it myself, if I had it not written before me. I had promised to pardon all the harshness she might show towards me whilst awake,—willingly did I forgive her. But she was so beautiful! I could not have borne it with indifference.

A SECOND TRANSFIGURATION.

The next day the Count visited me in my room, to inform me of the quiet night Hortensia had enjoyed, and also that she was stronger and more animated than she had been for a long time. "At breakfast I told her," said he, "all that passed yesterday. She shook her head and would not believe me, or otherwise she said she must have paroxysms of delirium, and began to weep. I quieted her. I told her, that, without doubt, her perfect restoration to health was near, since in you, dear Faust, there certainly dwells some divine power, of which hitherto you have probably been unconscious. I begged her to receive you into her society during her waking hours, since I promised myself much from your presence; but could not move her to consent. She asserted that your sight was insupportable to her, and that only by degrees could she perhaps accustom herself to your appearance. What can we do? She cannot be forced to any thing, without placing her life in danger."

Thus he spoke, and sought in every way, to excuse Hortensia to me. He showed me, as if in contrast to Hortensia's offensive antipathy, self-will and pride, the most moving confidence; spoke of his family circumstances, of his possessions, law-suits and other disagreeable circumstances; desired my counsel, and promised to lay all his papers before me, in order that my opinion of his affairs might be more precise. He did so, that same day. Initiated in all, even his most secret concerns, I became every day more intimate with him; his friendship appeared to increase in proportion as the antipathy which his daughter had taken to me augmented. At length I conducted all his correspondence—had also the management of his income, and the government of his household—so that, in short, I became every thing to him. Convinced of my honesty and good will, he depended on me with unlimited confidence, and only seemed discontented when he perceived, that with the exception of mere necessities, I desired nothing for myself, and constantly refused all his rich presents. Dr. Walter and all the domestics, as well male as female, soon remarked what extraordinary influence I had, as suddenly as unexpectedly, attained. They surrounded me with attentions and flattery. This unmerited and general good will made me very happy, though I would willingly have exchanged it all for mere friendship from the inimical Countess. She, however, remained unpropitiated. Her antipathy appeared almost to degenerate into hate. She cautioned her father against me, as against a cunning adventurer and impostor. With her women she called me only the vagabond, who had nestled himself into her father's confidence. The old Count

at last scarce dared to mention me in her presence. But I will not anticipate the history and course of events.

My watch was regulated. It was really three minutes different from the clock. Five minutes before three in the afternoon, neither sooner nor later, I entered, unannounced, Hortensia's room. The witnesses of the day before, were present. She sat on the sofa in a thoughtful position, but with her own peculiar grace, pale and suffering. As she perceived me, she threw a proud, contemptuous look on me, rose hastily, and cried, "Who gave you permission—without being announced?"

A violent shriek and fearful convulsions stopped her voice. She sank into the arms of her women. The chair which she had desired the day before, was brought to her. Scarcely was she seated in it, than she began, in the most frightful manner, and with incredible velocity, to strike herself, both on the body and head, with her clenched fist. I could scarcely support the horrible spectacle. Tremblingly, I took the position which she had prescribed the day before, and directed the finger ends of both my hands towards her. But she, with eyes convulsively distorted and fixed, seized them,—and thrust the fingers with violence many times against her person. She soon became more tranquil, closed her eyes, and after she had given some deep sighs, appeared to sleep. Her countenance betrayed pain. She fretted softly for some time. But soon the pain appeared to subside. She now sighed twice, but gently. Her countenance gradually became clearer, and soon again resumed the expression of internal blessedness, whilst the paleness of her face was overspread by a soft color.

After some minutes, she said, "Thou, true friend! without thee what would become of me?" She spoke these words with a solemn tenderness, with which angels alone might greet each other. Her tones vibrated on all my nerves.

"Are you well, gracious lady?" said I, almost in a whisper—since I yet feared she might show me the door.

"Very, oh! very, Emanuel!" answered she, "as well as yesterday, and even more so. It seems thy will is more decided, and thy power to assist her increased. She breathes—she swims in the shining circle which surrounds thee; her being, penetrated by thine, is in thee dissolved. Could she be ever so!"

To us, prosaical listeners, this manner of speaking was very unintelligible, though to me in no way unpleasing. I regretted only that Hortensia thought not of me, but of an Emanuel, and probably deceived herself. Yet I received some comfort when I afterwards learnt from the Count, that to his knowledge none of his relations or acquaintances bore the name of Emanuel.

Her father asked her some questions, but she did not hear them—as she began, in the midst of one of them, to speak to me. He approached nearer to her. When he stood by me, she became more attentive.

"How, dear father, art thou here?" said she. She now answered his questions. I asked her why she had not observed him sooner.

She replied, "He stood in the dark—only near thee is it light. Thou also shinest, father, but weaker than Emanuel, and only by reflection from him."

I then said to her that there were yet more persons in the room; she made a long pause, then named them all, even the places where they were. Her eyes were con-

stantly closed, yet she could denote what passed behind her. Yes, she even remarked the number of persons who were passing in a gondola in the canal before the house, and it was correct.

"But how is it possible that you can know this, since you do not see them?" said I.

"Did she not declare to you yesterday that she was sick? That it is not the body which discerns the outer world, but the soul? Flesh, blood and the frame of bones, is only the shell which surrounds the noble kernel. The shell is now torn, and its vital power would repair the defects, but cannot without assistance. Therefore the spirit calls for thee. The soul, flowing out and searching in the universe, finds thee and fulfils its duty with thy power. When her earthly waking comes, she sees, she hears and feels more quickly and acutely, but only that which is external and near—that which approaches her. Now, however, she meets things whether she will or not; she touches not, but penetrates; she guesses not, but knows. In dreams thou goest to the objects, not they to thee, and thou knowest them, and wherefore they so act. Even now, it is to her like a dream; nevertheless, she knows well that she is awake, but her body wakes not; the outward senses do not assist her."

She next spoke much of her sickness, of her sleep-walking, of a long fainting fit, in which she once laid—what had passed within her, and what she had thought whilst those around wept her as dead. The Count heard her with astonishment, since, besides many circumstances of which he was ignorant, she touched upon others which had occurred during her ten hours' stupor, of which no one but himself could have known; for example, how he had in despair, left her, gone into his chamber, fallen on his knees, and prayed in hopeless agony. He had never mentioned this, and no one could have seen him, since not only at the time, had he fastened his door, but it was also night, and his chamber without light. Now that Hortensia spoke of it, he did not deny it. It was incomprehensible how she could have known it in her fainting fit, and yet more so, that she should recollect it at this time, as the incident had occurred in her early childhood. She could scarcely have been more than eight years old at the time.

It was also remarkable that she always spoke of herself in the third person, as of a stranger, when she related her own history, or spoke of herself, as she stood in the civil and social relations. Once she said, explicitly, "I am no Countess, but she is Countess!" Another time, "I am not the daughter of the Count Hormegg, but she is."

As her whole exterior appeared to float in a transfiguration, more quiet, more exalted, more beautiful than usual, so was her voice a language in conformity to it. It was, though as soft and clear, yet more solemn than in common life; every expression was chosen, and sometimes even poetical. There was frequently a singular obscurity in her words,—often an apparent total want of connection, occasioned partly by her exalted imagination, and partly because she spoke of things, or observed them in a point of view, foreign to us. She, however, spoke willingly and with pleasure, particularly when questioned by me. Sometimes she sank in a long and quiet reflection, during which one might read in her features the expression, sometimes of a discontented,

sometimes a contented research, astonishment, admiration or delight. She interrupted this deep silence, from time to time, with single exclamations, when she lisped "Holy God!"

Once she began of herself: "Now is the world changed. It is one great ONE, and that eternal one is a spiritual one. There is no difference between body and spirit, since all is spirit, and all can become body, when they associate together, so that they may feel as a single one. The all, (or the component parts,) is as if formed from the purest ether; the all, active and moving; transforming itself; since all will unite; and the one counter-balances the other. It is an eternal fermentation of life, an eternal vibration between too much and too little. Seest thou how clouds move in the clearest heaven? They float and swell, till the mass is filled; then, attracted by the earth, they penetrate it in the form of fire or rain. Seest thou the flower? A spark of life has fallen in the midst of a throng of other powers; it unites itself with all that may be of service to it, forms them, and the germ becomes a plant, until the inferior powers overgrow and dislodge the original power. And as the spark is expelled, they fall asunder, since nothing any longer binds them together. So is the formation and decay of man."

She said yet much more, wholly unintelligible to me. Her transfiguration ended like the first. She again announced the period of her earthly waking, likewise the occurrence of a similar state the next day. She dismissed me, with the same dark looks as on the first day, as soon as she opened her eyes.

— SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY.

Thus it continued, always in the same way, for some months. I may not and cannot write down all her memorable annunciations. Her extraordinary indisposition experienced only insignificant changes, from which I could neither affirm that they denoted improvement or the contrary. For, if she suffered less from cramps and convulsions—and whilst awake there was not the slightest trace of uncomfortable feeling, except extreme irritability—her unnatural sleep and transfiguration returned more frequently, so that I was often called two or three times in the day.

I became thus completely the slave of the house. I dared not absent myself even for a few hours. Any neglect might cause serious danger. How willingly did I bear the yoke of slavery! I never faltered. My soul trembled with joy when the moment allotted to the beautiful miracle came. Each day adorned her with higher charms. Had I but for one hour seen and heard her, I had sufficient remembrances to banquet on for a long time in my solitude. Oh! the intoxication of first love!

Yes, I deny it not—it was love; but I may truly say not earthly but celestial love. My whole being was in a new manner bound to this Delphic priestess, by an awe in which even the hope died of ever being worthy of her most insignificant looks. Could the Countess have endured me without disgust, even as the most unimportant of her attendants, I should have thought that heaven could offer no higher happiness. But, as in her transfigured state, her kindness towards me seemed to increase, even so did her aversion, as soon as, when waking, she saw me. This dislike grew at last into the bit-

terest abhorrence. She declared this on every occasion, and always in the most irritating manner. She daily entreated her father, and always more harshly, to send me from the house; she conjured him with tears; she affirmed that I could contribute nothing to her recovery; and were it so, all the good I might effect during her unconscious state, was again destroyed by the vexation my presence caused her. She despised me as a common vagabond, as a man of low origin, who should not be allowed to breathe the same air with her—to say nothing of so intimate a connection with her, or the enjoyment of such great confidence from Count Horemegg.

It is well known, that women, particularly the handsome, indulged, and self-willed, have humors, and consider it not unbecoming if they sometimes or always are a little inconsistent with themselves. But never in any mortal could more contradiction be found, than in the beautiful Hortensia. What she, waking, thought, said or did, she contradicted in the moments of her trance. She entreated the Count not to regard what she might advance against me. She asserted that an increase of her illness would be the infallible consequence of my leaving the house, and would end in her death. She entreated me not to regard her humors, but generously to pardon her foolish behavior, and to live under the conviction that she would certainly improve in her conduct towards me as her disease abated.

I was, in fact, as much astonished as the others at Hortensia's extraordinary inclination to me during her transfigured state. She seemed, as it were, only through me, and in me, to live. She guessed, indeed she knew my thoughts—especially when they had any reference to her. It was unnecessary to express my little instructions; she executed them. However incredible it may be, it is not the less true, that she, with her hands, followed involuntarily all the movements of mine in every direction. She declared that it was scarcely any longer necessary to stretch out my hands towards her, as at the commencement; my presence, my breath, my mere will, sufficed to her well being. She refused, with scorn, to taste any wine or water, that I had not, as she said, consecrated by laying my hands on, and made healthful by the light streaming from the ends of my fingers. She went so far as to declare my slightest wishes to be irresistible commands.

"She has no longer any free will," said she one day; "so soon as she knows thy will, Emanuel, she is constrained so to will. Thy thoughts govern her with a supernatural power. And precisely in this obedience she feels her good, her blessedness. She cannot act contrary. So soon as she ascertains thy thoughts, they become her thoughts and laws."

"But how is this perception of my thoughts possible, dearest Countess?" said I. "I cannot deny, that you often discern the most secret depths of my soul. What a singular sickness—which seems to make you omniscient! who would not wish for himself, this state of perfection, though sickness is usually our greatest imperfection?"

"It is so, also with her," said she. "Deceive not thyself, Emanuel, she is very imperfect since she has lost the greater part of her individuality; she has lost it in thee. She is nothing now except through thee. She has her life only in thee. Shouldst thou die to-day, thy last breath

would also be her last. Thy serenity is her serenity—thy sorrow her sorrow."

"Can you not explain to me the miracle, that causes in me the greatest astonishment, and, notwithstanding all my reflections, remains inexplicable?"

She was long silent. After about ten minutes she said: "No, she cannot explain it. Come not persons before thee in dreams, whose thoughts thou seemest to think at the same moment with themselves? So is it with her; and yet to the sick one it exists clearly; she is conscious that she is awake. Truly," continued she, "her spiritual part is always the same; but that which united the spirit to the body is no longer the same. Her shell is wounded in that part with which the soul is first and most intimately connected: her life flows out and becomes weaker, and does not allow itself to be bound. Hadst thou not been found, Emanuel, the sick would already have been released. As an uprooted plant, whose powers evaporating, receives no sustenance, if its roots are again laid in fresh soil, will imbibe new life from the earth, put forth branches and become green—thus is it with the sick. Soul and life in the *ALL* flowing away, finds nourishment in thy life's fulness; forces new roots in thy being, and is restored through thee. She is an extinguished light, in a broken vessel; but the dried wick of life nourishes itself again in the oil of thy lamp. Thus the sick, now spiritually rooted in thee, exists from the same powers as thou; therefore has she pleasure and pain, feeling, will, and even thought, as thou hast. Thou art her life, Emanuel."

Neither the women nor the Doctor could refrain from smiles, at this tender declaration of the petulant Countess. On the same day, the Count said to me:

"Will you not for a jest make the strongest essay of your power over Hortensia?"

"And how?" replied I.

"Desire, as a proof of her obedience, that Hortensia shall have you called, when she is awake, and voluntarily give you, as a present, the most beautiful of the roses which are blooming in her vases."

"It is too much; it would be indiscreet. You know, Count, what an unconquerable aversion she has to the poor Faust, as much even as she appears to have regard for Emanuel."

"Even for that reason, I entreat you to make the trial, were it only to discover whether your will is powerful enough to have effect out of the state of transfiguration and in the waking usual life? No one shall tell her what you have wished. Therefore it shall be arranged, that no person except you and myself shall be present when you express the wish."

I promised to obey. Though, I confess, rather unwillingly.

THE ROSE.

When I went to her the following morning, as she lay in the slumber which usually preceded her transfiguration—and I never showed myself earlier—I found the Count there alone. He reminded me by a look, and with laughing eyes, of the agreement of the day before.

Hortensia passed into her transfigured waking state

and immediately commenced a friendly conversation. She assured us that her sickness had almost reached the turning point, when it would gradually diminish; this would be known by her having less clear perceptions in her sleep. I became more embarrassed the more the Count motioned to me to bring forward my experiment.

In order to divert or to encourage myself, I went silently through the room to the window, where Hortensia's flowers bloomed, and with my fingers, played with the branches of a rose bush. Inadvertently I stuck a thorn rather deep in the end of my middle finger.

Hortensia gave a loud cry. I hurried to her; the Count likewise. She complained of a violent prick in the point of the middle finger of her right hand. The appearance of her finger belonged to the witchcrafts, to which, since my intercourse with her, I had become accustomed. In fact, I thought I could remark a scarcely visible blue spot; the next day, however, a small sore developed itself, and likewise on my finger—only mine was sooner healed.

"It is thy fault, Emanuel," said she, after the lapse of a few minutes; "thou hast wounded thyself with the rose bush. Take care of thyself—what befalls thee, happens also to her."

She was silent. I also. My thoughts were how I should bring forward my proposition. The wounding appeared to offer the fittest occasion. The Count motioned me to take courage.

"Wherefore dost thou not speak out?" said Hortensia; "ask that she should have you called at twelve o'clock to-day, before she goes to eat, and present you with a new blown rose."

With amazement, I heard my wish from her lips. "I feared to offend you by my boldness!" said I.

"O, Emanuel, she well knows that her father himself suggested the wish!" replied she, smiling.

"It is likewise, my ardent wish!" stammered I. "But will you at twelve, when awake, remember it?"

"Can she do otherwise?" she replied, with a good humored smile.

As the conversation on that subject ended, the Count went and brought in the women and the Doctor, who were waiting without. After about half an hour, I, as usual, so soon as the transfigured was lost into a real sleep, absented myself. It might have been about ten o'clock.

Upon waking, Hortensia showed the Doctor her painful finger. She believed that she had wounded herself by the point of a needle, and was astonished not to find some outward injury.

About eleven she became restless, walked up and down her room, sought out all sorts of things, began to speak of me to the women, or rather, after her usual habit, to pour on me the fulness of her anger, and to attack her father with reproaches, that he had not yet dismissed me.

"This obtrusive man is not worth my spending so many tears and words about. I know not what forces me to think of him, and to embitter every hour with the hated thought. It is already too much that I know him to be under the same roof, and that I know how much you esteem him, dear father. I could swear the wicked man has bewitched me. Therefore,

take care, dear father, I certainly do not deceive myself. You will have cause, one day, bitterly to repent your good nature. He will deceive you and all of us."

"I entreat you, my child," said the Count, "do not be forever vexing and fatiguing yourself with speaking of him. You do not know him; you have only seen him twice, and but transiently. How can you then pronounce a condemnatory judgment upon him? Wait till I surprise him in some false act. In the meanwhile do you be tranquil. It is sufficient that he dares not appear in your presence."

Hortensia was silent. She spoke with the women on other subjects. Her disquiet increased. They asked her if she was not well. She knew not what to answer. She began to weep. They endeavored in vain to discover the cause of her grief or melancholy. She concealed her face in the cushions of the sofa, and begged her father as well as her women to leave her alone.

A quarter before twelve they heard her ring. She directed the woman who answered her summons, to say to me, that I should come there as soon as the clock struck twelve.

Notwithstanding I anxiously expected this invitation, it caused me great surprise. In part from the extraordinary fact itself and in part from fright, I was as much perplexed as embarrassed. I went many times before my glass, in order to see if I really had a face made to awaken horror. But—it struck twelve. With a beating heart I went and heard myself announced to Hortensia. I was admitted.

She sat negligently on the sofa; her beautiful head, shaded with her raven locks, rested on her soft white arm. She reluctantly arose as I entered. With a weak, uncertain voice, and a look which implored her mercy, I declared myself there to hear her commands.

Hortensia did not answer. She came slowly and thoughtfully towards me, as if she sought for words. At last she remained standing before me, threw a contemptuous side look on me, and said:

"Mr. Faust, it seems to me that it is I that should entreat, in order to induce you to leave the house and train of my father."

"Countess," said I, and the manly pride was a little roused in me, "I have forced myself neither on you nor the Count. You yourself know on what grounds your father entreated me to remain in his company. I did so unwillingly; but the heartfelt kindness of the Count, and the hope of being useful to you, prevents my obeying your expressed command, however it may distress me to displease you."

She turned her back on me, and played with a little pair of scissors near a rose bush at the window. Suddenly she cut the last blown rose off—it was beautiful, although simple—she reached it to me and said,—
"Take the best which I have now at hand: I give it to you, as a reward for having hitherto avoided me. Never come again!"

She spoke this so quickly and with such visible embarrassment, that I scarcely understood it; she then threw herself again on the sofa, and as I wished to answer, she motioned to me hastily, with her face turned, to go away. I obeyed.

Even at the moment I left her I had already forgotten all injuries. I flew to my room. Not the angry,

but only the suffering Hortensia in all her tender innocence swept before me. The rose came from her hand like a jewel, whose infinite worth all the crowns in the world could not outweigh. I pressed the flower to my lips—I lamented its perishable nature. I thought how I should most securely preserve it—to me the most precious of all my possessions. I opened it carefully and dried it between the leaves of a book, then had it enclosed between two round crystal glasses, surrounded with a gold band, so that I could wear it like an amulet to a gold chain round my neck.

THE BILL OF EXCHANGE.

In the meantime this event was the cause of much discomfort to me. Hortensia's hate of me spoke out more decidedly than ever. Her father, entirely too gentle, made my defence in vain. His conviction that I was an honest man, as well as my usefulness in the common affairs of his house, and his firm belief that I was indispensable to the saving of his daughter, were sufficient to render him for a long time deaf to all the whisperings which aimed at my downfall. In a short time he was the only one in the house that honored me with a friendly word or look. I remarked, that gradually the women, Dr. Walter himself, and at last the lowest servant of the family, kept shyly at a distance and treated me with a marked coldness. I learnt from the true hearted Sebald, who remained devoted to me, that my expulsion was aimed at, and that the Countess had sworn to turn any one out of her service, who dared to have any kind of intercourse with me. Her command was so much the more effectual, as from the physician and steward, to the lowest servant in the house, each one considered himself lucky to be a domestic in so rich a house; and whilst they only considered me as one of their equals, they envied me my unlimited credit with the Count.

Such a situation must of course become displeasing to me. I lived in Venice, in one of the most brilliant houses, more solitary than in a wilderness, without a friend or familiar acquaintance. I knew my steps and motions were watched; nevertheless I endured it with patience. The noble Count suffered no less than myself from Hortensia's caprices. He often sought comfort near me. I was the most eloquent advocate for my beautiful persecutor, who treated me during her transfiguration with as much kindness, I might almost say tenderness, as she vexed me when out of this state, with the effects of her hatred and pride. It seemed as if she were governed alternately by two inimical demons: the one an angel of light, the other of darkness. At last, even the old Count began to watch me and became more reserved; the situation was insupportable to me. I had only lately perceived how he was tormented on all sides; how particularly Dr. Walter sought to shake his confidence in me, by many repeated little malicious remarks; and what a deep impression a reproach of Hortensia's once made, when she said: "Have we all made ourselves dependant on this unknown man? They say my life is in his power; well, pay him for his trouble; more he does not merit. But he is also to be a participator in our family secrets. We are, in our most important affairs, in his charge, so that, were I

even in health, we could scarcely, without disadvantage, send him away. Who is surety for his secrecy? His apparent disinterestedness, his honorable appearance, will one day cost us much. The Count Hormegg will be the slave of his servant, and a stranger, by his cunning, become the tyrant of us all. This common fellow is not only the confidant of a Count, whose race is related to princely houses, but the all-doer and head of the family."

In order still more to revolt the pride of the Count, the subordinates appeared to have conspired together to fulfil his commands with a certain reluctance and doubt, as if they were afraid of displeasing me. Some carried this artful boldness so far as to express openly the question, whether the command he gave had also my consent. This acted upon the Count so much, little by little, that he became mistrustful of himself, and believed that he had overstepped the limits of prudence.

I remarked it, however much he endeavored to conceal his change of mind. This vexed me. I had never forced myself into a knowledge of his circumstances; he had imparted them to me by degrees, craved my council, followed it, and always gained by it. He had voluntarily charged me with the whole care of the receipts and expenditures of his income; it was by me, from the state of the greatest confusion, placed in such clearness, that he confessed he never had such an insight into his household affairs. He was now in a situation to make suitable arrangements both of his money and estates. By my advice he had terminated two old perplexed family law-suits, whose end was not to be seen, by an amicable agreement, and by this compact gained more immediate advantage than he himself hoped to have won, if he had succeeded in his suit. Many times had he, in the excess of his gratitude or friendship, wished to force considerable presents on me, but I had always refused them.

For some weeks I endured to be hated and mistaken by all. My pride at last revolted. I longed to get out of this unpleasant situation to which no one any longer troubled himself to reconcile me. Hortensia, even she, who was the author of all the mischief, was the only one, who, in her transfigurations, warned me incessantly not to regard any thing she might undertake against me in her waking hours. She would despise herself for it; she coaxed me with the most flattering speeches, as if she would in these moments requite me for all the torments which she immediately after, with redoubled eagerness, would cause me.

Count Hormegg had me called one afternoon to his cabinet. He desired me to give him the steward's book, and also a bill of exchange lately received for two thousand louis d'ors, which sum, he said, he wished to place in the bank of Venice, since his residence in Italy would be continued for the year. I took the opportunity to beg him to confide to another the whole of the business with which he had charged me, since I was determined, so soon as the health of the Countess would permit, to leave his house and Venice. Notwithstanding he remarked the irritability with which I spoke, he said nothing, except requesting me not to neglect his daughter and her cure; but as to what regarded the other affairs, he would willingly disburden me from them.

This was sufficient. I saw he wished to make me unnecessary to him. I went, out of humor, to my room, and took all the papers, as well those which he had not demanded as those which he had; but I could not find the bill of exchange; I must have mislaid it amongst some papers. I had a dim recollection that it was enclosed by me in a particular paper, and with some other things put on one side. My search was in vain. The Count, hitherto accustomed to see his wishes executed with the greatest promptitude by me, would certainly be surprised that I this time delayed. The next morning he reminded me of it again.

"Probably you have forgotten," said he, "that I asked you yesterday for the steward's book and the bill of exchange." I promised to give them to him at mid-day. I looked through the writings, leaf by leaf, in vain. Mid-day came; I had not found the bewitched bill of exchange. I excused myself with the Count that I must have mislaid a couple of sheets which hitherto had not happened to me; probably in my anxious hasty search, I had either overlooked some or taken the papers for others and placed them away. I asked for a delay till the next day, since they could not be lost, but only mislaid. The Count made, it is true, a discontented face, but yet replied, "There is time enough! Do not hurry yourself."

What time I could spare, I employed in searching. It lasted till night. The following morning I commenced anew. My anxiety increased. I must at last believe, that the bill was either lost, stolen, or perhaps, in a moment of absence, employed by myself as useless paper. Except my servant, who could neither read nor write, and who never had the key to my sitting room, no person entered those apartments. The fellow asserted that he had never allowed any one to enter whilst he was cleaning the room, still less, had he ever touched a paper. Except the Count, no stranger came to me, since from my retired life I had made no acquaintance in Venice. My embarrassment rose to the highest pitch.

THE SINGULAR TREACHERY.

The same morning, as I went to the Countess, to remain near her, during her transfiguration, and render her, in this state, the accustomed service, I thought I remarked in the countenance of the Count a cold seriousness, which spoke more than words. The thought, that he perhaps suspected my honesty and truth, increased my disquiet. I walked before the sleeping Hortensia, and at the same moment it struck me, that perhaps by means of her wonderful gift of sight, she might inform me where the papers were. It was indeed painful to me, to confess, before Dr. Walter and the women, the charge of neglect or disorder.

Whilst I was yet struggling with myself, what I should do, the Countess complained of the insupportable coldness which blew from me towards her, and which would cause her sufferings if it did not change. "Thou art pained by some disquiet. Thy thoughts, thy will, are not with her!" said she.

"Dear Countess," replied I, "it is no wonder. Perhaps it is in your power, from your peculiarity of being able to discover what is most concealed, to restore me again my peace. I have lost amongst my papers, a bill of exchange, which belongs to your father."

The Count Hormegg wrinkled his brow. Dr. Walter cried: "I beg you, do not trouble the Countess in this situation with such things."

I was silent; but Hortensia appeared thoughtful, and said, after some time, "Thou, Emanuel, hast not lost the bill; it was taken from thee! Take this key, open the closet there in the wall. In my jewel casket lies the bill."

She drew out a little golden key, reached it to me and pointed with her hand to the closet. I hurried there. One of the women, called Elenora, sprang before the closet and wished to prevent the opening of it. "Your lordship," cried she anxiously to the Count, "will not allow any man to rummage amongst the effects of the Countess!" Ere she had yet ended the words, she was with a strong arm pushed away by me; the closet opened, the casket likewise, and behold, the bewitched bill of exchange lay there on the top. I went with a face shining with joy to the old Count, who was speechless and motionless from astonishment. "Of the rest, I shall have the honor of speaking to you hereafter," said I to the Count, and went back with a light heart to Hortensia, to whom I gave back the key.

"How thou art metamorphosed, Emanuel!" cried she, with a countenance of delight, "Thou art become a sun—thou floatest in a sea of rays."

The Count called to me in violent emotion: "Command the Countess, in my name, to say how she came by these papers."

I obeyed. Elenora sank down fainting on a chair. Dr. Walter hurried to her, and was in the act of leading her from the room as Hortensia began to speak. The Count commanded, in an unusually severe tone, silence and quiet. No one dared to move.

"Out of hate, beloved Emanuel, the sick had the bill taken. She foresaw, maliciously, thy difficulty, and hoped to induce thy flight. But it would not have happened, since Sebald stood in a corner of the corridor, whilst Dr. Walter, with a double key, went in thy chamber, took the bill which thou hadst put in some letters from Hungary, and gave it on going out to Elenora. Sebald would have betrayed it all, so soon as it was known that some papers of importance had been lost. Dr. Walter, who had seen the bill of exchange with thee, made the proposition to the sick to purloin it. Elenora offered her assistance. The sick herself encouraged them both to do so, and could scarcely wait for the time when the papers could be brought to her."

During these words Dr. Walter stood quite beside himself, leaning on Elenora's chair; his countenance betrayed uneasiness, and shrugging his shoulders, he looked towards the Count, and said, "From this, one may learn that the gracious Countess may also speak erroneously. Wait for her awaking, and she will explain herself better how the papers came into her hands."

The Count made no answer, but calling to a servant, ordered him to bring old Sebald. When he came, he was asked whether he had ever seen Dr. Walter during my absence go into my room.

"Whether in the absence of Mr. Faust I know not, but it may well have been so last Sunday evening, since he at least unlocked the door. Miss Ellen must know better than I, as she remained standing on the stairs until the Doctor came back and gave her some notes, whereupon they talked softly together and then separated."

Sebald was now permitted to go; and the Doctor with the half fainting Elenora were obliged on a motion from the Count to depart. Hortensia appeared more animated than ever. "Fear thee not from the hatred of the sick" said she many times; "she will watch over thee like thy guardian angel."

The consequence of this memorable morning was, that Dr. Walter, as well as Elenora, with two other servants, were on that same day dismissed by the Count and sent from the house. To me, on the contrary, the Count came and begged my pardon, not only on account of his daughter's fault, but also for his own weakness, in listening to the malicious whisperings against me and half crediting them. He embraced me, called me his friend, the only one which he had in the world and to whom he could open himself with unlimited confidence. He conjured me not to forsake his daughter and himself.

"I know," said he, "what you suffer, and what sacrifices you make on our account. But trust with confidence to my gratitude as long as I live. Should the Countess ever be restored to perfect health, you will certainly be better pleased with us than hitherto. Look at me! is there on earth a more desolate, unfortunate man than myself? Nothing but hope supports me. And all my hopes rest on your goodness and the continuance of your patience. What have I already gone through! what must I yet endure! The extraordinary state of my daughter often almost deprives me of reason. I know not, if I live, or if destiny has not made me the instrument of a fairy tale."

The distress of the good Count moved me. I reconciled myself to him and even to my situation, which was by no means enticing. On the contrary, the ignoble disposition of the Countess much weakened the enthusiasm in which I had hitherto lived for her.

FRAGMENTS OF HORTENSIA'S CONVERSATIONS.

Through the kind and attentive care of the Count, it happened that I now never saw Hortensia when awake, for which I felt little inclination. I even did not learn how she thought or spoke of me, though I could easily imagine it. In the house strict order reigned. The Count had resumed his authority. No one ventured again to make a party with Hortensia, against either of us, since it was known that she would become the accuser of herself and confederates.

Thus I saw the extraordinary beauty only in those moments when she, raised above herself, appeared to be a being of a better world. But these moments belonged to the most solemn, often to the most moving of my life. The inexpressible charm of Hortensia's person was heightened by an expression of tender innocence and angelic enthusiasm. The strictest modesty was observed in her appearance. Only truth and goodness were on her lips; and notwithstanding her eyes were closed—in which, otherwise, her feelings were most clearly expressed—yet one read the slightest emotion by the fine-play of her countenance as well as in the varied tones of her voice.

What she spoke of the past, present or future, so far as the keen prophetic vision of her spirit reached, excited our astonishment; sometimes from the peculiarity

of her views; sometimes from their incomprehensibility. She could give us no information of the *how*, though she sometimes endeavored and sought by long reflection to do so. She knew by actual sight, as she said, all the interior parts of her body, the position of the superior and inferior intestines, of the bony structure, of the ramifications of the muscles and nerves; she could see the same in me or any one to whom I only gave my hand. Though she was a highly educated young lady, yet she had no knowledge, or only the most confused and superficial, of the structure of the human frame. I mentioned the names of many things, which she saw and described exactly; she on the contrary, corrected my ideas when they were not accurate.

Her revelations upon the nature of our life interested me most, since to me, her absolutely inexplicable state, led me most frequently to question her on it. I wrote down each time, after leaving her, the substance of her answers, although I must omit much which she gave in expressions and images not sufficiently intelligible.

I will not mention here all that she spoke at different times, but will only select and place in a better connection what she revealed concerning things which excited my sympathy or curiosity.

As I once remarked, that she lost much in not being able to recollect, in her natural and waking state, what she, during the short time of her transfiguration, thought, saw and spoke, she replied:

"She loses nothing, since the earthly waking is only one part of her life, that terminates in certain, single ends; it is only a circumscribed outward life. But in the true, unlimited, interior, pure life, she is as conscious of what is passing in this, as of what has passed in her waking state.

"That internal, pure life and consciousness continues in every person unbroken, even in the deepest fainting, as in the deepest sleep, which is only a fainting of another kind and from other causes. During sleep, as in a fainting fit, the soul withdraws its activity from the instruments of the senses back to the spirit. One is also then conscious to himself, when without, he appears unconscious, because the lifeless senses are silent.

"When thou art suddenly aroused from a deep sleep, on waking, a dark remembrance will sweep before thee, as if thou hadst thought of something before awaking, or, as thou thinkest, dreamt, though thou knowest not what it is. The sleep-walker lies in the fast sleep of the outward senses; he hears and sees, not with eyes and ears, nevertheless he is not only in the utmost perfection conscious of himself and knows exactly what he thinks, speaks or undertakes, but he remembers also every thing of his outward waking, and knows even the place where he, waking, laid his pen.

"The outward, limited life, may suffer interruptions and pauses; the true, inner consciousness, has no pauses and needs none.

"The sick knows very well that she now appears to thee perfect; but in fact, the powers of her mind and soul are not more exalted or commanding than formerly, though less bound or crippled by the restraints of the outward senses. An excellent workman works with imperfect tools more imperfectly than he should do. Even the most fluent human speech is tedious and difficult, since it neither can represent all the peculiarities

of the thoughts and feelings, nor the rapid changes and course of the ideas, but only single parts of the onflowing current of thought.

"In the purer life, although the tools of the senses rest, there is a more complete and exact remembrance of the past, than in the earthly waking. Since at the earthly waking, the *ALL* streams through the open doors of perception too powerful—almost stunning. Therefore, Emanuel, thou knowest when we wish during our earthly waking, deeply and seriously to think, we seek solitude and quiet and withdraw ourselves as it were from without, and neither see nor hear.

"The more the mind can be removed from outward life, the nearer it approaches to its purer state; the more it is separated from the activity of the senses, the more clear and certain it thinks. We know that some of the most remarkable discoveries have been made in a state betwixt sleeping and waking, when the outward doors were half closed and the spiritual life remained undisturbed by foreign intermixture.

"Sleep is not to be regarded as an interruption of the perfect conscious life; but the earthly waking is to be regarded as such an interruption, or rather as a limitation of it. Since by earthly waking the soul's activity is directed as it were to fixed paths and limits, and on the other side, the attractions of the outward world influence it so powerfully, that the remembrance of the pure life disappears; still more so, since on the earthly waking the attention of the spirit itself is distracted, and is attracted to the guarding of the body in all its single parts. Yes, Emanuel, sleep is properly the full awaking of the spirit; the earthly waking, as it were, a slumber or a stunning of the spirit. The earthly sleep is a spiritual sunset for the outward world, but a clear sunrise in the inner world.

"Yet even amidst the distractions of the earthly waking, we perceive occasionally glimpses of another life we have passed through, though we do not always know how to express it. So one sees from high mountains in a summer night the late or early red of a sun and of a day that has departed, which is the portion of other countries on the globe. Often, with wonderful quickness, in extraordinary accidents, thoughts and resolutions occur to men necessary to their safety, without foregone considerations—without reflection. We know not from whence they spring. Connection fails between our previous ideas and this sudden and commanding one. Men usually say it is as if a good spirit or a divinity had inspired me with the thought. At other times we see and hear in our daily life something that we seem already to have seen and heard; and yet we cannot fathom how, or when, or where, and we imagine it to be a singular repetition, or some resemblance to a dream.

"It is not extraordinary, Emanuel, that our conscious being never ends; that is, that whether sleeping or waking, it ever advances; since it is so, how can it cease? But wonderful is the change—the ebb and flow—the hither and thither turning of life from the inner to the outward and from the outward to the inner.

"The spirit, clothed by the soul, as the sun is by its rays, flying through the firmament of the world, can exist as well without a body, as the sun without foreign worlds. But the worlds without the sun are dead—

loosened from their path; the body without the soul is dust.

"The body has its own life, as every plant lives; though the earthly powers of life must first be awakened through the spirit. These rule and move themselves according to their own laws, independent of the soul. Without our will and knowledge, without the will and knowledge of the body, it grows, digests its nourishment, makes the blood flow, and changes in manifold ways its inheritance. It inhales and exhales; it evaporates and draws invisible nourishment for its want from the atmosphere. But like other plants, it is dependant upon the outward things, by which it nourishes itself. Its condition changes with day and night, like the condition of every flower; it raises or relaxes itself; its powers of life consume themselves like an invisible fire which demands fresh nourishment.

"Only by a sufficient supply of the vegetative powers of life, is the body fitted for the soul to enter into a close union with it, otherwise it is a heterogeneous substance. If its powers become too much consumed or exhausted, the spiritual life draws itself back from the outward to the interior part: that we call sleep—an interruption of the activity of the senses. The soul returns again into the union with the outer parts, as soon as the vegetative department has recruited its powers. It is not the soul which becomes fatigued or exhausted, but the body; the soul is not strengthened by rest, but the body. So there is a constant ebb and flood, an outstreaming and retreating of the spiritual essence in us, perhaps conformable to the changes of day and night.

"The greater part of our existence we watch outwardly; we should do so, since the body was given us on earth, on condition of our activity. The body and its inclinations give our activity a determined direction. There is something great and wonderful in this economy of God.

"With age the body loses the faculty of re-establishing its powers of life in a sufficient degree to sustain in all its parts its intimate union with the soul. The instrument formerly ductile and supple, stiffens and becomes useless to the spirit. The soul withdraws itself again into the interior. To the spirit remains all its inward activity, even till all union with the body is impeded; this arrives only through the destroying power of age or sickness. The loosening of the soul from the body is the restoration of the freedom of the first. It frequently announces itself by predictions at the hour of death and other prophecies.

"The more healthy the body, so much the more is the soul entirely united with all parts of the body; and the more closely it is bound to it, so much the less capable is it of predicting; it is then, as if the soul in extraordinary moments of enthusiasm, unshackled as it were, sees into futurity.

"The retreat of the soul from the outer world, produces a peculiar state of the human substance. It is the dream. To fall into a slumber, produces the last attraction of the senses, and the first activity of the free interior life. By the waking, the last ray of the inner world mixes itself with the first light of the outward world. It is difficult to disentangle what particularly appertains to the one or the other; but it is always instructive to observe dreams. Since the spirit, even in

its inner activity, occupies itself with that which attracted it in the outward life, one can expound the movements of the sleep-walker. Though, when the outward senses of the sleep-walker are again unlocked, he can remember nothing of what he did during his extraordinary state, yet it can return to him again in dreams. So do they bring from the inner world much knowledge to the outer. Dream is the natural mediator, the bridge between the outward and inner life."

CHANGES.

These were perhaps the most remarkable ideas which she uttered, either spontaneously or excited by questions; it is true, not in the order in which they are here placed, but, as regards the expressions, very little different from them. Much that she said, it was impossible for me to give again, since with the connection of the conversation, it lost much of the delicacy of its meaning; much remained wholly unintelligible to me.

"It was also my fault that I neglected leading her back at the right time, upon many things that remained obscure to me. I soon remarked, that she did not in all her hours of transfiguration discern and speak with equal clearness—that she gradually liked less to converse on these subjects, and at last discontinued them entirely, and spoke almost only of household affairs or the state of her health. This she constantly affirmed was improving, though for a long time we could perceive no traces of it. She continued as formerly to indicate to us what she must eat and drink when awake, and what would be beneficial and what prejudicial to her. She showed an aversion to almost all drugs, but on the contrary, desired daily an ice cold bath, and at last sea water baths. As the spring approached, her transfigurations became shorter.

I will, by no means, describe here the history of Hortensia's illness, but will in a few words state, that in seven months after my arrival, she was so far restored, that she could not only receive the visits of strangers, but also return them, and could even go to church, theatre and balls, though only for a few hours at a time. The Count was beside himself with joy. He loaded his daughter with presents, and formed around her a various and costly circle of amusements. Connected with the first houses of Venice, or courted by them either on account of his wealth or the beauty of his daughter, it could not fail that every day in the week was metamorphosed into a festival.

He had hitherto in fact lived like a hermit, depressed by Hortensia's misfortune and kept in a constant constrained and anxious state by the miracles connected with her illness. Therefore, he had become confined to an intercourse with me. Besides, from want of firmness of mind and through my influence over Hortensia's life, and by a kind of superstitious respect for my person, he allowed himself to be willingly pleased with what I directed. He yielded to me, if I may so call it, a kind of government over himself, and obeyed my wishes with a degree of submission which was unpleasant to myself, though I never abused it.

Now that Hortensia's recovery restored to him a mind free from care and the long denied enjoyment of brilliant pleasures, his deportment towards me changed.

It is true, I continued to hold the direction over his house and family affairs, which he had formerly given up to me, either from blind confidence or for his convenience, but he wished that I should conduct his affairs under some name in his service. As I firmly refused to place myself in his pay, and remained true to the conditions under which I had at first engaged with him, he appeared to make a virtue of necessity. He introduced me to the Venitians as his friend, yet his pride not permitting his friend to be a mere citizen, he gave me out generally as being from one of the purest and best of the German noble families. I opposed at first this falsehood, but was obliged to yield to the entreaties of his weakness. Thus I entered into the Venitian circles, and was received every where. It is true, the Count continued to be my friend, though not entirely as formerly, since I was no longer his only one. We no longer, as before, lived exclusively for and with one another.

Yet more remarkable was the metamorphose in Hortensia on her convalescence. In her transfigurations, she was, as ever, all goodness; but the old hate and aversion, during the remaining part of the day, appeared gradually to disappear. Either more obedient to the admonitions of her father, or from her own feelings of gratitude, she controlled herself so as not to wound me either by word or look. It was permitted me from time to time, though only for a few moments, to pay my most respectful homage to her as a guest of the house, as a friend of the Count, and as an actual physician. I could even at last, without danger of exciting an outbreak of her anger, be in the society where she was. Indeed this effort or habit proceeded so far, that she could at last, with indifference, suffer me to dine at table, when the Count was alone or had guests. But even then I always saw her pride through her manners as she looked down upon me, and except what decency and common politeness demanded, I never received a single word from her.

For myself, my life was truly only half gay, though from my greater freedom, I felt more comfortable. The amusements into which I was drawn, diverted me, without increasing my contentment. In the midst of bustle, I often longed for solitude, which was more congenial to my nature. It was my invariable determination, so soon as the cure of the Countess was perfected, to regain my former liberty. I longed with eagerness for the arrival of that moment, since I felt too deeply that the passion with which Hortensia's beauty inspired me would become my misfortune. I had struggled against it, and Hortensia's pride and hatred for me rendered the struggle more easy. To her feelings of high noble birth, I opposed my citizen feelings—to her malicious persecutions, the consciousness of my innocence and her ingratitude. If there were moments when the charms of her person affected me—who could remain insensible to so many?—there were many more in which her offensive behavior entirely disgusted me, and caused in my heart a bitterness which bordered on aversion. Her indifference towards me was as strong a proof of the want of grateful feelings in her disposition as her former aversion. At last I avoided Hortensia more assiduously than she did me. Could she have regarded me with indifference, she must have discovered in my whole behavior how great was my scorn of her.

Thus, during Hortensia's gradual recovery, had the situations between us all, unremarked and singularly enough, wholly changed. I had no ardent wish except soon to be freed from an engagement which gave me but little joy, and no greater consolation than the moment when Hortensia's perfect health would render my presence unnecessary.

PRINCE CHARLES.

Amongst those who in Venice connected themselves most intimately with us, was a rich young man, who, descended from one of the noblest Italian families, bore the title of Prince. I shall call him Charles. He was of a pleasing figure, with fine manners, intellectual, quick and prepossessing. The nobility of his features, as well as the fiery glance of his eye, betrayed an irritable temperament. He lived at an immense expense, and was more vain than proud. He had served for some time in the French army. Tired of that, he was upon the point of visiting the most distinguished European cities and courts. The accidental acquaintance which he made with Count Hormegg, detained him longer in Venice than he at first intended; for he had seen Hortensia, and joined himself to her crowd of admirers. In pursuit of her, he soon appeared to forget every thing else.

His rank, his fortune, his numerous and brilliant retinue, and his pleasing exterior, flattered Hortensia's pride and self love. Without distinguishing him from the others by any particular favor, she yet liked to see him near her. A single confidential friendly look was sufficient to excite in him the boldest hopes.

The old Count Hormegg, no less flattered by the Prince's addresses, met them half way, showed him a preference over all, and soon changed a mere acquaintance into a close intimacy. I doubted not for a moment that the Count had secretly chosen the Prince for his son-in-law. Nothing but Hortensia's indisposition and a fear of her humors appeared to prevent both the father and lover from more open approaches.

The Prince had heard, in confidential conversations with the Count, of Hortensia's transfigurations. He burnt with a desire to see her in this extraordinary state; and the Countess, who well knew that this state was far from being disadvantageous to her, gave him, what she had hitherto denied to every stranger, permission to be present at one of them.

He came one afternoon when we knew Hortensia would sink into this remarkable sleep, as she always announced it in the preceding one. I cannot deny that I felt a little touch of jealousy as the Prince entered the room. Hitherto I had been the happy one to whom the Countess, by preference in her miraculous glorifications, had turned her exterior graces and intellectual beauty.

Charles approached lightly over the soft carpet, moving on tip-toe. He believed that she really slumbered, as her eyes were closed. Timidity and delight were expressed in his features as he gazed on the charming figure, which, in her whole appearance, discovered something extraordinary.

Hortensia at length began to speak. She conversed with me in her usual affectionate manner. I was again,

as ever, her Emanuel, who governed her thoughts, will, and whole being; a language which sounded very unpleasingly to the Prince, and which to me was never very flattering. Hortensia, however, began to appear more restless and anxious. She asserted several times that she felt pains, though she could not tell wherefore. I motioned to the Prince that he should reach me his hand. Scarcely had he done so than Hortensia, shuddering violently, cried out gloomily: "How cold! Away with that goat there! He kills me!" She was seized with convulsions, which she had not had for a long time. Charles was obliged hastily to leave the room. He was quite beside himself with terror. After some time, Hortensia recovered from her cramps. "Never bring that impure creature to me again," said she.

This accident, which even alarmed me, produced unpleasant consequences. The Prince regarded me from this moment as his rival, and conceived a great hatred towards me. The Count, who allowed himself to be entirely governed by him, appeared to become suspicious of Hortensia's feelings. The mere thought that the Countess might acquire an inclination for me, was insupportable to his pride. Both the Prince and Count united themselves more firmly together; kept me at a greater distance from the Countess, except during the time of her miraculous sleeps; agreed upon the marriage, and the Count opened the wishes of the Prince to his daughter. She, although flattered by the attentions of the Prince, demanded permission to reserve her declaration till the complete restoration of her health. Charles, in the meanwhile, was generally regarded as the betrothed of the Countess. He was her constant attendant, and she the queen of all his fetes.

I very soon discovered that I began to be in the way—that with Hortensia's recovery I had sunk into my original nothingness. My former discontent returned, and nothing made my situation supportable, but that Hortensia, not only in her transfigurations, but soon out of them, did me justice. Not only was her old aversion towards me changed into indifference, but in the same proportion as her bodily health rebloomed, this indifference changed itself into an attentive, forbearing respect; to an affable friendliness, such as one is accustomed to from the higher to the lower, or towards persons whom one sees daily, who belongs to the household, and to whom one feels indebted for the services they perform. She treated me as if I were really her physician—liked to ask my advice, my permission, when it concerned any enjoyment or pleasure; fulfilled punctually my directions, and could command herself to leave the dance so soon as the hour was passed which I had fixed for her. It occurred to me sometimes, as if the authority of my will had in part passed over to her waking, since it began to act more weakly over her soul during her transfigurations.

THE DREAMS.

Hortensia's pride, obstinacy and humor, also passed gradually away from her like bad spirits. In her disposition, almost as lovely as during her trance, she enchained not less by her outward charms, than by her affection, humility and grateful kindness.

All this made my misfortune. How could I, a daily witness of so many perfections, remain indifferent? I

wished most earnestly that she might, as formerly, despise, offend and persecute me, that I might the more easily separate from her, and could be able to despise her in return. But that was now impossible. I again adored her. Silently and without hope, I pined away in my passion. I knew, by anticipation, that my future separation from her would take me to the grave. What made my situation worse, was a dream, which I from time to time had of her, and always in the same or a similar form. Sometimes I was sitting in a strange room—sometimes on the seashore—sometimes in a cave under overhanging rocks—sometimes on the moss-covered trunk of an oak, in a great solitude, and with a deeply agitated soul—then came Hortensia, and looking upon me with the kindest compassion, said, "Wherefore so melancholy, dear Faust?" and thereupon each time I awoke, and the tone with which she spoke thrilled through me. This tone was echoed to me the whole day. I heard it in the bustle of the city, the crowd of company, in the song of the gondoliers, at the opera, everywhere. Some nights when I had this dream, I waked so soon as Hortensia had opened her mouth to make the usual question, and then imagined that I actually heard the voice without me.

Dreams formerly in the world used to be dreams; but in the strange circle into which I was placed by my destiny, even dreams had an unusual character.

I was one day regulating some accounts in the Count's room, and had laid some letters before him for his signature. He was called to receive some of the Venitian nobility, who had come to visit him. Believing he would soon return, I threw myself upon a chair at the window, and sank into a deep melancholy. Soon I heard footsteps, and the Countess, who sought her father, stood near me. I was much startled, without knowing wherefore, and respectfully arose.

"Why so sad, dear Faust?" said Hortensia, with her own peculiar loveliness, spiritualizing my whole being, and with the same voice, whose tones sounded so movingly in my dreams. She then laughed as if surprised at her own question, or as astonished at herself, rubbed thoughtfully her brow, and said, after a while, "What is this? I fancy that it has occurred before. It is extraordinary. I have once before found you exactly as at this moment, and even so questioned you. Is not this singular?"

"Not more singular than I have experienced," said I, "since not once, but many times, have I dreamt that you discovered me, and asked in the same words the same question which you have now had the goodness to do."

The Count came in and interrupted our short conversation. But this, apparently in itself unimportant incident, caused me much reflection; nevertheless my researches were in vain to divine how the play of the imagination could mingle with the reality. She had dreamt the same as myself, and the dream had been accomplished in life.

These enchantments were yet far from being at an end.

Five days after this event, the god of sleep mimicked before me that I was invited to a great assembly. It was a great fete and dance. The music made me melancholy, and I remained a solitary spectator. Hortensia suddenly came to me from the crowd of dancers, pressed

secretly and fervently my hand, and whispered, "Be gay, Faust, or else I cannot be so!" She then gave me a look of compassionate tenderness, and was again lost in the tumult.

The Count Hormegg attended a pleasure party on that day, at the country seat of a Venitian. I accompanied him. On the way he told me that the Countess would also be there. When we arrived, we found a large company—in the evening there were magnificent fireworks, and then dancing. The Prince opened the ball with Hortensia; it was like the stroke of the dagger to me as I looked at them. I lost all inclination to participate in the ball. In order to forget myself, I chose a partner, and mixed with the floating, beautiful troop. But it seemed to me that I had lead fastened to my feet, and I congratulated myself when I was able to slip out from the crowd. Leaning at a door, I gazed on the dancers, not at them, but only at Hortensia, who moved there like a goddess.

I thought of the dream of the past night; in the same moment a dance broke up, and glowing with joy, yet timidly, Hortensia approached me, pressed secretly and lightly my hand, and whispered, "Dear Faust, be gay, that I also may be so." She spoke this so compassionately, so kindly—with a look from her eyes—a look—I lost sense and speech. When I recovered myself Hortensia had again disappeared. She swept again in the row of dancers, but her eyes constantly sought only me; her looks constantly hung on me. It was as if she had the humor, by her attention, to deprive me of the residue of my reason. The couples separated at the end of the dance, and I left my place with the view of seeking another situation in the room, to convince myself whether I had been deceived, and whether the looks of the Countess would seek me there.

Already fresh couples assembled for a new dance, as I wandered over to the seats of the ladies. One of them arose at the moment that I approached her—it was the Countess. Her arm was in mine—we joined the circle. I trembled and knew not how it had occurred, since I could never have had the boldness to ask Hortensia to dance, and yet it appeared to me as if I had done so in my absence of mind. She was unembarrassed—scarcely observed my confusion—and her brilliant glances roved over the splendid crowd. One moment and the music began. I seemed to be unbound from all that was earthly; spiritualized I swept on the waves of sound. I knew not what was passing around me—knew not that we chained the attention of all the spectators. What regarded I the admiration of the world? At the end of the third dance I led the Countess to a seat, that she might rest herself. Whisperingly I stammered my thanks—she bowed, with mere friendly politeness, as to the greatest stranger, and I drew myself back amongst the spectators.

The Prince as well as the Count had seen me dancing with Hortensia, and had heard the general whisper of applause. The Prince burnt with jealousy—he did not even conceal it from Hortensia. The Count was offended at my boldness in asking his daughter to dance, and reproached her the next day for so thoughtlessly forgetting her rank. Both maintained, like all the world, that her dancing had been more full of soul, more impassioned. Neither the Count nor the Prince doubted but that I had inspired the Countess with an unworthy inclination

for myself. I soon perceived, notwithstanding their efforts to conceal it, that I was an object of hate and fear to them both. I was very seldom, and at last not at all taken into the society where Hortensia moved. I was, however, silent.

Both gentlemen indulged, nevertheless, too much anxiety on this account. The Countess certainly did not deny that she felt a sense of gratitude towards me, but any other feeling was a reproach at which she revolted. She confessed that she esteemed me, but that it was all the same to her whether I danced in Venice or Constantinople.

"You are at liberty to dismiss him," said she to her father, "so soon as my cure is perfected."

THE AMULET.

The Count and Charles awaited this moment, in pain, to get rid of me, and to bring on the marriage of Hortensia. Hortensia looked for it with impatience, in order to rejoice over her own recovery, and at the same time to quiet the suspicions of her father. I also expected it with no less desire. It was only far from Hortensia, amidst new scenes, and other occupations, that I could hope to heal my mind. I felt myself unhappy.

The Countess one day announced, not unexpectedly, as she lay in her strange sleep, the near approach of her re-establishment.

"In the warm baths of Battaglia," said she, "she will entirely lose the gift of being entranced. Take her there. Her cure is no longer distant. Every morning, immediately on waking, one bath. After the tenth, Emanuel, she separates from thee. She sees thee never again, if such is thy will. But leave her a token of remembrance. She cannot be healthy without it. For a long time, thou wearest in thy breast a dried rose, between glasses, and set in gold. So long as she wears this, enclosed in silk, immediately about the region of the heart, she will not fall again into her cramps. Neither later nor earlier than the seventh hour after receiving the thirteenth bath, yield it to her. Wear it constantly till then. She is then healthy."

She repeated this desire frequently, and with singular anxiety; she laid particular stress upon the hour when I should deliver up to her my only jewel, and of whose existence she had never heard.

"Do you really wear such a thing?" asked the Count, astonished, and highly delighted on account of the announced restoration of health to his daughter. As I answered, he asked further, if I laid any particular value upon the possession of this trifle. I assured him the highest, and that I would rather die than have it taken from me—nevertheless, for the safety of the Countess, I would sacrifice it.

"Probably a remembrance from some beloved hand?" observed the Count, laughing, and in an inquiring manner, to whom it seemed a good opportunity to learn whether my heart had already been bestowed.

"It comes," I replied, "from a person who is every thing to me."

The Count was as much moved by my generosity as contented, that I had resolved to make the sacrifice on which Hortensia's continued health depended—and forgetting his secret grudge, embraced me, a circumstance which had not happened for a long time.

"You make me your greatest debtor!" said he.

He was most urgent to relate to Hortensia, so soon as I had gone, on her awaking, what she had desired in her trance; he, moreover, did not conceal from her his conversation with me on the subject of the amulet, which had so great a value for me, since it was the remembrance of a person that I loved above all. He laid great stress on this, as his suspicion still remained, and, in case Hortensia really felt any inclination for me, to destroy it, by the discovery that I, since a long time, sighed in the chains of another beauty. Hortensia listened to it all with such innocent unembarrassment, and so sincerely congratulated herself upon her early recovery, that the Count perceived he had done injustice to the heart of his daughter by his suspicions. In the joy of his heart, he was eager to confess to me his conversation with his daughter, and immediately to mention to the Prince all that had passed. From that hour I remarked, both in the manner of the Count and Prince, something unconstrained, kind and obliging. They kept me no longer, with their former anxiety, at a distance from Hortensia, but treated me with the attention and forbearance due to a benefactor, to whom they were indebted for the happiness of their whole life. Arrangements were immediately made for our journey to the baths of Battaglia. We left Venice on a beautiful summer morning. The Prince had gone before, in order to prepare every thing for his intended bride.

Through the pleasant plains of Padua we approached the mountains, at the foot of which lay the little town, with its healing spring. On the way the Countess often liked to walk; then I must always be her conductor. Her cordiality charmed as much as her tender sense of the noble in the human character, and of the beautiful in nature. "I could be very happy," she often said, "if I could pass my days in any one of these beautiful Italian regions, amidst the simple occupations of domestic life. The amusements of the city leave the feelings vacant—they are more stunning than pleasing. How happy could I be if I might live simply, unprovoked by the miseries of the palace, where one vexes one's self about nothing, sufficiently rich to make others happy, and in my own creations to find the source of my happiness! Yet one must not desire every thing."

More than once, and in the presence of her father, she spoke of her great obligations to me as the preserver of her life. "If I only knew how to repay it!" said she. "I have for a long time racked my head to discover something right pleasing for you. You must indeed permit my father to place you in a situation which will enable you to live quite independent of others. But that is the least. I need for myself some other satisfaction."

At other times, and frequently, she brought the conversation to my resolution of leaving them as soon as she recovered. "We shall be sorry to lose you," said she, good naturedly; "we shall lament your loss as the loss of a true friend and benefactor. We will not, however, by our entreaties for you to remain with us, render your resolution more difficult. Your heart calls you elsewhere," added she, with an arch smile, as if initiated in the secret of my breast: "If you are happy, there is nothing else for us to wish for; and I do not doubt that love will make you happy. Do not, however, therefore, forget us, but send us news from time to time of your health."

What I felt at such expressions, could be as little uttered as that I should repeat what I was usually in the habit of replying. My answers were full of acknowledgments and cold politeness; for respect forbid my betraying my heart. Nevertheless, there were moments when the strength of my feelings mastered me, and I said more than I wished. When I said something more than mere flattery, Hortensia looked at me with the clear bright look of innocence, as if she did not comprehend or understand me. I was convinced that Hortensia felt a grateful esteem for me, and wished me to be happy and content, without, on that account, giving me a secret preference over any other mortal. She had joined me in the dance at the ball, from mere good nature, and to give me pleasure. She herself confessed that she had always expected me to ask her. Ah! how my passion had created presumptuous hopes from it! Presumptuous hopes indeed; since had Hortensia, in reality, felt more than mere common good will towards me, of what service would it have been to me? I should only have become more miserable by her partiality.

Whilst the flame silently devoured me, in her breast was a pure heaven, full of repose. Whilst I could have sunk at her feet, and confessed what she was to me, she wandered near me without the slightest suspicion of my feelings, and endeavored to dissipate my seriousness by pleasantry.

THE DISENCHANTMENT.

By the arrangements of the Prince, rooms were prepared for us in the castle of the Marquise d'Este. This castle, situated on a hill near the village, offered, with the greatest comfort, the most lovely distant prospect, and rich shaded walks in the neighborhood. But we were obliged to resort to the town for the baths—therefore a house was arranged in that place for the Countess, where she passed the mornings as long as she bathed.

Her trance in Battaglia, after the first bath, was very short and indistinct. She spoke but seldom, did not once answer, and appeared to enjoy quite a natural sleep. She spoke after the seventh bath, and commanded, that after the tenth she should no longer remain in that house. It is true she once more fell asleep after the tenth bath, though she said nothing more than "Emanuel, I see thee no more!" These were the last words she spoke in her transfigurations.

Since then she had had, indeed for some days, an unnaturally sound sleep, but without the power of speech in it.

At last arrived the day of her thirteenth bath. Until now, all that she had commanded or predicted in her transfigured hours had been most punctually fulfilled. Now was the last to be done. The Count and Prince came to me early in the morning, in order to remind me of the speedy delivery of my amulet. I must show it to them. They did not leave me for a moment the whole morning, as if, that now being so near the long desired goal, they had suddenly become mistrustful, and feared I might, as regarded the sacrifice, change my mind, or that the relic might accidentally be lost. The minutes were counted so soon as the news came that the

Countess was in the bath. When she had reposed some hours after her bath, she was conducted by us to the castle. She was uncommonly gay, almost mischievous. Having been told that she was to receive a present from me in the seventh hour, which she must wear all her life, she was as delighted as a child at a gift, and teased me, jestingly, with the faithlessness I committed towards my chosen one, whose present I gave to another.

It struck twelve. The seventh hour had arrived. We were in a bright garden saloon. The Count, the Prince, and the women of the Countess were present.

"Delay no longer," cried the Count, "the moment which is to be the last of Hortensia's sufferings and the first of my happiness."

I drew the dear medallion from my breast, where I had carried it so long, and loosening the golden chain from my neck, pressed, not without a sorrowful feeling, a kiss upon the glass, and delivered it to the Countess.

Hortensia took it, and as her look fell on the dried rose, a sudden and fiery red spread over her face. She bowed gently towards me, as if she would thank me—but in her features one discovered a surprise or confusion, which she appeared to endeavor to conceal. She stammered some words, and then suddenly withdrew with her women. The Count and Prince were all gratitude towards me. They had arranged for the evening a little festival at the castle, to which some noble families from Este and Rovigo were invited.

In the meantime we expected long and in vain the re-appearance of the Countess. After an hour we learnt, that as soon as she had put on the medallion, she had fallen into a sweet and profound sleep. Two, three, four hours passed—the invited guests had assembled, but Hortensia did not awake. The Count, in great disquiet, ventured to go himself to her bed. As he found her in a deep and quiet slumber, he feared to disturb her. The fete passed over without Hortensia's presence—though, without her, half the pleasure was wanting. Hortensia still slept as they separated about midnight. And even the following morning she was still in the same sound sleep. No noise affected her. The Count was in great agony. My uneasiness was no less. A physician was called, who assured us that the Countess slept a sound and refreshing sleep—both her color and pulse announced the most perfect health. Mid-day and evening came—yet Hortensia did not awake! The repeated assurances of the physician that the Countess was manifestly in perfect health, were necessary to quiet us. The night came, and passed. The next morning rejoicing echoed through the castle as Hortensia's women announced her cheerful awaking. Every one hurried forward, and wished the restored one joy.

NEW ENCHANTMENT.

Wherefore shall I not say it? During the general joy, I alone remained sad—ah, more than sad, in my room. The duties, on account of which I had entered into an engagement with Count Hormegg, were now fulfilled. I could leave him whenever I chose. I had often enough expressed my desire and intention of doing so. Nothing more was expected from me but that I should keep my word. Yet only to be allowed to breathe

in her vicinity, appeared to me the most enviable of all lots—to receive only one of her looks, the most exquisite nourishment to the flame of life—to live far from her was to me the sentence of death.

But I thought of her near marriage with the Prince, and the fickleness of the weak Count—I thought of my own honor—of my necessities—that I was free to die—then my pride and firmness were roused, and the determination remained to withdraw from the service of the Count as soon as possible. I swore to fly—I saw that my misery was without end, but I preferred bidding adieu to joy for the remainder of life to becoming contemptible to myself.

I found Hortensia in the garden of the castle. A soft shudder ran through me as I approached her, in order to offer my congratulations. She stood, separated from her women, thoughtfully before a bed of flowers. She appeared fresher and more blooming than I had ever seen her—glowing with a new life. She first discovered my presence as I spoke to her.

“How you frightened me!” said she, laughing and embarrassed, whilst a deep blush overspread her beautiful cheeks.

“I also, my dear Countess, would offer to you my joy and good wishes.”

I could say no more—my voice began to tremble—my thoughts became confused—I could not support her looks, which penetrated into the depths of my heart. With difficulty I stammered an excuse for having disturbed her.

Her looks were silently fastened on me. After a long pause, she said, “You speak of joy, dear Faust; are you also gay?”

“Heartily, as I know you to be saved from an illness by which you have so long suffered. In a few days I must depart, and endeavor, if it be possible, in other lands to belong to myself, since I am no longer connected with any one. My promise is redeemed!”

“Is it your serious intention to leave us, dear Faust? I hope not. How can you say that you belong to no one? Have you not bound us to you by all the obligations of gratitude? What forces you to separate from us?” said the Countess.

I laid my hand upon my heart; my looks sunk to the earth; to speak was impossible.

“You remain with us, Faust. Is it not so?” said the Countess.

“I dare not,” I replied.

“And if I entreat you, Faust?” said the Countess.

“For God’s sake, gracious Countess, do not entreat—do not command me. I can only be well when I—No, I must go hence,” I replied.

“You are not happy with us—and yet what other employment, what other duty draws you from us?” asked the Countess.

“Duty towards myself,” I replied.

“Go, then, Faust,” said the Countess, “I have been mistaken in you. I believed that we also were of some value to you.”

“Gracious Countess,” I replied, “if you knew what your words excite, you would from compassion forbear.”

“I must then be silent, Faust. Go, then, but you commit a great injustice,” said the Countess.

As she said these words she turned from me. I ventured to follow her, and entreated her not to be angry.

Tears fell from her eyes. I was frightened. With folded hands I implored her not to be angry.

“Command me, I will obey,” said I. “Do you command me to remain? My inward peace, my happiness, my life, I sacrifice with joy to this command!”

“Go Faust, I force nothing,” said the Countess. “You remain unwillingly with us.”

“O! Countess!” said I, “drive not a man to desperation.”

“Faust, when do you depart?” said she.

“To-morrow—to-day,” I replied.

“No, no, Faust!” said she, softly, and approached nearer to me—“I place no value on my health, on your gift, if you—— Faust! you remain, at least, only a few days.” She whispered with such a soft entreating voice, and looked so anxiously at me with her moist eyes, that I ceased to be master over my own will.

“I remain,” said I.

“But willingly?” she asked.

“With delight,” I replied.

“It is well! Now leave me a moment, Faust. You have quite disturbed me. But do not leave the garden. I only wish to recover myself.” With these words she left me, and disappeared amongst the blooming orange trees.

I remained long in the same place, like a dreamer. I had never heard such language from the Countess before; it was not that of mere politeness. My whole being trembled at the idea that I possessed some interest in her heart. These solicitations for me to remain—these tears, and, what cannot be described, that peculiar something—the extraordinary language in her manners, in her movements, in her voice—a language, without words, yet which said more than words could express—I understood nothing of it all, and, nevertheless, understood all. I doubted, and yet was convinced.

In about ten minutes, as I wandered up and down the garden walks, and joined the women, the Countess approached us quickly and gaily. Enveloped in white drapery, and surrounded by the sun’s rays, she appeared like a being out of Raphael’s dreams. In her hand she carried a bouquet of pinks, roses and violet-colored vanilla flowers.

“I have plucked a few flowers for you, dear Faust,” said she; “do not despise them. I give them to you with quite different feelings from those with which, during my sickness, I gave the rose. But I should not remind you, my dear physician, how I vexed you with my childish humors. I recollect it myself, as in duty bound, in order to make up for it. And, oh! how much have I to make up! Do give me your arm—and you, Miss Cecilia, take the other,” which was the name of one of her women.

As we wandered around with light chat and jokes, her father, the Count, joined us, and soon after the Prince. Never had Hortensia been more lovely than on this, the first day of her restored health. She spoke with tender respect to her father—with friendly familiarity to her female companions—with refined politeness and goodness to the Prince; to me, never without demonstrations of her gratitude. Not that she thanked me in words, but in the manner in which she spoke to me. So soon as she turned to me, there was in her words and tone something indescribably cordial; in her looks and manner something of a sisterly confidence, good

naturally solicitous for my satisfaction. This tone did not change either in the presence of her father or of the Prince. She continued it with an ingenuousness and sincerity, as if it ought not to be otherwise.

Some delightful days passed by in fetes and joy. Hortensia's manners towards me did not change. I, myself, ever wavering between the cold laws of respect and the flames of passion, found once more in Hortensia's conversation an inward repose and independence which I had been deprived of since my acquaintance with this prodigy. Her sincerity and truth made me more calm and contented; her confidence, as it were, more fraternal. She did not at all conceal a heart full of the purest friendship for me—still less did I conceal my feelings, though at the same time I did not venture to betray their depth. Yet who could long behold so many charms, and resist their influence?

It was the custom for the visitors of the baths at Battaglia, on fine evenings, to sit assembled before a large coffee house, enjoying the air and refreshments. An unconstrained conversation reigned there. They sat upon chairs in the open street, and in a half circle. To the right and left were heard the sounds of guitars, mandolines and singing, after the Italian mode. In the great houses, also, music sounded, and windows and doors were lighted. One evening, the Prince having left us earlier than usual, the Countess took a whim to visit this assemblage of the visitors of the place. I was already in my room, and sat holding the bouquet in both hands, dreaming over my destiny. The light burnt dimly, and my room door stood half open. Hortensia and Cecilia saw me as they passed. They watched me for some time, and then came softly in. I did not observe them till they stood close beside me, and declared that I must accompany them to the town. They now amused themselves with jests at my surprise. Hortensia recognised the bouquet. She took it from the table where I had thrown it, and, withered as it was, stuck it in her bosom. We went down to Battaglia and mingled with the company.

It happened that Cecilia, in conversation with some persons of her acquaintance, separated from us, which neither Hortensia or myself regretted. On my arm, she wandered up and down through the moving crowd, till she was fatigued. We seated ourselves on a little bench under an elm which grew on one side. The moon shone through the branches upon Hortensia's beautiful face, and upon the withered flowers in her bosom.

"Will you again rob me of what you have given me?" asked I, as I pointed to the bouquet.

She looked at me long, with a strange, thoughtful seriousness, and then replied, "It always appears to me as if I could give you nothing, and could take nothing from you. Is it not sometimes the same with you?"

This answer and question, so lightly and quietly thrown out, placed me in embarrassment and silence. From respect I scarcely dared to dwell on the kind meaning. She once more repeated the question.

"Alas! it is often so with me!" said I. "When I see the abyss between you and myself, and the distance which holds me far from you, then is it so with me. Who can give or take from the gods, that which does not always belong to them?"

She opened her eyes and looked at me with astonishment.

"Why do you speak of the gods, Faust? Even to one's-self, one can give or take nothing."

"One's-self?" replied I, with an uncertain voice. "You know that you have made me your own property?"

"I do not myself know how it is!" she answered, and her eyes sank down.

"But I, dear Countess; I know it. The enchantment which ruled over us is not lost, but has only changed its direction. Formerly in your transfigurations I governed your will, now you govern mine. In your presence only do I live. I can do nothing—I am nothing without you. If my confession, a crime before the world, but not before God, vexes you, I am not the cause, since it is at your own command that I have acted. Can I dissemble before you? If it is a crime that my soul has involuntarily become chained to your being, it is not my offence."

She turned away her face, and raised her hand to denote that I should be silent. I had at the same moment raised mine, in order to cover my eyes, which were dimmed in tears. The upraised hands sank down clasped together. We were silent; thought was lost in powerful feelings. I had betrayed my passion—but Hortensia had pardoned me.

Cecilia disturbed us. We went silently back to the castle. As we separated, the Countess said, lowly and sadly, "Through you I have obtained health, only to suffer more."

PETRARCH'S DWELLING.

When we met the next day, there was a kind of sacred timidity between us. I scarcely ventured to address her—she scarcely to answer me. In our looks, full of seriousness we often met. She appeared to wish to look through me. I sought to read in her eyes whether in her calmer moments she were offended at my boldness of yesterday. Many days passed without our again seeing each other alone. We had a secret between us, and feared to profane it by a look. Hortensia's whole manner was more solemn—her gaiety more moderate—as if she did not enter with her whole heart into the customary routine of life.

Nevertheless, I counted too much on her changed manner, after that decisive hour under the elm. Prince Charles had, as I afterwards learnt, formally solicited the hand of the Countess, which had caused an unpleasant and constrained state between herself, her father and the Prince. In order to gain time, and not to offend them, Hortensia had entreated for time for reflection, and truly for such an unlimited period, and under such hard conditions, that Charles must almost despair ever to see his wishes crowned.

"Not that I have any aversion to the Prince," as she expressed her explanation, "but I wish still to enjoy my freedom. I will, at a future day, of myself and voluntarily, give my yes or no. But if the offer is repeated before I desire it, then I am determined to reject him, even though I may truly love him."

The Count knew of old the inflexible disposition of his daughter; though from that reason he hoped the best, since Hortensia had not directly refused the attentions of the Prince. Charles, on the contrary, was

discouraged. He saw in this declaration, only the finally rejected lover, without any definite hopes. Yet he had sufficient self love to believe, that by his constancy, he should at last move Hortensia's heart. Her confidence towards me was at times displeasing to him; not that he appeared to fear it. He even found it so much the more without danger, because it was open and unembarrassed. Hortensia also treated him in the same manner. He had accustomed himself to see me treated as the friend of the house and confidential adviser both of the father and daughter; and as the Count had confided to him the secret of my plebeian descent, he could still less fear me as a rival. He condescended to make me his confidant, and one day related to me the history of his wooing Hortensia's hand and her answer. He conjured me to grant him my friendly services to discover, however distant, if Hortensia had any inclination towards him. I was obliged to promise it. Every day he inquired if I had made any discovery? I could always excuse myself that I had had no opportunity of seeing Hortensia alone.

Probably, in order to facilitate this opportunity, he arranged a little party of pleasure to Arquato, three miles from Battaglia, where the visitors of the baths were accustomed to make a pilgrimage to the tomb and dwelling house of Petrarch. Hortensia esteemed, above all the Italian poets, this tender and spiritualized songster of pure love. She had long been enjoying the idea of this pilgrimage. But when the moment of departure arrived, Charles, under some slight pretence, not only remained behind himself, but contrived also to prevent the Count from accompanying Hortensia, promising, however, to follow us without fail. Beatrice and Cecilia, the companions of the Countess, rode with her alone. I followed the carriage on horseback.

I conducted the ladies to the church yard of the village, where a simple monument covered the ashes of the immortal poet, and translated the Latin inscription for them. Hortensia stood absorbed in deep and serious thought before the grave. She sighed, as she remarked, "Thus die all!" and I thought I felt her draw my arm slightly towards her. "Die all," said I; "then would not the life of man be a cruelty of the Creator, and love the heaviest curse of life?"

Sorrowfully we left the church yard. A friendly old man led us from thence to a vine hill, not far distant, upon which stands Petrarch's dwelling, and near by a little garden. From this spot the prospect of the plain is truly beautiful. In the house they showed us the poet's household furniture, which was preserved with religious faithfulness—the table at which he read and wrote, the chair on which he rested, and even his kitchen utensils.

The sight of such relics always have a peculiar influence on the mind. It annihilates the interval of centuries and brings the distant past prominently before the imagination. To me, it was as if the poet had only gone out, and that he would presently open the little brown door of his chamber and greet us. Hortensia found an elegant edition of Petrarch's sonnets on a table in a corner. Wearied, she seated herself there, rested her beautiful head upon her hand, and read attentively, whilst the fingers of her supporting hand concealed her eyes. Beatrice and Cecilia went to prepare refreshments for the Countess. I remained silently at

the window. Petrarch's love and hopelessness were my destiny. Another Laura sat there, divine, not through the charms of the muse, but of herself.

Hortensia took a handkerchief to dry her eyes. I was troubled at seeing her weep. I approached her timidly, but did not venture to address her. She suddenly rose, and smiling, said to me with a tearful look, "The poor Petrarch! the poor human heart! But all passes—all. It is centuries since he has ceased to lament. Though they say, that in his latter years he conquered his passion. Is it good to conquer one's-self? May it not be called destroying one's-self?"

"If necessity commands it;" I replied.

"Has necessity power over the human heart?" asked the Countess.

"But," I replied, "Laura was the wife of Hugo de Sade. Her heart dared not to belong to her lover. His fate was solitary to love, solitary to die. He had the gift of song, and the muses consoled him. He was unhappy—as I."

"As you?" replied Hortensia, with a scarcely audible voice—"Unhappy, Faust?"

"I have not," I continued, "the divine gift of song, therefore my heart will break, since it hath nothing to console it. Countess, dear Countess—dare I say more than I have said? But I will continue worthy of your esteem, and that can only be by a manly courage—grant me one request, only one modest request."

Hortensia threw down her eyes, but did not answer.

"One request, dear Countess, for my quiet," I again said.

"What shall I do?" whispered she, without raising her eyes.

"Am I certain that you will not refuse my prayer?" I asked.

She regarded me with a long, serious look, and with an indescribable dignity, said, "Faust, I know not what you would ask; but how great soever it may be—yes, Faust, I am indebted to you for my recovery—my life! I grant your request. Speak."

I seized her hand, I sank at her feet, I pressed her hand to my burning lips—I almost lost consciousness and speech. Hortensia stood with downcast eyes, as if from apathy.

I at length gained power to speak. "I must away from here. Let me fly from you. I dare tarry no longer. Let me, in some solitude, far from you, tranquillize and end my unhappy life. I must away! I disturb the peace of your house. Charles has demanded your hand!"

"I will never have him!" said the Countess, hurriedly and with a firm tone.

"Let me fly. Even your goodness increases the multitude of my miseries." Hortensia struggled violently with herself.

"You commit a fearful injustice. But I can no longer prevent it!" cried she, as she burst into a passionate flood of tears. She staggered and sought the chair—seeing which I sprang up, and she sank sobbing on my breast. After some moments she recovered, and feeling herself encircled by my arms, she endeavored to loosen my hold. But I, forgetting the old commands of respect, pressed her more closely, as I sighed, "A few moments, and then we part!"

"Her resistance ceased; she then raised her eyes on

me, and with a countenance, on which, as formerly, the color of transfiguration glimmered, said, "Faust, what are you doing?"

"Will you not forget me in my absence?" asked I, in return.

"Can I?" sighed she, and threw down her eyes.

"Farewell, Hortensia!" stammered I, and my cheek rested on her's.

"Emanuel! Emanuel!" whispered she. Our lips met. I felt tenderly and gently her reciprocal kiss, whilst one of her arms rested around my neck.

Minutes, quarters of hours passed. At length, together and in silence, we left the dwelling of Petrarch, and proceeded in the path down the hill, where we found two servants, who conducted us to an arbor under some wild laurel trees, where a little repast was prepared for us. At that moment the carriage of the Prince rolled by. Charles and the Count descended from it.

Hortensia was very serious and laconic in her answers. She appeared lost in continued meditation. I saw that she was obliged to force herself to speak to the Prince. Towards me she preserved, unchanged, the cordiality and confidence of her deportment. Petrarch's dwelling was again visited, as the Count wished to see it. As we entered the room, which had been consecrated by the mutual confession of our hearts, Hortensia seated herself again on the chair near the table, in the same place, and with the book as at first, and so remained till we departed. Then she arose, laid her hand upon her breast, cast a penetrating look on me and hurried quickly from the apartment.

The Prince had remarked this emotion and this look. A deep red rose over his countenance; he went out with folded arms and his head hung down. All joy retreated from our party. Every one appeared desirous to reach the castle soon again. I did not doubt but that Charles's jealousy had guessed all, and feared his revenge less for myself than for the peace of the Countess. Therefore, as soon as I returned home, I determined to arrange every thing for my speedy departure the next morning. I communicated my irrevocable resolution to the Count, gave up to him all the papers, and entreated him to say nothing to the Countess until I was gone.

MELANCHOLY SEPARATION.

I had long since obtained the consent of the Count, that in this event the honest old Sebald should accompany me, who had many times demanded his dismissal, in order to revisit his German home. Sebald twirled and danced round the room for joy, when he heard from me that the moment of departure had arrived. A horse and cloak bag for each, was our whole equipment for the journey.

I had determined to withdraw very quietly at the dawn of the following day. No one knew any thing of my departure, except the Count and old Sebald, and I desired that no one should know it. I determined to leave behind for Hortensia a few lines of thanks and love, and an eternal farewell. The old Count appeared surprised, though not discontented. He embraced me most tenderly, thanked me for the services I had performed, and promised within an hour to come to my room, in order to give me some useful papers, which would procure

me for the future a life free from care, and which, as he expressed it, was only a payment on account of a debt for life. I would not refuse a moderate sum for travelling expenses, in order to reach Germany—in fact I was almost without money—but my pride refused to take more.

I packed up, as soon as I returned to my room. Sebald hurried out to prepare the horses and arrange every thing for departing at the moment. In the meanwhile I wrote to Hortensia. I cannot describe what I suffered—how I struggled with myself—how often I sprang up from writing to relieve my pains with tears. My life until now had been one full of care and unhappiness—and the dim future to me presented nothing more soothing to the soul. Death, thought I, is sweeter and easier than thus to outlive hope.

I destroyed many times what I had written, and had not finished, when I was disturbed in a manner that I least expected.

Trembling and almost breathless Sebald rushed into my room, hastily took up the packed portmanteau and cried:

"Mr. Faust, some mischief has happened; they will drag you to prison; they will murder you! Let us fly ere it is too late."

"In vain I asked the cause of his fright. I only learnt that the Count was in a rage, the Prince raving, and every one in the castle roused against me. I replied coldly, that I had nothing to fear, and still less to fly like a criminal.

"Sir," cried Sebald, "one cannot escape without misfortune from this unhappy family, over which a bad star rules. This I have long since said. Fly!"

At this moment two of the Count's game-keepers came in and requested me to come immediately to the Count. Sebald blinked and winked, and urged me to endeavor to escape. I could not avoid smiling at his terror, and followed the servants. I, however, commanded Sebald to saddle the horses, since I no longer doubted that something extraordinary had occurred, and thought that the Prince, probably from jealousy, had projected some quarrel with me.

I had scarcely reached the Count Hormegg, when Charles came storming into the room, and declared that I had dishonored the house, and had a secret intrigue with the Countess. Beatrice, the companion of the Countess, gained over to the Prince, either by his presents or perhaps by his tenderness, had, as she left Petrarch's dwelling with Cecilia, become impatient at Hortensia and myself, and returned and seen us in the embrace of each other. The Abigail was discreet enough not to disturb us, but was prompt enough, so soon as we returned to the castle, to betray the important event to the Prince. The Count, who could believe any thing but this—since it appeared to him the most unnatural thing in the world, that a common citizen, a painter, should have won the love of a Countess of Hormegg—treated the affair, at first, as a mere illusion of jealousy. The Prince, for his justification, was obliged to betray his informer; and Beatrice, though much opposed to it, was compelled to acknowledge what she had seen.

The anger of the old Count knew no bounds; yet the event appeared to him so monstrous, that he determined to interrogate the Countess herself upon it.

Hortensia appeared. The sight of the pale faces, disfigured by rage and fright, excited her terror.

"What has happened?" cried she, almost beside herself.

With fearful earnestness, the Count replied, "That thou must say." He then, with a forced tranquillity and kindness, took her hand and said:

"Hortensia, thou art accused of having stained the honor of our name, by—well then, it must be said,—by an intrigue with the painter, Faust. Hortensia, deny it—say no! Give honor and tranquillity again to thy father. Thou canst do it. Refute all malicious tongues—refute the assertion that thou wast seen to-day in Faust's arms; it was a delusion, a misunderstanding, deception. Here stands the Prince, thy future husband. Reach him thy hand. Declare to him, that all that has been said against thee and Faust, are wicked lies. Faust's presence shall no longer disturb our peace: this night he leaves us forever."

The Count spoke still longer. He did so, in order to give an advantageous turn to the fact—since the alternate redness and paleness of Hortensia allowed him no longer to doubt of its truth—which might satisfy the Prince, and make every thing smooth again. He was prepared for nothing less than what Hortensia, as soon as he was silent, openly declared. Excited to the most impetuous feelings, as much by the treachery of Beatrice, who was still present, as by the reproaches cast upon her, and the news of my sudden departure, with her own peculiar dignity and resolution, she turned first towards Beatrice, and said:

"Wretch! I stand not opposed to you. My servant must not dare to be my accuser. I have not to justify myself before you. Leave the room, and the castle, and never appear before me again."

Beatrice fell weeping at her feet. It was in vain—she must obey, and departed.

"Dear Faust," said she to me—and her cheeks glowed with an unnatural color—"you stand here as one accused or condemned." She then related what had happened, and went on to say: "They expect me to justify myself. I have no justification to make before any one but God, the judge of hearts. I have only here to acknowledge the truth, since my father exacts it, and to declare my unalterable design, since destiny commands it, and I am born to be unhappy. Faust, I should be unworthy of your regard, could I not raise myself above any misfortune."

She then turned to the Prince and said, "I esteem you, but I do not love you. My hand will never be your's; nourish no farther hopes. After what has just passed, I must beg you to avoid us forever. Do not expect that my father can force me against my will. Life is indifferent to me. His first act of power, would have no other consequences than that he must bury the corpse of his daughter. To you, I have nothing more to say. But to you, my father, I must acknowledge that I love—love this Faust. But it is not my fault. He is hateful to you—he is not of our rank. He must separate from us. I annul my earthly union with him. But my heart remains with him. You, my father, can make no change, since any endeavor to do so will be the end of my life. I say to you beforehand, I am prepared for my death, since that only will terminate my miseries."

She stopped. The Count wished to speak—the Prince likewise. She motioned them to be silent. She approached me, drew a ring from her finger, gave it to me, and said, "My friend, I part from you, perhaps forever. Take this ring in remembrance of me. This gold and these diamonds shall become dust, sooner than my love and truth shall cease. Do not forget me."

As she said this, she laid her arms on my shoulders, pressed a kiss on my lips—her countenance changed—the blood forsook her cheeks—and pale and cold she sank with closed eyes, to the floor.

The Count gave a piercing, fearful shriek. The Prince called for assistance. I carried the beautiful body to a couch. Women hurried in—physicians were called. I sunk, without consciousness on my knees, before the couch, and held the cold hand of the senseless one to my cheek. The Count tore me away. He was like a madman.

"Thou hast murdered her," thundered he to me. "Fly, wretch, and never let me see thee again!"

He thrust me out of the door. Upon his sign, the huntsmen seized me and dragged me down the stairs before the castle. Sebald stood before the stable. As soon as he perceived me, he hurried forward and drew me towards the saddled horses in the stable. There I lost all power and sense. I lay, as Sebald afterwards said, a full quarter of an hour, senseless on the earth. I had scarcely recovered, when he lifted me upon one of the horses, and we hastened from the castle. I rode as if in my sleep, and was often in danger of falling. By degrees, I gained full consciousness and power. The past was now clear before me. I became desperate, and determined to return to the castle and know Hortensia's fate. Sebald entreated me, by all the saints, to give up so frantic a design. It was in vain. I had just turned my horse, when I saw a rider coming towards us at full gallop, and heard some one cry, "Cursed assassin." It was Charles's voice. At the same time some shot struck me. As I grasped my pistols, my horse fell dead. I sprang up. Charles rode towards me with a drawn sword, and as he was about to cut me down, I shot him through the body. His attendant caught him as he fell. Sebald pursued them in their flight and sent some balls after them. He then returned, took the portmanteau from the dead horse; I mounted with him, and we hurried on at a quick pace.

This murder had occurred in the vicinity of a little wood, which we soon reached. The sun had already set. We rode through the whole night, without knowing where. As we stopped at daybreak, at a village inn, in order to give our horse some rest, we found him so excoriated by the saddle, that we gave up all hope of using him further. We sold him at a very low price, and continued our flight on foot by a secure by-road, carrying our baggage by turns.

NEW ADVENTURE.

The first rays of the rising sun, as we journeyed on, fell on the diamonds of Hortensia's ring. I kissed it and wept over the recollections it brought to mind. Sebald had already told me in the night, that he had heard from one of the servants, whilst I was lying insensible near the horses in the yard, that Hortensia, who had

been considered dead, had returned to life. This news had strengthened and consoled me. I was perfectly indifferent about my own fate. Hortensia's greatness of soul had inspired me. I was proud of my misery. My conscience, free from reproach, raised me above all fear. I had but one sorrow—to be eternally separated from one whom I must ever love.

When we reached Ravenna, we took our first day's rest. It was a long day's rest—for I, shaken by the late events and exhausted by my unusual fatigue and exertion, was very ill. For two weeks I lay in a fever. Sebald endured the most painful anxiety, since he feared, and justly, the murder of the Prince would necessarily bring us into the hands of justice. He had given to us both feigned names, and bought other clothes. My good constitution, more than the science of my physician, at length preserved me, though great weakness remained in all my limbs. But as we had determined to go by ship from Rimini to Trieste, I hoped to recover my health on the way.

One evening Sebald came to me in the greatest fright and said, "Sir, we can remain here no longer. A stranger stands without, and wishes to speak with you. We are betrayed. He asked at first my name, and I could not deny it. He then asked for you."

"Let him come in," said I.

A well-dressed man entered, who, after the first exchange of politeness, inquired after my health. As I assured him, that I was quite well again, he said, "So much the better. I may then give you some good advice. You know, what passed between Prince Charles and yourself. He is out of danger, but has sworn to take your life. You had, therefore, better leave immediately. You intend to go to Germany by Trieste. Do not do so. There is no ship for Trieste at Rimini. There is only a Neapolitan vessel that goes back to Naples. When once at sea, you are safe; otherwise, in a few hours, death or a prison. Here is a letter for the Neapolitan captain, he is my truest friend, and will receive you with pleasure. Now, go immediately to Rimini, and from thence to Naples."

I was not a little embarrassed at seeing this stranger so well informed. To my questions, how he acquired this knowledge, he smiled and only replied, "I know nothing more, and can tell you nothing more. I reside here in Ravenna; am a clerk of the court. Save yourself." He then suddenly left us.

Sebald affirmed stoutly and firmly, that the man must be possessed by a devil, or he could not have known our secrets. As the stranger spoke with several of the people of the hotel, we learnt afterwards that the unknown so called court's secretary, was a good, honest man, wealthy and married. It was incomprehensible how our most carefully concealed plan of going to Germany by Trieste, could be so exactly known, as no one but ourselves was privy to it. The enigma was, however, soon solved, when Sebald confessed to me, that he had during my illness, written a letter to his former comrade Casper at Battaglia, begging to know whether the Prince was really dead or not. He expected the answer in vain. Without doubt, the letter had fallen into the hands of Charles or his people, or the contents were betrayed to him.

Sebald was now in the greatest anxiety. He engaged a carriage for Rimini without delay, and we set out that

same night. These untoward circumstances made me not quite at ease. I knew not whether I was flying from or going to meet the danger. The justices' clerk might be an agent of the Prince. In the meanwhile, we not only reached Rimini, but found there the Neapolitan captain. I gave him the letter of the clerk—though I do not deny that I had before opened and read it. I soon agreed with him as to our voyage to Naples. The wind became fair—the anchors were raised. Besides ourselves, there were some other travellers on board; amongst others, a young man, whose sight at first was not very agreeable to me, as I remembered to have seen him once, though very transiently at the baths of Battaglia. I, however, became easy, as I judged from his conversation, that he had not observed me, and that I was completely a stranger to him. He had only left Battaglia three days since, and was returning to Naples, where he carried on a considerable business. He mentioned the acquaintances which he had made at the baths, and spoke of the German Countess, who was a wonder of grace and beauty. How his remark made my heart beat! He appeared to know nothing of the wounding or death of the Prince. The Countess, whose name was unknown to him, had gone four days before him, but where, he had not troubled himself to inquire.

However imperfect this news was, it served not a little to tranquillize me. Hortensia lived—Hortensia was in health. "May she be happy!" was my sigh.

The voyage was tedious to all but myself. I sought solitude. Upon the deck, I watched through many nights and dreamed of Hortensia. The young merchant, who called himself Tufaldini, remarked my melancholy, and took much pains to enliven me. He heard I was a painter; he passionately loved the art, and constantly turned the conversation upon that subject, since nothing but that appeared to interest or make me talkative. His sympathy and friendship went so far, that he invited me to stay at his house in Naples, which I was the less inclined to refuse, as I was an entire stranger in that city, and my own and Sebald's joint stock of gold, particularly after the deduction of travelling expenses, had considerably dwindled away.

NEW WONDER.

The kindness and attention of the generous Tufaldini, in fact put me to the blush. From a travelling companion, he had made himself my friend, though I had done little or nothing to gain or merit his love. He introduced me as his friend to his aged and respectable mother and charming wife. They prepared the best chambers for Sebald and myself, and treated me, from the first day of our arrival, like an old family friend. But Tufaldini did not rest here. He introduced me to all his acquaintances, and orders soon came for pictures. He was as eager to make me known, as if it were for his own advantage. He consented at last to receive payment for my board and lodging, though he was at first much mortified by my offering it. But when he saw my determination to leave his house, if he would not accept any remuneration, he took the money, though more to gratify me than indemnify himself.

I was, above all expectation, fortunate in my works.

My pictures were liked, and I was paid what I demanded. One finished order brought on another. Even Sebald found himself so comfortable in Naples, that he forgot his home sickness. He thanked God for having escaped from the service of the Count with a sound head, and would, as he expressed it, rather serve me for bread and water, than the Count for a whole bowl of gold.

My plan was to gain sufficient by my labors to enable me to travel to Germany, and there settle myself. I was industrious and economical. So passed one year. The love which I enjoyed in Tufaldini's house; my quiet life in the dissipated city; the charm of the soft climate, and then, that I was without a vocation, without friends in Germany, induced me to forget my first design. I remained where I was. Joy bloomed for me as little in Germany as in the Italian soil; only the thought, that perhaps Hortensia dwelt on the estate of her father; that I might then have the consolation to see her once more, though at a distance; this thought alone, sometimes drew my desires towards the north. But then I recollected the parting hour and the words she spoke: *I annul my earthly union with him!* as, before her father, she solemnly, and with such heroic greatness, renounced me: I again roused my courage, and determined to suffer all and cheerfully. I was an oak, which the storm had shattered, without branches, without leaves, solitary, unregarded and dying in itself.

It is said, that Time's beneficent hand heals all wounds. I myself had believed the saying, but found it untrue. My melancholy continued the same—I avoided the gay. Tears often gave me relief, and my only joy was to dream of her—when I again saw her in her greatness and loveliness. Her ring was my holiest relic. Had it fallen into the depths of the sea, nothing should have prevented my plunging in after it.

The second year passed, but not my sorrow. A faint gleam of hope sometimes refreshed me, even in my darkest hour, that perhaps an accident might again bring me in the vicinity of my lost chosen one, or that at least I should have some news of her.

It is true, I did not see the possibility of it. How could the distant one know, after years, where the solitary one dwelt? It was all the same. What has hope to do with impossibilities? But at the end of the second year, I gave up this hope. Hortensia was dead for me. I saw her no longer in my dreams, except as a spirit shining in the rays of a glorified being.

Tufaldini and his wife had often asked me, in our confidential conversations, the cause of my melancholy. I could never prevail on myself to violate my secret. They no longer inquired, but they were more careful of my health. I felt that the powers of my life were sinking—and thoughts of the grave to me were sweet.

All was suddenly changed. One morning, Sebald brought some letters from the post. Amongst them were some new orders for pictures, and a little easel. I opened it. Who can imagine my joyful fright? I saw Hortensia's image—living, beautiful—but dressed in mourning—the face softer, thinner, and paler than I had actually seen it. On a small piece of paper, in Hortensia's hand, were written three words: "My Emanuel, hope."

I reeled through the room like an intoxicated person.

I sank down speechless on a chair, and raised my hands prayerfully to Heaven. I shouted—I sobbed. I kissed the picture and the little paper which her hand must have touched. I knelt, and with my face bowed to the floor, weeping did I thank Providence.

Thus Sebald found me. He thought I was deranged. He did not err. I feel that man is always stronger to bear misfortune than happiness; while against the one he always approaches more or less prepared, the other comes upon him without preparation or foresight.

Again my hopes bloomed out joyfully, and in them my health and life. Tufaldini and all my acquaintances were delighted at it. I expected from day to day fresh news from my dearly beloved. There was no doubt she knew my residence, though I could not comprehend how she had acquired the intelligence. But from what part of the world did her picture come? All my researches and inquiries on that subject were in vain.

THE SOLUTION.

At the end of eight months, I received another letter from her. It contained the following lines:

"I may see thee, Emanuel, only once more. Be in Leghorn the first morning of May, where thou shalt receive further information from a Swiss mercantile house, if thou inquierest for the widow Marian Schwarz, who will show thee my dwelling. Tell no one in Naples where thou goest; least of all speak of me. I belong no longer to any one in this world, except perhaps, for a few moments to thee."

This letter filled me with new delight, but at the same time with an anxious foreboding, on account of the sad secret which seemed to pierce through it. Nevertheless, again to see the most perfect of her sex, though only for a moment, was sufficient for my soul. I left Naples in April, to the great sorrow of the Tufaldini family. Sebald and every one believed that I was going back to Germany.

I arrived at Gaeta with Sebald. We had here an unexpected pleasure. In passing by the garden door of a villa, before the city, I observed among many other young ladies, Miss Cecilia. I stopped, sprang down, and made myself known. She led me into the circle of her relations. She had been married for three months. I learnt from her, that she had left Hortensia about a year since. She knew nothing of the residence of the Countess, only, that she had gone into a nunnery. "It is already a year," said Cecilia, "since Count Hormegg died. From the sudden contraction of his accustomed expenditure, I soon remarked, that he had left his affairs in a sadly confused state. The Countess diminished her train of domestics to a very few persons. I had the favor of remaining with her. As she soon after, by an unfortunate law-suit, lost all hopes of preserving any thing from the paternal estates, we were all discharged. She retained only one old attendant, and declared she would end her days in a cloister. Oh, how many tears did this separation cost us! Hortensia was an angel, and never more beautiful, never more charming, never more exalted than under the heaviest blow of destiny. She resigned all her accustomed splendor, and divided, like a dying person, all the riches of her

wardrobe, amongst her dismissed servants—rewarded all with a princely generosity, which must certainly have placed her in danger of want, and only begged us to include her in our prayers. I left her in Milan, and returned home here to my family. She has declared her intention of travelling to Germany and there seeking the solitude of a cloister.”

This relation of Cecilia quickly solved the enigma in Hortensia's last letter. I also learnt from her that Charles, who was severely but not mortally wounded, had immediately on his recovery, entered into the service of the order of Malta, and soon after died.

I left Gaeta in a pensive, yet happy mood. Hortensia's misfortune and the loss of her father, excited my compassion, but at the same time gave birth to a bolder hope than I had at any time ventured to conceive. I flattered myself that I might be able to change her determination for a cloister life, and with her heart, perhaps win her hand. I was dizzy with the thought of being able to share the fruits of my labors with Hortensia. This was my only dream the whole way to Leghorn, which I entered one beautiful morning, eight days before the allotted time.

I did not delay a moment in seeking out the Swiss commercial house, to which I was directed. I ran there in my travelling dress, and asked the address of the widow Schwarz, in order that I might learn whether the Countess had yet arrived in Leghorn. A menial servant conducted me to the widow, who lived in an obscure street, and in a very simple, private house. How great was my vexation to learn, that Mrs. Schwarz was gone out, and that I must call in two hours. Every moment of delay was so much taken from my life. I returned again at the appointed hour. An old servant woman opened the door, led me up stairs and announced me to her lady. I was invited to enter a very simply furnished but neat room. Opposite the room door, on a couch, sat a young lady, who did not appear to notice my entrance, or to return my salutation, but covering her face with both hands, endeavoured to conceal her sobs and tears.

At this sight, a feverish shudder ran through me. In the figure of the young lady, in the tone of her sobs, I recognized the form and voice of Hortensia. Without deliberating or assuring myself of the fact, like one intoxicated, I let hat and cane fall, and threw myself at the feet of the weeping one. Oh, God! who can say what I felt? Hortensia's arms hung round my neck—her lips met mine. The whole past was forgotten—the whole future seemed strewn with flowers. Never was love more beautifully remunerated, or constancy more blissfully rewarded. We both feared, simultaneously, that this moment was merely a dream of felicity. Indeed, on the first day of our meeting, so little was asked or answered, that we separated without knowing more of each other, than that we had met.

On the following day, one may easily believe, that I was ready in good time, to take advantage of the bewitching Hortensia's invitation to breakfast with her. Her servants consisted of a cook, a house maid, a waiting maid, coachman and footman. All the table service was of the finest porcelain and silver, although no longer with the arms and initials of the old Count. This appearance of a certain opulence, which was quite contrary to my first idea, and went far above the

powers of my own fortune, was very humbling to the dreamy plans I had indulged in during my journey from Gaeta to Leghorn. I expected, yes, I even wished to find Hortensia in a more limited situation, in order to have courage to offer my all. Now, I again stood before her, the poor painter.

I did not conceal, in our confidential conversations, what I had heard at Gaeta from Cecilia, and what feelings, what determinations, what hopes had been awakened. I described to her all my destroyed dreams, and hoped that she, perhaps, would give up her cruel design of burying her youth and beauty in the walls of a cloister; that she would choose me for her servant and true friend; that I would lay at her feet all that I had saved, and all that my future industry might gain. I described to her, with the colors of loving hope, the blessedness of a quiet private life, in some retired situation—the simple house, the little garden near it, the work room of the artist, inspired by her presence. I hesitated—I trembled—it was impossible to proceed. She threw her bright eyes upon me, and a heavenly color flew over and animated her countenance.

“Thus have my fancies revelled,” added I, after some time, “and shall they not be realized?”

Hortensia arose, went to a closet, drew out a little ebony casket, richly studded with silver, and handed it to me, together with the key.

“In order to deliver you this, I requested your presence in Leghorn. It belongs not in part, but in completion of your dream. After the death of my father, my first thought was to fulfil the duties of my gratitude to you. I have never lost sight of you since your flight from Battaglia. A fortunate accident brought into my hands the letter of your servant, written to one of his friends in my service, from Ravenna, giving your travelling plans. Mr. Tufaldini of Naples was persuaded by me, in a secret conference, to take care of you himself, forever. He received a small capital to defray all expenses, and even, if necessary, for your support. I would also, willingly have rewarded him for his trouble, but it was with the greatest reluctance the good man would accept from me the most trifling present. Thus I had the pleasure of receiving every four weeks, news of your health. Tufaldini's letters were my only comfort after our parting. On the death of my father, I separated myself, as regards fortune, from my family. Our estates must remain in the male line, all the rest I converted into gold. I no longer thought of returning to my native country—my last refuge should be a cloister. Under the pretence of impoverishment, I avoided all the old vicinities of my father, parted with my former domestics, took a private station and name, in order to live more concealed. It was not until I had accomplished all this, that I summoned you, in order to finish the work and redeem the vow which I had made to Heaven. The moment is at hand. You have related to me your beautiful dreams. Perhaps on yourself, more than on any other, now depends their realization.”

She opened the casket and drew out a packet of papers carefully secured and directed in my name; she broke the seal and laid before me a deed prepared by a notary, in which, partly as payment of a debt, partly as accrued interest which belonged to me, and partly as being heir to an inheritance left by the widow Marian

Schwarz, an immense sum, in bank notes of different countries, was made over to me.

"This, dear Faust," continued the Countess, "is your property—your well earned, well deserved property. I have no longer any share in it. A modest income is sufficient for me at present. When I renounce the world and belong to a cloister, you will also be heir to what I possess. If I am of any value to you, prove it by an eternal silence as regards my person, my station, and my true name. Yet more, I desire you to say not a syllable which can indicate refusal or thanks for this your own property. Give me your hand to it."

I listened to her speech with surprise and pain, laid down the papers with indifference, and replied:

"Do you believe that these bank notes have any value for me? I may neither refuse nor yet be thankful for them. Be not fearful of either. When you go into a cloister, all that remains, the world itself, is superfluous to me. I need nothing. What you give me is dust. Ah! Hortensia, you once said that it was my soul which animated you; were it still so, you would not pause to follow my example. I would burn these notes. What shall I do with them?—destroy you and your fortune also! Oh! that you were poor and mine! Hortensia, mine!"

She leant tremblingly towards me, clasped one of my hands in both of her's, and said passionately and with tears in her eyes:

"Am I not so, Emanuel?"

"But the cloister? Hortensia!"

"My last refuge—if thou forsakest me!"

Then made we our vows before God. At the altar, by the priestly hand, were they consecrated. We left Leghorn, and sought the charming solitude, in which we now dwell with our children.

CURRENTE CALAMOSITIES,

NO. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

Another change, my dear Editor! I am in New York, awaiting the opening of the spring, and, with pen in hand, ready to write whatever the contact of things around me shall impel me to scribble, *currente calamo*, for the April Messenger. I have described to you, before, many of my notions of the comforts, and conveniences, and enjoyments of this changeful world of ours, but these descriptions have chiefly consisted of rural and woodland sketches. But there are two sides to every picture. And, though I well know, as somebody, I forget who, very happily says, that

"When some mad poet stops to muse
About the moonlight and the dews,

The fairies and the fawns,
He's apt to think, he's apt to swear
That comfort dwells not any where

Except in groves and lawns:
That dreams are twice as sweet as dances,
That cities never breed romances," &c. &c.

yet, a man, after all the poets may say, will find much food for thought, nay, much material of solid and rational enjoyment in the crowded thoroughfares of a city. Yes, I, I confess it, Mr. Editor! It is all well

enough to have a *penchant* for what is in season. I have had my dreams, and told them, too, of all the dear delights of summer, and all the "pleasures of the pathless woods;" and like the author just quoted I may truly say,

"Yes! those dear dreams are all divine,
And those dear dreams have all been mine.
I like the dawning of the day,
I like the smell of new-mown hay,
I like the babbling of the brooks,
I like the croaking of the rooks,
I like the lowing of the heifers,
I like the whispers of the zephyrs,
I like the peaches and the posies,
I like the violets and roses;
To wander from my drowsy desk
To revel in the picturesque;
To hear, beneath the hoary trees,
The far-off murmur of the seas,
Or trace the river's mazy channels," &c. &c.

All this ground, I say, I have already gone over, in your pages. My engagements will keep me in the city, now, however, till the coming in of strawberry time, when I have an invitation again to ruralize, and shall do so: and the interim shall be occupied, so far as these papers are concerned, in giving you some city sketches, in place of those rural ones that have heretofore employed my pen. And why not? For

"I have been
A sojourner in many a scene,
And picked up wisdom in my way,
And dearly for it have had to pay,
Smiling and weeping all the while
As other people weep and smile.
And I have learned that Love is not
Confined to any hour or spot.
He decks the smile, and fires the frown,
Alike in country and in town:
And glances not a bit more bright
By moon-beam, than by candle-light;
I think much witchcraft oft reposes
On wreaths of artificial roses,
And ringlets,—I have ne'er disdained them,
Because the barber has profaned them!
I think that many a modern dance
May breed a topic for romance;
And many a concert have its springs
For touching hearts as well as strings," &c. &c.

My present *penchant*, then, is metropolitan; and I date from the Astor House. *Eccce signum!*

This granite pile is a village in itself;—standing, populous, in the midst of this great city, *imperium in imperio*. At this season of the year, its walls are crowded with people from all parts of this country, and with representatives, here and there, from every other. To-day, as I dined, I saw men from almost every state in the Union, among whom were several members of congress; more than one Frenchman, German, Dutchman, Spaniard, Italian, Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, and Russian. There was a Smyrniote, a Greek, and a Swede, and after dinner a deputation of Oneida Indians examined the apartment, with great *sang froid* and immobility of mien! Besides those who sit at this immense table, there are the occupants of the ladies' dining hall, and many private families, who are never seen by the rest of the household, any more than if their residence were in Bond street or Waverley Place. Truly, a little world in its way, is our Astoria!

Among the long suites of rooms that border the spa-

cious galleries of this great caravanserai, is one range, the tenanting of which shall furnish me with a few sketches for this month's speculation. First in order, I will visit the temporary abode of a poet, who has come hither, all the way from his own "Glen Mary," in the heart of the Empire State, to superintend the bringing out of his new periodical, "The Corsair." This gallant little bark, by the bye, was launched upon her destined element of public patronage, last week, and was cheered, as she glided from the stocks, by the shouts of some thousands of subscribers. She has had a fair start, and has enjoyed favoring breezes, ever since she put forth on her voyage over the wide waste of waters, that, hereafter, are to be her home. The plan of this work is peculiar. Finding that, (by the operation of the booksellers' present, piratical system of publishing English light (the lightest) literature, in preference to the works of our own writers, combined with the reciprocity recently established in Great Britain towards this country, in withholding the power of taking out copyright there, from foreign writers,) there was no chance left for the native author, but to publish periodically, what he has to offer to the world, Mr. Willis and his friend and coadjutor, Dr. Porter, have fitted out this tight little craft to privateer also upon the wide sea of literature, and to take her chance with the book-selling pirates, in marauding upon the foreign commodity. The tendency of this will be to show the bibliopolists that they are not to enjoy, undisputed, the dominion of the ocean, and bear home all its treasures, to make the most of,—but are to be met on their own ground, to which, fortunately, they have secured no monopoly. The enterprise, so far, looks well and promises much; may it succeed! But I was talking of Willis.

The son of a respectable and much esteemed citizen of Boston, a practical printer, and editor of a religious weekly paper, Mr. Willis was early sent to Yale College, where he acquired a good belle-lettres education, and graduated with credit. His intellectual bent was ever towards poetry and romance, and long before he left college, he had distinguished himself as being capable of producing most touching poetry, and the most graceful prose. His first efforts were contributions to the pages of his father's paper, the Boston Recorder, the organ of the Calvinistic or Presbyterian church of New England,—and bore the signature of "Roy." These were principally upon scripture topics, and won for their author a precocious reputation, in that department. Indeed, I doubt if any thing he has done since, is superior to some of those early efforts,—such as "The Widow of Nain," "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," &c. At about the same time Mr. Willis was writing some lighter effusions for the columns of the Boston Statesman, now the Morning Post, then under the editorial direction of Nathaniel Greene, brother of the present editor. These were sometimes humorous, sometimes serious, often of a very elevated character, and, combined with the productions of "Roy," soon established his reputation as one of the best of this country's poets. Soon after he left college, he set up the American Monthly Magazine, in Boston, in which he wrote some most graceful articles, exceeding in finish, as I cannot but think, any thing that he has more recently done. Among these, the paper, entitled "The Philosophy of Music,"

so sparkling with beautiful and lustrous imagery, so original in conception, so perfect in execution, cannot have been forgotten by any one who has ever read it. The "Editor's Table," (bating the vein of *petit maitre-ism*, which ran through its pages somewhat too prominently,) was always full of interest, and has since formed no small portion of the staple of a periodical, in this city, with which its author has since been connected. The Magazine lived but two years, and then Mr. W. came to New York, lent his name to the Mirror, and soon after, went abroad, as the European tourist for that establishment. His "First Impressions," "Pencilings by the Way," and "Inklings of Adventure," were the products of this enterprise, to which is to be added the obtainment of a lovely and accomplished wife. Returning home, after some years of foreign travel, he published his contributions to the Mirror, with considerable additions, under the above given titles, and, soon after, a volume of his poetry, called "Melanie, and other poems." The first winter after his return he passed at the seat of government, where he gathered many of the materials for his beautifully illustrated "Scenery of the United States," now in the course of publication, in numbers, by a London bookseller. His stores of information were increased, also, by subsequent extensive travel over the most interesting and picturesque portions of our country, and contributed to render the splendid work in question one of the most choice productions of the day. He then retired to a farm he had purchased in Owego, in this State, to which he gave the name of "Glen Mary." Here, cultivating trees and tilling the ground, he did not throw aside the pen, that use had made so familiar to his hand;—but employed it, occasionally, in a series of neat and graceful articles, addressed, through the Mirror, to his friend "The Doctor," upon all topics that, indifferently and casually, might occur to him, as he rambled over his rural realm. These letters were soon found to be popular; and they had proved a strong bond of union, moreover, between the author and the friend to whom they were addressed. The difficulties as to copyright and publication, to which I have already adverted, had taken place in England, and the sources of profit from the publication in that country, of an American author's book, which Mr. Willis had before enjoyed, were cut off by a successful motion to that effect, made in the British Parliament by Sir Lytton Bulwer, on the ground of reciprocity,—and the result of all was the project of "The Corsair." But I must hasten to another room in the attic of Astor's.

Here lives,—amongst political pamphlets, reports of congressional debates, of executive departments, and of investigating committees,—surrounded by such books as Junius, Say's Political Economy, Gouge on Banking, Carey on the Credit System, Vattel, Storey on the Constitution, The Federalist, &c. &c,—here lives, I say, for the nonce, the celebrated historiographer of the famous "Cruise of the Potomac,"—the originator and projector, though not allowed to be a participator, of "The Exploring Expedition." Mr. Reynolds is a citizen of Ohio, and has ever shown a devotion to the cause of science, which has been displayed, signally, in the two highly important cases above alluded to. It is no part of my plan, in penning these papers, to indulge in political disquisitions: but, in connection with

the brief notice already taken of my distinguished fellow boarder, I must be allowed to say, that it was an impolitic movement on the part of the government to deny to this gentleman the place in the expedition, which has recently sailed, so properly his dues for never had any administration a more formidable opponent than the present popular political orator of National Hall, has proved himself to be to that now in power. His political lectures are listened to by throngs, whom he addresses, not in the language and manner of a demagogue,—not by allusions to his own real or imaginary wrongs;—far, very far from it. He invites debate and discussion from the side he opposes,—and urges home his arguments upon the multitudes who crowd to hear him, with soberness and discretion, and not in the tone of a mere party haranguer of the populace. In manner he is very graceful, impassioned, and impressive; in the choice of language, discreet, well-prepared, and classical; and in argument close, subtle, fair, clear, and convincing. But, leaving Mr. Reynolds at his desk, whom have we here, next door?

Here is a man after your correspondent's own heart, my Editor! Let me introduce you to him. There he stands, the works of one William Shakspeare open before him, on one side, and those of "Rare Ben Jonson," on the other. He is conning a lecture upon the genius of the olden bards of Britain, to be delivered to-night at the hall of Stuyvesant Institute. Ask him to read you a passage, at random, with appropriate original comments thereon: he will do it for you,—for he has no silly affectation of believing you in error, or inclined, unduly, to compliment him, when you tell him, as you will, when you have heard him read, that he is beyond all compare, the best reader, and the most graceful speaker you ever listened to. Hear and see him deliver Shakspeare's "Antony over the dead body of Cæsar," or the scenes between Falstaff and Prince Hal, or Paul's speech before Agrippa, or Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, or Hamlet's soliloquy on Death, or his advice to the actors, or Burns's Highland Mary, or Bonaparte's trip to Russia,—and say if I have too highly praised his eloquence.

Professor Simmons is the eldest son of Judge Simmons of Boston; he was educated at Harvard University, and, having graduated with honor, was appointed professor of elocution in that institution. He has lately left Cambridge, and is now delivering a very popular and much admired series of lectures upon the works and genius of Shakspeare, in this city. He is remarkable for the most perfect appropriateness of language, in conveying the most acute and accurate elucidations of the immortal bard,—displaying a verbal and philosophical intimacy and familiar acquaintance with the more recondite meanings of the text, and a tact at imparting that understanding to the minds of others, which are truly wonderful. Softer than the dew falls upon the flowers, fall the tender passages in Romeo and Juliet from his lips,—sweeter than honey from hives of Hybla, flow the liquid accents of the softer passions from his tongue,—while nothing can be more joyous and mirth-inspiring than the rich, riant, racy manner, in which he gives the comic conceptions of Avon's all-knowing, all-describing bard! The impetuous fire of Hotspur, the deep melancholy of Hamlet, the patient sorrows of Hermione, the mad ambi-

tion of Richard, the griefs of Imogen, and Desdemona, the savage jealousy of Othello, the infirm purpose of Macbeth, the innocent love of Miranda, and the voluptuous passion of Cleopatra,—all derive, from the tone and manner with which the reader delivers the passages that describe them, their most perfect elucidation and illustration. As Willis, the other day, remarked of the readings and commentaries of Simmons, "there are seven heavens in the genius of Shakspeare, and few people reach more than half of them: it was reserved for this man, to raise all, who hear him read and lecture, even to the seventh!"

But I have chatted too long, I fear, and must leave and relieve you, for another month. Adieu!

New York, April 1, 1839.

J. F. O.

THE WANDERER TO HIS NATIVE HOME.

FROM A LADY'S PORT FOLIO.

I come, but not in life's gladness—
I come, tho' in grief's hurried track—
Will ye take, in his rest heart's sadness,
The weary and wandering back?

I sigh for my childhood's glad bowers,
Whence, so long I've been destined to roam;
Oh! speed on, ye bright winged hours,
And waft to my dear native home.

Is the blue sky above it still bright,
And the green earth beneath still fair?
Do wild flowers still ope to the light,
In wonted luxuriance, there?

Will the voice of the same glad bird,
That charmed me in youth's sunny hour,
Again in its own haunts be heard,
As of yore, with a soul-soothing power?

I will seek the same moss-cover'd stone,
Where I hied in the sweet spring time,
And list to the 'customed moan
Of the brooklet's perpetual chime.

Perchance, the young cowslip still laves
Its brow in that pure, purling stream;
And the crests of the bright young waves
Are tipt with the dawn's early beam:

And the bee and the humming-bird sip
The sweets from the fox-glove's bell;
And the wings of the light zephyr dip
O'er mountain and streamlet and dell.

And dearer, far dearer than all
Of music that earth can afford,
As I enter the old wonted hall,
Will voices of lov'd ones be heard?

And cast o'er my wearied breast
The spell of affection once more;
And bid the poor wanderer rest,
When the night of his exile is o'er?

Oh, say! for in few fleeting hours,
To the haunts of my childhood I come,
Will you take to your own glad bowers,
The weary and wandering home?

Camden, S. C.

ETOILE.

* LETTERS TO MOTHERS:

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Hartford: Hudson & Skinner, 1839.

The name of Mrs. Sigourney has long been known to the public, by her poetical writings. Perhaps no other American writer—certainly no writer of verse—has received so large a share of the popular approbation. This is as it should be. Her poems are always good; and if they are not *always* remarkable for redundant fancy, which some would fain consider a necessary constituent of verse, they are ever peculiar for pure thought, graceful diction, and well-timed moral truth; and when the lady pleases to let her fancy plume its airy wing, it returns with precious spoils from its flight.

But it is not as a poetical writer, that we come now to speak of our author. In her "*LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES*," she presented herself, long since, to the public, in a new character—but of late, more especially so in the work before us, "*LETTERS TO MOTHERS*."

We took up this book with a half-formed prejudice—or, perhaps we had better say, with a thorough indifference—toward it. Its title sounded 'unpropitious.' We presumed it might be *useful*, and would most unquestionably prove *dry*! but a short time sufficed to correct our opinion. We found that it was indeed a work *useful*, in the highest sense of the term—and, to our surprise, intensely interesting. Though to afford entertainment, merely, was doubtless far from the writer's intention, yet the reader will not fail to derive it from every page. As he begins the perusal, he will recognise the poet in the matron—and as he proceeds he will be delighted with wholesome truth, adorned with the richest imagery which a cultivated fancy can bestow, and expressed in a style at once chaste and elegant.

The book is composed of some twenty chapters, or letters, upon almost every important subject which should enter into the direction of juvenile education, written in a familiar style, and addressed, as the title indicates, *to mothers*. The writer would commence with the infant, while yet in its cradle, and by judicious, mental and physical culture, she would prepare it for acting an honorable part on the great stage of life. But she is not content with this. Mindful of its immortal nature, she would teach the youthful spirit to take hold on Heaven!

We shall not attempt to give a critical analysis of the whole work; nor shall we linger to cavil about any imagined inaccuracy of thought or expression. We like the book; and though we be deemed less erudite for not evincing a disposition to find fault with an excellent thing, we shall proceed at once to give the reader an acquaintance with the book by various extracts from its pages. Let us commence at the beginning—even with the preface:

"ADDRESSED TO MOTHERS.

"You are sitting with your child in your arms. So am I. And I have never been as happy before. Have you? How this new affection seems to spread a soft, fresh green over the soul. Does not the whole heart blossom thick with plants of hope, sparkling with perpetual dew-drops? What a loss, had we passed through the world, without tasting this purest, most exquisite fount of love.

"Are you a novice? I am one also. Let us learn together. The culture of young minds, in their more advanced stages, has indeed been entrusted to me, and I have loved the office. But never before, have I been so blest, as to nurture the infant, when, as a germ quickened by spring, it opens the folding-doors of its little heart, and puts forth the thought, the preference, the affection, like filmy radicles, or timid tendrils, seeking where to twine.

"Ah! how much have we to learn, that we may bring this beautiful and mysterious creature, to the light of knowledge, the perfect bliss of immortality. Hath any being on earth a charge more fearfully important than that of the mother? God help us to be faithful, in proportion to the immensity of our trust!

"The soul, the soul of the babe, whose life is nourished by our own! Every trace that we grave upon it, will stand forth at the judgment, when 'the books are opened.' Every waste place, which we leave through neglect, will frown upon us, as an abyss, when the mountains fall, and the skies shrivel like a scroll! wherever we go, let us wear as a signet-ring, '*the child! the child!*' Amid all the music of life, let this ever be the key-tone, the soul of our child!"

The first letter is upon the "*privileges of the mother*," and is replete with sentiments of the soundest philosophy. We would like to transfer the entire chapter to our pages, but must be content with an extract or two:

"Woman is surely more deeply indebted to the government that protects her, than man, who bears within his own person, the elements of self defence. But how shall her gratitude be best made an operative principle? Secluded, as she wisely is, from any share in the administration of government, how shall her patriotism find legitimate exercise? The admixture of the female mind in the ferment of political ambition, would be neither safe if it were permitted, nor to be desired if it were safe. Nations who have encouraged it, have usually found their cabinet-councils perplexed by intrigue, or turbulent with contention. History has recorded instances, where the gentler sex have usurped the sceptre of the monarch, or invaded the province of the warrior. But we regard them either with amazement, as a planet rushing from its orbit—or with pity, as the lost Pleiad, vanishing from its happy and brilliant sisterhood."

Who will deny the truth of this? and yet it accords but poorly with some of the ill-starred reform-philosophy of the day. For our own part, we are happy, that one lady, at least, will claim for her sex its true dignity and its true delicacy. We would not be understood to assert that *any* would controvert the *letter* of this claim. But there certainly is a *spirit of sentiment* afloat, to which the spirit of the text does violence. But let our author be heard again:

"It seems now to be conceded, that the vital interests of our country may be aided by the zeal of mothers. Exposed as it is to the influx of untutored foreigners, often unfit for its institutions, or averse to their spirit, it seems to have been made a repository for the waste and refuse of other nations. To neutralize this mass, to rule its fermentations, to prevent it from becoming a lava-stream in the garden of liberty, and to purify it for those channels where the life-blood of the nation circulates, is a work of power and peril. The force of public opinion, or the terror of law, must hold in check these elements of danger, until education can restore them to order and beauty. Insubordination is becoming a prominent feature in some of our principal cities. Obedience in families, respect to magistrates, and love of country, should therefore be inculcated with increased energy, by those who have earliest access to the mind. A barrier to the torrent of corruption, and a guard over the strong holds of knowledge and of virtue, may be placed by the mother, as she watches over her cradled

son. Let her come forth with vigor and vigilance, at the call of her country, not like Boadicea in her chariot, but like the mother of Washington, feeling that the first lesson to every incipient ruler should be, 'how to obey.' The degree of her diligence in preparing her children to be good subjects of a just government, will be the true measure of her patriotism. While she labors to pour a pure and heavenly spirit into the hearts that open around her, she knows not but she may be appointed to rear some future statesman for her nation's helm, or priest for the temple of Jehovah."

There is beauty and touching pathos in the following extract, from the second "letter"—"influence of children upon parents:"

"I have seen a young and beautiful mother, herself like a brilliant and graceful flower. Nothing could divide her from her infant. It was to her as a two-soul. She had loved society, for there she had been as an idol. But what was the fleeting delight of adulation, to the deep love that took possession of her whole being? She had loved her father's house. There, she was ever like a song-bird, the first to welcome the day, and the last to bless it. Now, she wreathed the same blossoms of the heart around another home, and lulled her little nursing with the same inborn melodies.

"It was sick. She hung over it. She watched it. She comforted it. She sat whole nights with it in her arms. It was to her like the beloved of the King of Israel, 'feeding among the lilies.' Under the pressure of this care, there was in her eye a deep and holy beauty, which never gleamed there when she was radiant in the dance, or, in the halls of fashion, the cynosure. She had been taught to love God, and his worship, from her youth up: but when health again glowed in the face of her babe, there came from her lip such a prayer of flowing praise, as it had never before breathed.

"And when in her beautiful infant there were the first developments of character, and of those preferences and aversions which leave room to doubt whether they are from simplicity or perverseness, and whether they should be repressed or pitied, and how the harp might be so tuned as not to injure its tender and intricate harmony, there burst from her soul a supplication more earnest, more self-abandoning, more prevailing, than she had ever before poured into the ear of the Majesty of Heaven.

"So the feeble hand of the babe that she nourished, led her through more profound depths of humility, to higher aspirations of faith. And I felt that the affection, to whose hallowed influence she had so yielded, was guiding her to a higher seat among the 'just made perfect.'"

Equally touching and beautiful is the following,—the conclusion of the third "letter"—"Infancy:"

"The religion of a new-born babe, is the prayer of its mother. Keep this sacred flame burning for it, in the shrine of the soul, until it is able to light its own feeble lamp, and fill its new censor with praise.

"As the infant advances in strength, its religion should be love. Teach it love, by your own accents, your countenance, your whole deportment. Labor to fashion its habits and temper after this hallowed model. Let the first lessons of earth, breathe the spirit of Heaven.

"When the high gifts of speech and thought are given it, point it to Him who caused the sun to shine, and the plant to grow, and the chirping bird to be joyful in its nest. Teach it, that it is loved of this Great Being, that it may love Him in return. Mingle the majesty of His goodness with the elements of its thought. You will be surprised to see how soon the lisping lip may learn communion with the Father of Mercies.

" 'Teach me to pray—instruct me in religion!' said a young prince, to his tutor. 'You are not yet old

enough.' 'Ah, yes! I have been in the burying-ground. I have measured the graves. There are some there, which are shorter than I.'

"Mother, if there is, in your church-yard, one grave shorter than your child, hasten to instruct him in religion!"

Too much attention cannot be given to the character of the "first lessons" of maternal instruction. By neglecting to teach the "first, best lesson of obedience," how many a fond mother has entailed upon her offspring an inheritance of crime and woe, which in return has "brought down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Watch for the time when your little one first exhibits decided preferences and aversions. The next letter in the alphabet, is obedience. It is its first step towards religion. The fear of God, must be taught by the parent, standing for a time, in the place of God.

"Establish your will as the law. Do it early, for docility is impaired by delay. It is the truest love, to save the little stranger in this labyrinth of life, all those conflicts of feeling, which must continue, as long as it remains doubtful who is to be its guide. As the root and germ of piety, as a preparation for submission to the Eternal Father, as the subduing process, which is to lead it in calmness through the storms and surges of time, teach obedience.

"It is a simple precept in philosophy, that obedience should be the most entire and unconditional, where reason is the weakest. Its requisitions should be enforced, in proportion to the want of intelligence in the subject. The parent is emphatically a light to those who sit in darkness. The transition from the dreamy existence of infancy, to the earliest activity of childhood, is a period when parental authority, is eminently needful, to repress evil, and to preserve happiness. But it must have been established *before*, in order to be in readiness *then*. Without this rudder, the little voyager is liable to be thrown among the eddies of its own passions, and wrecked like the bark canoe.

"You will not suppose me, my dear friends, the advocate of austerity. As the substitution of your wisdom, in the place of the wayward impulses of your child, is the truest kindness, so it is a feature of that kindness, to commence it when it may be done with the greatest ease. Gentleness, combined with firmness, will teach it to your infant. Wait a few months, and perhaps, it may not be so. Obedience, to the mind in its waxen state, is like the silken thread, by which the plant is drawn toward its prop; enforced too late, it is like the lasso, with which the wild horse is enchained, requiring dexterity to throw, and severity to manage.

"Deaf and dumb children, or those whose intellect is weak, it is peculiarly cruel, not to subjugate. With them, the will of the parent must longer, and more entirely operate. As reason develops, and the habits become regulated, and the affections take their right place, parental authority naturally relaxes its vigilance. It loosens, and falls off, like the thorny sheath of the chestnut, when the kernel ripens. But the husk of the chestnut is opened by the frost, and the sway of the parent yields to the sharper lessons of the world; and of this teaching, the young probationer is not always able to say that

'When most severe, and mustering all its wrath,
'Tis but the graver countenance of love.'

"With many of our most illustrious characters, the obedience of earlier years was strongly enforced. We know it was so, in the case of Washington. Other examples might be easily adduced. Those who have most wisely ruled others, have usually tested, by their own experience, the nature of subordination, at its proper season. Fabius Maximus, whose invincible wisdom tamed the fierce spirits of Rome, was so distinguished by submission to his superiors, as to be derided by the insubordinate, and called in his boyhood, 'the little sheep.'"

From the fifth "letter,"—"Maternal Love,"—we subjoin an extended extract:

"To love children, is the dictate of our nature. Apart from the promptings of kindred blood, it is a spontaneous tribute to their helplessness, their innocence, or their beauty. The total absence of this love, induces a suspicion that the heart is not right. 'Beware,' said Lavater, 'of him who hates the laugh of a child.' 'I love God, and every little child,' was the simple, yet sublime sentiment of Richter.

"The man of the world, pauses in his absorbing career, and elaps his hands, to gain an infant's smile.

"The victim of vice, gazes wishfully on the pure, open forehead of childhood, and retraces those blissful years that were free from guile. The man of piety loves that docility and singleness of heart, which drew from his Saviour's lips, the blessed words, 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

"Elliot, the apostle of the Indians, amid his laborious ministry, and rude companionship, showed, in all places, the most marked attention to young children. In extreme age, when his head was white as the Alpine snows, he felt his heart warm at their approach. Many a pastor, whom he had assisted to consecrate, bore witness to the pathos of his appeal, the solemnity of his intonation, when he inquired, 'Brother, lovest thou our Lord Jesus Christ? Then feed these lambs!'

"The love of children, in man, is a virtue; in woman, an element of nature. It is a feature of her constitution, a proof of His wisdom, who, having entrusted to her the burden of the early nurture of a whole race, gives that sustaining power which produces harmony, between her dispositions and her allotted tasks.

"To love children, is a graceful lineament, in the character of young ladies. Anxious as they usually are to acquire the art of pleasing, they are not always aware what an attraction it imparts to their manners. It heightens the influence of beauty, and often produces a strong effect, where beauty is wanting.

"'Love children,' said Madame de Maintenon, in her advice to the young dauphiness; 'whether for a prince or a peasant, it is the most amiable accomplishment.' It was this very trait in her own character, that won the heart of Louis the Great. When she was governess of his children, and past the bloom of life, he surprised her one morning, in the royal nursery, sustaining with one arm, the oldest son, then feeble from the effects of a fever, rocking with the other hand a cradle in which lay the infant princess, while on her lap reposed the sleeping infant. His tenderness as a father, and his susceptibility as a man, accorded that deep admiration which would have been denied to the splendor of dress, the parade of rank, or the blaze of beauty.

"But how feeble are all the varieties of love, which childhood elicits, compared to that which exists in a mother's breast. Examine, I pray you, its unique nature, by contrast and comparison. We are wont to place our affections where our virtues are appreciated, or to fix our reliance where some benefit may be conferred. But maternal love, is founded on utter helplessness. A wailing cry, a foot too feeble to bear the burden of the body, an eye unable to distinguish the friend who feeds it, a mind more obtuse than the newborn lamb, which discerns its mother amid the flock, or the duckling that hastens from its shell to the stream, are among the elements of which it is compounded.

"It is able also to subsist without aliment. Other love requires the interchange of words, or smiles, some beauty, or capability, or moral fitness, either existing, or supposed to exist. It is wont, as it advances in ardor, to exact a vow of preference, above all the world beside, and if need be, to guard this, its Magna Charta, with the sting of reproach, or the pang of jealousy. It is scarcely proof against long absence, without frequent tokens of remembrance, and its most passionate stage of existence, may be checked by caprice."

We next turn to the seventh letter—"Health." This chapter, through the politeness of the author, some months ago graced the pages of our magazine. But we deem it of too much worth to be passed silently by, and we believe our readers will not object to our calling their attention to it again. At the time of our former publication of it, the "*New Yorker*" (one of our most spirited and judicious journals,) remarked, that "it deserved to be printed on satin, and suspended over every mantle-piece and toilet-table in the country."

Our limits will not allow us to quote the entire letter. We shall confine our extracts, therefore, to that portion which treats of the evils resulting from the too prevalent practise of *corset-wearing*—or, as it is commonly termed, "*tight lacing*." We are aware—as who is not—that it has come to be deemed indelicate to speak of this subject. The lady, whose work we are now discussing, has deemed it far otherwise. It is not deemed indelicate to speak of murder and crime, when they appear in their accustomed character; it is not deemed indelicate to hold back the hand of one who seeks destruction by the ordinary means; then why should it be judged offensive to speak boldly of this most common, this most fatal folly? *Indelicate*, forsooth! we would that those who feel themselves aggrieved by such discussions could be made to feel that their practise is something worse than indelicate—that it is positively suicidal!

Away, then, with this morbid sensibility! Let truth be heard, in the spirit of honest candor, and let its simple dictate be obeyed. Or, if fashion must still hold her undisturbed sway, let us brand with some more deserving and more opprobrious epithet, the most fearful instrument by which she works her cruel destruction. There is much in the magic of a name. An ingenious class of our industrious citizens have given to the useful result of their invention, the appropriate name of "*Life Preservers*." We like it. It is highly proper that in the name of any "invention," (and our author evidently classes the *corset* with "new inventions,") some reference should be made to the purpose to which it is to be applied. And if the fairest portion of community will still go on in the work of self-immolation, let us be true to truth, and call the horrid implement of this sacrifice by the juster term of "*Life Destroyers*!"

"Mothers ought to be ever awake to the evils of compression, in the region of the heart and lungs. A slight ligature there, in the earlier stages of life, is fraught with danger. To disturb or impede those laborers, who turn the wheels of life, both night and day, how absurd and ungrateful! Samson was bound in fetters, and ground in the prison-house for a while; but at length he crushed the pillars of the temple, and the lords of the Philistines perished with him. Nature, though she may be long in resenting a wrong, never forgets it. Against those who violate her laws, she often rises as a giant in his might; and when they least expect it, inflicts a fearful punishment.

"Fashion seems, long enough, to have attacked health in its strong holds. She cannot even prove that she has rendered the form more graceful, as some equivalent for her ravages. In ancient Greece, to whom our painters and sculptors still look for the purest models, was not the form left untortured? the volume of the lungs allowed free play? the heart permitted without manacles to do the great work which the Creator assigned it?

"The injuries inflicted by compression of the vital parts, are too numerous to be here recounted. Im-

paired digestion, obstructed circulation, pulmonary disease, and nervous wretchedness, are in their train. A physician, distinguished by practical knowledge of the Protean forms of insanity, asserted, that he gained many patients from that cause. Another medical gentleman of eminence, led by philanthropy to investigate the subject of tight-lacing, has assured the public, that multitudes annually die, by the severe discipline of busk and corset. His theory is sustained by collateral proof, and is illustrated by dissections.

"It is not sufficient, that we mothers protect our younger daughters, while more immediately under our authority, from such hurtful practises. We should follow them, until a principle is formed, by which they can protect themselves, against the tyranny of fashion. It is true, that no young lady acknowledges herself to be laced too tight. Habits that shun the light, and shelter themselves in subterfuge, are ever the most difficult to eradicate. A part of the energy which is essential to their reformation, must be expended in hunting them from their hiding places. Though the sufferer from tight-lacing will not own herself to be uncomfortable, the laborious respiration, the suffused countenance, the constrained movement, perhaps the curved spine, bring different testimony.

"But in these days of diffused knowledge, of heightened education, is it possible than any female can put in jeopardy the enjoyment of health, even the duration of existence, for a circumstance of dress? Will she throw an illusion over those who strive to save her, and like the Spartan culprit, conceal the destroyer that feeds upon her vitals? *We know that it is so.* Who that has tested the omnipotence of fashion, will doubt it? This is by no means the only sacrifice of health that she imposes. But it is a prominent one. Let us, who are mothers, look to it. Let us be fully aware of the dangers of stricture on the lungs and heart, during their season of development.

"Why should not we bring up our daughters, without any article of dress which could disorder the seat of vitality. Our sons hold themselves erect, without busk, or corset, or frame-work of whale-bone. Why should not our daughters, also? Did not God make them equally upright? Yes. But *they* have 'sought out many inventions.'

"Let us educate a race who shall have room to breathe. Let us promise, even in their cradle, that their hearts shall not be pinioned as in a vice, nor their spines bent like a bow, nor their ribs forced into the liver. Doubtless the husbands and fathers of the next generation will give us thanks."

Aye—doubtless the husbands and fathers of the present generation will give you thanks. But we must pass on, and entertain the reader with an exquisite *morceau* from the ninth letter—"Early Culture:"

"The husbandman wakes early, though the mother sleeps. He scarcely waits for the breath of spring to unbind the soil, ere he marks out his furrow. If he neglected to prepare the ground, he might as well sow his seed by the way-side, or upon the rock. If he deferred the vernal toil till the suns of summer were high, what right would he have to expect the autumn-harvest or the winter-store? The florist mingles his compost, he proportions warmth and moisture, he is patient and watchful, observant of the atmosphere and of the seasons, else he knows that his richest bulbs would be cast away. Should the teacher of the infant heart, be less diligent than the corn-planter, or the culturer of a tulip?"

"Not only by the volume of Inspiration, but by their daily intercourse with the animal creation, and from the ever open page of Nature, guide them to duty and to God. Take in your arms, their favorite kitten, and pointing out its graceful proportions, teach a lesson of kindness. While the dog sleeps at the feet of his mas-

ter, tell of the virtues of his race, of their fidelity and enduring gratitude, and bespeak respect for the good qualities of the inferior creation. Teach their little feet to turn aside from the worm, and spare to trample the nest of the toiling ant. Point out the bird, 'laying the beams of its chambers among the green leaves, or the thick grass, and make them shudder at the cruelty which could rifle its treasures. Inspire them with love for all innocent creatures—with admiration for every beautiful thing; for it is sweet to see the principles of love and beauty, leading the new-born soul to its Maker.

"As you explain to the young child, the properties of the flower that he holds in his hand, speak with a smile of Him, whose 'touch perfumes it, and whose pencil paints.' Make the voice of the first brook, as it murmurs beneath the snow, and the gesture of the waving corn, and the icicle with its pen sharpened by frost, and the sleeted pane with its fantastic tracery, and the nod of the awful forest, and the fixed star on its burning throne, adjuncts in teaching your child the wonderful works of the Almighty.

"The mother who is thus assiduous in the work of early education, will find in poetry an assistant not to be despised. Its melody is like a harp to the infant ear, like a trumpet stirring up the new-born intellect. It breaks the dream with which existence began, as the clear chirping of the bird wakes the morning sleeper. It seems to be the natural dialect of those powers which are earliest developed. Feeling and fancy put forth their young shoots ere they are expected, and poetry bends a spray for their feeblest tendrils, rears a prop for their boldest aspirings."

We can but glance at the tenth letter—"Domestic Education." The subject is one of great importance, and is well sustained throughout the chapter. Would our limits allow, we should not turn it off with a simple extract:

"I am not without hope of persuading mothers to take charge of the entire education of their children, during the earlier years of life. After devoting daily a stated period, morning and evening, to their moral and religious training, I cannot but trust that the pleasure of the communion will lead to a more extended system of domestic culture. Indeed, it is not possible to convey instruction to the *heart*, without acting as a pioneer for the *intellect*. The docility, the application, the retentive energy, which the mother awakens in her child, while she teaches it the principles of justice, and the love of truth, and the reverence of the Creator, lead her continually, though it may be unconsciously, into the province of scholastic education."

"Whoever educates his children well," says Xenophon, in his letter to Crito, 'gives them much, even though he should leave them little.' If parents felt, that by spending three hours daily, they might secure for each of their offspring, an ample fortune, not to be alienated, but made sure to them through life, would they grudge the sacrifice? Let the mother try, if by an equal expenditure of time, she may not purchase for them a patrimony, which rust cannot corrode, or the robber rifle, or the elements that sweep away perishable wealth, have power to destroy. If she feels it impossible to dispense with their attending school, let her at least teach them herself to *read*, ere she sends them there. I once heard an aged and intelligent gentleman, speak with delight of the circumstance, that he learned to read from maternal instruction. He gave it as one reason why knowledge was pleasant to his soul, that its rudiments entered there with the association of gentle tones, patient explanations, and tender caresses."

"The correct reading of our copious language, is not a branch of such simplicity, that it may be well taught by careless, or slightly educated instructors. The perfect enunciation which is so important to public speakers, is best acquired when the organs of articulation are most

flexible, and ere vicious intonations are confirmed b. habit. One of the most accomplished orators that I ever heard, used to take pleasure in referring his style of elocution to his mother, who taught him early to read, and devoted much attention to his distinct utterance, and right understanding of the subjects that he rendered vocal."

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"A mother, who succeeds in teaching her child to read, and partakes the delight of perceiving new ideas enrich and expand its intellect, will be very apt to wish to conduct its education still further. And if it is in her power to do so, why does she send it to school at all, during its most susceptible years? Who can be so deeply interested in its improvement, as herself. Why then does she entrust it to the management of strangers? Why expose it to the influence of evil example, ere its principles are sufficiently strong to withstand temptation? Why yield it to the excitement of promiscuous association, when it has a parent's house, where its innocence may be shielded, and its intellect aided to expand?"

"I have no time," replies the mother. How much time will it require? Two or three hours in a day is a greater proportion than any teacher of a school would devote exclusively to them. Even if they could receive such an amount of instruction, the division of their own attention among their companions, would diminish its value to them."

We pass rapidly over the succeeding chapters; many of which—as especially that upon "Schools," and "Opinion of Wealth"—cannot be too carefully studied, and pause at the seventeenth "Letter." It is a right plain, old-fashioned essay, and treats of a virtue which, in this reign of degeneracy, has become quite obsolete:

"It is one proof of a good education, and of refinement of feeling, to respect antiquity. Sometimes, it seems the dictate of unsophisticated nature. We venerate a column, which has withstood the ravages of time. We contemplate with reverence the ivy-crowned castle, through which the winds of centuries make melancholy music. We gather with care, the fragments of the early history of nations, which, however mouldering or disjointed, have escaped the shipwreck of time. There are some who spare no expense in collecting coins and relics, which rust has penetrated, or change of customs rendered valueless, save as they have within them the voice of other years. Why then should we regard with indifference, the living remnants of a former age, those ambassadors whom the old world sends to commune with the new, through whose experience we might both be enriched and made better?"

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"Reverence for age, being a divine command, should form an inseparable part of the earliest christian education. It must be inculcated with the rudiments of religion, when the mind is in its forming state. It seems inexplicable that parents should neglect to impress on their children the solemn injunction, 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord!' The command derives force, from the situation in which it is placed, guarded by the majesty of Him from whom it emanates; and linked with the duty which man owes to his Maker and his Judge.

"It is rather a surprising fact, that some heathen nations should have been more exemplary in their treatment of the aged, than those who enjoy moral and religious culture: that the dim teachings of nature should be more operative among ignorant men, than the 'clear shining of the sun of righteousness,' upon those who believe the gospel.

"The Spartans, so proudly adverse to every form of delicacy and refinement, paid marked deference to age, especially when combined with wisdom. A fine tribute to their observance of this virtue, was rendered them by

the old man, who, having been refused a seat in a crowded assembly at Athens, saw the rougher Lacedæmonians rise, in an equally dense throng, and reverently make room for him: 'The Athenians know what is right, but the Spartans practise it.'

"The wandering sons of the American forests, showed the deepest respect to years. Beneath each lowly roof, at every council-fire, the young listened reverently to the voice of the aged. In their most important exigences, the boldest warriors, the haughtiest chieftains, consulted the hoary-headed men, and waited for their words. Their deportment illustrated the assertion of the friend of Job—'I am young, and ye are old; therefore I was afraid to show you my opinion.'"

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"If we admit that there is a general declension in duty to the aged, and if it must be traced to error in domestic culture, heads of families are responsible for the evil.

"Mothers! is not much of the fault at our own doors? If so, where is the remedy? Must it not be sought in the power of early instruction, and in the influence of example? Is there as fair a prospect of success in admonishing those who have been long in error, as in forming correct habits for the yet uncontaminated?"

"Begin, then, with your little ones. Require them to rise and offer a seat, when an old person enters the room—never to interrupt them when speaking, but to solicit their advice, and reverence their opinions. You will say that these are simple rules. Yes. But the oak springs from a diminutive germ. Show them the reason for even these simple rules in the book of God. Consider the slightest disrespect to aged relatives, or any person advanced in years, as a fault of magnitude. If you have yourself a parent, or a surviving friend of that parent, make your own respectful deportment a mirror by which they can fashion their own. Confirm these habits, until they obtain a permanent root in principle, and determine that your own offspring shall not swell the number of those who disregard the divine precept to 'honor the hoary head.'

"I was acquainted with the father and mother of a large family, who, on the entrance of their own aged parents, rose, and received them with every mark of respect, and also treated their cotemporaries as the most distinguished guests. Their children, beholding continually this deference shown to the aged, made it a part of their own conduct. Before they were capable of comprehending the reasons on which it was founded, they copied it from the ever-open page of parental example. The beautiful habit grew with their growth. It was rewarded by the approbation of all who witnessed it. Especially was it cheering to the hearts of those who received it, and who found the chill and solitude of the vale of years alleviated by the tender love that walked by their side.

"I saw the same children when their own parents became old. This hallowed principle, early incorporated with their character, bore a rich harvest for those who had sown the seed. The honor, which from infancy they had shown to the hoary head, mingling with the fervor of filial affection, produced a delightful combination; one, which, even to the casual observer, had an echo of that voice from Heaven, 'train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

We turn to the last "letter." Its subject is "Death;" fitly chosen to conclude the sentiments of such a volume:

"Christians err, in not speaking to each other more frequently and familiarly of death. Teachers of youth and mothers, should not hesitate to make it the theme of their discourse. And when they do so, they should divest their brow of gloom, and their tone, of sadness. While they mingle it with solemnity, they should soften it from terror, lest they bow down the tender mind, like

those heavy rains, which wash away the bloom of the unfolding flower!

"I once attended a funeral, in a remote village of Moravians. It was in the depth of summer. Every little garden put forth beauty, and every tree was heavy with fresh, cool verdure.

"It was a Sabbath afternoon, when a dead infant was brought into the church. The children of the small congregation wished to sit near it, and fixed their eyes upon its placid brow, as on a fair piece of sculpture. The sermon of the clergyman was to them. It was a paternal address, humbling itself to their simplicity, yet lofty, through the deep, sonorous tones of their native German. Earnestly and tenderly they listened, as he told them how the baby went from its mother's arms, to those of the compassionate Redeemer. When the worship closed, and the procession was formed, the children, two and two, followed the mourners, leading each other by the hand;—the little girls clothed in white.

"The place of slumber for the dead, was near the church, where they had heard of Jesus. It was a green, beautiful knoll, on which the sun, drawing towards the west, lingered, with a smile of blessing. The turf had the richness of velvet; not a weed, or a straw defaced it. Every swelling mound was planted with flowers, and a kind of aromatic thyme, thickly clustering, and almost shutting over the small, horizontal tomb stones, which recorded only the name and date of the deceased. In such a spot, so sweet, so lowly, so secluded, the clay might willingly wait its reunion with the spirit.

"Before the corpse, walked the young men of the village, bearing instruments of music. They paused at the gate of the place of burial. Then a strain from voice and flute rose, subdued and tremulous, like the strings of the wind-harp. It seemed as if a timid, yet prevailing suppliant, sought admission to the ancient city of the dead.

"The gate unclosed. As they slowly wound around the gentle ascent, to the open grave, the pastor with solemn intonation repeated passages from the book of God. Thrilling, beyond expression, amid the silence of the living, and the slumber of the dead, were the blessed words of our Saviour, 'I am the resurrection and the life!'

"He ceased, and all gathered round the brink of the pit. The little ones drew near, and looked downward into its depths, sadly, but without fear. Then, came a burst of music, swelling higher and higher, till it seemed no longer of earth. Methought, it was the welcome in Heaven, to the innocent spirit, the joy of angels over a new immortal, that had never sinned. Wrapped as it were in that glorious melody, the little body was let down to its narrow cell. And all grief, even the parent's grief, was swallowed up in that high triumph-strain. Devotion was there, giving back what it loved, to the God of love, not with tears, but with music. Faith was there, standing among flowers, and restoring a bud to the giver, that it might bloom in a garden which could never fade!"

Beautiful! beautiful beyond praise! we shall give one more extract, and close the volume. Indeed the extract is itself the conclusion:

"Once, when spring had begun to quicken the swelling buds, a fair form that was wont to linger among them, came not forth from her closely-curtained chamber. She was beautiful and young; but Death had come for her. His purple tinge was upon her brow. The lungs moved feebly, and with a gasping sound. It would seem that speech had forsaken her. The mother bent over her pillow. She was her only one. Earnestly she besought her for one word—"only one more word, my beloved!" It was in vain.

"Yet again, the long fringes of her blue eyes opened, and what a bursting forth of glorious joy! They were raised upward: they expanded, as though the soul

would spring from them in ecstasy. Then, there was a whispering of the pale lips. The mother knelt down, and covered her face. She knew that the darling whom she had brought into the world, was to be offered up.

"But there was one, deep, sweet harp-like articulation, 'praise!' And all was over! Then, from that kneeling mother came the same tremulous word—"praise!" Yet there was an ashy paleness on her brow, and they laid her, fainting, by the side of the breathless and beautiful. There she revived, and finished the sentence that the young seraph had begun, 'praise ye the Lord!' The emotions of that death-scene, were too sublimated for tears.

"More surely might we hope thus to part with our dear ones, and thus to die in Jesus, did we, in our brief probation, live near him and for him! Friends, who have, with me, meditated on many duties, and on the event that terminates them,—dear friends, whom I shall never see in the flesh, may we meet in the vestments of immortality! With those, whom we have given birth, and nurtured, and borne upon our prayers, in the midnight watch, and at the morning dawn,—may we stand, *not one lost*, a glorious company, where is neither shade of infirmity, or sigh of penitence, or fear of change, but where 'affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears!'"

We have thus endeavored, by our extracts, to give the reader some idea of the merits of the volume before us. We have made them in almost a desultory manner, and, so far as the merits of the book are concerned, might as well have made them from any other portions of it. We believe they are sufficient, and of such a nature as will awaken the reader's desire to secure the volume. And let no one infer from its title that it is ill adapted for his perusal. Though the "letters" are with propriety addressed to mothers, there are many of them of so general a character, and their subjects of such universal interest, as to merit the attentive perusal of all. No one would feel himself poorly rewarded for his attention to them—and from the study of some of them the statesman might go away instructed.

In conclusion—we predict for the work a rapid and extensive sale. We hope that edition may follow edition, till in every family throughout our land the "Letters to Mothers" may not only be found a respected work, but revered by every one as a "family text book."

SHOBAL VAIL CLEVINGER, THE SCULPTOR.

The queen city of the west may indeed be proud of her arts, and her artists. Powers, Beard, Frankenstein, Powell, Clevenger, will give her a reputation, we believe, which will be honored wherever the arts are cultivated. Many of their productions already grace the halls of her citizens, where the travelling stranger, in partaking of their hospitality, often gazes in wonder on their works, which he pronounces to exhibit a genius kindred to that which guided the pencil and the chisel of the masters of the olden time.

Situated so beautifully by the "beautiful river," Cincinnati, as if conscious of her advantages, already displays an architectural elegance, which

is not surpassed by any city in the Union. She now numbers fifty thousand inhabitants; yet there are many who well remember when the glancing river rolled on unshadowed by any thing that denoted civilization. In patronising her artists, her citizens will not only reward merit, but cultivate their taste, and thus, adding the graces of ornament to the beauties of situation, will crown the queen with an enduring magnificence.

I propose, hastily, and I fear very imperfectly, to give your readers a slight sketch or two of some of our artists. As CLEVINGER is a "born Buck-eye," I begin with him. Middletown, a small village in the interior of Ohio, is the place of his birth. He was born in 1812. His father is by trade a weaver, and Shobal is the third child of a family of ten. His parents are still living to rejoice in the rising reputation of their son. A year after the birth of Shobal, his parents moved to Ridgeville, and afterwards to Indian Creek. At the age of fifteen, Shobal left his parents, and went with his brother to Centerville, to learn, under his direction, the art of stone cutting, in which employment his brother was engaged on the canal. It was indeed fortunate for the future sculptor, that he thus early learned the use of the chisel, and it accounts for the accuracy and tact with which he handles it.

On the canal, the future artist, at his humble occupation caught the ague and fever, and was compelled to return home. As soon as he recovered, he went to Louisville, from which, after being engaged for a short time, he came to Cincinnati and stipulated to remain with Mr. Guiou, a stone cutter, for the purpose of learning the trade. While he was with Mr. Guiou, an order among others came to the establishment, for a tombstone, which was to have a seraph's head chiselled upon it. Mr. Guiou undertook the task himself, and formed the figure, which Clevenger criticised. His master said satirically, "you shall do the next." This remark galled Clevenger and he determined to try. The next day was Sunday, and instead of enjoying its recreation, he repaired to the shop and busied himself all day in producing a seraph's head. On Monday when his fellow workmen saw it, they pronounced it better than Mr. Guiou's. This, as may be supposed, gave great pleasure to the youthful aspirant, and inflamed his ambition. He used to visit the grave-yard on the moonlight nights, and take casts from the tombstones, particularly from those sculptured by an English artist, which are thought to be very good. Mr. Guiou now gave Clevenger all the ornamental jobs to do, which sometimes provoked the ill humor of his fellows, as was to be expected, but the amiability of the artist and his acknowledged skill, soon reconciled them to the justice of the preference.

Soon after Clevenger's time expired with Mr.

Guiou, he married Miss Elizabeth Wright, of Cincinnati, and repaired to Xenia, an inland town of Ohio, where he commenced business. Meeting with poor encouragement there, he returned to Cincinnati and worked as a journeyman for his former master, but shortly after entered into partnership with Mr. Bassot, and they established themselves in a little shop on the corner of Seventh and Race streets.

It was this shop that Mr. E. S. Thomas, the editor of the *Evening Post* chanced to enter one day, attracted as he glanced in by the figure of a cherub which Clevenger was carving. Mr. Thomas, who has a fondness for such things, and who has had an opportunity of seeing the best statuary of Europe, was instantly impressed with the genius of Clevenger and warmly told him that he had great talents in the art. The next day Mr. Thomas noticed Clevenger in his paper and expressed firmly his conviction that his genius was of the first order, and that if encouraged he would be eminent.

Powers, the sculptor, who is now in Florence, pursuing his art, and who will shed fame on the queen city, was then in Washington, where he had modelled the heads of some of our leading statesmen, with an accuracy and talent that was winning universal commendation. Clevenger, still at his stone cutting, understood that Powers was about to return to Cincinnati, and bring with him his clay model of Chief Justice Marshall, from which he meant to take a bust in stone. On hearing this, the youthful aspirant said, to use his own expression, that he "would cut the first bust from stone in Cincinnati, if he could'nt cut the best!" He accordingly forthwith procured the material—the rough block of stone, and asked Mr. Thomas to sit to him. Mr. Thomas did so, and from the rude block, without moulding any model previously in clay, with the living form before him, and with chisel in hand, in his little shop, the young artist, went fearlessly to work, and, without having seen any thing of sculpture, but the memorials of the dead in a western grave-yard, casts from which he had taken by moonlight, unaided, by the inspirations solely of genius, he struck out a likeness that wants but the Promethean heat to make it in all respects the counterpart of the veteran editor.

This bust was executed about three years ago. The press of the city spoke in just terms of praise of the performer. Patronage followed. Many of the wealthiest citizens had their busts taken, and the accuracy of each successive one, seemed to strike more and more. The artist's shop—now dignified with the name of studio—attracted the attention of all classes of the citizens. There the visitor might behold him eagerly at work, apparently unconscious of the attention he attracted; his fine clear eye lighting with a flash upon the face of the

sitter, and then upon the stone, from which, with consummate skill he would strike the incumbrance which seemed to obscure from other eyes, (not his own,) the form which he saw existing in the marble.

Clevenger is now in Boston, where he has moulded a bust of Mr. Webster, said universally to be the best likeness ever taken of the great lawyer. Among his best efforts are said to be his busts of Mr. Biddle, Clay, Van Buren and Poindexter. 'The visitor stands in his studio, and gazes at the casts, even of those he has not seen, with the conviction that they must be likenesses—there is ever something so lifelike about them.

This spring Clevenger goes to Italy, for the purpose of studying the master pieces of his art, mid the scene where they were fashioned. We can sympathise with the deep devotion with which he will gaze on the glories of his craft, and call up the memories of the mighty masters of old upon the very spot where they bent, chisel in hand, over the marble, and almost realized, without the aid of the gods, the fable of Pygmalion. While he is over the waters in that classic land, we shall send glad greetings to our bold Buckeye and bid him not despair. Let him assist to make his land classic too—what man has done, man may do.

T.

THE REVIEWER OF "NEW VIEWS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM" REVIEWED.

My reviewer thinks I am very ignorant indeed, as, according to him, I cannot divide one decimal number by another; and I have no doubt (and why should I doubt) that he believes it all; at least he would have no objection to his readers' believing it. But the mere scholastic mechanically educated man is not always the best qualified to judge of questions arising out of an untrammelled scientific pursuit. This probably will not be admitted by my reviewer; but it will be admitted by all who are not intellectually restricted to systems already existing, as my reviewer appears evidently to be.

He says: "In the sequel he shall abundantly prove what he has asserted of *our author's* mathematical abilities, and as a present specimen of them let us take the following problem, viz: A travels 400 miles at the rate of 4 miles per hour, and B 300 miles at the rate of 10 miles per hour; required the comparative lengths of time they are travelling."

Now, I ask the reviewer, what in the name of common sense has he reviewed to do with such a question? I cannot view it otherwise than as a vain and intrusive exhibit. I presume, however, he intended it to have some relation to the planetary movements, perhaps of Mercury and Venus.

The true question to be settled is, whether these two planets move with the same velocity or with different velocities. It indicates more intellectual imbecility in my reviewer than I am willing to impute to him, to suppose that he thinks such a question can be settled either way by his A and B problem. I know that Kepler's rule gives different velocities—but what has nature to do with either squares or cubes? Kepler's orbits were drawn round a supposed stationary sun, and his followers adopted his suggestions. But my reviewer admits that the sun is a progressive body, and that he carries his planets with him; and admitting this, he admits a state of the system which furnishes at once the most ample proof that the motion of the planets in their paths must be precisely equal, or some would run ahead, and

others would be left behind, and so lose their places in the system.

The followers of Kepler proceeded upon the assumed fact that the sun is a stationary body, not occupying, however, the centre of the planetary orbits, and all moving with different velocities, so as to crowd into their *physical system* Kepler's rule, and to show with what philosophy they could, how their orbits were brought into elliptical figures by that undefined force which they called *gravitation*. Now, if they had calculated the elements of such orbits as a progressive sun would necessarily produce, they would have soon discovered that all their labors, geometrical and mathematical, were entirely useless, as the progression of the sun alone gave ellipticity to the planetary paths, as the progression of the earth gives ellipticity to the path of the moon, and would have saved them from much of their mathematical turmoil.

Let us suppose for a moment that the earth is a stationary body, and the moon moving round her at the distance of 340,000 miles; then, if we admit the truth of what the European mathematicians call their *central forces*, and which my reviewer certainly understands, though he has said nothing about such forces in his review, she would keep at that distance all round her orbit; but put the earth in motion, and such an orbit would be changed into an ellipse. They both move in the same direction, and the earth forces the moon out of her way from the opposition to the conjunction, and this brings them nearer together through the elasticity of their electro-magnetic spheres.

Suppose the sun to move 10,000 miles per hour in his path, then from the wide range of Mercury's path he must have a greater motion than the sun, and I will say 15,000 miles, he partaking of the sun's motion 10,000 miles, which will be common to both, and the extra 5,000 miles per hour will constitute Mercury's revolutionary velocity. If Mercury had only the velocity of the sun, then Mercury's path would run parallel with that of the sun; but this extra-revolutionary velocity of Mercury carries him ahead of the sun, and he describes what I may call an *elongated curve*. It is well known that Mercury makes two periods and half of another, while Venus makes one; and if we give to Venus the same revolutionary velocity we give to Mercury, their periodical results harmonize; but if we give them different velocities these results cannot be made to harmonize as they really exist in the natural field of astronomy. Then the sun has a motion which is common to Mercury and Venus, and these two planets have a revolutionary motion entirely distinct from the motion in common, and which is derived from distinct sources of impulse. Now the motion of the sun being common to all the planets, the revolutionary motion of the planets must also be equal and common to the whole of these bodies.

Suppose the revolutionary motion of Mercury to be 5,000 miles per hour, and the revolutionary motion of Venus to be 3,000 miles only, then every hour Venus would fall behind Mercury 2,000 miles, and of course, would soon lose her place in the system and throw the mathematician with his figures and calculations into confusion. The mathematician, however, calculates right; but it is because he really calculates upon the equal revolutionary motion of his planets, though he seems not to know it. If he will take the times of all the planets, and give them distances suited to their times, he will quickly find that Kepler's rule is a very useless appendage to the science. For Venus to keep her place in the system, her motion must be equal to that of Mercury. The motion which is common to the three bodies, and that motion which is revolutionary and belongs to the two planets, requires to be distinguished the one from the other, and the impulses which produce them distinctly developed. But this cannot be done without appropriate diagrams, showing the condition of their electro-magnetic spheres, by which they are kept in their places and regulated in their motions. My reviewer will now see that his A and B problem can be of no use to me; nor will it be of any use to him in combating my views.

As to the distances of the planets from the sun, if the mathematicians can by any means ascertain the exact distance of the moon from the earth, and the exact diameter of the sun, then the true distances of all the planets from the sun, the velocity of the sun in his path, which is common to all the planets, and the revolutionary velocity of the planets, we, knowing the diameter of the earth, the distances and revolutionary velocity of the planets and their satellites, can be settled upon the strictest principles of dynamics. Will my reviewer pardon me if I say, that no one single dynamic principle has ever been brought to bear upon any

of the phenomena realized in our physical systems of astronomy? It is true our physical astronomers have talked and written a good deal about dynamics, but all their views (physically) exclude that science from any of their systems.

My reviewer says, "That our system has a motion of translation, I hold to be highly probable. But in whatever way this question shall ultimately be determined, it will require no change to be made in a single diagram or demonstration of modern astronomy, as a few considerations will show. Were our author to take a pair of dividers, and placing one of its legs upon a point, were he to sweep the other leg around, would he deny that he describes a circle *about that point*? And yet to be consistent, he must do so; for the leg, as it moves around the point, is carried rapidly on by the rotation of the earth on its axis, as well as by the motion of the earth about the sun, and does in fact describe in space a curve of a very complex character, and wholly different from a circle."

Here my reviewer is quite inconsistent with himself. He says I must, to be consistent, admit that the leg which is swept round describes a circle; then, for himself, he says, it "does not describe a circle, but a curve of a very complex character, and wholly different from a circle." Now the curve which any planet describes through space or of the heavens, has no complexity about it; it is an elongated curve, very little different from the curve described by the sun himself. I very readily admit that my reviewer's notions about the circles and curves which the planets may or may not describe, are the results of complexities which education has produced; and he will no doubt "permit me to smile" at his confusion, and say "modestly" to him, that such confused notions about his "complex curves" show the necessity of a new set of diagrams, showing the true nature of these curves as they are described by the sun and his planets. He says: "The diagrams of astronomy were never intended to represent the *absolute paths* of the planets in space, but their *relative paths*." What then becomes of their *elliptical figures*? Is my reviewer ready to abandon the supposed *gravitation* of the system, and all the refined analyses founded upon orbits returning into themselves round a stationary sun or centre? Will he cast away the fashionable and long used rule of Kepler, respecting the distances and velocities of the planets? His curves of "complex character" will effectually do this. Such "complex" curves with *loops*, and each planet passing or rather intersecting its own path each curve it describes, would throw much more of his mathematics out of his physical system than he seems to have thought of. My reviewer supposes there is one important point which I have conceded, to wit: "That the moon rotates about its axis, and also the sun. If there be other evidence of these motions than that derived from observations upon the spots of those bodies, *our astronomer* will state it. If this evidence be sufficiently strong to produce conviction upon his mind in respect to the sun and moon, he cannot refuse to admit that Mars has a rotatory motion also, which is completed once in 24.66 hours—for the evidence in this case is just the same. Now if the earth would have rotated but once during a revolution, had not a moon been given her; why does not Mars, which has no moon, so rotate? Why does not Venus?" He puts another question: "If the moon was necessary to cause the earth to revolve on its axis, what caused the moon to revolve on its axis?" He then puts another question—Supposing that I admit that the moons of Jupiter do not revolve on their axis, he asks: "What is the difference between the relation subsisting between the earth and its moon, and that subsisting between Jupiter and its moons, or any one of them; which renders the cause that is efficient in producing the rotation of the satellite of the former, inoperative in producing the rotation of the satellites of the latter?"

When I said that Jupiter's moons have not rotatory motion, I intended nothing more than that they did not rotate as their primary did. It is true, I wrote unreflectingly, supposing every reader would understand what kind of rotation I intended to deny to them. But my reviewer, perhaps, anticipating that I would introduce into his physical system of astronomy dynamical forces only, and fearing the consequences, seems to be catching at every straw which has been inadvertently dropped in his way by either the printer or myself.

Now I contend, that there is no other force in creation but *pressure*; and however variously applied, all the phenomena, all the effects, however variant in appearance, *pressure* is the producing cause. The whole range of physical and dynamical science admits of but the one force, *pressure*—and this is the only

force which produces all the phenomena we observe in the planetary system or in the arts, whether we use muscular, water, or steam agents. In the planetary systems, however numerous, the electro-magnetic material is the powerful agent. Then so to arrange this material as will necessarily produce the phenomena observed, is the great object of my pursuit; and, really, if I desired any aid in my researches, with a view to diminish the force of educational prejudgings, I know of no one at present I would repose more confidence in than my reviewer. Those who have previously opposed me, and who have had some knowledge of the physical system of the schools, have very readily discovered, that to maintain the system with all its mathematical parade, they must deny the progressive motion of the sun, and treat the orbits of the planets as circles returning into themselves, with the exception of ellipticity—as Newton, Lagrange and Laplace did. "Complex curves" they have tried, and found that they would not answer; and my reviewer will find it necessary to review his own system, having a progressing sun, and such curves as he indicates the planets must describe. Such a system, though he, perhaps, does not yet see it, destroys more effectually the gravitation, the attraction and projection of Newton, Lagrange and Laplace, than the curves I give them. For in fact, I preserve the gravitation of the system, the only difference being the instrumentality through which its effects are counteracted. I consider it my duty now to thank him for thus far giving me aid in effecting "a new era in the science." He admits the progressive motion of the sun, and that the planets do not describe orbits returning into themselves. That he has done this without a knowledge of the consequences, I think, is very certain.

With respect to Mars and Venus, some observers have thought that Venus revolved on her axis once in 24 days—some in 24 hours; but Herschel could not discover that she had any rotatory motion at all. Some have said she has a moon; others that she has not. Thus they disagree. Mars may have a moon or something equivalent, if he rotates on his axis. To give rotatory motion, the pressure must strike or press upon the rotative body unequally and obliquely, as the moon presses upon this earth. If the rotative body is not so pressed, there will be no rotation. That force which presses centrally or equally will not produce rotation, though it may produce progression. Then why has the moon rotation once during her period only? Why, plainly, because she is carried round by her electro-magnetic sphere, just as the hub of a coach wheel is carried round by its band or outer circumference. And so it is with all Jupiter's moons—and with Mars and Venus also, if they have no moons, or something that will press upon them unequally and obliquely. But to show how these different effects are produced requires a full suit of diagrams.

With respect to the distance of the earth from the sun, all that has been effected trigonometrically, is but an approximation—so say the mathematicians. To infer the distance from the magnitude of the sun, and the magnitude of the sun from the distance, is only adducing one uncertainty to prove another. Suppose the sun to have a real diameter of 780,000 miles, and at the distance of 95 or 96,000,000 of miles to be reduced, with such constructed eyes as we have, to thirty inches; what would be his apparent diameter at half that distance? 390,000 miles I suppose. This seems to be in accordance with my reviewer's reckoning, he having demonstrated as he thinks, that if the sun was removed to twice her distance from us, he would appear just one half less than he does at his supposed distance, 95,000,000 of miles. He must make a very rapid diminution of diameter the first 95,000,000 of miles, if he only accomplishes a diminution of fifteen inches the next 95,000,000. The inhabitants of Mercury, if they are provided with such eyes as we have, must see the sun with an apparent diameter of 400,000 miles. But my reviewer has mathematics for all these strange things. The first 95,000,000 of miles, the sun is reduced from 780,000 miles to thirty inches; but the next 95,000,000 he loses only one half of his thirty inches! All this, however, may be mathematically true; but it does not appear to be quite so, *philosophically*. Would it not be as well for my reviewer to bring his mathematics to bear upon the eyes of the *Mercurians* and *Saturnians*, they occupying very different distances from the sun, taking our own eyes as the basis of his calculations, instead of a sun having a diameter of 780,000 miles? If he will try, I have no doubt he can make out a set of figures, and so arrange them as to produce results which will be quite as satisfactory to himself at least, as are the results of his

arrangement of figures reducing the magnitude of the sun. I can very readily conceive, that the Saturnian may have an eye which enables him to see the sun much larger than we do; and the Mercurian much less. But he seems to be limited in his range of thought, and cannot go beyond the lessons he has learned.

In relation to the moon and Mercury, he says: "Thus, if the moon were removed to such a distance as was necessary to make her time equal to that of Mercury; if there be any truth in the *Newtonian system*, the orbit of Mercury should be much greater than that of the moon, because the force exerted by the sun is to the force exerted by the earth, at equal distances, as 354,936 to 1. And if the path of Mercury be greater than that of the moon, and these paths are described in the same time, it follows of necessity that the velocity of Mercury must be greater than that of the moon."

Here I must admit that my reviewer has displayed some ingenuity, by stating the question in a way to produce a result that certainly no one will question. The question to be settled is very different from the one he has stated; but I give him credit for his ingenuity, though I may question the motive which prompted it. In our physical systems, Mercury is placed 37,000,000 of miles from the sun, and is given 110,000 miles per hour in his path; he performing one period in eighty-seven days. The moon is placed 240,000 miles from the earth, and is given 70,000 miles per hour in her path, she performing her period in twenty-nine days. Now I say, if the distance and velocity of the moon are rightly given, then the distance and velocity of Mercury cannot be. Mercury cannot be 37,000,000 of miles from the sun; and this my reviewer well knows if there is any truth in mathematics, or he would not have varied the question so as to produce a result suitable to his own wishes, not his judgment. Besides, he ought not, either directly or indirectly, to say, "if there is any truth in the *Newtonian system*," because it seemed to imply a doubt. If Mercury moves 110,000 miles an hour, and the moon only 70,000, of course the orbit of Mercury will take a wider range than the orbit of the moon, *without any force from the sun* being exerted upon him or his orbit. By this force does my reviewer mean attraction, gravitation, or projection? I presume not; as he seems to be a little shy of such imaginary forces; and he certainly knows, or he ought to know, that such forces are not within the widest range of dynamics. He ought not abandon the *centripetal* and *centrifugal* forces—projection in a direct line, and the attraction of the sun drawing off the planets from that line, and compelling them all to describe an *ellipse* round him. As dynamics furnishes no other moving power than *pressure*, how are the planets deflected from the projectile straight line? Is it by the sun drawing them off from that line? Then it is this power which the sun exerts upon Mercury, I suppose, and so expands his orbit. Now, what has dynamics to do with the sun's attraction? Or, what can attraction do with my reviewer's "complex curves?" The force which drives the earth 68,000 miles an hour, (and our mathematicians say this is a *mathematical* truth) must strike the planet equally and centrally, and if her rotatory motion depended upon this force, she would necessarily rotate once every hour, as such a force could not be applied so as to unequalize the two motions. As it is, the earth rotates once in twenty-four hours only. Then, as my reviewer agrees that the "sun may have a translation in space," that translation must equally influence the whole planetary system, as they can have no motion which might, directly or indirectly, interrupt the equal translation or progress of the whole. Then, as I have before intimated, this motion is equal and common to the sun and planets; but the *revolutionary motion of the planets*, and which is common to them all, is the motion my reviewer and myself have to settle; and, therefore, to settle it scientifically, the forces to be applied must be sought for either in the *Newtonian system*, or in the *system of dynamics*.

I will then admit that the sun moves 68,000 miles an hour in his path, and that the earth partakes of that motion. But the revolutionary motion of the earth being distinct and independent of the motion which is common to the sun and earth, from whence then are the forces derived which give to the earth this revolutionary movement? This revolutionary motion of the earth will be communicated to the moon, and will be common to them both, but the moon also has a revolutionary motion, which is distinct and independent of the motion which is common to the earth and moon—and from what source is this motion of the moon derived? The impulse which gives motion to the sun, gives a common motion to all the planets; but their revolutionary motion requires

an impulse differently circumstanced. Then, as there are two distinct sources of impulse, these sources must be sought for in the condition of the system itself. The revolutionary motion of all the planets is derived from the electro-magnetic sphere of the sun; and the revolutionary motion of the satellites is derived from the electro-magnetic spheres of their primaries. Here again diagrams are required. The condition of these *electric spheres* cannot be explained so as to be well understood without them. My reviewer has seen one magnet press off another, and keep it at its appropriate distance—the action and re-action of the magnetic spheres being equalized. He will not, I presume, contend that the bars of iron act and re-act without other agencies. These magnetic spheres are the agents acting and re-acting, and not the bars of iron. The planets do not act and re-act—it is their magnetic spheres which produce all the *perturbations* which the practical astronomer discovers among them. He will (my reviewer,) recollect Newton's inquiry. Newton considered this electric or magnetic fluid, as it has been called, as in a state of simple diffusion. I take it from this diffused condition, and give to it specific appropriations. My reviewer will admit its power. I now advise him to defend the *Newtonian system as it is*, and not attempt to mend it by introducing into it his "complex curves." He might as well introduce the *loops and curves* of the Alexandrian physical astronomer, as they would answer the purpose just as well.

Now the truth is, my reviewer does us great violence to the scheme of Copernicus, Kepler and Newton as I do. If he gives any other description of orbit to the planets than they did, he breaks up the whole fabric, mathematical as well as geometrical, for which they have been so much applauded. He cannot defend their system of mathematics, if he changes the *bases* upon which that system was erected. He, as a teacher and reviewer, ought not to be "ignorant" of this fact. I, however, have seen learned men blunder sometimes from the want of knowledge, and at other times from the perversion of it. Which of the two is most applicable to my reviewer I shall not now undertake to determine.

There is one remark of my reviewer which ought to have been noticed in another place; it can be done here. Speaking of the times of Mercury and the moon, he says: "In this exertion of a greater force by the sun, consists the error of comparing a body moving round the sun with a body moving round the earth." Then, if the sun exerts no power over Mercury, the comparison must be considered as having been made upon correct principles. To show that the sun exerts no such power over Mercury, I have only to adduce the forces which were employed by Newton, to sustain me as to the correctness of the comparison I have made. Is it the sun that projects Mercury in a direct line? Is it the sun that gives gravity or weight to Mercury? Here then we have Newton's *projection* and *gravitation*; and which of the two powers does the sun exert? Why neither the one nor the other. Gravity or weight is the property of Mercury, and exists independently of the sun; gravity or weight is also the property of the moon, and exists independent of the earth. Then the sun does not give the *projection* to Mercury; nor does he give the *gravity* which Mercury has. Neither does the earth give either *projection* or *gravity* to the moon.

My reviewer requests me to turn my attention to dynamics or mechanics. Why, these are the very sciences upon which I base all my views. I could with much more propriety request him to do so. Mercury presses upon the sun, and the moon upon the earth; and here we have a mechanical force—a dynamical force. Does my reviewer employ such a force for the production of any one phenomenon in the planetary system?—did Sir Isaac Newton? The forces employed by him are either not understood by my reviewer, or he finds them too defective to be attended to. Mercury acts upon the sun, and not the sun upon Mercury; and the moon acts upon the earth, not the earth upon the moon. The tides give us the true nature of the moon's action upon the earth, and which is mechanical altogether. My reviewer had better say less about dynamical forces—they do not belong to the system he defends.

He thinks I "place no reliance in the laws of mechanics, as at present developed and taught." It is true, I place no reliance in that description of mechanics which has been introduced into our physical systems of astronomy. There is but one force to be found in the entire range of mechanics, and that is *pressure*. Will my reviewer be able to point out a single phenomenon which has been ascribed to this force in the *Newtonian system*?

I will now ask my reviewer, if the exact distance of the earth from the sun has ever been ascertained? I know what the mathematicians say, and I know what Sir John Herschel says of their "ill-conditioned triangles." Well, my reviewer must know that the exact distance is not known; then why would he so far attempt to deceive his readers as to say that the practical astronomer made any use of either the distance or velocity of the planets? *Practical astronomy* has been in a state of uniform improvement for thousands of years, and has at length arrived to, perhaps, the highest degree of perfection, as it relates to our own solar system. But this science has progressed regularly—as well under the burthen of the loops and curves of the Egyptian physical system; and at times and places with the most absurd schemes of both distances and motions, until the time of Newton; who was a practical astronomer, and who combined his physical views with his practical views, or rather *practical facts*, and which he so intermixed with his physical views as to triumph over all opposition at the time—and strange as it may appear, though practically true, yet, physically, it is but a tissue of errors from beginning to end. My reviewer may be a very good practical astronomer for aught I know; but he had better let the physical department alone. Brewster says, "We have already discovered the absolute motion of the solar system, and it now remains to discover the means by which the Almighty has bound the whole together." Is my reviewer afraid that adequate means may be discovered? And the very means, too, pointed out by Newton himself? He ought to recollect that Galileo had learned judges—and Fulton had sneerers in abundance. I put him in mind of these occurrences for his own good, not for mine. His opposition does me no injury—it only proves his own attachment to educational error. I wish him to review my paper on the tides, and review it according to his views of dynamics—his views of mechanics.

To show how the planets and satellites are wielded by electromagnetic machinery, may lead the way to discoveries of more importance than even the discoveries which followed the use of steam. That force which keeps the sun and planets in their places, and drives them on in paths, if once understood, mechanism may receive a new impulse from new agencies, heretofore but little thought of.

My reviewer knows that the two departments of the science have been by modern astronomers kept separate, and are treated separately in all our books of astronomy. He also knows that many efforts have been made to place the physical department on a more satisfactory basis. He shows from his own review, that he would willingly do this himself; but the difficulty to be encountered in so applying the *ether* of Newton, as to produce the effects, has so far prevented it. This difficulty has arisen chiefly from our want of knowledge of the true nature of magnetism. But if he will look around him, he will find that this knowledge is beginning to display itself in several ways. This alone, independently of other considerations, shows the onward progress of the sciences.

He seems to lay great stress on what has been called Kepler's rule, "That the squares of the periodical times are as the cubes of the distances." Well—admitting this, and what then? It is of no use to the practical astronomer, and for the plainest of reasons, the exact distance of the earth from the sun is not known. The practical astronomer requires *exact data* in his department. He knows the times and positions of all the planets, and their satellites. He knows that they are all more or less disturbed in their paths, and the physical astronomer teaches him to consider these disturbances the results of their *mutual attractions*. Now I ask my reviewer what other aid does the practical astronomer derive from the physical department? The discovery of the planetary perturbations belongs to the practical astronomer; and it is the effects, and not the cause, that he calculates; and it is of no consequence to him whether Newton called the cause attraction, gravitation, or any thing else. But, physically, it is of vast importance for the philosopher and the mechanic to ascertain, if it can be ascertained, how the *electro-magnetic* material is arranged so as to produce *mechanically* the effects the planets exhibit to the mathematical eye of the practical observer—the practical calculator. I say the times of the planets are proportioned to their distances from the sun, simply. Well, this rule stands on the same footing that Kepler's does. Neither is of any importance to the practical astronomer, as distance and velocity never enter into his calculations.

Speaking of the sun, my reviewer says: "Since the apparent

diameter decreases as the distance increases, to find what the apparent diameter of the sun would be at double its present distance, we have this proportion, viz:

"As twice the present distance is to the present distance, so is the apparent diameter at the present distance to the apparent diameter, as it would be at double the present distance."

Now if the real diameter of the sun was only sixty-four minutes, then at 95,000,000 of miles, it being reduced to thirty-two minutes, I agree at the distance of 190,000,000, it would be reduced to twelve minutes. But, unfortunately for my mathematical reviewer, there is said to be a real diameter of 780,000 miles to begin with; and which he has very prudently kept out of view. He sends me back to my "*Horn book*;" but really I think he requires one as much as I do. He will now have no objection, I presume, to my stating the question, as I understand it. If a real diameter of 780,000 miles is reduced to an apparent diameter of thirty-two minutes at the distance of 95,000,000 of miles, what will the apparent diameter of thirty-two minutes be reduced to at 190,000,000? Or at the same distance 95,000,000? His "*figures*" prove very conclusively, that the real diameter of the sun ought to be no more than sixty-four minutes, instead of 780,000,000 miles. This is all they do prove. And it may be true too, for aught I know, or he knows. We see a dark body surrounded by an immensity of light, and the inhabitants of all the planets may see it just as we do; as well the Mercurian as the Herschelian.

In conclusion, I must express my surprise, that my reviewer should have so far departed from correct quotation, as to make me say, "they are destitute of common sense"—meaning those who differ with me. Reviewers ought not to misrepresent the reviewed.

ON A MINIATURE PORTRAIT.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

I know a young lady,—pray who can she be?
If you look in the mirror perhaps you may see—
A painter once tried her resemblance to trace,
But his picture seem'd nought but a form and a face:
The form was complete, and the features were fair—
But the something, I know not, was all wanting, there.

I sought for the painter, and questioned him why
He had left out the dance of her bright, sparkling eye;
I asked him how could he neglect to embrace
The expression, along with the lines of the face;
The picture might well with the masters compare,
But the something, I know not, was all wanting, there.

I told him, moreover, the beautiful form
Stood out from the ivory, glowing and warm;
But in vain did I look for the ease and the state,
That betrayed her a goddess, at once, by her gait;
The picture was perfect, again I declare—
But the something, I know not, was all wanting, there.

The painter, impatient, made haste and rejoined—
Can man shadow forth the invisible mind?
Can aught, but Omnipotence, hope to portray
The varying grace of the spirit at play?
Then seek not that beauty, nor question me why
I traced not the spirit that sports in her eye.

Oh, then, I exclaimed, 'tis a sin to transfer
To the ivory lifeless, a being like her!
For, such must mock ever the pencil's control,
Whose forms are all life; and whose faces, all soul;
And surely the mortal deserves to be sainted,
Who the something can paint, that can never be painted!

Camden, S. C.

A. W. H.

THE MAY-FLOWER.

There is a darling little flow'r
That blossoms in the northern woods,
It smiles not in the florist's bow'r
But loves its sylvan solitudes ;

And there with tints as pure and bright
As those to Eden's spring-flow'rs given,
Hid from the heartless gazer's sight,
It blooms for solitude and Heaven.

Yet 'tis not when the moss's cup
Is sparkling with the crystal dew,—
Not when a thousand flowers send up
Their perfumes to a Heaven of blue ;

'Tis not when June, delicious June,
With warm breath woos the glowing rose,—
Not in the year's high, gairish noon,
This little flower in beauty blows :

But while the lingering winter yet
Throws fitfully its feathery snow—
The russet turf is cold and wet,
And keen the early spring winds blow,—

'Tis then the little May-Flower blooms,
And in its lonely, leafless bower,
Opens such treasures of perfumes
As 't were earth's only incense-flower.

Who owns?—who loves a kindred lot?—
Blest in her native sphere to move,
And home, her own, sweet, hallowed spot,
Cheer with her purest heart of love ?

Oh, her's is bliss!—the purest—best ;—
By woman crav'd—to woman given ;—
Here is her heart's sole, sacred rest,
Beneath the smile of home and Heaven.

Maine.

ELIZA.

LIGHTS OF LIFE.

BY E. W. H.

Life's canopy sparkles with hues that are given
To glow with a meteor smile ;
Like tints that spring out, when the windows of Heaven
Are op'd on this air-girted isle :
Tho' transient their sojourn, yet large is their sum ;
Tho' fleeting, yet brightly they glow ;
They are brief, but to gladden our souls when they
come,
Not to waken our tears when they go.

Yon glorious traveller, whose path is the sky,
No glory like their's can unroll ;
He comes—and his coming gives joy to the eye,
But a day-spring is their's, to the soul.
In pencils of light they illumine our path,
As if shower'd from cherubic wings ;
For a token of Heaven their radiance hath,
Which Fancy adores while she sings.

They tinge, as with sunbeams, the shadows of care ;
Bid the weary forget to repine ;
Wake the flowers of hope on the soil of despair,
And each vision of gladness, refine.
Like goodness, they catch an additional grace,
For every charm they impart ;
And, oh ! shall we ever deny them a place,
Because they are brief, in the heart ?

Are beauty's warm blushes less fair to the eye,
That their life is the life of a breath ?
Do roses lose fragrance, or flowers, their dye,
When fancy foretokens their death ?
And shall man, the false ingrate, forever invest
Each bliss with a premature shroud ;
Make life's sunlight more fleet, because fleeting at best,
And soon to be dimm'd by a cloud ?

Earth were but a desert, if clouds were no more ;
Seal up the deep fountains of Heaven,
And seed-time and harvest and fruit would be o'er,
Though sunshine eternal were given.
But the sands of the tropic, or ice of the pole,
Would out-rival humanity's clod,
If clouds never shadow'd the sky of the soul,
With their dew from the river of God.

Then hush'd be the murmur that pines at the thought,
How the brightest are soonest to fade ;
In various colors life's tissue is wrought,
And light ever softens the shade.
If 'tis wisdom to turn from each good as it falls,
Because blessings come wing'd for a flight—
Let us shut out the glory of day from our halls,
For e'en day must be follow'd by night.

Camden, S. C.

THE ELYSIAN ISLE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"It arose before them the most beautiful island in the world."
Irving's Columbus.

"And to the voyager's eye, this island, clothed in the richest verdure, and bathed by the warm airs of the tropics, seemed to realize the poet's fabled Elysium."
Anon.

It was a sweet and pleasant isle—
As fair as isle could be ;
And the wave that kissed its sandy shore
Was the wave of the Indian sea.

It seemed an emerald set by Heaven
On the Ocean's dazzling brow—
And where it glowed long ages past,
It glows as greenly now.

I've wandered oft in its vallies bright,
Through the gloom of its leafy bowers,
And breathed the breath of its spicy gales
And the scent of its countless flowers.

I've seen its bird with the crimson wing
Float under the clear blue sky ;
I've heard the notes of its mocking bird
On the evening waters die.

In the starry noon of its brilliant night,
When the world was hushed in sleep—
I dreamed of the shipwrecked gems that lie
On the floor of the soundless deep.

And I gathered the shells that buried were
In the heart of its silver sands,
And tossed them back on the running wave,
To be caught by viewless hands.

There are sister-spirits that dwell in the sea,
Of the spirits that dwell in the air;
And they never visit our Northern clime,
Where the coast is bleak and bare:

But around the shores of the Indian isles
They revel and sing alone—
Though I saw them not, I heard by night
Their low, mysterious tone.

Elysian isle! I may never view
Thy birds and roses more,
Nor meet the kiss of thy loving breeze
As it seeks thy jewelled shore,—

Yet thou art treasured in my heart
As in thine own deep sea;
And, in all my dreams of the spirits' home,
Dear isle, I picture thee!

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1838.

By Rev. H. Ruffner, D.D., President of Washington College.

CHAPTER IV.

From West Tennessee, by the eastern route to Virginia.

From Sparta I crossed the Cumberland mountains by the main road from Nashville to Knoxville. These mountains part from the more eastern ridges of the Alleghanies, between Virginia and Kentucky, where they divide the waters of the Tennessee from those of the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers. They run by a straight course through the state of Tennessee, on the southern border of which they are broken by a chasm, affording the great Tennessee just room to press its contracted waters through, with a swift but unbroken current. The mountains extend into Alabama, till they gradually sink into the lowlands near the gulf.

The Alleghany mountains generally, are cut into sharp ridges and spurs, with narrow vales between them, or else broad vallies of limestone separating the chief parallel ridges. The Cumberland mountain, is of a different character: it is a single ridge with two broad plateaus or tables of land on the western side. In the preceding chapter, I described the Barrens of Tennessee, as a broad level space of sandy country, about four hundred feet above the rich limestone district of Middle Tennessee. This is the first plateau of the Cumberland. You no sooner reach this upper level from below, than you see what is called the mountain, rise before you in a long straight line, broken at intervals by

ravines which discharge the mountain streams. This line of mountain is in fact the great bank of the second plateau, elevated about one thousand feet above the former. In ascending to its top from Sparta, I observed that the horizontal limestone lay six hundred feet or thereabouts in depth above the lower plateau; then eighty or one hundred feet of sandstone—then as much limestone again; but finally all was sandstone to the top. This being attained, the road passes over a plain as broad as the Barrens below,—that is, about fifteen or twenty miles. The surface is cut at intervals by ravines, but no sharp ridges occur. The road crosses the plateau diagonally, and the whole distance across, from Sparta to the eastern base, is about forty miles. The soil on the top is very poor, too poor to nourish stout forests, such as clothe the mountains of Virginia. Yet some families endeavor to extract a living from these dry sands. Chalybeate springs and a pure atmosphere, attract some visitors from the lower country in the hot season. I found a house, at the distance of nine miles from Sparta, that was filled with boarders, who drank the water of a fine chalybeate, spouting from the rocks in a ravine shaded with evergreens. It is only in a few ravines that I saw the Rhododendron, the Kalmia, the Hemlock, (*Pinus Canadensis*), and other evergreens, so common in our mountains.

After travelling a few miles further over this plateau, I began to see the eastern ridge of the mountain stretch along the horizon. It rises about five hundred feet above the plateau, running in a single straight line parallel with the western bank of the plateau, and broken at intervals of some miles with gaps. The road leads to one of these gaps, and passes through with scarcely an ascent, at a large farm called the Crab-Orchard. The soil improves in the neighborhood of the ridge; the sandstone ceases, and limestone appears again, seeming to constitute the body of the ridge. But this is not the recent shell-limestone of West Tennessee; it is the old blue limestone, in shapeless masses, so common in the valley of Virginia; and it shows that here, as well as elsewhere, the mountains are older than the plains.

Immediately on passing through the gap, the road begins to descend into the great valley of East Tennessee. The descent is much less than the total ascent on the opposite side, because this great valley is a much higher country than the low lands of the west.

To my sorrow I missed the sight of a remarkable curiosity, in descending the mountain; because I did not hear of its existence, until I had left it far behind. Near Nance's tavern, on the mountain side, a brook falls in a single cascade, to the depth of at least three hundred feet, into a narrow gloomy ravine. The bottom is said to be a wild romantic place, overshadowed with precipices and trees, where the visitor's sense of loneliness is increased to awe, and almost to terror, by the perpetual dash of the torrent, that seems to fall from the skies into this dusky glen. The scene inspires that sort of horror, which freezes the veins in reading stories of robbers, caves and deeds of blood, in solitary places. Such a deed was actually committed here, two or three years ago. A traveller known to have on his person a large sum of money, stopped at the tavern, and out of curiosity, clambered down the rocks by himself, into this wild chasm. Not returning to the

house, he was sought for, and his body found with the marks of murder on it, but no money. He lies buried, where he so mysteriously lost his life; and now the visitor, who descends to see this romantic water-fall, must stand by the grave of the unfortunate stranger, who "sleeps alone."

From the mountain to Knoxville, the road passes through a country of little interest to a traveller. There are vales of limestone land, more or less fertile, and watered by springs: the hills are dry and gravelly, and covered with oaks, sometimes goodly timber; but too often, especially about the Clinch river, miserable scrubs of the black jack pattern. The Clinch is a pleasant sort of river, one hundred yards wide, with some fertile low grounds. At Kingston, I looked for a fine water scene, at the junction of the Clinch with the great Tennessee; but I was disappointed: the junction, more than a mile below the village, is hidden from view by the dry gravelly hills of black jacks—the very image of tame poverty.

Through the one street of the village, the road strikes off into the dry gravelly hills of black jacks, avoiding both rivers, and threading the intermediate country. The season was hot and dry; I was weary of the sandy plateaus of the mountain, and fatigued with travelling from Nashville on horseback; I longed for interesting scenery; I looked from the tops of the dry hills for a sight of the great Tennessee—but I saw nought except other dry gravelly hills of black jacks; from other hill tops, I looked again—and I saw—ditto, ditto. I was in a state of mind to be easily disgusted; and disgusted I was. Disgust leaves as durable impressions as pleasure. I have, and through all my days I shall retain, in my imagination, vividly pictured, the perfect image of *dry gravelly hills covered with black jacks*.

Farther up the country towards Knoxville, the hills were less tame and barren, the lands between them more spacious and fertile. A few miles below Knoxville, I was at length gratified with a sight of the Holstein, the chief branch of the Tennessee, but much smaller than the main river below the Clinch. The Holstein has a clear lively current, winding among hills, and bluffs, and low grounds.

On approaching Knoxville, I was struck with the conspicuous appearance of the college, seated on the flattened summit of a round hill below the town. The chief edifice, resembles a church. This occupies the centre of the area; around three sides of which are ranges of low dormitories. The institution is attended by eighty or ninety students. Classical studies are said to be pursued here with more success than the sciences.

I was disappointed in my expectations of Knoxville—I mean its external appearance. I had expected to find in the chief town of East Tennessee, something more than three hundred houses scattered over the hilly ground about two neighboring creeks. Near the upper and larger of these creeks, there is a street which for a hundred yards is almost compactly built. Unfortunately for this, the most populous quarter of the town, the creek is a mill-stream; dams have collected a large mass of stagnant water, and consequently the neighborhood is annually infested with fevers. The yearly visitation had already begun, when I arrived there about the 3d of August. From recent notices in the

papers, the sickness appears to have been unusually severe, owing probably to the extraordinary drought. I found in this instance a confirmation of the remark formerly made, that opposite sides of stagnant waters are not equally affected by the pestilential vapors. The eastern, which is the leeward side of this creek, is more sickly than the western; because the western winds prevail, and blow the miasma, towards the east.

My stay in Knoxville was too short to furnish me with notes on the character and manners of the inhabitants. Information leads me to believe that they are moral, sociable and hospitable, with all the essentials of true politeness, but with less refinement of mind and manners, than may be found in some older towns.

My venerable friend, Judge White, of the United States Senate, advised me to pursue a route to Abingdon in Virginia, less direct, but more pleasant, than the one usually travelled, through the Sequatchy valley. A stranger, he observed, would find more interesting objects on the southern route by Dandridge, Greenville and Jonesborough; and would moreover find the less frequented way, more shaded from the scorching rays of the sun, in such hot dry weather as then prevailed. Disagreeable intelligence from home induced me, desirous as I was to take the most pleasant route, nevertheless to pursue the most direct: so I went to Rogersville by way of Rutledge, in the long narrow vale of Sequatchy. The road enters this vale a few miles above Knoxville, and pursues the middle of it in a straight course for the space of some forty miles. The vale is about two miles, often less, in width. The Chesnut ridge separates it from the valley of the Clinch on the north-western side, and a range of hills less bold and regular from the valley of the Holstein on the opposite side. It maintains strictly the character of an Appalachian valley, in its direction, its almost uniform width, its limestone soil, and its being crossed by streams of water, which here cut the south-eastern hills and flow into the Holstein. It is nearly all under cultivation; the road lies between an almost uninterrupted succession of fields, with scarcely a tree to shelter the traveller from the fierce blaze of the sun, in dog-days. For a while the pleasant features of the scene, and the repose which seemed to reign among the inhabitants of this secluded valley, amused me; but the tedious uniformity of the whole, united with the fatigue of travelling, and the ceaseless glow of the sunshine, made it so wearisome at last, that I almost wished for a mile or two of the dry gravelly hills covered with black jacks. On the second day of my journeying through this quiet length of valley, I saw before me an evident sign of change, in the loftier swell and closer approximation of the mountains ahead; the valley seemed to divide—a narrow portion of it ran up between the high mountains, another turned to the right: this latter was my route, and conducted me again to the valley of the Holstein. The scenery was now both various and pleasant. The road wound up again among the hills, and led me, by ups and downs, and turns of all sorts, among fields, rocks and hills, to Rogersville, two miles from the river.

Near the village I observed among the gray limestones, some rocks of extraordinary color. On breaking

off some fragments, I found them to be a calcareous breccia composed of small crystalline fragments, brown and white. On alighting at the village tavern, I observed that the windows were full of polished specimens of this breccia, exceedingly various and beautiful. Some were white, a little discolored with brownish grains; some black, but dusted with grains of lighter hue; most of them, however, were variously made up of brown and white pieces, round or angular, of different sizes and shades of color; often brilliant, and often displaying an intermixture of shells, and other animal remains, with the native stone. Some of them resembled, a good deal, the variegated marble of which the pillars in the capitol at Washington are made. Inexhaustible quarries of this marble might be opened about Rogersville. Some of it may find a market, by water carriage, down the Tennessee; but it is too remote from the seats of luxury, to be much used for ages to come, beautiful though it be. As yet but one stone cutter finds employment by it; he makes tombstones, and some articles of furniture.

Rogersville is a small village of sixty or seventy dwellings. Its marbles are its only distinction from ordinary villages. From this to Kingsport at the confluence of the north and south branches of the Holstein, the country presents nothing remarkable, except that the mountains in view assumed a bolder and more picturesque appearance. The road traverses an arable country of good limestone land, but hilly, as such lands commonly are. Kingsport is but a poor village; the scenery about it is, however, the finest on the whole of this route through East Tennessee. The ridge that separates the vallies of the Clinch and the Holstein has been in view all the way from Kingston; but it has now risen to grandeur, and puts on quite a dominating aspect. Between the branches of the Holstein another ridge presents itself, and would seem, after running down from Virginia, to terminate here; but on turning your face southward, you observe a high ridge, arising from the rivers at their point of junction, and stretching away quite loftily towards the southwest; showing itself on examination, to be only the last mentioned ridge, continued, after a breach had been made for the south Holstein. From Ross's bridge over the north branch, a very sweet scene presents itself. You see the rivers meet a few hundred yards below, their banks shaded with fine trees; and an island just below the junction, with its thicket of willows and other trees, half hides and half displays the united waters, as they steal away under the shady foliage of the banks. This pretty scene was to me the more refreshing, because I saw it on a calm summer evening, after riding wearily under the beams of a scorching sun.

Near the bridge is the residence of its wealthy proprietor, the Reverend Frederick A. Ross, whom I name here as worthy of commendation for two enterprises, which, if imitated by the East Tennesseans, will greatly improve the condition of their remote valley. He has erected on the North Holstein a cotton mill with one thousand spindles. What is probably of more importance, he has planted thirty acres of the Chinese mulberry, to which the soil and climate of East Tennessee are well adapted; and so flourishing are the young trees, that by next year they will feed worms enough to make at least a thousand pounds of silk.

Being now on the borders of Virginia, which I entered by way of Blountville, I will stop to make some observations on the country of East Tennessee.

On my return from the west, I would fain have passed through Cherokee on the southern border of East Tennessee, and the borders of the adjacent states. This last remnant of the once great territory of the Cherokees, embraces the south-western extreme of the Appalachian mountains. All reports agree in representing it as a beautiful country of hills and vallies: the hills sometimes gravelly and rather poor, but clothed with vegetation: the vallies rich and watered by perennial springs. The climate is the most temperate in the United States, and the whole region highly salubrious. Here the peach, the melon, and the grape, acquire their most delicious flavor: maize, yams and all the products of mild climates flourish abundantly. The mulberry could not find a more congenial soil and climate. The high hills and mountains will produce the grains and fruits of the north; the low warm vallies will mature some of the most valuable products of a tropical climate.

No wonder that the Cherokee loved his father-land, when it was so lovely in itself, and was moreover the seat of his tribe and the dwelling place of his fathers, from times beyond the reach of tradition. All that can attach mankind to the earth, attached him to the woody hills, the rich vales and the clear fountains of this beautiful region. No wonder that this, the most civilized of the Indian tribes, clung with fond affection to the delightful home which God had given to them: but the white man coveted, and would have it, because he could take it by force. A fraudulent treaty had been made, and was now, at the time of my journey in the process of execution by military coercion. The Georgians had already cast lots for their portion of the spoil, and threatened bloodshed if it were not immediately surrendered. Troops of soldiers were hunting the Indians, and driving them like cattle to the encampment. Like cattle the Indians submitted, and were peacefully gathered, preparatory to their removal. I was deterred by the confused state of the country, from taking this southern route on my way home.

The valley of East Tennessee, comprehending the space between the Cumberland mountain and the great Unaka or Iron Mountain on the south-east, is from forty to sixty miles wide, and two hundred long. It terminates in the hills of Cherokee, on the southern border between Tennessee and Georgia. It is but a continuation of the great valley of Virginia, spreading to a greater breadth by reason of the many waters which converge and form the Tennessee; thus joining in one, several vallies before separated by continuous mountains. The country is hilly, the atmosphere pure and healthful. There is much good soil, but not much of first rate fertility.

The people are generally moral, sober, and plain in their manners; education is more attended to than in most parts of the south. Several institutions besides the one at Knoxville, have the name of colleges: they are rather academies, where many youth of the country obtain some knowledge of the classics and of several branches of science. The comparative poverty of the inhabitants is apparent to a traveller. Few

handsome houses or other indications of wealth and luxury, present themselves. Though nature bestows the gifts of the earth with sufficient liberality, the productions of art are difficult to obtain, owing to the remoteness of this valley from all the great marts of trade. The navigation of the Tennessee and its upper branches is long and difficult; the roads toward the Atlantic are long and rough. Live stock is therefore the principal export. With this single resource, and a heavy freightage on imports, the farmer may acquire the necessaries and some of the comforts which are obtained by exchange; but the elegancies and luxuries are generally beyond his reach. Cotton mills, by aiding domestic industry; and the culture of silk, by furnishing a valuable staple of easy carriage; would improve the circumstances of the people. A rail road to Charleston, and another to the James river canal, with an improved navigation of the rivers, would complete the means, by which East Tennessee might ere long become as prosperous and delightful a valley, as any of the thousand vallies of the Appalachian mountains. At present this is not the country for any one who aims at the rapid accumulation of wealth. The inhabitants seem to be aware of this. Hence there is little of the activity and bustle, the eager enterprise and noisy driving of business, visible in many parts of the United States. Considering the density of the population, it is the most quiet country that I ever saw. This indicates both poverty and contentment. If the people are not rich, still they are evidently not miserable.

A farmer who lives in rural plenty below Knoxville, related to a party of us who lodged at his house, an anecdote that may illustrate the philosophic contentment, which many in this country feel in their quiet abodes. A man who lived in a secluded nook in the mountains, came to his house; and when he saw the farmer's large stock of cattle, and other constituents of rural wealth, he turned to the proprietor and said:—but I should remark that the mountainer habitually uttered his words with a loud droning accent, making pauses to gather breath, and closing every sentence with a long drawn—hah! by way of emphasis. Turning to the farmer who was a magistrate, he drew forth this speech. “Why—squire—what in the world do you want with all these cows—hah? And such a parcel of horses—hah? And I see you have two wagons—hah! you can't use so many things—hah! And there you have a barn yard—full of stacks—hah! Too much trouble—squire—hah! Why I hav'n't a quarter as many things as you have—and I have too much—hah! I have three cows—and two horses—and a wagon—hah! I mean to sell one horse—and the wagon—hah! I can make enough to eat and wear, without them—hah! All that's over what one needs—is useless trouble—hah! That's my notion—hah! A'n't I right—squire—hah?” This speech of the droning mountaineer, expresses the philosophy of many in this quiet country—and in other countries too.

I entered Virginia on the evening of a sultry day. I was fatigued with my long travel on the open roads of Tennessee—exhausted with a perpetual sweat of three hot weeks—sore with the effort to keep an umbrella over my head. I had seen clouds pour out showers at a distance, but not one had shed refreshment on my debilitated frame. This afternoon a heavy shower

had fallen before me, and what was extraordinary the road entered a forest; in the evening a delightful coolness was diffused through the atmosphere. As I entered the forest at dusk, that musical tribe of insects, the *catydids*, began to chirp merrily on the trees. The woods grew darker; the air freshened to a delightful temperature; the notes of my shrill musicians grew shriller and multiplied, till every tree and bush and leaf, seemed to quiver with the sound. Thus was I ushered into the limits of my native state by dark woods, that rang with the sharp strains of a million of joyful *catydids*.

The next morning on paying my bill, I had palpable evidence that I had crossed the line. Tennessee *shin-plasters* were rejected; Tennessee bank notes were gently declined—but a Virginia bank note, brought me silver dollars in change! During a ride of four hundred and fifty miles from Nashville, I had seen nothing in circulation but Tennessee bank notes, (mixed occasionally with an Alabama note,) down to the denomination of six and a quarter cents; and *shin-plasters* of all sorts and of all sizes, from a dollar downwards, and manufactured by all sorts of persons, from the wealthy merchant, to the market butcher and the petty shopkeeper. This latter generation sprang into being immediately on the stoppage of specie payments by the banks.

As I proceeded through the well-peopled county of Washington, I recognized, more and more, the distinctive features of the great valley of Virginia; low hills and vales of limestone land, well watered and moderately fertile, with lines of high mountains on either side, and about twenty-five miles asunder. About the heads of the Holstein, the valley becomes more broken into hills and ravines. The poor village of Mount Airy is loftily situated, where the waters of the Holstein and the New River divide. The scenery about here is fine. All this country is very high, with the climate of the lowlands in Pennsylvania.

From Mount Airy, the country descends a little, and the valley about Evansham, in Wythe county, again assumes more the common appearance of the great limestone valley. About New River, the limestone is covered or intermingled with quartz or flint rocks and pebbles, of all hues, from white to black, but the black flint rock especially prevails in ascending from New River to Christiansburg in Montgomery county. Here the soil is less fertile, than it is where the limestone is the sole rock. The high country of Montgomery on the New River, has less of the characteristics of the great valley, than any other part between the Susquehanna and the Tennessee. The features of the country are modified by the change of the great dividing ridge of the eastern and western waters. The line of the Alleghany, ceases here to cast off the waters on both sides, and the line of the Blue Ridge, assumes the swell and magnitude of the great divider of the waters. The New River flows northwardly over the great table land, formed where the mountains meet, and where the Alleghany yields the ascendancy to its eastern rival.

At Rogersville I saw specimens of granite and other primitive rocks, brought from an exceedingly high mountain in the Iron or Unaka range, that parts from the Blue Ridge near the head of New River, and divides North Carolina from Tennessee. This eminence is

called the Roane mountain, and rises a little south of the Virginia line, at the head of Roane's creek, a branch of the Holstein. A gentleman who had repeatedly ascended it, told me, that in the upper regions of the mountain, the pine, the hemlock and other resinous trees alone flourish ; but even they gradually dwindle as the traveller ascends, and finally cease, leaving the flat top bare of all vegetation but grass and strawberries, which ripen here in August. He once went up near the end of April, and found that the vernal sun had not yet thawed the earth more than two inches below the surface. The top is composed of primitive rocks. Pure felspar, is found on this mountain.

There are two points in the great Appalachian mountain, which deserve notice, not only for their superior elevation, but for their effect on the geographical features of the country. Each of them is a central point, from which rivers flow out in all directions. One of these is in Virginia, about the Elaystack knob, where the counties of Pocahontas, Randolph and Pendleton meet. A spectator on the top of this knob might see, as he turned his face about, the head springs of the southern branches of the Potomac, the northern branches of the James river, and then of the Greenbrier, the Elk and the Monongahela.

The other point is the great Grandfather mountain, in North Carolina, from which the New River, the South Holstein, the Notachucky, a branch of the Holstein, Yadkin and the Catawba, issue and flow off to their several destinations.

These are doubtless the two highest regions in all our mountains. The vallies, and high table lands about them, produce fine grass, and will some day nourish a pastoral people, who will make their now lonely rocks, echo with the voice of mirth and the notes of the shepherd's pipe.

The head waters of the Roanoke, have cut deep vallies in the border of the high table land of Montgomery. Into one of these vallies, the road descends, and pursues it to the open country about Salem, where the great valley reassumes its usual features. But on proceeding north-eastward, the traveller, sees a mountain rise before him in a direction athwart the valley, which it contracts to the breadth of three or four miles. Passing this, he finds the country open again, to the width of some twelve or fifteen miles. The narrow place just passed, is found to divide the waters of the Roanoke and the James river. Crossing the latter at Buchanan, a place destined to be of commercial importance, the road ascends and passes near the Natural Bridge, to Lexington, where I arrived on the 18th of August.

I will close these hasty notes, with an allusion to the Natural Bridge in Scott county, Virginia. A gentleman of Tennessee, who had been there, described it to me as a *tunnel*, rather than a bridge. A creek flows three or four hundred feet under an arch of limestone, less elevated than our Natural Bridge ; the tunnel makes two angles between its extremities, so that both openings can never be seen at once by a spectator under the arch. It is a great curiosity, but differs materially from its namesake in Rockbridge, which for a union of beauty and grandeur, is still, and probably will ever be, in its kind incomparable.

April, 1839.

SISTER AGNES :

OR, THE DOOMED VESTAL OF THE HOTEL DIEU.

The association of native writers, who cater diligently for the intellectual man, and a goodly portion of the congregation of divines, who vigilantly guard the fold, like the wine merchants of Andalusia and Madeira, seem to have carefully observed the peculiar taste of the American people. A youthful and active race, we have not yet attained that maturity which gives polish and refinement to nations older than ourselves, nor have we leisure to seek, amid the beautiful philosophy of more cultivated writers the hidden and delicate manna for which we are not yet prepared. The land of promise is before us, but we still wander in the desert, and though sometimes regardless of the report of our spies, who have gone forth in advance, and returned with abundant evidence of the exquisite beauty of our destined country, our ruder appetites still prevail, and we turn not unfrequently to hunger for the flesh pots of Egypt. We do not find welling up around us the refreshing rivulets which pour forth from a thousand fountains in the hillsides of Judea, and water all the land ; but in the parched and arid wilderness through which we wander, we trust for refreshment to those alone, who with a strong arm smite the rock, and unseal the hidden torrent.

Both the wine merchant and the author, to secure a wide circulation to his merchandise, must give a high flavor, a quick relish, a powerful zest, to whatever is intended for American consumption. Hence, although a shrewd and intelligent people, our political, intellectual, and religious condition, is one continuous subjection to quackery and humbug. No matter how insolent the impostor, he speedily collects around him a school of disciples and a multitude of followers ; and while Irving and Matthias proclaim their fanatical folly in the North, the enthusiastic Mormon dictates a new law to his catechumens in the West. Improving upon the beautiful principles of government, upon which our sagacious forefathers founded those free institutions which have rendered our unprecedented growth and happiness a wonder to the nations of the earth, we have ceased to consider them a permanent republican settlement, and only regard them as a nursery of future revolutions. The wildest dreams, the most incoherent speculations of modern enthusiasts, are implicitly received as emanations of truth, though their immediate tendency is to sap the foundations of morals and religion. Thus, fatalism and destiny lurk under the popular tenets of phrenology ; and materialism, once more erects its head under the auspices of animal magnetism.

We maintain the sacred right of opinion in matters purely political, and crush its indulgence under the iron domination of party ; we proclaim freedom of religious observances, and sack and fire a convent, even in sight of the cradle of liberty ; we boast of the capability of man for self government—we assert the supremacy of the laws, and yet the most populous cities of the Union are frequently at the mercy of a riotous populace. Each religious sect affects to be founded in piety and love, and yet they revile and persecute each other with all the bitterness of intolerance and fanaticism. Ministers of peace and good will, anointed to bless mankind, have

borrowed their inspiration from the foul breathings of a strumpet, and the purses of parsons have been filled by the sale of the lewd libels of Maria Monk.

I was seeking, during the latter part of the summer of 1838, some relaxation from the cares and labors of an arduous profession, at Saratoga, when, wearied at length with the crowds of fashionable folly with which I was surrounded, a friend induced me to accompany him to the falls of Niagara, and exchange for the artificial refinements and pleasures of modern society the stupendous scenery of nature. I will not attempt to describe the feelings of admiration for this display of the powers of the Supreme Architect, who weighs in the hollow of his hand the waters of the great deep, as I stood beneath this arch of tumbling waters, nor the humiliating sensation of nothingness which oppressed and almost overpowered me as I felt the firm-set foundations of the earth trembling beneath the collected tribute of inland seas, as they leaped with a flashing and terrific plunge over the sheer precipice, and deafened me with the precipitate tumult and terrors of this bursting cataract. I passed on to Montreal, and thence to Quebec, and from the impregnable heights of the latter, looked forth on the waters before me, musing on the memories of the illustrious dead, who have made this consecrated ground. At length, musing on the far-famed narrative of Miss Monk, I resolved to seek in Quebec some of those evidences of the truth of her story, which I had failed to discover in Montreal.

Bear with me, gentle reader, and I will unfold to you a tale of sorrow, the memory of which has sunk deep into my soul. Poor sister Agnes! I shall never again hear those melancholy strains which thy vestal lips breathed in such melting tenderness before the image of the Virgin—but long, long will it be before I forget thy hapless fate:—a soul darkened—a mind in ruins—a broken vow, and a broken heart!!

I proceeded to the Hotel Dieu, and accompanied by an elderly sister of the order of Ursuline Nuns, I visited the different apartments, and beheld with mournful feelings of approval the pious efforts of the good sisters to redeem from the paths of sin its hapless inmates. At the extremity of one of the corridors, a voice of melting tenderness and sorrow fell upon my ears. It was the plaintive melody of a woman's voice, chanting some pious hymn, the strains of which were not unfamiliar to me. Filled with tender emotions, and moved to compassion by the scenes through which I had passed, my attention was rivetted in a moment upon a chamber at the extremity of the corridor, from which the tone of this lone one's voice seemed to proceed. My conductor advanced to the door, and touching a spring on the outside, disclosed to my sight the fairest vision of beauty, upon which the eyes of man have ever gazed. In the recess of her apartment, before an image of the Virgin and a crucifix, knelt a form of exquisite mould, from which poured forth that beautiful hymn, which had already engaged my attention. Suspending her song at intervals, she seemed to be absorbed in penitential prayer, and that voice, which, while singing, breathed such unearthly sweetness, was convulsed with sobbing.

Admonished by my conductor not to disturb her devotions, I remained standing for some moments in the doorway, and she continued alternately to sing and weep until I was nearly choked with emotion. At

length she discovered us, and springing forward, she held the crucifix aloft in her left hand, and pointing to it with the other, the tears still streaming down her cheeks, she continued to repeat, "BEAUTIFUL—OH, BEAUTIFUL!!"

By the wildness which glared from her eyes, and by the peculiar expression of her features, it was apparent that she was laboring under some strange illusion, which brought into full play those most hallowed and exquisite of the sentiments of the female bosom—love and piety. Still she stood immediately before us, weeping bitterly, and exclaiming, "BEAUTIFUL—OH, BEAUTIFUL!!" At length she returned to her devotions, and chanting one of those touching hymns to the Virgin, which find their way directly to the heart, I turned to my conductor for an explanation. But the good sister was overpowered with her feelings, and I followed her footsteps in silence, as she withdrew, and gave a sign to me to retire. Upon arriving at the outer door of the building, she kindly observed, "I see that you are interested in the fate, and desire to learn the history of sister Agnes. It is a tale of sorrow and suffering, which I have not the heart to relate, though I have long been familiar with her afflictions, and she has been placed here at her request from her attachment to me. Call upon father Clement at the cathedral, and he will inform you of all that it is proper you should know."

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I entered the cathedral, during that most interesting service of the church, the vespers. It was the festival of the Annunciation of the Virgin, and I had scarcely taken my seat, when amid the wreaths of incense ascending and obscuring the blaze of lights upon the gorgeous altar, the solemn tones of the organ rolled around the spacious edifice, and the whole congregation bowed down in silent devotion before the sacrament exposed upon the offertory, as if preparing themselves to merit the blessing which awaited them at the approaching benediction. But what were my emotions when a female voice of exquisite sweetness and compass commenced in an affecting solo the very hymn I had so lately heard in the cell of the doomed vestal of the Hotel Dieu. But amidst all the powerful tones of the organ, far above all the voices of the choir, the words of the afflicted maiden still rung in my ear, "BEAUTIFUL—OH, BEAUTIFUL!!" Her form was still before me. I was haunted with the peculiar expression of her tristful countenance. I could not banish that beautiful form from my memory, as she knelt before the emblems of her faith—and her words, far above the solemn hymn of adoration of the Eucharist, still lingered in my thoughts—still resounded in my hearing—"BEAUTIFUL—OH, BEAUTIFUL!!"

The service, although conducted with all that impressive decorum, which even those who protest against that church, cannot fail to respect, was becoming intolerable to me; and while my fellow-mortals around were worshipping in the depths of their hearts the great Father of us all, my thoughts were wholly occupied with the lorn and stricken inmate of the Hotel Dieu. At length the service closed, and I lingered for a few moments only to view the tasteful architecture, the gorgeous ornaments, the rich drapery of the altar, and the paintings of the cathedral. I forthwith hastened to the dwelling of father Clement, with whom I

had been long acquainted, and made known to him the object of my visit. The good old man was bowed down with years and premature old age. He was one of the disciples of Loyola, devoted to the interests of his order, not for its temporal goods or worldly gear, but because of his sincere conviction of its usefulness. He had lived to hear it charged with the heaviest crimes; he had seen their property confiscated, their colleges and seminaries closed, and his brethren expelled from kingdom after kingdom, until they had scarcely an abiding place on earth. The afflictions of the Society had preyed upon him, until his health had been impaired; and his once vigorous constitution had been exposed to the wasting action of foreign climes, in which he had been an outcast and an exile. But, though bowed down with sorrow and humiliation, he preserved the calm equanimity of his temper, he still cherished the benevolent feelings of his nature, and was the favorite instructor of the crushed and broken-hearted.

"VITTORIA NIGRETI," said father Clement, "whom you have to-day known as sister Agnes, was the only child of respectable and wealthy parents in the city of Oaxaca, in the republic of Mexico. In the civil wars which desolated that unhappy country, her father held a distinguished command under Iturbide, when he marched to quell the insurgent forces of Morelos. Her mother was a native of Spain, and had been educated in a convent in that country, which she had only left at the early age of fifteen, to marry Felix Nigreti, then on a visit to Madrid. Ildefonsa Nigreti, the mother of Vittoria, was eminently beautiful; but, whether from some hereditary predisposition, or from the nature of her education in the seclusion of a convent, her mind from early youth had been deeply affected with melancholy, which continued to increase after she had left her parents and her native clime to accompany her husband to Mexico. When her father departed from Oaxaca for the camp of Iturbide, Vittoria, then in her fifth year, was left at home under the sole protection of her mother. Morelos, the insurgent chief, finding it impracticable to advance upon the city of Mexico, as he had originally designed, fell back upon Oaxaca, and, as it was unprotected, entered the town in triumph at midnight. With his own hand he applied a torch to one of the principal houses, and the greater part of the place was soon wrapped in flames. Sleeping in fancied security, the dwellers of that ill-fated town were awakened from their slumbers by the shouts of the exulting insurgents and the crackling of the spreading flames. To timid and unprotected females, the fire which blazed around and threatened to consume them in the general conflagration, was scarcely more terrible than the brutal license of the soldiery in the streets. Among others, the terrified mother of Vittoria rushed forth from her dwelling with her infant daughter in her arms, and looked around in vain for some familiar face, of whom she might claim protection for herself and child. Struck with her extraordinary beauty, she was instantly and rudely seized by some of the ruthless soldiery—but struggling in their rude grasp, she at first appealed to them with all the persuasive eloquence of a mother of an only child, to conduct her to a place of safety. Yells of triumph and obscene ribaldry were the only reply she received from these hardened and remorseless ruffians. Shriek after shriek, from the wild, struggling

and distracted mother, arrested the attention of Morelos as he passed along the crowd. Knowing him by his dress as an officer in command, she turned towards him and implored protection for herself and the infant hope of the house of Nigreti. "Spare us, save us, shield us, brave soldier," she exclaimed, in the agony of her soul,—"Shield and protect us; and if the fortunes of war should ever throw you in the path of Nigreti, he will requite your kindness!" The dark countenance of Morelos grew darker as Ildefonsa spoke; and snatching the child from its raving mother, he shouted with triumph, "I am avenged at last;—know lady, that my banner would this night have floated in triumph in the streets of Mexico, but for the accursed counsels of Felix Nigreti. He is my evil genius. Twice has he foiled the fondest hopes of my heart—twice has he rode victoriously through my broken ranks—twice have I sworn vengeance—and lo! vengeance is mine." Ildefonsa shrieked aloud, and, as if her spirit had gone forth in that last cry of a mother's agony, she sank to the earth. The agitation of the dense crowd, and the shouts which now resounded at a short distance, bore evidence that the inhabitants had at length resisted, and that the possession of the town was to be disputed. At this moment a gallant band of the younger citizens, led on by Carlos Carrera, rushing upon the soldiery through a narrow lane that opened upon the main street, in which the insurgents were assembled without order or discipline, pressed forward to the very spot where Morelos stood with the infant in his arms. The attack was too sudden and precipitate to allow the use of musketry, and in a moment the sanguinary conflict with the sword and the stiletto raged around. In the confusion of the moment, the mother of Vittoria had been raised and removed by some of her attendants, while the soldiery, forgetful of every thing but the defence of their persons, resisted this sudden and terrible assault. Nor was this the only scene of conflict—the invading army had been attacked at the same moment in different parts of the town; and the citizens pouring in upon their enemies by every avenue, and firing upon them from the windows of the blazing houses, committed fearful havoc. Meanwhile Carrera, pressing forward at the head of his detachment had nearly reached the spot where Morelos stood, when the latter, throwing the infant into the arms of one of his soldiers, drew his sword, and rushed forward to meet Carrera. Their swords flashed in the flames of the burning city as they fought hand to hand with desperate valor. At length the sword of Carrera fell with such force upon the covered head of Morelos, that the latter, stunned for a moment, sunk upon his knees—while the shivered blade of the former's sword flew to a distance, leaving in his grasp nothing but the hilt. Springing with the vigor of a lion upon the soldier in whose arms the infant had been placed, he struck his dirk to the heart of the defenceless man, and seizing the child in his arms sought to bear her to a place of safety. He had forced his way through the crowd but a short distance, however, when Morelos recovered from the shock of the blow he had received, and inflamed with wrath, levelled his pistol, and as the sharp report rang around, Carrera was perceived to start and reel in his course. Retaining his hold upon the child, however, he pressed forward; and his companions having formed around him, he succeeded in making

good his retreat to one of the flaming buildings. His band of followers was now scattered and defeated, and were compelled to leave him to the dreadful fate which seemed to await him in the blazing dwelling. The troops of Morelos spread themselves around the house, and cut off every hope of escape—the roof was already tottering—the flame was pouring forth from every window—and it seemed impossible that any being could breathe in the dark volume of smoke which ascended from the house. Blackened and scorched, the tall form of Carrera was seen in the midst of the smoke and flame, rushing along the flattened roof, which gave way and sunk behind him at every step. Musket after musket was discharged; but, apparently unscathed, he pressed forward, and, with one desperate leap, made just at the moment when the whole roof fell in one blazing ruin, he cleared the narrow lane which separated him from the next dwelling, and disappeared. The struggle continued with various success in other parts of the town; but in less than two hours the forces of Morelos were expelled from the city, and the fire arrested in its progress. Ildelfonsa Nigreti, removed to the house of a friend, still raved for her lost child; and the voice of consolation fell like a chill upon the heart of the mother without a hope.

There was a rush in the entry—there was a cry of rejoicing in the hall,—and, Santa Maria! the panting, the exhausted, the wounded and half-burned Carrera burst into the room, and in a moment the frightened infant was nestling its terrors in the bosom of the exulting, the hysterical, the frantic mother.

The instant the child was brought into the chamber, she sprang from her couch, snatched the little one from the arms of its deliverer, and uttering shriek after shriek, she retired into the farthest corner of the apartment, and there, folding it close to her bosom, crouched to the floor a trembling maniac!"

During the latter part of this narrative, the good father Clement had yielded to the tender current of feeling which the afflictions of poor Ildelfonsa Nigreti caused to swell in his bosom. He paused; and when I looked up to his pale countenance, the unbidden tear, starting in his eye, showed abundantly, that although he had renounced for himself all worldly ties, yet that he had the heart of a father for the sufferings of the children of men. After a brief struggle with feelings so pure and holy that I dared not interrupt him, the old man resumed his story.

"Ildelfonsa Nigreti had been too tenderly nurtured to resist the shock which the trials and exposure of that awful night had given to a delicate frame. Her reason, however, was restored a few hours before her death, and she lived to breathe a mother's blessing over her tender infant, to recommend her to the protection of the youthful deliverer, and to express a hope that Providence might place it in the power of some of her family to reward his gallantry, and discharge the debt of gratitude.

Carrera soon recovered from his wounds; but the manly beauty of his countenance was marred forever. In rescuing the infant, his face had been frightfully burned, and the smoke and blackened and charred timbers of the burning buildings through which he had rushed, had marked his face with many an ugly scar. The profession of arms in which the father of Vittoria

was ardently engaged, only allowed him time to place his daughter under the charge of his brother, and to evince his gratitude to Carrera by obtaining for him an honorable command in the service of Iturbide, whose fortunes were then in the ascendant. Before Vittoria had attained her twelfth year, she had wept over the early fate of her only surviving parent, who fell in battle after a brief but distinguished career. Carlos Carrera soon became distinguished in arms, and amid the stormy revolutions of the times, continued to increase a well-earned reputation. He was a frequent visitor at the house of Vittoria's uncle, and tenderly watched the progress of her studies and the development of her mind and person.

She had been fully impressed with the sense of her obligation to her preserver, but her first recollections of him were associated with the memory of her parents, and she entertained for him the same filial regard and reverence. But as she approached that period of life when the youthful heart pants for the enjoyment of worldly bliss, and the wilder fancy paints every thing in the most joyous colors, that tinge of melancholy, which she seemed to have inherited from her mother—increased perhaps by the events of her tender years, and the early loss of her parents—appeared to have banished from her heart all relish for society and its allurements, and she became daily more and more attached to the sisters of the neighboring convent, at which she was educated. And thus,—while Carrera was exulting in the budding and clustering virtues of one whom he had always regarded as his destined bride, bestowed upon him by the last wishes of her parents,—Vittoria had already abandoned the world in her affections, and impatiently awaited the period at which she would be permitted to renounce her princely estates, and seclude herself within the consecrated precincts of the convent.

It would have been well, perhaps, both for herself and Carrera, that the latter should have sought to win her affections before they had been so entirely weaned from the things of this world. But Carrera had so confidently indulged the belief that she whom he had preserved was to be the crown of all his hopes; he had watched so tenderly over her ripening years, and had been always welcomed and treated by the family of Vittoria's uncle and guardian so entirely as the betrothed of the heiress of the house of Nigreti, that he never doubted for a moment that the object of his affections was fully apprised of his feelings, and looked forward to this union as the end of her existence.

Vittoria was now in her fifteenth year; and the beautiful being you this day beheld in the cell of the Hotel Dieu, is but the wreck of one of the loveliest of those creatures whom Providence sometimes permits to visit the earth as if to teach us how beautiful is his handiwork even of earthly mould.

It was about this time that the conflicting factions of Mexico became blended into one great division of the people; and the Yorkinos, or liberal party, which received countenance from the minister of the United States of North America, and the Escocés, or constitutional party, were competitors for the administration of the government. Carrera, who was himself possessed of large estates, and already considered himself the representative of the princely fortunes of the house

of Nigreti, connected his interests with the Escoces party, which was composed for the most part of large proprietors, and men of moderate principles—while the Yorkinos were in favor of universal freedom of religious opinion, the demolition of all monastic institutions, the confiscation of all church property, and the expulsion of the Spanish residents. The citizens of the United States residing in Mexico, were active supporters of the Yorkinos; and, among others, Charles James Lamar, a young man of brilliant talents and fine person, became an ardent partisan. His employment as one of the family of the United States minister gave additional consequence to his efforts. Carrera, naturally of strong impulses, and a native Mexican, expressed openly his indignation at the interference of foreigners in the domestic polity of Mexico, and indulged in feelings of decided hostility to young Lamar.

About this time Lamar was the bearer of some despatches from the leaders of his party to General Santa Ana, who was then in the vicinity of Oaxaca with a division of the army. The uncle of Vittoria was inclined to favor the Yorkinos, and Lamar became a frequent visitor at his house. Struck with the peerless beauty and fine intellect of Vittoria, he exerted all the powers of his richly cultivated mind to interest her. Educated within the narrow precincts of a convent, unfamiliar with other climes, it was with intense interest that this charming girl listened to the rich tones of a voice, which spoke of the once beautiful, but now desolate land of her mother's nativity and childhood,—of the excellent institutions and diversified climes of his own native land,—and who displayed before her admiring soul the rich mines of his varied information.

Vittoria Nigreti, though simple and artless in her manner, and although seemingly listless and unsusceptible, was naturally of a sanguine and ardent temperament, which was almost unfelt by herself, and entirely unperceived by others, under the modest veil of pensiveness and melancholy, which had hitherto concealed and apparently suppressed her feelings. All the sentiments of her heart had been absorbed in a tender piety; and hence in the absence of any earthly object to attract her affections, her kindred spirit seemed to mingle with the loves of the angels, and to linger around the altars of her religion. Upon Carrera, she looked as upon a stern but fond parent; he had always been associated in her heart with the memory of her mother, and she had regarded him as the nearest friend of her lamented father. She felt for him unbounded reverence, and was prepared up to this period, to have made any sacrifice of her feelings for the happiness and even at the request of her deliverer. But, in the singleness and simplicity of her heart, she made no effort to conceal the pleasure she derived from the frequent visits of Lamar. Their voices often mingled with the music of the light guitar and the resounding harp; and while Lamar drank in with delighted ears the beautiful Spanish airs she sang so sweetly, she would love to learn of him the loftier and more refined music of Germany and Italy. Little dreamed she, but well did Lamar know, that music was the food of love.

This new and fascinating scene in the life of Vittoria, was suddenly closed; and those afflicting trials, which never visit us, except when the passions are awakened, speedily followed. Santa Ana had removed and con-

centrated his forces in the capital on the eve of the election of the chief executive officer of Mexico, during the canvass of which the two great political parties had exerted all their influence. The candidate of the Escoces party was declared duly elected, but Santa Ana threw his sword into the scale, maintained that his opponent of the Yorkinos faction was chosen, and being supported by the whole power of his army on the spot, he frowned down all opposition.

Inflamed with resentment, and driven into retirement, the impetuous Carrera flew to Oaxaca, resolved to consummate his marriage with the lovely Vittoria, and to find, if not new resources in the wealth and influence of the house of Nigreti, at least forgetfulness of the past in the society of his blooming bride.

"I have neither the power nor inclination, my son," continued the venerable father Clement, "to portray the strong violence of Carrera, nor the sufferings of Vittoria in the interview which followed between this unhappy couple. Carrera was astonished to find the girl he had so long guided and nurtured, no longer a docile child. Under the glowing sun of her native clime she had sprung up suddenly into womanhood—a new feeling had been awakened in her bosom—the master chord had been struck, and its vibrations found a quick and thrilling response in every string of the delicate instrument. He urged his suit at first with all the delicacy of refined sentiment, but as he found no return to his ardent feelings, he resorted to every theme which he thought likely to prevail with the beautiful orphan. He spoke feelingly of the friendship of her father, of his long and devoted admiration, and at length, impelled by disappointment and despair, he ungenerously urged the dying wishes of her mother, and finally her own preservation at the imminent peril of his life, and the sacrifice of his personal appearance, scarred, blackened, and scorched as he had been by the flames through which he had securely borne her from the pursuing vengeance of Morelos. Alas, for poor Vittoria! how bitterly did she lament that generous act of noble daring, which made her, the last survivor of her family, appear ungrateful to her preserver. She threw herself in a paroxysm of grief at the feet of Carrera, she poured forth the gratitude of her heart in the most affecting terms, she spoke of her fixed resolve to take the veil, and of the solemn vow made in the sincerity and solitude of her heart to consecrate herself to the service of Heaven. Her lover was inexorable, until overpowered by a burst of overwrought feeling, the impassioned and afflicted girl, unable longer to support herself, sunk pale and inanimate upon the floor. Even the hard and selfish heart of Carrera relented at this distressing scene, but in the very moment when he was renouncing his suit, and relinquishing his claim, he discovered suspended from the neck of Vittoria the miniature of his triumphant foe, the Yorkino Lamar. Surrendering the still insensible girl to the care of her attendants, he rushed into the presence of her uncle, and there learned, for the first time, the frequent visits and intimacy of the young American. In a few moments he was on the road to Mexico, stung with defeated hope and inflamed with resentment. When he arrived at that city, he found the parties which divided the great body of the people highly exasperated with each other. You have already been informed of the armed interposition of Santa Ana,

in pursuance of the advices borne to him by Lamar, while he was encamped at Oaxaca, and of his declaration that the election of Pedraza of the Escoces party was not a fair expression of the popular will, and that the Yorkino Guerrero was the president elect of the Republic. The party of the Constitutionals was the more wealthy and intelligent—the usurping party the more powerful. But it was not to be expected that the proud and rich proprietors, who composed the great body of Pedraza's friends, would tamely submit to this arrogant assumption of power by a military chieftain. It was at this moment of political excitement that Carrera arrived in the city, and of all the counsellors of Pedraza he was the most violent and uncompromising. Pedraza, although a man of great firmness of character, was anxious to avoid a civil war, and exhausted all the arts of negotiation to effect a compromise with his competitor. He offered to resign the dignity, to which he had been called by a majority of the voices of his countrymen, in favor of Guerrero, provided the election should be remitted to the people. Carrera, apprehensive that this proposition would be accepted, resolved, by a decisive movement, to prevent the compromise.

In the open face of day, at the head of a determined band of Constitutionals, he contemptuously struck down the American flag, as it waved its folds over the dwelling occupied by some of the legation, and trampled its stripes and stars beneath his feet. The Yorkinos, to whose faction the Americans openly adhered, considered this an insult offered to themselves, and rushed forth to resent the indignity. Besides the defeat of the pending negotiation by this outrage, Carrera had flattered himself that his ardent and fiery rival in the affections of Vittoria, would lead on the assault, and thus at the same moment compromise the neutrality of his nation, and expose himself in open combat. But the partisans on either side rushed indiscriminately to the deadly conflict—the citizens closed their doors and mingled in the affray. Fortunately the street was narrow, and the number of combatants actually engaged was small. High above the surrounding din was raised the stern voice of Carrera, urging his friends to renewed exertions. The conflict was continued for a few moments only, when a detachment of horse from the army of Santa Ana, charging upon the rear of Carrera's party, put them to flight. The insulted flag was redeemed, and hoisted to its former station; and the blood-stains upon it proclaimed, that either at home or abroad—on land or mountain wave—in every clime and in every sea,—it was not only the emblem of freedom, but the protection of all who dwelt beneath its starry field.

The Yorkinos party was now triumphant, and Pedraza, to avert a civil war, resigned his office, and left the country. An act of general amnesty was passed, and Carrera, apparently forgetful of the past, brooded in solitude and bitterness of heart over the disgrace of his party, and cherished in the depths of his heart the hatred he bore to Lamar. Revenge in his bosom supplied the place of banished love. Some months after the events which have been related, the two rivals met at a private table at the house of one of the friends of Guerrero, to which many of the officers of the two parties were invited, and as the wine circulated freely, the restraints of good breeding and the gentle rules of de-

corum yielded to the sterner impulse of the passions. Elated with the success of his friends, and for a moment forgetful of the feelings of those who had lately been his opponents, Lamar sprang upon his feet, and proposed as a sentiment:

"The American Flag—the banner of the free, which none can touch with unhallowed hands, and live."

In compliment to the young American, the toast was drunk with acclamation by all but Carrera, who sat in silence, pale with resentment. "You do not fill your glass, Col. Carrera," observed Lamar, looking him sternly in the face—"I hope from no objection to the sentiment."

"I will respond to your question by another sentiment," coolly replied Carrera; "we will drink standing." Each one filled, and stood with his glass in hand awaiting the sentiment of Carrera. "I propose to you, gentlemen:

"The Constitutional Banner of Mexico—though humbled now, it still bears inscribed upon its ample folds the prophetic word *Resurgam!* May we speedily behold the day when it shall stream in triumph to the breeze, with our feet planted once again, as mine have been, upon the accursed *stars and stripes!*"

The words had scarcely died upon his lips, when Lamar, who stood directly across the table, emptied his glass in Carrera's face. A profound silence throughout the room succeeded to the voice of revelry, and the inevitable consequences which every one perceived must follow this insult and defiance, seemed to have restored to each one, in a great measure, his wandering reason. The company gradually divided; the Constitutionals proceeding to the side of the table on which Carrera stood, and the Yorkinos crowding around Lamar. Proud and erect stood the principal actors in this shifted scene. With his cheeks still flushed with indignation, but otherwise tranquil and composed, stood the latter, his dark keen eyes still fixed upon his adversary, against whom he appeared to have no further resentment, and seeming satisfied with the promptness with which he had resented his insolence, and with the extent of the indignity he had offered him. Although the proud feelings of Carrera were disturbed in their uttermost depths—although his soul was fired with vengeance—he gave no other evidence of the flame which was consuming him inwardly, than the snowy paleness of his countenance. His swart features assumed an ashen hue; his eyes with tremulous restlessness sparkled with excitement; his lips were compressed until the rivulet of life seemed to have deserted them; nevertheless, he stood calmly erect, and in a deliberate but husky voice observed, with a slight inclination of his head to Lamar, "This insult cannot be borne beyond the spot upon which we stand. Let the arrangements be made here—and at this board, where the outrage has been committed, shall it be expiated." A nod of acquiescence from Lamar closed all hope of explanation, and indeed affairs of this kind had been of too common occurrence among the Mexican officers to shock the better feelings of those who surrounded the table; moreover, the uncompromising character of the combatants, and the nature of the quarrel satisfied all that the matter must proceed. The doors of the apartment were locked, to prevent any alarm from being given, as soon as one of the company had returned from an adjoining room with

a case of pistols. Both of the combatants were capital shots, and the friends of the two, after a moment's consultation, decided that they should fire across the table, and took no other step to avoid a result fatal to both, than to require each to retire one step from the table, and stand back to back, with directions to wheel and fire at discretion after the word should be given. The friend of Carrera won the word. The company fell back a short distance from the duellists, and the arrangements were finally made to conclude this horrible affair. The pistols were charged, the triggers sprung; and the short click of the cocks, as they were drawn back, seemed, like an electric shock, to have been felt throughout the room. The words of the preliminary inquiry, "Are you ready?" fell with fearful distinctness from the lips of the second. "Wheel! Fire!" and at the same instant both pistols were discharged as if with one report. As the curtain of smoke lifted itself, Lamar was seen standing calm, motionless, and unhurt, with his pistol reeking from the lock and muzzle—but the pistol of Carrera flew from his hand to the distance of six or eight feet, and he reeled backwards a few paces towards the wall, until he was caught and supported by his friend. The whole party crowded around, and the blood-stain on his forehead about an inch above the left eye, induced all to believe that he had received a mortal wound. He recovered, however, in a few moments, and inflamed with passion, demanded another fire. The ball of Lamar had struck the muzzle of Carrera's weapon, and knocked it from his grasp, and a small piece of the barrel, or of the split ball, had touched his forehead and glanced along his temple, stunning but not seriously wounding him.

Strange as it may seem, no effort was made to arrest the matter here, although one party had been wounded and disarmed. Carrera demanded that they should be placed face to face, in order that the contest might be brought more speedily and certainly to a close. The report of the pistols had attracted a large crowd to the door of the room, and apprehensions were entertained that they might be interrupted—the proposition was therefore accepted. The pistols were re-loaded, the parties were stationed directly facing each other, and all the other lights in the hall having been extinguished, a solitary light was placed in the centre of the table immediately between the combatants. The word was again given, and the report of both pistols was heard; but the concussion produced by two weapons, whose muzzles so nearly approached each other, extinguished the light on the table, and left the room in utter darkness. Meanwhile the door of the apartment had been forced—and a dense crowd burst promiscuously into the room. The result of the second fire was unknown, and lights were loudly called for on all sides, but in the general confusion, it was some time before they were procured. Meanwhile the impression prevailed that both had fallen, for, on either side of the table, a few who were nearest to the place of combat, felt that the floor was slippery with blood, and neither of the principals answered to the repeated calls which were made to them by their respective friends. Lights were at length obtained, and the result was ascertained to have been to all appearance fatal to at least one of the parties. Lamar was found extended motionless and insensible on the floor, with the blood pouring from a wound on his right

side. Carrera had disappeared. His friend, who had watched closely the effect of his principal's fire, had seen that the ball of Carrera had taken effect; and as the crowd broke into the room, apprehensive that violence might be offered to the survivor, he whispered to him to depart. Immediately behind Carrera, there was a large window coming down to the floor, which opened into the garden, and throwing up the sash he retired in that direction under cover of the darkness in the room.

But during these occurrences between parties, in whose welfare she was deeply interested, where was the gentle Vittoria, to whom it is high time I should return? It was a beautiful summer's eve, and all nature was blooming around her, as she walked along the ornamented pathway in her uncle's garden, accompanied by Isabella Mendez, one of her favorite companions, who had been her intimate associate for many years, and from whom, until lately, she had concealed none of her sentiments. They were engaged in earnest conversation—the manner of Vittoria being somewhat more serious than that of her arch and sportive friend.

"Tell me, Vittoria," said Isabella, "why it is that you seem so much less anxious now than formerly for the arrival of the time when the rules of the convent will permit you to become one of its inmates. Has the gallant Carrera persuaded you to forget the disparity of your ages, and to turn from the secluded and solitary cell of the convent, to preside over his domestic circle, to make him the happiest of men,—or has the gay young American, with his rich voice and light guitar, like our own St. Cecilia and her organ, won another spirit from the skies?"

"Alas! my beautiful cousin," replied Vittoria; "we never know when we are blessed in this world. I confess to you that the happiest, I might well say the only happy, moments of my life, have been passed in the company of Charles Lamar—but, in the fulness of my breaking heart, I bitterly regret that we have ever met, or having met, that we should ever have parted."

"Why so, Vittoria? Can you not meet again? And if the heiress of the princely fortunes of Nigreti choose to see the stranger, is she not mistress of her own will, and who shall say her nay? This will be sad news, however, for the good sisters of the convent; for unless the world does them great scandal, the loss of a fair sister from the community will not fail to be embittered by the loss of the broad lands of Nigreti. The heavy contributions which have been exacted in these times of civil feud, require that their purse should be replenished, and where will they look for aid if all their hopes of your fortunes should be disappointed?"

"Speak no evil of the good sisters, Isabella; there will be enough found for that uncharitable work, without the aid of my pretty cousin, who does not respect them the less because she has a light spirit and a nimble tongue. But in good earnest, Bella, I have been an altered being since my acquaintance with Charles. I find new feelings, other and deeper emotions, springing within my bosom, since I have learned to listen to the accents of his persuasive lips. Before I saw him I was the same thoughtless, careless girl that you are, but I am now a different being. I live no longer in the same world—I have no longer the same affection, except for you, my dear Bella—and my thoughts oppress me—and I have learned to weep, until I sometimes

fear my reason will abandon me, or my poor heart will break."

"Nay, do not weep, Vittoria. I fear my lightness and indiscretion have distressed my good cousin. But tell me, has Col. Carrera never made any pretensions to your favor, and does he know any thing of your acquaintance with the young American?"

"I will be frank with you, Isabella, and conceal nothing from so dear a friend. Some months ago, shortly after Charles had left Oaxaca, Col. Carrera visited my uncle, and for the first time spoke to me of love. I have but an indistinct recollection of what passed between us. But the interview was to me most painful, for he, who had been always to me as a father, tender and affectionate, urged his suit with vehemence—and at length yielding to the native ardor of his temperament, reproached me with ingratitude, and seemed to demand as his right those affections, which, alas! I had it no longer in my power to bestow. I fell upon my knees before him, and entreated him by the memory of my poor mother, by the friendship of my father, to forbear to press his suit. But he remained unmoved—or rather became transported with passion; and surprised and astounded at this exhibition of angry feeling towards me, I fell senseless upon the floor. Oh! Isabella! you know not how it wrings the heart to find one who from your infancy has cherished and loved you—one for whom you entertain the feelings of a child, withering you with dark and angry looks. It is like the dreadful tempests of which we read, when the dark clouds towards evening begin to gather and lower and blacken, and spreading their gloomy veil over the whole face of nature, shut out the beautiful light of day, and are the harbingers of fearful suffering and ruin. I could not bear to behold Carrera, the friend of my childhood, and the preserver of my life, frowning thus darkly upon me—my heart shrunk within me—my limbs refused to support me, and I sunk down before him. He left my uncle's house in anger. My nurse informed me, that when I had swooned, she found him supporting me, and the big tear starting from his eyes; but that in her efforts to relieve me, a miniature of Charles fell from my bosom, which he had no sooner seen than he left me abruptly, breathing vengeance against the innocent Lamar."

"And have you not seen either of them since?" said Isabella. "Surely Charles, after so many delicate attentions and so many protestations of his enduring friendship, has not forgotten his favorite Vittoria."

"I have heard from neither," said Vittoria; "and indeed I have no desire to see Carrera; for the recollection of the dark features of his swart countenance when we last parted, fills me with awe. Oh! Bella! cheerfully would I lay down my life to preserve his, or to render him happy. I am not ungrateful—but I can never love him. I will live single for his sake. I will marry none other; no, though my heart break in the struggle—I will not give that to another which I have refused to my preserver."

"Did you say you had never heard from Charles since he left you? How ungrateful! And this is the end of all his assiduous attentions and profession of regard during an acquaintance of several months. This is his gratitude for the kindness extended to him by your uncle."

"Nay, Bella, you do Charles less than justice. As

soon as my uncle informed me that Carrera had left him in anger, because of the intimacy of the young American at his house, I requested my uncle to write to him, declining his intended visit about this time, and informing him of my fixed determination to abandon the world, and retire to the convent. I intended this as a peace-offering to Carrera. How unkind, how unnatural, how insincere must Charles believe me to be!"

"Have you never regretted your rashness—for I can call it nothing less—in thus abruptly crushing all his budding hopes?" said Isabella; "for Charles loves the gentle Vittoria—and Vittoria, my own blushing cousin, is not indifferent to the virtues of Charles. Tell me now, Vittoria, would you chide very severely the disobedience of this ardent and impetuous youth, if, forgetful of the injunction, he should once again enter the forbidden ground! You were not made for a dissembler, my dear girl; and even now Heaven could not send you a richer blessing than the person of this same American. Am I not right, Vittoria?"

"I can scarcely read my own heart, for it has been visited by feelings I have never known before, since I have known Charles. With him came life, and buoyancy, and happiness, and hope—and with him they departed! I will never see him again, lest I should forget my duty to Carrera and myself."

During the greater part of this conversation, the two ladies had been sitting beneath the foliage of an arbor, in the most retired part of the garden. Isabella arose to depart, and her friend accompanied her to a private gate in the wall of the garden, which opened upon a pathway leading to the dwelling of this affectionate girl, a few steps from where they stood.

"Good night, Vittoria," said the playful Isabella, imprinting a kiss on the cheek of her friend; "good night, and take care that the good sisters of the convent may not yet lose the bird already fluttering around the cage!"

Vittoria returned to her seat beneath the frame-work of lattice, and yielding to the tender emotions which this conversation had awakened in her heart, she wept long and freely—and the tears which she poured forth, fell upon that miniature, which had been the pledge of love from one, and the cause of resentment in another friend. But the tears which she shed were not tears of bitterness—she had let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey upon her heart; and the imperfect confession of her love to Isabella, had unsealed the well of waters, and they gushed forth unbidden, and unrestrained. They were tears of tenderness, such as she had not shed before, and they flowed on without interruption. Oh! there is a luxury in tears! When the affections have been stifled, and the heart has become seared with the intensity of its concealed emotions, the first tear that falls comes like the first drops of an April shower on the parched and withered daughters of the mead, and lo! all the fountains of living waters are broken up, and we weep in very tenderness of soul.

"Vittoria!" and the deep, solemn tone of the voice would have aroused any one less deeply absorbed in reflection than this sorrowing girl. "Vittoria Nigreti!" The alarmed Vittoria sprang up, and unconsciously concealed the miniature in her bosom, but turning deadly pale in an instant, sunk back upon her seat, and covering her face with both her hands, she remained silent.

"Is this then the welcome which the friend of the father—the protector of the orphan child, is to expect from one who has been the sole care of his life? Is it thus that *she* receives me, who has heretofore been the first to welcome, and the last to say adieu?" As he spoke, the tall form of Carrera, enveloped in a cloak, stepped forward and stood erect before her. His countenance was somewhat paler than usual, and there was an air of deep dejection in his usually animated features. Vittoria arose, and pressing his hand to her lips, welcomed him with a feeble voice.

"Your coming was sudden, Carlos, and I have been very, very unhappy. We parted in anger, and I feared you had forgotten the lone one, whom you have preserved only to behold her wretchedness. Are we friends, Carrera?"

"Lady! I have been rude; and when last we met I wooed you like a soldier—but I come now with the tenderness of a lover, to pour forth the feelings of my heart. Vittoria! he stands before you, who is unpractised in the arts of gentle persuasion, but who openly declares, that from your childhood upward he has looked forward to this moment as the crowning point of his happiness or misery. Speak, daughter of Ildefonso Nigreti, for it is upon this spot, and from those lips alone, that I will learn my destiny."

Overpowered with emotion, Vittoria could only reply with a renewed burst of feeling—and without raising her eyes she continued to weep. The painful meeting, which she had long foreseen, and for which she had been endeavoring to prepare herself, had suddenly occurred, and in a most unpropitious moment for the exercise of that energy and decision of manner, which she had persuaded herself she could assume. He had come to brush away the beautiful illusions of hope in which she had for the first time indulged—he had found her in tears. Had he—and she almost trembled as the question occurred—had he again seen the miniature which had before so much excited him! Carrera contemplated the beautiful and suffering girl with mingled emotions of love and resentment. He awaited her reply for some moments, but finding that she only continued to weep more and more bitterly, the sterner feelings of his nature prevailed, and rising from the seat near her, which he had occupied, and relinquishing her hand, which he had taken, he abruptly exclaimed:

"Uncandid girl! I know it all! Vittoria Nigreti loves the handsome stranger—the daughter of Nigreti has given her affections to the enemy of her father's cause, and her father's friends—the child of the church would bestow her earthly fortunes upon a foreign heretic. I know it all—those emotions which have deprived you of your speech and welcome to a friend, are for the Yorkino Lamar, whose image, bathed in your tears, now reposes in that bosom. I know it all. Isabella Mendez knows less of your heart than I do."

Resentment for this violation of her privacy, effected at once in the breast of Vittoria, that change in the current of her feelings which alone could have enabled her to reply to Carrera.

"And is this the gallantry that is practised by the high-souled Col. Carrera? Is this the delicacy which is to be expected from one who, though he has led a soldier's life, has yet moved in a lady's bower? Has the hero of a hundred fields, stooped to become a concealed lis-

tenor to words of confidence in a lady's retreat? It is well—for it has spared me the bitterness of repeating what you already know."

He stood before her motionless as a statue—and filled with amazement at the spirit of one, whom his past acquaintance had induced him to believe was all meekness and timidity. Indeed he had often thought that the equable flow of her temper, and the retiring timidity and simplicity of her character, would unfit her for the high stations to which, in the fulness of his early aspirations, he had hoped to raise her. He had returned to Oaxaca with a fixed resolution to press his suit with delicacy—to endeavor to win her favor by all those gentle attentions to which, in his calmer moments, he was no stranger—to appeal to her feelings of gratitude to the friend of her parents—to speak of their last wishes for their union—and, in fine, to make her his own before the news of the fate of Lamar should reach her ears. With this view, he had visited her uncle's dwelling, and finding no person within, availing himself of his privileges as a familiar visitant, he had entered the garden just as the ladies were entering the arbor. Unable clearly to distinguish in the distance that there was more than one, he stepped lightly forward, expecting to find Vittoria alone. As he discovered, upon his nearer approach, that there were two, he turned suddenly into a circular walk which led around the arbor, where he thought he could remain undiscovered. It is improbable that Carrera would have remained a moment in a position in which he could overhear their conversation, had not the first words which he heard touched a chord to which he was tremblingly alive. His own name and that of Lamar, connected in the same sentence, arrested his attention at once, and made him forgetful of every thing but the language itself. It was with difficulty that he could suppress his feelings, when he heard from the lips of Vittoria an indirect avowal of her repugnance to him and of her admiration of Lamar. He resolved, however, to appear ignorant of the true feelings of Vittoria, until he had declared his love, and ascertain the nature of her reply, before resorting to the assertion of any claim upon her hand. But the silence and the tears of Vittoria—the concealment of the miniature—her cool reception of him—all contributed to hurry on the angry tempest of feelings which was gathering in his bosom. He expected to have seen her covered with shame and confusion when she learned that her words had been overheard—and he hoped, that humbling herself before him, she would acknowledge the power of the secret he possessed, and at length favor his unprosperous suit. Since his first sight of the miniature during his former visit, he had ceased to love Vittoria. Revenge and ambition alone were left to share between them the host of violent feelings which occupied the dark chambers of his soul. The former had been gratified by the fall of his rival beneath his unerring aim—the latter still whispered, that with the large fortunes of the house of Nigreti, he might yet expel the Yorkinos, and attain supreme eminence in the state.

"Forbear to insult me, proud lady. I bear with me a charm to quell those exalted feelings, and with a word I can add a degree of bitterness to the chalice, which you hasten to prepare for yourself, purely unmixed, without one alleviating ingredient to commend it to your lips."

"Speak on," said the resolute girl; "speak on—you

may wring my heart, but never, never can I love the man who can steal upon the hours of confiding friendship, and use its language to afflict a helpless woman."

"Vittoria Nigreti, have I not this evening heard from your lips a declaration of love for the Yorkino, and of dislike, if not of hatred, for me? Have not the fair features of the heretic, won from you, in a few short months, that favor which it has been the labor of my life to purchase? Would that the deep and hungry waters from which I rescued you had rolled over us both, rather than I should have lived to hear the names of Lamar and Carrera coupled in the same expression of love and disgust by those lips, which, even in their infant prattle, mingled the name of Carlos with those of your sainted mother, and your heroic father. You cannot deceive me, fickle girl."

"Carlos Carrera! I have betrayed the secret of my affections; and it has been most disingenuously obtained—most cruelly used. Yes, I have laid open the innermost recesses of my heart, and you have read every thing that has long been stored and treasured therein. But tender as are my affections for another, gratitude for my deliverer has induced me to sacrifice them all, and to purchase peace with Carrera by a voluntary sacrifice of the only hopes of happiness which ever dawned upon my cheerless soul. Not even the rudeness I have suffered shall make me forget the debt I owe you. Yes, Carlos; I have loved another, but I offer up that love as a sacrifice of propitiation. Let me hope that when this sacrifice is made, I may still find in you the same affectionate friend. I am an orphan, I am alone in the world, and besides yourself, I have no other friend but my aged uncle, now hastening on the verge of the grave to meet my parents in another world. Be thou to me, then, Carrera, as a father—accept the sacrifice which I make, in the spirit in which it is offered. I can never love another, but I can venerate the virtues of my earliest, best of friends. And when, in a few short weeks, I shall have entered the hallowed precincts of yonder convent, every aspiration which I breathe towards the fountain of mercy, shall bear on high my humble but fervent petitions for the happiness of my deliverer. Do not frown thus darkly on me—pity, help, forgive the unprotected, the unhappy girl who kneels before you!"

"Arise, maiden! I grow weary of the humility which is mingled with deception, of the professions of piety which would wed a heretic, and of the protestations of regard for one you have so lately dreaded to meet. I have read the secret feelings of your heart, as expressed when you thought no listener was near, and I am not to be deceived by insincere and hollow declarations to my face. Yes, you will renounce the heretic Yorkino, until by some accident of war, my hateful life is ended, and the funeral of Carrera will be speedily followed by the nuptials of Lamar. Such are your thoughts. Offer up no prayers for me, gentle lady, in yonder chapel—let your affections accompany your prayer. Let your petitions be for the Yorkino—he needs your prayers, if your prayers can aught avail for him in his present abode. I leave you for a season,—and that you may feel somewhat of the misery you have inflicted upon me, know, that Lamar lies green in his grave, and that the hand which is now upraised in triumph above you, is red with the sign of his death!"

Before Carrera had closed, Vittoria, chilled with hor-

ror, had seized him by his uplifted arm, and seemed by the wild intensity of her gaze, to endeavor to search his innermost soul, and know if this frightful tale were true. Casting her from him, pale and horror-stricken, she reeled back to her seat; and before Carrera had escaped from the garden, he heard scream after scream from the bower—and with the rejoicing, which none but a fiend in mortal shape could know, he felt that he had rendered this innocent creature more miserable than himself. Let us draw the curtain over this child of sorrow, and return to Lamar.

When lights had been brought into the room in which he fell, he was found weltering in his blood, and apparently lifeless. But instead of that placid languor of expression which settles upon the features of those who have fallen by wounds of this kind, the physician in attendance at once discovered that the brow was contracted, as if with excruciating pain, and gave some promise that the shot had not been instantly fatal. He was cautiously removed to an adjoining chamber. Meanwhile the fury of the populace was excited beyond all control against his slayer, and every part of the city was searched with the view of inflicting upon him that summary justice, peculiar to the mob, which knows no mercy. We have seen how he escaped.

About six months after this occurrence, the friends of Pedraza in the different provinces, having entered into a combination to make yet another effort for his restoration, the leaders of that party had in many parts of the country already taken the field in arms, and were preparing to concentrate their forces on Mexico. Among the rest Carrera, whose fortunes were now desperate, was one of the most formidable enemies of the government. Frequent and bloody engagements took place between divisions of the forces of the two parties in distant parts of the republic. Carrera, who now more than ever felt the necessity of means to conduct his ambitious enterprise, determined to make yet another desperate effort to secure the person and the fortunes of Vittoria. He was now encamped in the vicinity of Oaxaca, and a large body of the enemy's forces was rapidly approaching to engage the troops under his command. He resolved to attack the convent to which Vittoria had now retired after the death of her uncle—which happened very shortly after her last interview with Carrera—with the double purpose of loading her away captive, and of seizing upon the treasures which it contained. The sacking of these retreats of piety and learning had not been unfrequent of late, and the opposing troops which were hastening forward, made forced marches to anticipate his design, more with a view of depriving him of the means of carrying on his measures by the booty he would acquire, than from any motive of protection to the peaceful inmates. It was at the dead hour of night, that a select band, headed by Carrera in person, cautiously approached the enclosure of the convent, and speedily scaling the walls, fired the building in every direction, before the alarm was given. The terrified inhabitants were frightened from their quiet slumbers by the shouts of the brutal soldiery, and hurried, half clad, from their solitary cells, to escape from the devouring flames, which were rapidly spreading around them.

In the midst of the bustle and confusion, two of the inmates had been seized and hurried to a vehicle drawn

up on the outside of the wall, when the driver, lashing his horses, drove off at a fearful speed. Carrera, with about forty horsemen, leaving his men to complete the work of ruin at the convent, accompanied this band which followed closely the carriage. Meanwhile the troops of Carrera in the town had been surprised by a detachment of the enemy's forces, and the shouts of the combatants in the streets of Oaxaca gave back a fearful echo to the outcry of the plunderers of the convent. Giving some hasty directions to the driver of the carriage, Carrera, who saw his troops sorely pressed, and already giving way before their assailants, placed himself at the head of the little squadron, and charged at the top of their speed upon the front ranks of his enemies. This sudden and unexpected reinforcement, restored, for a moment, the confidence of his soldiery, and arrested the force of the enemy's assault. But another division having advanced to the relief of the assailants, the retreat was renewed. Carrera still fought gallantly at the head of his troops, and disputed every foot of ground, until he saw a squadron file off under the command of a daring leader, and wheeling to the right at the end of the street, beyond which the battle now raged, at once struck off at full speed in the direction of the carriage he had just left. Leaving the main battle to its fate, he once again placed himself at the head of the squadron he had just brought into action, and by a nearer and more direct course sprang forward to the rescue. The two squadrons were nearly equal in number and equipments, but Carrera having overtaken the carriage first, and formed his men around it, gave to his opponents the advantage of the charge. They came down upon their enemies with a resistless shock, and bursting into their ranks, overthrew horse and rider, and committed a ruinous slaughter. All discipline was now at an end, and each one fought to the best advantage. The sword of Carrera waved like a firebrand on high, as it gleamed with the reflected light from the blazing ruins of the convent, and did dreadful execution wherever it fell. The strife was now most deadly immediately in front of the carriage, and Carrera pressing forward had nearly dropped his sword from his grasp, and reeled in his saddle as he saw, pressing forward towards him in the hottest of the fight, the tall form of Lamar. But his was not a spirit which could quail for any length of time before any apparition. He seemed, however, by no means anxious to seek the contest with this supposed tenant of the grave. But Lamar had now cut his way almost to the very door of the vehicle—his foes were yielding before him, and Carrera finding that his prize was about to be wrested from him, sprang forward to defend it. Arm to arm, hand to hand, impelled with all the feelings which can give quickness to the vision, strength to the body, and skill in the contest, did they assail each other. The other combatants fell back from their terrific blows—each seemed animated with more than human force, and to be inspired with more than human motion. In the midst of this deadly struggle, the blind of the carriage window next to the combatants suddenly fell, the head of a female appeared, and a loud shriek, seemed to have attracted the attention of Carrera for an instant, and his horse veering at the same moment, he was thrown from his guard, and the sword of Lamar descending upon his unprotected head, he was felled to the earth, immediately in front of the horses

of the carriage. As soon as Carrera had fallen, his companions fled, and the driver, leaping from his seat, joined in the flight. In an instant, Lamar ordered one of his followers to take the reins, and drive rapidly to the town of Oaxaca, from which the troops of Carrera had now retreated. The frightened horses started off at full speed, and dashing over the body of Carrera, were soon out of sight. Lamar followed in pursuit of the flying enemy, whose retreat had now become a general rout.

"It was some years after this period," said father Clement—"about the year 1833 or '34, that I for the first time saw sister Agnes, formerly Vittoria Nigreti, one of the community of nuns at the Ursuline Convent, whose ruins now totter on the heights of Charlestown, near the city of Boston, in the United States. Finding that no retreat in Mexico was protected from the assaults of the armed bands which scourged the whole face of the country during the civil feuds which desolated that unhappy republic, many of the nuns abandoned their native land and sought an asylum in the British provinces of North America. Vittoria, after her deliverance from Carrera, had remained sometime at the house of the parents of Isabella Mendez, in Oaxaca, whither the two had been driven after the battle of which we have spoken, and were restored in safety to their friends. Alone in the world, without a human being of whom she could claim protection, she resolved to accompany her companions of the convent to America, and seek that protection at the foot of the altars of her religion, which seemed to be denied to her in the world. She was alike ignorant of the fate of Carrera, and of the recovery of Lamar, and paid but little attention to the solemn assurances of Isabella, that the cry which escaped her from the window of the carriage, during the engagement at Oaxaca, was occasioned by the sight of these two men engaged in deadly strife. The deep attachment of Carrera to the institutions of his religion, forbade her to believe for an instant that he had been guilty of the sacrilegious assault upon the convent; and she had been too firmly convinced of the death of Lamar by the hands of the former, to credit Isabella's report. It was in this city," said father Clement, "that renouncing all earthly feelings, she knelt before the altar in the chapel of the sisterhood, and took those solemn vows, which have never been broken with impunity. A deep melancholy had settled upon her mind, and affected her spirits—and with a view to her relief, a change of scene and climate was recommended, and she was sent to aid those of the order, who were engaged in the instruction of youth at Mount Benedict. Her spirits gradually revived, and the native ardor of her character impelled her to devote herself earnestly to the prosecution of those studies which might render her eminently useful in her vocation. Yet in the midst of the most disinterested labors of charity, her mind would frequently dwell upon the past, and regrets for the untimely fate of Lamar not unfrequently mingled with her purer and holier thoughts.

About this time, from some cause which I have never been able to explore, a feeling of hostility to all the institutions of our holy religion seemed to pervade the lower classes of the people in the vicinity of Boston; and the freezing apathy and indifference of those whose education and station in life lifted them above these vulgar prejudices, soon led to a frightful catastrophe. In-

timations had been received from various quarters that violence was openly threatened. But never dreaming that the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, who had fled from the persecutions of the old world, and who had borne over the sea of waters the emblems of their religion, and had sought in this unfrequented land an asylum for the free indulgence of their opinions, would surpass even their oppressors in ruthless fanaticism, the good sisters of Mount Benedict, relying upon the protection of the civil authorities, and upon the sacred rights of their sex among a refined and christian people, quietly pursued the even tenor of the way.

Charles Lamar had now returned to this country, and having learned that Vittoria, under the name of sister Agnes, had taken the veil, and was now an inmate of the convent of Mount Benedict, resolved to inform her of the approaching storm, and to exert all his powers of persuasion to induce her to renounce her calling, and to leave the institution. His visit to Mexico had confirmed the early prejudices of his life against these religious orders. The party to which he belonged in that country had demanded the expulsion of the Spanish residents, the demolition of all monastic institutions, and the confiscation of all their treasured wealth. Actuated by such sentiments, it is not to be supposed that they were modified when he discovered that the walls of the convent of Mount Benedict separated him from the object of his ardent affections. He consequently exerted himself to disseminate widely all rumors prejudicial to the institution, and actively fomented the growing discontent. When all things seemed ripe for immediate action, and the blow was only suspended to make the necessary arrangements for a united and concerted effort, he found means to convey a letter to sister Agnes, informing her of the time the attack would be made, and entreating her to grant him an interview that evening in the garden of the convent. He related to her the result of his duel with Carrera—his recovery after a tedious and painful confinement—the subsequent defeat and death of his rival—and his despair, when he learned upon his return from the expedition in which he was then engaged, that Vittoria was one of the prisoners of Carrera whom he rescued in the carriage, and that she had departed for North America ; that he had himself returned to this country as soon as he could with propriety leave Mexico, and was now afflicted to find that she was one of the objects of popular resentment. He concluded by stating, that in the event of her being unable to grant him the desired interview, if, when the convent was assailed, she would escape into the garden, he would be present with sufficient force to rescue and protect her, and bear her whithersoever she pleased.

"I will not undertake," continued father Clement, "to afflict you with the narrative of the conflicting feelings of sister Agnes as she afterwards related them to me, upon the receipt of this letter. Joy and sorrow, hope and despair, hysterical bursts of laughter and weeping, religious duties and worldly affections, rendered her by turns the happiest and most wretched of mortals. She threw herself at one moment upon her couch and wept long and bitterly, at another she would kneel before the image of the Virgin, and pray for light to guide her through this perilous path. She felt it to be her duty to communicate this intelligence to her Superior, and yet if she did, she must disclose the source whence

she derived it. Should she meet Lamar that evening ? Alas, my son, when the affections are divided between heaven and earth—when we would serve God and Mammon, the erring tendency of our nature always gives the victory to the evil one. She did meet Lamar, and from that moment sister Agnes looked impatiently for the moment which was to liberate her, but to bring ruin and dismay to the other inhabitants. Although she might have withdrawn without interruption from the convent upon declaring her desire to do so, a mode of retirement less mortifying to her pride was about to present itself.

The Superiors of the convent had received in the course of this day so many intimations of the designs of their enemies, had been so earnestly entreated by their friends to withdraw before the attack commenced, that they became seriously alarmed. Still they resolved to evince no distrust, either in the intelligence or virtue of a free people, or in the disposition and power of the civil authorities to protect them. Group after group of strange faces began to assemble towards nightfall in the vicinity of the grounds—insolent and blasphemous threats occasionally reached their ears—and in the course of four or five hours more, the street was filled with a dense crowd of human beings, many of whom were disguised. What a contrast did the interior of this doomed house of refuge and piety present to the scene without. Profanity, insolence, indecency, bigotry, intolerance, fanaticism and riot held their midnight revels in the street by the light of blazing torches ; while within, the terror-stricken inmates of the convent clustered around their Superior in the silent chapel, were pouring forth on their knees, to their Heavenly Father, their fervent prayers, that he would turn away from them the wrath of their pursuers,—and that He, who had proclaimed himself the father of the fatherless, and the protector of the orphan, would preserve his children. There they were, bent down to the earth in meek submission to His holy will, a group of helpless and sorrowing beings, who would have moved even a heart of stone to pity. But the fanatic knows no mercy—he celebrates the orgies of hell, and offers them up a sacrifice to Heaven !

The storm had burst—the enclosures were torn down—the work of destruction and spoil commenced—the wild boars had broken into the vineyard,—the spirit of the abyss seemed to be abroad, and all the dark and malignant feelings which degrade man to a level with the powers of darkness, hurried them to the wildest excesses. Furniture was dashed to pieces, windows were broken, the privacy of chambers insulted, and at length a general cry rang long and loud around, to fire the building. The torches were instantly applied, and the whole building was soon wrapped in one eddying sheet of flames.

At this moment father Bennet, who sometimes visited the convent in the discharge of his holy functions, appeared among the kneeling sisters, and moved with tenderness at their affliction, could scarcely repress his feelings, as he beheld them even in their humble confidence in Heaven, kneeling before his altar, awaiting his will for their preservation or ruin. There they knelt like lambs for the sacrifice—and meet victims they were, for they were without stain or blemish.

"Arise, daughters of affliction !" said the father ; "the

Being whom you invoke has departed from this house, and there is no mercy here. Let us take up our sick, and depart."

The dense volume of ascending smoke hung like a dark mantle around the increasing flame, until the blazing roof and rafters tumbling in with a frightful crash, the towering flames surmounted every obstruction, and rose upon the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, affrighting far and wide the populous country around! How awfully sublime was this scene! The light of the blazing pile was reflected on the broad bosom of the bay, and from every turret and spire of the neighboring towns. The rioters, assembled in large groups in the streets, their dusky visages burnished by the brightening flame—the crashing of falling timbers, was mingled with shouts of exultation as floor after floor gave way—and around were scattered the fragments of goods and furniture, which had been thrown out while the building was burning, as if this desperate band, not satisfied with the consuming ruin of the flames, carried on their destructive labors at the same time. Far in the distance, the Monument of the illustrious dead, who died in the purchase of their country's rights, reared its unfinished head on a neighboring height, gilded with the light which it reflected far abroad over the land. In another direction, unprotected, uncovered, and unsheltered, the pale and terrified sisters, with their Superior at their head, turned their backs, like Lot and his family of old, upon their blazing home, and meekly pursued their way amid the insults, obscene scoffing, or cold indifference of the frequent passers by. In another direction, a band of these incendiaries had invaded the house of the dead—coffined bodies were exposed—the ceremonies of the dead were disturbed, as if they were searching amid these sacred recesses with the ferocity of howling hyenas, for some hidden morsel of slander, with which to blacken the name, after they had destroyed the property, of an unoffending sisterhood of pious women.

"I admire, my son," said father Clement, with a sorrowful voice, "I admire the free institutions of your country, but the future reader of your history can only preserve his respect for your people, by supposing that this night of horrors had been interpolated into the narrative, and that it belonged to another age and to another people, long before the diffusion of free principles of government, and the light of civilization and refinement. Posterity will close their ears incredulously, and carry back this deed of darkness to the gloomiest ages of intolerance among free-booters and vandals. The blackened walls of that convent still look forth upon the pale and distant Monument of your infant glory, and I trust will stand until the public councils of that State shall by some formal declaration denounce the deed.

But let us turn from those smouldering ruins to seek sister Agnes. True to her appointment, and without seeking the blessing of heaven on her purpose, she had changed her dress and left the burning building before the other inmates, and throwing herself under the protection of Lamar, was hurried into a coach, which drove off instantly on the great northern road. She was carried by her request to the residence of a distant relative of her father, who had been an early settler in the province, and had continued to reside near Chippewa, on the Canada shore. In a few weeks Lamar called upon her, but she could not be prevailed upon to name a day for

the consummation of his happiness by their union, though she made no effort to conceal her attachment to him. Do not imagine, however, it was without a struggle that she withdrew her heart from the duties of her vocation, and surrendered up all her affections to her lover. She had taken the veil under the mistaken impression that Lamar had fallen in the duel with Carerra, and that she had no other refuge from the persecuting addresses of the latter. Indeed she had not known the extent of her love for Lamar until she was informed of his death; and in her holiest vigils in the cell of her convent, she wept over his untimely fate, and breathed a ritual for his departed spirit.

Lamar, in consequence of the disturbances along the frontier, in which he was actively engaged on the American shore, urged Vittoria to fix an early day for their nuptials, lest open hostilities, which seemed to impend, should separate them. She resisted all his entreaties, until he informed her that hostilities had already commenced in Canada, and that he was about to engage in a perilous enterprise, from which he might never return. He did not ask her to leave her friends, or to accompany him at that time, but he only desired to have a claim to protect her amid the scenes of violence which seemed to menace the province. In an evil moment she consented, and from that time her peace of mind was gone forever. Although Vittoria was ardently attached to Lamar—although her love for him had become a part of her existence, and she felt that she only lived for him, yet no sooner had the fatal promise been made, than she drooped like the bruised lily of the vale, and hung down her head in anguish and bitterness of spirit. Religion, stronger than love, was enthroned in her heart—the vows which she had taken, her tender conscience constantly rung in her ears; and she, who had consecrated herself to Heaven, had consented to become the earthly bride of a fellow mortal. She seemed to seek for alleviation to her sufferings in the fervor of her piety—but still the fatal promise recurred, and the day would speedily arrive when Lamar would return to claim her hand. It was then that she commenced singing those tender hymns to the Virgin, some of which filled your heart with sympathy this morning in the Hotel Dieu. She became pensive and abstracted; and often in the early evening, when the stars were newly lit in the skies, she would walk forth alone along the banks of the river, and listen to the sound of the mighty cataract of waters, whose thunders had resounded amid the solitudes of the forest from the beginning of time. The eve of the day fixed for their nuptials had arrived, and on the wings of love Lamar was hastening to meet her; but when he reached the frontier, the state of feeling was such, on the opposite shores, that it was dangerous, if not impossible, to pass over uninterrupted. He therefore remained at Schlosser, on the American shore, awaiting an opportunity to cross, and was suddenly aroused at night by an alarm that the British troops had attacked and were cutting out the steamer *Caroline* from the landing.

All the sympathies of Lamar's heart were with the oppressed Canadians in their struggle—the same love of adventure, and the same enthusiastic devotion to the cause of freedom, which had made him an active partisan in Mexico, impelled him to aid the insurgents in the British provinces. He was only awaiting an organized opposition to the government, to offer his services

to the Patriot army. And perhaps too, he was restrained by his love for Vittoria, with whom he desired to consummate his union before they should be separated by open hostilities. But this insolent invasion of the soil of his native country by an armed force, fired his soul, and hastily arming himself, he hurried through the darkness of the night to repel the invaders. But little more is known of the short, but desperate struggle that ensued, than the result. Lamar was seen to spring on board the steamer; by the flash of the fire-arms he was observed in the midst of the struggle; but before further aid could arrive, the boat was towed out by the captors into the middle of the stream, and having been set on fire, was abandoned in the midst of the waters, to float onward, until it was consumed. It was a sublime spectacle—that burning boat. Herself blazing in the darkness of the night—the foliage of the forest trees on the bank was beautifully lit up as she drifted by—and the waters around her reflecting the mass of flames, she seemed to float in a sea of fire. Onward she went—that boat without a guide—the flames ascending higher and higher, like a mighty holocaust of fire, sent forth to appease the angry spirit of the water-god, whose voice thundered in the cataract below. Pale as the lily, that loves the margin of the brook, sat Vittoria on the shore, as this vision of light passed before her eyes. She started from her seat; and in admiration of the moment, stretching forth her arms towards the vessel, she looked like some priestess placed upon the spot to bless the offering to the mighty god, as it descended. Onward swept the boat, faster and faster, as she approached the precipice—now whirling around in the eddies which prevail near the fall—and at length, having arrived at the verge of the steep precipice, she plunged headlong downwards, and the waters continued to tumble and thunder in solitude and darkness. Lamar was never afterwards heard of—and whether he was thrown from the deck in the struggle, or whether among the wounded and the slain he was borne onward on this fiery bier to a watery grave, none can tell! The sad tidings soon reached Vittoria—but she was spared—in mercy, spared the wretchedness they were calculated to inflict. Her reason had been shaken on its throne, by her exposure during that night and the remorse she had suffered. She was found in her room on the evening of her bridal day, dressed in her bridal garments, singing her hymn to the Virgin, weeping at intervals, and occasionally, with the crucifix in her hand, exclaiming, as you heard her this day, “Beautiful—oh! beautiful!” I learned from one of the family,” said father Clement, “that she must have lost her reason in the excitement and paroxysm of her feelings, when the blazing boat passed her,—that in her deranged imagination, she thought she beheld Lamar standing erect on the stern of the boat as she passed, arrayed in his bridal suit, with the sign of her faith stretched forth in one hand, and beckoning to her with the other to follow him. And straining her mind’s eye to behold him to the last, as that light went down amid the whirl of waters, her reason followed her loved one into the fathomless abyss. But as the whole life of this ill fated girl had been divided between piety to Heaven and love for a fellow mortal, so, amid the ruins of her mind, she has blended her betrothed husband with her heavenly Redeemer, and with a heart overflowing with love for this strange per-

sonification of the two passions of her soul, and ever thinking of the sublime attitude of the vision on the stern of the boat, she still exclaims, with the cross in her hand, “BEAUTIFUL—OH! BEAUTIFUL!”

Such, my son, is the melancholy history of the doomed vestal of the Hotel Dieu. Let us trust that the sufferings she has undergone will at length appease the demands of offended justice—and that before her spirit wings its flight to another world, a ray of mercy may fall upon her darkened soul, and she may look with a clear vision upon the emblem of her faith, and turn with undivided hope and love to Him who died upon it, that she might live. Verily, she has been a vessel of afflictions, and a creature of love. Peace to her disturbed spirit!”

Such was the outline of the narrative of father Clement. It has been imperfectly remembered, and rudely told in these pages. But often in the silent vigils of the night, does the venerable form of the good father appear before me, relating the fortunes of this stricken one, with the tender feelings of a parent for the sufferings of his afflicted child. And oftener still, do the words of the doomed one, herself, fall meltingly upon my soul—“BEAUTIFUL—OH! BEAUTIFUL!”

“BIRD OF MY HEART!”

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Bird of my heart,—come, sing to me
The dear, old tunes of early hours,
And, as thou sing’st, I’ll weave for thee
A nest of Summer’s sweetest flowers:
There shalt thou sleep, if on my breast
Thou find’st a less congenial rest,
There shalt thou sleep, if by my side
Thy beauteous plumes thou wilt not hide!

Bird of my heart,—in distant climes
I’ve strayed since last thy notes I heard;
And, after Vesper’s solemn chimes,
I’ve listened to the Evening bird;
That songstress strange, who only sings
When Night unfolds her sable wings—
But ah! than thine a fainter tale
Was warbled by the nightingale!—

Bird of my heart,—thy lightest tone
Lulls all my senses to repose;
So sings the Eastern charmer lone,
So droops to sleep the captive rose!
Come, sing—and to my soul entice
A pictured dream of Paradise;
For in that dream I shall not see
A Houri, angel, saint, like thee!

Bird of my heart,—come sing to me
The song it thrills my heart to hear,
And as thou sing’st, I’ll fancy thee
The spirit of some starry sphere;—
For Music, poets call divine
And once she made her secret thine,
And, touching her melodious shell,
Hung on thy lips her magic spell!

JONSONIAN READINGS.*

NO I.

"Jonson, to whose name wise Art did bow, and wit
Is only justified, by knowing it :
To hear whose touch, how would the learned choir
With silence stoop ! And, when he touched his lyre,
Apollo stopt his lute, ashamed to see
A rival to the god of Harmony !"

Shirley.

A rich and rare volume ! In manner and matter beautifully according ! Eight hundred milk white, hot-pressed pages, margining most luxuriously the glossy impressure of matter more choice than is often found within the arabesque covers of modern publications. Prefixed to the poems of "Rare Ben," from which we mean to make liberal selections, ere we close the volume, are a fine portrait of the poet, an exquisite engraving of Hawthornden, and a Memoir from the pen of Mr. Procter, who has won so distinguished a name in the modern world of letters, under the *soubriquet* of "Barry Cornwall." From this sketch, we derive the following incidents in the poet's life.

Benjamin Jonson was born in Westminster, in the year 1574. His mother, soon after the decease of his father, which happened shortly after his birth, married a bricklayer. The boy was sent, at an early age, to school, and thence to Cambridge, where, however, he made but a brief stay, his friends being unable to incur the expense of keeping him at the university. Returning home, he was forced to work at his step-father's trade of bricklaying, an occupation not at all to his taste, and which he speedily abandoned for that of a soldier, in the army then serving in Flanders. Having highly distinguished himself in that capacity, he returned to his home, once more, and soon after went upon the stage, not as a bricklayer, but as an actor, being, at this epoch of his life, only nineteen years of age. His business was occasionally to act, but chiefly to alter and rearrange pieces for performance, and it was not until two years after he had commenced this mode of life, that he produced an original piece. This was his yet celebrated Comedy of "Every Man in his Humor," which still possesses the stage. He had acquired some reputation both as author and actor, when, quarrelling with a fellow-player, he slew him in a sword-fight, and was thrown into prison, on a charge of murder. Escaping, soon after, he was married, and had a son and daughter born to him, in 1595 and 1596, neither of which survived many months. In 1596 his play, "Every Man in his Humor" was first produced, and was immediately quite successful. He continued to write, incessantly, and was constantly producing works of more or less merit, for the stage. In 1598, he first became acquainted with Shakspeare, and, in 1603, upon the production of his great tragedy, "Sejanus," he became a frequenter of "The Mermaid," in company with the immortal Bard, and Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne, and the rest of the choice spirits of that golden age of English literature. In that renowned hostelry there was much rare sport, and Fuller has described the "wit-contests" that used to occur at those merry meetings,

* The works of Ben Jonson : with a memoir of his life and writings. By Barry Cornwall, London : Edward Moxon, Dover Street ; 1838.

between the Bard of Avon, and Rare Ben, in the following quaint and racy terms :

"Many were the *wit-contests* betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, (like the former,) was built far higher in learning ; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, (like the latter,) lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Jonson was a great favorite with James I., who, upon his accession to the throne, employed the talents of the poet, at court, in arranging and inventing "Masques," and other dramatic entertainments,—adhering to the favorite, indeed, throughout his life, an unwavering and indulgent patron and friend. In 1605, appeared "Volpone, or the Fox ;" in 1610, "The Alchemist" and, in 1611, the tragedy of "Catiline." In 1616, Jonson compiled all he had written in a folio volume, containing "Tragedies, Comedies, Epigrams, and Masques,"—together with various minor poems. About the same period, he was appointed poet Laureate to the king, (in the place of the celebrated Daniel,) upon a handsome salary. The same year, Shakspeare died, and the noblest verses which the occasion brought forth to the memory of that supremest of the Bards in

"The brightest Heaven of invention,"

were from the pen of his sometime rival, but ever firm and honoring friend, Ben Jonson ! It was in this elegy that the well known line occurs, now as familiar to the lover of Shakspeare, "as household words ;"—

"He was not of an age, but for all time !"

In 1621, Jonson was appointed "Master of the Revels," by reversion, after Sir John Astley, who, however, survived the poet, so that the latter never came into the enjoyment of the office. Charles, succeeding James, imitated his predecessor in bestowing upon Jonson every mark of royal patronage and protection, increasing his salary, as poet Laureate, and adding to it the grant of an annual "tierce of Canary," which was the poet's Fulcrum. The city of London also gave him a yearly stipend of one hundred rubles, as a sort of retaining-fee for his services, to be rendered when demanded. These means enabled Jonson to keep up a generous hospitality ; and this he did even after he could not well afford to do so ; his city pension being stopped suddenly, as well as his court salary, on account of a quarrel with the famous architect Inigo Jones. By dint of a zealous and urgent application to the Lord Treasurer, (Weston,) for relief from this state of distress by presents made to him from various quarters, and by his own literary exertions, he recovered from this embarrassment, for a time at least. After a life of much vicissitude, he died, in 1637, a widower, and childless, at the age of sixty-three. He was buried in Westminster Abbey ; the only monument erected to his memory being a common flat stone, bearing the well known inscription :

"O RARE BEN JONSON !"

Mr. Procter's remarks upon the Drama, and upon the genius of Jonson, which follow the Memoir, we have so hastily condensed, form one of the choicest morceaux of criticism we have ever enjoyed. Our design, in taking

up this beautiful volume, being simply to string together, for our readers, some of the choicest pearls that are scattered over its pages, as the golden sands lie on the bed of the Pactolus, we must resist the temptation that would impel our pen to make liberal extracts from this portion of the "Memoir." What Mr. Procter says of Shakspeare and the rest of that noble band, is, however, irresistible: and we must transcribe it, if only for the pleasure of dwelling, still a little longer, upon the truthful beauty of the passage.

"Amongst the poets of the Drama, Shakspeare was, beyond all comparison, the foremost. Nevertheless, his contemporaries, (the old Dramatists,) were remarkable men. And they exhibit the character of English genius, more completely than any other race of writers. Unencumbered by the weight of authority, and almost untrammelled by precedent, *they looked directly at Nature*; and, instigated and inspired by her smiles, they let loose their imaginations upon us, in all the varieties of passion and humor. Ignorant of the unities, and un-intimidated by critics, they built up their dramas to a towering height. They were circumscribed by no measurement or model, save that of truth alone. They penetrated into the depths of the heart, and exhibited its secret springs of action; and thus shaped their labors so as to suit each constitution and character; not making the passion of Revenge, the light of Love, the gloom of Despair, alike, in all; but giving each as many phases as the moon [has]. It is, therefore, that, in Shakspeare and others, we have Wit, in all its moods, airy, saturnine, and bacchanalian; Humor, in fifty fantastic aspects; Vanity, both solemn and gay: every thing, in short, that exhibits the lineaments and distinctions of men; omitting no class or kind of person, either from timidity or scorn, from the beggar up to the king."

One more passage;—nay, we *must*!

"Shakspeare was, and is, beyond all competition, the greatest poet that the world has ever seen. He is greatest in general power, and greatest in style, which is a symbol or evidence of power. For the motion of verse corresponds with the power of the poet, as the swell and tumult of the sea answer to the winds that call them up. From Lear down to Pericles, there ought to be no mistake between Shakspeare and any other writer. And, in considering his qualities, it should ever be remembered that he was not a mere poet in the vulgar sense of the term: that is to say, a creature dwelling in the regions of fancy, babbling in verse, dreaming in the sunshine, and spinning idle (although ingenious) metaphors. On the contrary, he was a man, eminently acute, logical, philosophical. His reasoning faculty was equal to his imagination, and as completely pervaded all his works. His Henry the Fifth proves that he could argue a case with the precision of a lawyer, His Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Troilus and Cressida, Lear, the Tempest, and the historical plays, show that he was profoundly versed in the secrets and ends of government, the movements of factions, the administration and abuse of justice, and all that constitutes the political world. We hold him to have been 'not one, but Legion!' And we think that in all the cases where critics have attempted to distinguish him by any one particular excellence of intellect, they have failed."

* * * * *

"It was the harmonious combination, the well-adjusted

powers, aiding and answering to each other, as occasion required, that produced his completeness, and constituted, as we think, the secret of his great entire intellectual strength!"

The leading article in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, is a notice of this edition of Jonson, and a most unjustifiable, unworthy, unmanly "notice" it is. It is an unmethodized, desultory, incoherent compilation of personal allusions, and flings, against the author of the "Memoir:" and forms another chapter in the long list of "Quarrels of Authors." Among other things Wilson takes occasion to say of the book before us:

"BEN JONSON by Barry Cornwall!"—"One of the greatest of English poets, patronised by one of her smallest poetasters!" "BEN JONSON by Barry Cornwall!"—An eagle heralded by a wren; or is it absolutely a tom-tit?" &c. &c.

The whole of the article is written in the spirit of which these scraps are fair specimens, and the conviction on the mind of the reader as he lays down the critic, after a perusal of the "Memoir," is irresistible,—that a personal motive lies at the foundation of the assault. There is not a line of fair criticism in the article. It is, throughout, captious, querulous, inconsequential, and pointless.

Some few years have gone by, since Barry Cornwall wrote a biographical memoir of John Keats, in which he took occasion to allude in terms of becoming severity to the course that had been pursued towards that promising poet, by certain critics: among these, Blackwood's Magazine came in for its share, and the epithets, "venal, vulgar, and venomous," were, if we remember rightly, applied to the critique upon Keats, which appeared in the pages of that work. From that time to this, Barry Cornwall has been a marked man, and has not been permitted to raise so much as his head above water, without forming a target for the swiftest and most envenomed arrows, in the quiver of old Christopher. We all remember how his "Life of Kean" was cut up in "Maga,"—and it is but just what was to have been expected, neither more nor less, that precisely such a notice of the work before us should appear in Blackwood, as that which we have been noticing.

Our *preliminaries* have insensibly stretched themselves to such an unintended extent, that we must postpone our promised "Readings," another month.

J. F. O.

FIRST LOVE.

O! if there be in Memory's chain,
One link which knits us to youth again,
And binds us to the past,
One thought that carries in its range
The heart, unseared by after change,
To bliss, too pure to last—

If in the darkened sky of life,
One star, undimmed by clouds of strife,
Still sheds a bright'ning beam,
'Tis the remembrance of that love,
Which shines, all other joys above,—
Our first and dearest dream:

J. T. L.

SPRING BIRDS.

Listen! when morn to the east is springing,—
Music is then in the welkin ringing;
Merry and joyous and free as air,
Birds are soaring and singing there;
Sweet—how sweet, for a world of sin,
Those notes that usher the morning in.

They're songs of rapture and songs of love,
Fit to be warbled in skies above,—
Fit for the songs of their first spring hours,
Amidst the myrtles of Eden's bowers.
Beautiful birds! were ye not then given
Tidings to bear to earth from Heaven?

Oh, ye are sweet to the ear and eye,—
Your plumes are bright as the rainbow's dye,
And your notes are clear as the air-harp throws
To the wind that opens the morning rose.
My heart is glad, though it knows not why,
When I hear your songs in the morning sky.

They do from Heaven good tidings bear
To the child of sorrow, the child of care;—
When they spread their pinions and soar away,
Far—upward, far to the realms of day;
They teach him sweetly that even so
Faith leaves the world and its cares below.

MINE.

ELIZA.

BAYLE, THE SCEPTIC.

The admirers and the enemies of this famous personage have, as is usual, equally erred in their opposite estimates of him. Those who look into the six ponderous folios of his dictionary, filled, as he professes, only with what other such works had omitted, and expect to find wit, satire, or wisdom in every sentence,—will be wofully disappointed at having to toil through an immense mass of cumbersome, irregular learning, references to works now long forgotten, citations of authors never to be heard of elsewhere, and tedious discussions of questions not worth a thought. And unless the inquirer be patient and laborious, he will think the diamonds he discovers, too few to requite the fatigue of clearing away so much rubbish.

On the contrary, whoever opens Bayle with hostile prejudices, will often be agreeably surprised to see him strike as powerfully for Religion, as for humanity and freedom. How nervous the subjoined passage, tending to show that nations can be taught wisdom, as Fisher Ames hath it, 'only by the scars and wounds of their adversity,' inflicted by the 'whip of scorpions, which Experience brandishes in her school!'

'Accusations of treason, as a cover for religious persecution,' says Bayle, 'have been so hackneyed an artifice from the time when the Jews employed

it against our Lord, that it seems strange they should still be relied on. Might it not well be feared, that so threadbare a trick could no longer deceive?—No—there is no ground for such a fear. *The world is too unteachable, to profit by the errors or misfortunes of past ages.* Every generation acts, as if none had gone before it: and, as the spirit of persecution and revenge to this day tries to enlist monarchs in its own quarrels, it will so try, till the world shall end. We may apply here the saying of Solomon: 'What has been, will be; what has been done, will be done.' Our posterity will say, as we say,

'Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son rot:
Et n' a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni Foi, ni Loi.'

[Bayle, Dict. Tom. 1. 'Abelard,' note O.]

What a lesson to *Ultraists* of all sorts, is conveyed in his remark upon a perversion made by some Anabaptists, of a passage in Luther's book on *Christian Liberty*! They deduced from it, maxims subversive of all government and laws. 'The hottest enemies of the Reformation,' says Bayle, 'could not have conceived so effectual a way to suppress it, as this schism of Munzer,' &c. 'As they professed to follow Luther, all the odium due to their extravagances recoiled upon him; and this greatly retarded the Reformation.'

[Dict. 'Anabaptistes,' note B.]

What we have here said and quoted, is suggested by our having seen in the March Knickerbocker, some verses happily commendatory of the man who has quite shut out Pyrrho from modern contemplations of scepticism. By the way, let all readers distinguish between *scepticism* and *unbelief*. They are too often confounded. After the verses, we present a much more full, and an admirably just view of the same character; translated from an able French work which was published in 1822.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

BAYLE.

Who had escaped the tomb, could wit prevail,
Or wisdom? Wit and Wisdom answer, BAYLE!
Star of a lowering sky, that shunned the light,
Still more refulgent from surrounding night;
He wielded Luther's force, without his rage,
Erasmus and Melancthon of his age;
Young eyes that o'er his ponderous folios pore,
Deem them too much, yet read and wish them more.

And to that feast return, divided quite
Betwixt instruction, wonder, and delight:
Yet he that knew so much, decided nought;
Lost in perplexity or depth of thought,
Holding the key of Truth within his hand,
On Doubt, her vestibule, behold him stand,
And point, like Moses, to that brighter spot,
Pursued, explored, attained, but entered not.

[From the French.*]

*** Bayle, the boldest and coolest of sceptical philosophers. Most writers employ *doubt* to overthrow what exists, in order to rear their own

* De la Littérature Française, pendant le 18^{me} Siècle. Par M. de Barante, Pair de France.

notions instead: it is their weapon for conquest. With Bayle, on the contrary, doubt is the end—not a means. There is a perfect balancing between opposite opinions; and nothing can turn the scale. Party spirit, prejudices, the power of eloquence, the seductions of imagination, affect not Bayle; nothing can determine him. To him, all opinions appear probable. If he find them ill defended, he adopts, and sustains them. In this uncertainty he seems to take a strange pleasure: his mind is not in the least oppressed or disturbed by this ignorance, even of the most important questions. He marches up to them, and delights in being unable to resolve them. What forms to so many great minds a source of mortal agony, is to him the merest sport.

'A dangerous influence has been ascribed to Bayle's Philosophy. At first view, this equipose of opinions may indeed seduce some minds, that fancy it a mark of superiority. But the doubt of Bayle is a wise doubt: he far more pungently ridicules those who reject hastily and inconsiderately, than those who believe submissively. Knowledge once led to scepticism: a broader way has since been opened, by ignorance and frivolity. The vulgar are misled not by works like Bayle's: they are more remotely hurtful. Their vast learning has made them an immense arsenal, whence infidelity easily borrows weapons. In them, too, is found the sad pattern of that perpetual sneer, so withering to every high thought or emotion, and which treats as folly or madness, whatever does not abide the test of Bayle's cold reason. His pleasantry is generally clumsy and vulgar. It sometimes amuses, by its quietude, and its curious blending with critical pedantry: but there have since been men, who by imparting airiness and grace to his jests, have made them subservient to frivolity and procured them a universal circulation.'

EXCERPTS FROM FISHER AMES.

Party. 'The fellowships thus formed are more intimate, and impose commands more imperious, than those of society. Thus party forms a state within the state, and is animated by a rivalry, hatred, and fear, of its superior. When this happens, the merits of a government become fresh provocations and offences; for they are the merits of an enemy.' [*Eulogy on Washington*]

Necessity of Experience to Nations. 'Perhaps multitudes are not to be taught by their fears only, without suffering much to deepen the impression; for Experience brandishes in her school a whip of scorpions, and teaches nations her summary lessons of wisdom by the scars and wounds of their adversity.' *Ibid.*

Benefactors of Mankind. 'Of those who were born, and who acted through life as if they were born, not for themselves but for their country and for the human race, how few, alas! are recorded in the long annals of ages; and how wide the in-

tervals of time and space that divide them! In all this dreary length of way, they appear like five or six light houses on as many thousand miles of coast: they gleam upon the surrounding darkness with an inextinguishable splendor, like stars seen through a mist: they are seen like stars, to cheer, to guide, to save. WASHINGTON is now added to that small number. Already he attracts curiosity, like a newly discovered star, whose benignant light will travel on to the world's and time's farthest bounds. Already his name is hung up by History as conspicuously, as if it sparkled in one of the constellations of the sky.' *Ibid.*

TRUE BEAUTY.

Say—where does Beauty dwell?—
I gazed upon the dance, where ladies bright
Were moving in the light
Of mirrors and of lamps. With music and with flow'rs,
Danced on the joyous hours,
And fairest bosoms
Heaved happily beneath the winter-roses' blossoms:—
And it is well—
Youth hath its time—
Merry hearts will merrily chime:—
The forms were fair to see,
The tones were sweet to the ear:
But there's beauty more true to me;
That beauty was not here.
I stood in the open air—
Nature's soul was bare:
The beautiful stars were over my head,
The crescent moon hung over the west,
Beauty o'er river and hill was spread,
 wooing the feverish soul to rest.
Beauty breathed in the summer breeze,
Beauty rocked the whispering trees,
Was mirrored in the sleeping billow,
Was bending in the swaying willow,
Flooding the skies, bathing the earth,
Giving all lovely things a birth:
All, all was fair to see,—
All was sweet to the ear,
But there's beauty more true to me,
That beauty was not here.
I sat in my room alone;
My heart began a tone:
Its soothing strains were such,
As if a spirit's touch
Were visiting its chords.
Soon it gathered words,
Pouring forth its feelings
And its deep revealings;
Thoughts and fancies came
With their brightening flame;—
Truths of deepest worth
Sprang embodied forth;—
Deep and solemn mysteries,
Spiritual harmonies,
And the faith that conquers time,
Strong and lovely and sublime.

Then the purposes of life
 Stood apart from vulgar strife;
 Labor in the path of duty
 Gleamed up like a thing of beauty:
 Beauty shown in self-denial,
 In the hour of solemn trial,
 In a meek obedience
 To the will of Providence;
 In the lofty sympathies,
 That forgetting worldly ease,
 Prompted acts that sought the good
 Of every spirit,—understood
 The yearnings of the human heart—
 Eager ever to impart
 Blessings to the weary soul
 That hath felt the bitter world's control.

Here is Beauty—such as ne'er
 Met the eye or charmed the ear.
 In the soul's high duties then I felt
 That the loftiest Beauty ever dwelt.

C. P. C.

THE CAMELIA.

ADDRESSED TO *****.

The following lines were occasioned by seeing a very beautiful *Camelia fimbriata* (which two sisters wandering through a conservatory were regarding in admiration) suddenly drop to pieces. The verses addressed by the younger sister to her husband.

Blythe as the lark whose carol hails the dawn,
 Two laughing girls went forth one wintry morn;
 Light o'er the slipp'ry earth they fearless glide,
 Their comrade Mirth, and Pleasure for their guide.

* * * * *
 Their ramble o'er—delighted now they strayed
 Where Flora's touch had ev'ry hue displayed;
 Thick lay the snow without—and drear the scene;
 Spring held her court within, perpetual queen!
 Nature and Art combining there embraced,—
 (And Nature's offspring's Art, harmonious placed;)
 The Hyacinth here with perfumed breath outspread
 Her Iris tints—and raised its timid head,
 The Crocus wild—there Clytie, reft of hope,*
 Bloomed loveliest, to the scented Heliotrope,
 By Jupiter transformed; the Daphne too,
 (From coy nymph named, who 'fore Apollo flew,)
 Mid leaves befringed with silver, beauteous shone;
 And clust'ring there, like bridal joys, half blown,
 The orange blossoms shot their white buds forth;
 Children of ev'ry clime! from hardy north
 To glowing south, where Sol the op'ning flower
 Most perfume gives—to Beauty loftiest power,
 And poesie, and witchery of soul,
 Warm heart, fond eye, and love beyond control.

Sporting awhile in youth's Elysian morn,
 Plucking life's rose, (unfelt the lurking thorn,)
 With thoughts more pure, than buds that round them
 sprang,
 Gaily the damsels' merry laughter rang,

* Clytie deserted by Apollo, who became enamored of her sister, pined away and was changed to a Heliotrope, otherwise termed Sun-flower.

Until before a flower, of virgin white,
 Chaste as her breast, but than her smile less bright,
 The elder stood, and gazed—and gazed as though
 She ne'er might tire—and on her cheek the glow
 Of rapture crimson'd, kindling lip and eye.
 Still as she paused—a gentle wind swept by,
 Play'd like a spirit through the leaves around,
 Touch'd the fair flow'r—it fell—bestrew'd the ground!
 Lone as a widowed heart the stalk stood bare,—
 The leaves like early hopes lay withering there!

Oh! what an emblem of this fading earth!
 Life's transitory dreams, Ambition's birth,
 Meridian splendor, and declining day—
 Thou fair and fallen flow'r! Thus fleet away
 Hope's gay mirage—joy's phantom, so like truth—
 And Fame, the ignis fatuus of our youth,
 Reaching too soon perfection's dizzy height,
 Like thee to perish, loveliest in their flight;
 So with the loved and lost—not 'till they part
 Know we their wide dominion o'er the heart:
 Virtues and charms and beauties dawn anew
 In the sad hour we breathe our last adieu.

This shalt thou feel, alas! when she is gone,
 Thine Hesperus—thy star of eve and morn—
 She who is now the loadstone of thy thought,
 Drawing to her each wish, from her first caught,
 When the bent bow of Azrael from the sky
 Aims at her breast, and lets the arrow fly.
 Oh! when thy home is desolate—thy hearth
 No more enlivened by her joyous mirth—
 When no loved face and no light step each eve
 Shall greet thy coming—no fond cheek receive
 Thy dear accustomed kiss—no arms entwine
 Thee round—no heart responsive beat to thine—
 And when the voice which calmed thee oft to rest,
 With ready tale, is hushed—when on thy breast
 The nestling head no longer softly lies—
 When thou shalt cease to meet the love-filled eyes,
 That with the morning sun upon thee shone—
 When fled these sweetnesss—and thou'rt alone—
 Though she is now than life more dear to thee,
 Dearer than aught below can ever be,—
 A deeper, holier, passion then—a love,
 Such as alone the bright and blest above
 Inspire—shall pure, undying, deathless burn
 Within thy breast, and reverently turn
 Thy meek devotion to that heavenly throne
 At foot of which thou deem'st her spirit flown.

While grief with sad and softening influence warms
 Thy soul, shall Mem'ry's wand in ideal charms
 Robe the departed—oft her look, her tone,
 Her image, than of erst far sweeter known,
 Will haunt thee—and thou'lt linger, all in vain,
 Her virtues o'er—but Lethe's chalice drain
 To drown her faults—what, tho' her wayward eyes
 Shone changefully as April's varying skies!
 In stormiest mood, could not thy frown, thy smile,
 Or grieve her heart or all her griefs beguile?
 Thy frown! 'twas lightning, and all lightnings scathe;
 Yet one soft word of her's would calm its wrath.
 Thy smile! 'twas sunshine—to her breast how dear!
 Which broke thro' ev'ry cloud when she drew near!
 Thy pleasure guided still each deed and thought,—

Thy kiss was all the guerdon that she sought ;
For thee, and thee alone, the minstrel lyre
She tuned—for thee, who first the embryo fire
Aroused—and thy approval doth she prize
More than all incense that can e'er arise,
E'en from thy heaven-saluting altar, Fame !—
Than minstrel lays, or poet's honored name !

To her 'twas ever sweet to do thy 'hest :
E'er opened to thy view, her windowed breast,
Useless (wert thine) had made Ithuriel's spear,
Whose art reveals all *seemers* as they are.
The path she trod—the home where long with thee
She dwelt—far from the city's turmoil free ;
The flow'rs she loved will speak to thee of her ;
Aye—ev'ry leaf a tongue shall have, to stir
Each inmost pulse. In dreams thou'lt clasp her form,
And wake—no longer then to hail the morn.
And thou wilt woo no other bride—again
Thy lips can never breathe the hallowed strain,
Whose murmurs to her tend'rest passions spoke,
And struck the chord which first that touch awoke.
Thy love, thy constancy ! 'twas such of yore
The fabled Cephalus for Procris bore ;
Vainly o'er him her spells Aurora wove,
And where are Earth or Heavens to change thy love ?

CORA.

VERBAL CRITICISMS.

To progress.—This word, as well as guess and reckon, is denounced by the English writers of the present day as an Americanism. In a former article (*Southern Literary Messenger*, volume 2, page 388,) it was shown that the people of this country were justified in using these words as they do, by the authority of English writers of eminence. It remains to perform the same service to the verb *to progress*. It is to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, who cites Shakspeare as authority for it, and it is to be met with in Ben Jonson's works—I think in the *Alchemist*. Whilst the English are corrupting their language, and at the same time forgetting many good words familiar to their and our forefathers, it is fortunate for us that the language used by the writers of Queen Elizabeth's day is not obsolete.

Declination.—"Mr. So-and-so, who was lately nominated for congress has sent in his *declination* to the committee of conference." Such language is not uncommon in our newspapers—particularly in those which speak of "two hundred of a majority," and "three thousand of a majority." Declination is an astronomical term ; and if a new word is to be coined to express the fact of an individual's declining to be a candidate for an office, declension would seem preferable.

Ameliorate and Amelioration.—These barbarisms still maintain their ground. To meliorate, would signify to improve, to better ; but the *a*, prefixed, negatives what follows ; and consequently the meaning of, to ameliorate, would be the same as to deteriorate.

"Grant to bless"—"Grant to prosper"—"Grant to aid." Such uncouth expressions are often heard in extemporaneous prayers. It is probably not too late to check this inaccurate and inelegant mode of speech, which has not yet made its way into print.

D.

"THERE IS NO STAR."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

There is no star in Heaven so bright
As that dark eye of thine ;
The gems that gild the crown of night
With paler lustre shine !

I'd leave the fairest thing of Art
To gaze upon that face
And faultless form, whose every part
Is redolent of grace.

Thy step is like the wild gazelle's,
As firm, and light, and free ;
And Beauty, like a spirit, dwells,
Enchanting girl, with thee !

I love—oh, who could ever view
That face and form divine,
Nor feel, when first that smile he knew,
His heart was wholly thine !

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

[The subjoined communication, though not precisely adapted to the pages of a literary periodical, is too interesting, in reference to its facts, to be excluded. Mr. Coles is among the most respectable and opulent of our citizens, and inhabits one of the fairest portions of Virginia. So many instances of extraordinary longevity, in so small a territorial circumference, would seem to point out the Green Mountain as the favorite abode of the goddess Hygieia herself. The facts themselves are given upon such high authority that they will not be disputed.—*Editor S. L. Mes.*]

The undersigned, in presenting the annexed document to the public, feels it due alike to those into whose hands it may fall, and to his own integrity to say, that no care has been spared and no investigation omitted, which might have a tendency to prevent error or inaccuracy in the statement subjoined.

A few years since his attention was elicited to the comparative *health*, and consequent *longevity*, of the part of Virginia in which he is a resident—and he made a list of each farm within a circuit of eight miles around his own dwelling—that forming the centre—giving in every instance the original settler on the different farms, heads of families, (sixty in number with their wives,) who had lived and died there ; he believed that such a document could be completed in a few weeks, but soon ascertained that many of the descendants (of whom only, correct intelligence could be obtained,) had removed to a distance, and some of them even beyond the limits of the State ; which, together with the investigation of registers, tomb-stones, &c., produced a delay difficult to be conceived ; he believes that it now presents a faithful list of the respective ages subjoined, and the annexation of the publisher's name is an evidence of his own conviction of its accuracy.

From the list exhibited below, the average age of the sixty males is something less than seventy-eight years—one-tenth of the number being still alive: that of the sixty females is seventy-five years, and near a fourth of the number still living.

In a note the reader will find a certificate from a most respectable member of the Clarkson family, attesting that of thirteen brothers and sisters, (of whom James Clarkson in the subjoined list was one,) lived, with a single exception, (a female who died somewhat short of it,) to the advanced age of eighty years; and the publisher is farther confirmed in his belief of the accuracy of the statement from the concurrent testimony of many members of the family.

TUCKER COLES.

Green Mountain, Albemarle Co., Va.

LIST OF AGES.

William Goolsby,	-	108,	wife	105
Harry Woods,	-	100,	wife	87
Lawrence Suddarth,	-	94,	wife	96
James Jopling,	-	96,	wife	78
James Clarkson,	-	†98,	wife	*90
John Lewis,	-	90,	wife	70
Hugh R. Morris,	-	87,	wife	79
Abraham Eddes,	-	87,	wife	75
Moses Gentry,	-	87,	wife	*94
Bazeleel Maxwell,	-	87,	wife	84
John Morris,	-	78,	wife	65
Jacob Morris,	-	84,	wife	43
Castleton Harper,	-	87,	wife	76
John Wingfield,	-	79,	wife	95
Michael Thomas,	-	88,	wife	83
John Sowel,	-	*95,	wife	70
George Norvell,	-	89,	wife	80
John Burrass,	-	104,	wife	84
Absalom McQuery,	-	84,	wife	*81
John Harris,	-	84,	wife	64
James Suddarth,	-	85,	wife	96
Richard Davenport,	-	80,	wife	85
William Hamner,	-	80,	wife	80
James P. Cacke,	-	82,	wife	66
Leonard Drumbeller,	-	79,	wife	79
William Hopkins,	-	79,	wife	69
Giles Tompkins,	-	88,	wife	66
Mash Leake,	-	74,	wife	76
Andrew Squires,	-	58,	wife	*82
Joseph Gilmer,	-	78,	wife	78
Benjamin Harris,	-	80,	wife	*70
Martin Dawson,	-	74,	wife	82
Andrew Hart,	-	78,	wife	*68
William Thurmond,	-	57,	wife	57
George Eubank,	-	71,	wife	87
William Tooley,	-	75,	wife	51
Samuel Dyer,	-	*80,	wife	*72
Nath'l. Watkins,	-	65,	wife	80

* The stars indicate those individuals who are still alive.

† This note has reference to the subjoined certificate.

Wm. Moon, sen.,	-	70,	wife	65
William Irvine,	-	69,	wife	*81
James Eubank,	-	67,	wife	75
William Elsom,	-	65,	wife	73
Orlando Jones,	-	79,	wife	68
John Coles,	-	63,	wife	76
John Scott,	-	62,	wife	65
Christopher Hudson,	-	67,	wife	47
Joseph Harlan,	-	*75,	wife	*73
Dr. Morrison,	-	67,	wife	62
Lewis Nicholas,	-	*70,	wife	50
Nicholas Hamner,	-	51,	wife	80
Martin Thacker,	-	*66,	wife	*56
Edward Carter,	-	62,	wife	77
William Dabney,	-	42,	wife	*61
William Watson,	-	72,	wife	82
John Hall,	-	73,	wife	*61
Thomas Jopling,	-	84,	wife	88
John Fry,	-	36,	wife	63
James Garland,	-	87,	wife	84
William Mooran,	-	77,	wife	*94
David Strange,	-	*75,	wife	*70

My father intermarried into the Clarkson family when I was a small boy—and my marriage into the same family, gave me the chance of being personally acquainted with the thirteen children, as I have heard their mother say were all by one husband, namely, eight sons and five daughters; they were all born in the county of Louisa,—and all of them did, at some time, live in the county of Albemarle. And I have no doubt in my mind, that (with the exception of one, and she was near eighty,) the sons and daughters did live to be more than eighty years of age, and several of them bordering on ninety years.†

Given under my hand this fifth of February, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.

JESSE LEWIS.

† Mr. Lewis does not here allude to the senior member, James Clarkson, who he is aware lived to a still greater age.

TASSO AND LEONORA.

The hour of freedom came at last, the dungeon was unclosed !
He quitted now, the couch of stone, where years he had reposed,
Within the damp and vaulted walls, of that deep, gloomy cell,
Where the pure and peaceful gleamings of sunlight never fell.
Once more he trod the verdant turf, with a footstep firm and free,
But his heart was sad and silent, and his voice had lost its glee;
For she was gone—the beautiful—the peerless and the great,—
And the captive's longed for freedom, had come, alas ! too late !

What now to him, was liberty, or happiness, or mirth,
When she, his first and best beloved, had parted from the earth ?
He could not teach his broken lyre to sound another's name,
And when the praise he loved, was mute, what reck'd he then
of fame ?

The proud applause that met him now, he held no longer dear,
For all his sweetest hopes had died on Leonora's bier.
His soul had lost the impulse wild, that lured him to be great,
And the glorious pomp of royal praise, had greeted him too late !

J. T. L.

DREAMS.

What are our dreams?
 What are those visions, calm and bright,
 That shed o'er the hours of solemn night,
 A radiancy, that seems
 The splendor of that better land—
 Where peace and love, go hand in hand—
 And the sun of glory beams?

What are our dreams?
 Do angels round our pillows bow,
 And whisper us in accents low,
 Of the beauty of the sky?
 Of the Heavens, and the radiant band,
 That near the throne of mercy stand,—
 Of life that may not die?

No! it cannot be so!
 Our dreams are not always bright as this;
 They speak not always of worlds of bliss;
 For they sometimes throw
 Across the spirit, their shadows deep:
 And gloomy thoughts o'er our slumbers sweep,
 In sadness, still and low!

What then, are dreams?
 Ye ask in vain! 'tis all unknown
 To us, the influence o'er us thrown
 By a power divine;
 And what ye ask, may not be told,
 Till darkness from the grave is rolled,
 And immortality thine!

J. T. L.

ANTHON'S CLASSICAL SERIES.

Published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

This admirable series has met, as was predicted long ago, with success so unequivocal, that, having advanced already to the sixth work, it will be carried out by successive publications, to the fullest extent originally contemplated, under the supervision of the able and accomplished scholar, whose name prefaces our remarks. The volumes already given to the public, in this series, are, *Horace*, *Cicero*, *Sallust*, *Cæsar*, a grammar of the Greek Language, a system of Prosody, for the student of the same rich tongue, and a volume of *Latin Lessons*. It is, we are aware, a bold assertion, that we are about to make, but we are well assured, it is as true, as bold—namely, that there is not one of these works, which does not immeasurably surpass any previous school edition of the same author.—The *Horace*, *Sallust*, *Cicero*, and *Cæsar*, are remarkable for an excellently correct text, and notes brief, luminous, comprehensive and admirably adapted to youthful intellects; the two latter works are adorned with many additions known to no other edition; the *Cæsar*, with a set of admirable maps and plans, besides a Greek

paraphrase, of several books—which is not only highly curious, but of great real value to the student—and the *Cicero*, with geographical and historical indexes, compiled with great diligence and acumen. The *Greek Grammar* and *Prosody*, are even more valuable than those already specified; each of them being completely a *sine qua non* to the proper and thorough acquisition of the noble tongue, to which they belong, and both together filling a void which has long existed, and long been regretted alike, by the ripe scholar, and the raw tyro. They are emphatically excellent, and unsurpassed—the grammar being the best, the prosody the only work of the kind, fitted for the use of schools. The *Latin Lessons*, we have not had time to examine with the same care and attention, which we have bestowed on the former volumes of this admirable series, though we doubt not, they will be found fully equal to their predecessors. We look forward with the deepest interest to the forthcoming numbers, and especially to the higher order of classics, the *Greek Tragedians*, and *Orators*, which are included in the plan, and from which, should the editor succeed, as he has thus far succeeded, in blending deep lore and the results of vast research, with the singular simplicity and rare faculty of explaining that, he has brought to his arduous task, the most desirable effects may be expected, both as to the facilitating the acquisition of this branch of learning, and the increasing the number of classical scholars in the United States; which, to say truth, notwithstanding the boasted diffusion of knowledge through their limits, are yet, in this respect, centuries behind the European countries, which they would fain imagine their inferiors, in all pertaining to that choicest blessing to a people, a *Liberal Education*.

THE YOUTHFUL DEAD.

Why mourn the young? we know the early dead
 Are welcomed in a world of bliss above—
 That from a sphere of darkness, they have fled
 To one of spotless and eternal love.

Why mourn the flower, plucked in its earliest bloom,
 Ere it had felt a single chilling blast?
 We know that it will meet a blighting doom—
 Then why regret its brilliancy is past?

We weep not, when the tempest-driven barque
 Reaches a haven free from storm and cloud—
 We mourn not, when at morning hour, we mark
 The light of day disperse night's sable shroud.

Then mourn them not—the blest, the early dead!
 The fairest things of earth, to die, were made—
 Repine ye not, when those ye loved, have fled—
 The best and dearest, are the first to fade!

J. T. L.

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.

GREAT MEN.

The pure gold of human character can only be wrought out into the noblest forms of majesty and beauty after passing through a fiery ordeal of trial and suffering. Without this ordeal whatever of gold originally belongs to character is corrupted by the presence of much dross. No very great man ever rose sun-like in the firmament of mind, who had not previously passed through a night of doubt, despair and disquietude.

POETS.

All true poets are of necessity mythologists, for the multiform spirit of the universe is seen by them in ten thousand symbols in creation. To them the ocean is a symbol of its majesty, the stars of its glory, the forests of its beauty, the tempests of its strength, and the mountains of its grandeur.

BAXTER.

People like to be talked to as if they were wiser than they are. Baxter was aware of this, and used to put something in each of his sermons which he knew to be above the understanding of his listeners.

TALKING.

Some men in conversation utter nothing but parallelisms of your own thoughts, thereby giving them extension, but not force. They hammer out your gold, and exhibit much action and but little progress.

WOMAN.

Gibbon very truly remarks, that the condition of woman is elevated towards equality with the rougher sex in proportion as civilization is advanced. In Asiatic countries, woman, to this day, is but the slave of her haughty lord. Mahomet said that he stood at the gates of Heaven and the inmates were mostly of the poor, and that he stood at the gates of hell and the inmates were mostly women!

HAPPINESS.

It is a very common error to suppose children happier than men. This is only true on the supposition that happiness means absence of care. But happiness is positive enjoyment, and we are in a condition to feel the most of it when all our faculties are most fully developed, as it is the result of action.

GALLANTS.

From the avidity with which ladies, who have no other charm than that which a bountiful allotment of acres gives them, are sought for by gentlemen in general, one cannot help recognising a likeness between those gallants and those Jews who were enamored of a golden calf in the desert.

ASSIMILATION.

If it be true, as some suppose, that one's nature assimilates to the nature of the food one feeds on, I should think a certain distinguished general lived

on files and handsaws, for his face is as rough as the one and his temper as jagged as the other.

PRINCIPLES.

A principle which is genuinely good, cannot be run into ridiculous extremes. The way to test a principle is to carry it out to its farthest legitimate results. Run it to seed, and its fruits will condemn or commend it.

CREEDS.

I cannot avoid objecting to all creeds, because they essay to fix forever the boundaries of belief and to stereotype opinion—because they take it for granted that all is known that can be known on certain subjects—because they assume that no farther revelation will be made from Heaven, and because they decree that human investigation has penetrated to the very *ultima thule* of truth.

GREAT MINDS.

Great minds do not act immediately on the mass. They require interpreters to be rendered intelligible to common intellects. They are suns in the firmament of mind, and their light is blinding to weak visions. They enlighten their satellites, and they in their turn reflect that light on the world.

INCONSISTENCY AND DEFORMITY.

I know a lady of talent whose opinions are very ingeniously maintained, and are very inconsistent. It is a curious association, but I never think of her inconsistent opinions without having a vision of Madame de Stael's shoulders before my mind. That great woman's shoulders were very symmetrically formed, but, unfortunately, they were not matches; and hence, though each was beautiful when contemplated without reference to what was meant to be its fellow, when viewed together they presented a deformity.

MADAME DE STAEL.

By the way, speaking of De Stael, reminds me of what she once said in regard to the relative desirableness of genius and beauty in woman. She said she would willingly exchange her mind for a beautiful person. This remark is startling at first glance, but when we recollect that she of all things most desired the admiration of men, and that men are, as Byron says, mere moths to be caught by glare, we discover that the lady's opinion, viewed in connection with what she most desired, was not very remarkable for its silliness.

HUSBANDS.

It is to be feared that but too many husbands are like the father of Charles the Twelfth, in one particular, who, when his wife was entreating him to be merciful to some of his subjects, said to her—"Madame, we took you to bring us children, not to give us advice."

PICKPOCKETS.

A pickpocket is a tax gatherer, who gets his commission from nature, and levies on those who have more pounds in their purses than bullion in their brains.

PHILANTHROPISTS.

If there were ground on which to fix a moral lever, then philanthropists might hope to lift the world. But the misfortune with them always has been that they try to elevate the world before they find out the ground on which to plant their levers.

MEN OF GENIUS.

The Roman victors had slaves attached to their chariots to remind them of the mutability of fortune—and men of genius have always had malignant critics near them to remind them of their fallibility.

WALPOLE'S OPINION OF POETS.

Walpole said in reference to Chatterton, that singing birds should not be too freely fed, and the world has very generally acted upon Walpole's opinion.

EXPECTATION.

Look hopefully on what seems to be most darkly mantled with clouds, and do not expect too much from whatever is most brilliant with promise; for the one will turn out better and the other worse than you apprehend.

LOVE.

Love, like a flower, may be crushed to earth—but, like the flower again, it may lift up its head and fling fragrance on the winds. When we are young, it soars like the bird in summer time, and though its pinions may be ruffled by tempests, and broken by the hunter, yet if it have the true *vis medicatrix nature*, it will rise and soar again in the wide empyrean.

A PRAYER.

Give me one kind, confiding heart
To cheer me on life's pilgrimage,
To soothe me when my hopes depart,
And shield me when misfortunes rage,—
And then, though Fortune's brow be dark,
Or bright before me is Hope's form,
Light o'er life's waves my bounding bark
Shall onward sweep through sun and storm.

CIVILIZATION.

Civilization results from the action of those insatiable longings which belong to the heart, craving elevation above the condition in which it finds itself. Commerce, science, and art, instead of being its creators are its creatures—are the means it makes use of to realize in possession what has been glorious in its dreams.

GREATNESS.

Nature scatters the seeds of moral and intellectual greatness with an impartial hand on every soil, although their fructification is frequently frustrated by untoward circumstances. Jesus showed that slandered Nazareth could produce the sublimest specimens of moral greatness, and Plutarch's birth vindicated Bæotia from the current calumny.

FOOLS AND FORTUNE.

Chesterfield remarks that most people complain of Fortune—few of Nature. This is true, for the most egregious fool even supposes Nature has

endowed him with sufficient merit to entitle him to consideration, and imputes the whole blame of his want of success to the especial unkindness of Fortune—as if the blind goddess would condescend from ruling empires to wage hostilities against one so unspeakably inconsiderable as himself.

PASSION AND INSANITY.

From the best established intellect, the judgment, which is the monarch *jure divino*, may be cast down by rebellious passions, which when excited are not content with the servility of eunuch slaves. Who, that has seriously entertained, and been enamored of the visions that love, ambition, revenge, or any other subtle sorcerer evokes from the unfathomed abysses of feeling, has not at times acknowledged himself not only fanatical, but mad. The truth is, a passion is never fully panoplied while sanity is uninvaded.

TITUS' RULE.

The best conservative rule to be commended to those who are anxious to "act well their parts in life," is that observed by Titus, who, at the close of each day, instituted a rigid inquisition into its occurrences.

DOUBT.

The liberty to doubt is forbidden by all creeds, and yet doubt has paved the way for every triumph which truth has won over error and superstition. If I were to build a temple I would dedicate it to Doubt, because she has been of incalculably greater service in the cause of humanity, than all the deities of Olympus and all the saints on the calendar combined.

GENIUS.

Genius has no standing army, but it has an intellectual cohort which is an overmatch for all opposition. When was genius overcome by external force? Never! It may fall a victim to the weaknesses which it has associated with itself in dishonorable friendship, but it has never yielded to the hostility of its sworn foes.

T. H. S.

Louisville, Kentucky, 1839.

LEADING APES IN H***.

PATTY'S RETORT.*

"Ah, know you not," said Martha's bean,
Whom she that morn had sent a-packing—
"The doom that in the realm below
Awaits lone ladies, husbands lacking?
Dismal, for aye, the hapless maids
Lead apes, through Pluto's gloomy shades!"

"I know:" quoth Pat, with scornful air;
"Nor does the doom awake my fear:
I'd rather, far, lead monkies there,
Than let a monkey lead me here."

M.

* Partly founded on fact.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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VOL. V.

RICHMOND, MAY, 1839.

No. V.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

Une belle femme qui a les qualités d'un honnête homme, est ce qu'il y a au monde d'un commerce plus délicieux : l'on trouve en elle tout le mérite des deux sexes.*—*La Bruyère.*

It may be asserted that no country has produced so many remarkable women as France. No where, too, does the sex occupy such a prominent position or wield so potent an influence. The history of France teems with examples of women who have achieved distinction in almost every career—social, literary, political, even martial. Clotilde, Joan of Arc, Eloisa, Diana of Poitiers, Margaret of Navarre, Scudéry, Dacier, Sévigné, Ninon de l'Enclos, Montespan, Maintenon, Lafayette, Deshoulières, d'Epinay, Deffand, Roland, Corday, and in our own day, De Stael, Genlis, Recamier, Lavalette; these are but a few of the eminent female names which might be cited. A female biographical dictionary, would be constrained to draw its chief materials from France. I have often busied myself in conjecturing whence might proceed this acknowledged superiority of the sex so characteristic of a particular country. The question is one of difficult solution, since the fact must depend upon a variety of circumstances and influences, many of which are too remote, fugitive, or gradual in their operation, to be readily seized. The discussion of the problem, will, it is hoped, have more than a local interest, as it involves the various causes which promote and modify the development and formation of the female character in general.

It is an undisputed fact, that the social position and relative importance of woman, have undergone a remarkable modification since the birth of modern civilization. The attempt to account for this change, has given rise to a very interesting controversy. It has been variously attributed to the ancient manners of the German race, which peopled many of the northern and central countries of Europe; to the softening and benevolent spirit of christianity, and to the influence of feudalism or chivalry. Not rejecting, altogether, the first, and attributing much importance to the second cause, I am disposed, with many writers, to ascribe the most direct and marked effect to the last. Combined, they have essentially modified the whole system of female manners and relations. In this regard, the most cultivated and humane societies of antiquity, present a most disadvantageous contrast with modern civilization.

In the East, the cradle of the human race, where more than elsewhere society has retained its primitive stamp, from the earliest period to the present day, woman has been subjected to a state of comparative seclusion and tutelage. If the early manners of the Hebrews present a partial exception to this general remark, it was

* A fine woman who has the qualities of a well-bred man, is the most agreeable of persons: she combines the merits of both sexes.

owing to causes peculiar and local. Among the ancients—I speak now particularly of the Greeks and Romans—the condition of woman was scarcely less humiliating, I will not say, degraded. Love, in its purest form, as practised and avowed by its most elegant votaries, was but a refinement of passion, however adorned with the graces of art and imagination. It had nothing holy or reverential in its character. It was “of the earth, earthy.” However etherialized by the poet, or sublimated by the metaphysician, its essence was not purified from the dross of sensuality. Though the flower was beautiful and fragrant, its root did not spring from the purest soil. It did not partake of that high and generous devotion which exists, I will not say without the hope, but the calculation of reward. Venus, though born of the froth of the ocean, was but the incarnation of material beauty; and Cupid, though graceful and volant, the type and personification of passion alone. The Syrian damsels mourned over the beauty of Adonis; and it was not for a saintly smile, that the enamored Leander braved the fatal waves of the Hellespont. What would a lover of that day have thought of the poet* who transformed his mistress after death, into the personification of heavenly wisdom; or of him†, who worshipped, through long years of undying devotion, the austere virtue of the object of his hopeless affection, mingling with the passionate praises of her beauty, that unmelting purity of spirit, to render himself worthy of which, he came forth from the vulgar herd, and consecrated himself to a life of religious sanctity. Anacreon, Tibullus, Sappho, would have beheld such love with an incredulous smile, and deemed it cold, pale, and visionary, like the passion of the chaste Diana, for the sleeping Endymion. Yet what could be more earnest, heartfelt, and enduring, than the devotion of Dante to his Beatrice, or, of Petrarch to the virtuous Laura, whose every feature he has painted with a poet's pencil and a lover's enthusiasm. The metaphysical transports of Platonism, were of a character very different from this holy feeling, for woman was not deemed worthy to be the object of such “abstracted sublimities.” They were but magnificent phrases, sublime ideas, beautiful speculations. Of that classical fountain, Milton, whose spirit was austere and high, rather than tender and affectionate, had drunk deeply, and he describes the reverie of the academics, as nothing more than an intellectual exaltation, a metaphysical passion. “Thus from the laurent fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading, led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal Xenophon; where, if I should tell ye what I learned of chastity and love, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy, (the rest are cheated with a thick, intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of Love's name carries about;) and

* Dante.

† Petrarch.

how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue—with such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening, readers; as I may one day hope to have ye in a still time, when there shall be no chiding; not in these noises." Such aliment is a little too thin and sublimated for mortal sustenance. The love of which I speak, is real, personal, heartfelt, but embracing the soul as well as the body, and cultivating for its object something of religious reverence.

As long as the system, described as that of the ancients, endured, female subordination and degradation were necessary consequences. Woman was not the endeared companion of man, his bosom counsellor, the yoke-fellow of his spirit, the partner of his privileges. She was but a delicate toy, an instrument of delight, at best, a favorite and indulged slave. The elevation, the emancipation of woman, is the great characteristic, the efficient cause and preservative of modern civilization. As I before observed, it is mainly to feudalism or chivalry, aided by the subduing influences of christianity, that we are indebted for this happy reformation.*

Chivalry enjoined upon its votary a long sacrifice of personal feeling, and made him esteem the virtue of his mistress as her most adorable quality.† The true knight prided himself upon the purity and disinterestedness of his devotion; and a smile of approbation amply indemnified him for years of toil and danger. His passion

* Was it not in the bosom of the feudal family that the importance of woman, that the value of the wife and mother, at last made itself known? In none of the ancient communities—not merely speaking of those in which the spirit of family never existed, but in those in which it existed most powerfully—say, for example, in the patriarchal system—in none of these did women ever attain to any thing like the place which they acquired in Europe under the feudal. It is to the progress, to the preponderance of domestic manners in the feudal halls and castles, that they owe this change, this improvement in their condition. The cause of this has been sought for in the peculiar manners of the ancient Germans, in a national respect which they are said to have borne, in the midst of their forests, to the female sex. Upon a single phrase of Tacitus, Germanic patriotism has founded a high degree of superiority—of primitive and ineffable purity of manners—in the relations between the two sexes among the Germans. Pure chimeras! Phrases like this of Tacitus—sentiments and customs analagous to those of the Germans of old, are found in the narratives of a host of writers who have seen or inquired into the manners of savage and barbarous tribes. There is nothing primitive, nothing peculiar to a certain race in this matter. It was in the effects of a very decided social situation—it was in the increase and preponderance of the domestic manners that the importance of the female sex in Europe had its rise, and the preponderance of the domestic manners in Europe, very early became an essential characteristic in the feudal system.

[Guizot, *History of Civilization in Europe*.

† "I read it in the oath of every true knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befel him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue that sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn; and if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods: only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt-spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up, both by his counsel and his arms, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted honor."—[Milton.

was a species of religious sentiment, and its object was almost spiritualized in his imagination. His mistress was more than a vestal in his eyes—she was an angelic being, and her earthly dwelling a shrine of adoration. The principal ridicule in the character of Don Quixotte, turns upon the exalted idea which he had formed of his Dulcinéa, whom he celebrates with an orientalism of phrase, though not of passion. Woman was the chief incentive to the prowess of the *preux chevalier*, the guardian angel of his course, the crown of his unceasing labors. We may smile at this exaggeration of sentiment and hyperbolism of language, yet much of the refinement and elevation of modern sentiment may be traced to this source. It is not necessary to dwell upon the effect of this "homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views," as Burke expresses it, to elevate woman in the social scale, to augment her relative importance and to increase the happy influence which she exerts upon man. Although the age of chivalry has long since departed, it has left many of its traces impressed upon the face of modern society, and its vocabulary of love and honor is still in vogue. The spirit of knight-errantry may have vanished, indeed, with all its romantic enterprises, yet the change which it effected in the position and estimation of woman has fortunately survived the epoch of heroic adventure.

France was, perhaps, more than any other country, the seat of these influences and changes—the land where romance exercised its greatest fascination and left its most enduring results. The purity of its sentiment subsided indeed, with the pristine simplicity of manners, and as luxury and corruption advanced, was succeeded by the less innocent commerce of gallantry. Still, however, the sex retained its position, maintained its influence, and was addressed with an enthusiasm of language and sentiment, which has left its traces to the present day. Woman was still the centre and object of heroic enterprise; feats were performed to win her approbation; life exposed in public or private encounter, to propitiate her favor or vindicate her honor: the policy of princes, the fate of provinces, the fortune of kingdoms often hung upon her nod. She every where exercised a potent sway, and nothing was undertaken in which she did not participate at least by her influence. Francis the First, after the fatal battle of Pavia, writes to his regent mother: "All is lost, save honor!" Diana of Poitiers, ruled the heart and realm of Henry the Second, with a sway attributed to the potency of magic. An Italian princess, by the religious wars which she fomented, plunged the kingdom, for years, in blood. Henry the Fourth, the noblest and best of kings, after conquering his enemies in the field and in the cabinet, and winning an empire by valor and policy combined, sacrificed the happiness of his life and the tranquillity of his reign to the wiles and intrigues of beauty. To the remonstrances of the grave and virtuous Sully, he replied, with a deprecating consciousness of his weakness, that he could not find it in his heart to hurt the feelings of a woman. The *Marechale d'Ancre* was publicly burnt as a sorceress, for the influence which she wielded over the feeble, yet turbulent Marie de Medicis. When asked at the stake, by what magic she had captivated the mind of her royal mistress—"The magic which a strong mind possesses over a weak one," was the proud reply of the unterrified Italian. The haughty

genius of the vindictive Richelieu could scarcely cope with the obstacles thrown in his way by the arts of female management, against which he prevailed only by a harsh and courageous *coup d'état*. At a later period, in the interregnum of a minority, and under the politic sway of an unpopular and avaricious minister, the beautiful and accomplished Duchess de Longueville materially assisted the turbulent de Retz, in exciting the troubles of the *Fronde*. By what a constellation of bright, though not pure names, was the heart of the grand, not great Louis the Fourteenth, successively captivated! If any thing could palliate the immorality of that amorous and ostentatious monarch, it would be the selection of such favorites as La Vallière, Fontanges, Montespan, Maintenon, and the little influence, which—except the latter, who, it is believed, became his wife, though not his queen—those who ruled his heart were permitted to exercise upon his councils. The regency, which succeeded, was a sink of corruption, in which the obscure sway, wielded by the fair, if wielded at all, redounds not to the honor of the sex. It was the reign of the grosser vices, of hideous profligacy, and unscrupulous *agiotage*, rather than that of female influence. That of the weak and corrupt Louis the Fifteenth, was almost entirely under the control of the boudoir, which sank at length into something worse. Such names as Chateauroux, Pompadour, and Dubarry, contrast most disadvantageously with the elegant and accomplished favorites of his stately grandfather. Frederick the Great, in allusion to the ignoble paramours, who ruled in succession the councils as well as the passions of this profligate and contemptible prince, humorously sub-divided his reign thus—"Petticoat, first, second and third." An Austrian princess, the courageous and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whom the eloquence of Burke has immortalized even more than the pen of history, headed the counter-revolutionary party, whose desperate efforts but precipitated the triumph of that cause, which brought her head, and that of her virtuous and amiable husband, to the block. In the early stage of that terrific drama, whose final *dénouement* is not yet completed, the Roman spirit of the enthusiastic Madame Roland, may be regarded as the genius of republicanism. Women then legislated in the streets, and dictated from the galleries, to the assemblies of the nation, with stentorian lungs, and flourishing pikes. The devoted arm of a magnanimous maiden* rid the world of a monster,† whose sanguinary thirst the blood of thousands could not slake. Even the heroic spirit and indomitable temper of Napoleon, acknowledged the influence of an amiable and affectionate woman, and he dreaded the power of a female pen more than the hostility of a kingdom. The conjugal heroism of the wife of Lavalette, will not be forgotten, while female devotion is admired by man.

In France, women have entered the literary arena, and striven for the honors of science. They have been associated in all the triumphs of art and civilization; their capacity has not been thought too narrow or unsuited for any pursuit, which is not altogether repugnant to their nature and habits. Genius and learning have sought their participation and sanction, and shared with them their rewards. Women of the highest rank

have preferred the pleasures of intellectual pursuits and intercourse to the frivolous enjoyments of fashion and fortune. They have deemed it no derogation from the pride of birth or the elevation of rank, to acknowledge with unaffected deference, the superior aristocracy of genius. Their ambition has been to preside in the circle of chosen spirits, and to see themselves surrounded by the lights and ornaments of the age. Witness the *coteries* of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the *petits soupers* of a later period, and the *salons* of our day. Molière reads his manuscripts to Ninon de L'Enclos; Voltaire makes a literary *confidante* of Madame de Châtelêt, and displays his embryo productions in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour. Madame D'Epe- nay is the friend and patroness of Rousseau, Diderot and Grimm. The memoirs of Marmontel, the letters of Grimm, the confessions of Rousseau, the correspondence of Madame du Defland, and many other interesting publications, all testify to the intimacy, social and literary, on which men of letters, lived with women of rank and fashion. Madame de Stael could never forgive Napoleon for the scorn with which he treated her intellect—she wished to admire him, but he would not encourage her advances. His ideas of woman were not French. The most confidential friend of De Stael, perhaps something more, was the orator, politician and author, Benjamin Constant. The most remarkable of her works, is the Essay upon the French Revolution, which abounds with original thoughts and profound political reflections. I visited, with no small interest, Coppet, the family seat, on the banks of the lake of Geneva, where she reposes by the side of her celebrated father. Since then, her son, a most estimable man, has joined them in the tomb, where he was soon followed by a posthumous child, the last of the illustrious name. Rank, fortune, genius, fame, all these could not avail, to preserve a line of which France has such just reason to be proud. The wives of at least two ministers of Louis Philippe, Guizot and de Broglie, have been authors. The latter, whose untimely death I lately noticed with painful surprise, was the lovely and estimable daughter of Madame de Stael, who united to a goodly portion of the talents of her mother, all the attractions which can adorn and dignify a woman. She was conspicuous for unaffected piety, fine sense, gentle elegance of manners, and elevation of character. She was the pride and stay of her husband, one of the first and best men living in France. It was my good fortune to meet her sometimes in a society of which she was the ornament and grace, and I could not permit this occasion to pass without an humble tribute to the memory of this estimable daughter of an illustrious mother.

In France, authors do not lead secluded lives, but mingle constantly in the most animated company. They live much in the society of women, and cultivate sedulously the favorable opinions and good graces of the fair. They frequently submit their compositions, before publication, to the tribunal of female taste, more however, I suspect, from a love of approbation, than with a view of profiting by criticism. Chateaubriand, who is proverbial for his devotion to the sex, is in the constant habit of reading his manuscripts to a coterie of literary friends at the *Abbaye aux Bois*, over which presides the accomplished and still lovely Madame

* Charlotte Corday.

† Marat.

Récamier. He has prepared a copious work, under the title of "Posthumous Memoirs," of which he has read some of the most interesting portions to this friendly auditory, whence they have already found their way to the press. This is, it must be confessed, rather a singular anticipation of posthumous approbation and celebrity. Notwithstanding all I have said, there are, perhaps, no women so little addicted to pedantry, as the French. In a residence of some years, I do not recollect to have met with a single example; yet it is curious to go into the public libraries and witness the number of women engaged in literary annotation and research. The keen sense of the ridiculous, so characteristic of the nation, added to the practical good sense and liveliness of temperament of French women, doubtless, protect them from this weakness.

In France, woman occupies a more independent position, than in other countries. The laws of property sanction and enforce the principle of conjugal equality. The predominance of man in his appropriate sphere is the result of natural causes alone. The existence of woman is not confined within the narrow circle of the family hearth; she is not condemned to the exclusive duties of domestic economy; she is something more than a mere nursing mother, or the manager of a household. It is by no means my wish to derogate from the dignity or importance of these duties, with which, however, other occupations and aspirations are not incompatible. It is for these reasons that French marriages which are generally mere family compacts, in which previous attachment, or even intimate acquaintance, is not deemed necessary, are not more generally productive of unhappiness. The selection of husband and wife, is almost uniformly made by parents, and the inclinations of the parties are scarcely consulted. Considerations of birth and fortune are allowed to have more influence upon the determination, than congeniality of age, temper or affections. It is not uncommon to see blooming youth linked to decrepit age, and the instances are rare, where an attachment, or even the opportunity of forming it, exists before the union. The cheerfulness, the unmurmuring patience, at least, with which young French women submit to this sacrifice and barter of the affections, is not easily comprehended by those reared in a different state of society. Not having known a different condition of things, and being trained to obedience by education and example, they never think of going counter to the wishes of their mammas and aunts, who ought to know so much better than themselves, what is to their advantage. No marriage is agreed to, without a stipulated dowry; and the signing of the contract is a more important matter than the wedding ceremony. In the preliminary consultations, there is much more said about houses, stocks and estates, than about sentiment, and the whole business is transacted with the coolness and circumstantiality of an ordinary pecuniary transaction. When a man has made up his mind to marry, he requests his friends to look out for a partner for him, with certain advantages, of birth, fortune or person; and when daughters have arrived at a marriageable age, husbands are negotiated for them in the same manner. In some cases, the parties are affianced at a tender age, when it rarely happens that they are not united at a suitable period. In making these arrangements, a profession is regarded as

equivalent to the capital of the income which it will yield—talents, the chances of promotion, &c., are taken into consideration as leading to fortune and position; the want of youth or beauty is indemnified by the possession of rank or wealth. All these things are calculated and balanced with the nicest accuracy. This cold-blooded system, as we should call it, by no means indicates a want of sensibility; it is simply the custom of the country.

"I congratulate you, my dear," exclaims an affectionate father, in a play, as he embraces his daughter, who has just been promised to a receiver general, "*tu vas épouser une recette générale*," which may be rendered in the political phraseology of the day, "you are going to marry a sub-treasury." I recollect asking an accomplished young lady, who was affianced to a grave physician of sixty, for whom, she admitted, she felt nothing but esteem, how she reconciled herself to the idea—not a very proper question by the by. "He is an excellent man, and the choice of my father," replied the innocent girl—for whom it was impossible not to feel increased esteem.

Cruel and unnatural as seems the system of marriages in France, it should be recollected that it has prevailed in nearly all nations, from the earliest times. Throughout the continent of Europe it exists under various modifications, and it is found in a still harsher shape in all the countries of the East, where it has prevailed from the remotest epoch, as is manifest from the sacred writings. It is our system, then, which forms the exception, and we should, therefore, be less harsh in judging that of other nations. Such a habitual sacrifice of feeling, or rather neglect of inclination, in forming the most important and enduring engagement of life, would certainly lead to very unhappy consequences, were not its effects much qualified and palliated by the peculiar state of society. There are compensating circumstances which diminish or at least disguise the hardship. With us, indeed, the happiness of woman is essentially bound up in the marriage tie; her chief, her almost sole felicity is comprised within the family circle. If disappointed in her affections, or sacrificed to considerations of interest or ambition, to what refuge can she fly from a desolate hearth? She is ever within the control of causes which, if they do not affect her happiness, render her doubly miserable. Her life becomes one long sacrifice; a tedious succession of joyless moments. When the affections have once been awakened, they may be crushed, but they cannot be eradicated. But the case is very different in France, where marriage is regarded not so much an affair of sentiment, as an honorable establishment in life. Marriage there is an epoch to which the girl looks forward with eagerness, as the period when she will be emancipated from a rigid parental restriction and virginal restraint, and obtain a free participation in all the pleasures of social intercourse. Her liberty, instead of ceasing at her nuptials, is then first acquired, and derives additional zest from the previous interdiction. Then commences an exhaustless succession of balls, soirees, routs, promenades, parties of pleasure, and all the brilliant amusements of a gay and light-hearted people. Her ambition is to shine in society—and she cannot be made to believe, that the happiness of her husband will be diminished by making herself agree-

able to all those who come within the influence of her attraction. She observes the importance, attached in society, to wit, taste and elegance, and all her exertions are directed to the development and improvement of these qualities and accomplishments, to the culture of which her whole education has been directed. She is not only proud of the admiration of the gay and the envy of the fair, but endeavors to enlist also the suffrages of superior minds by the liveliness of her wit and the fascination of her conversation. She perceives that the sober qualities which contribute only to domestic bliss are thrown into the shade by the more brilliant, if less solid accomplishments, and she soon learns that a lively sally or pointed repartee confers more reputation, than the longest practise of the homely duties of life. Her ambition is to dance with elegance, sing with expression, touch the harp with grace, and converse with spirit; and the successful exertion of these faculties delights no one more than her husband, who is as proud of her accomplishments, as of her affections.

Without advocating the French system, in this extreme, it may be permitted to observe that the excessive liberty and familiarity before marriage, which are to be met with in some countries, are almost equally objectionable, and perhaps less interesting, as we certainly look for more delicacy and reserve in the maiden than the matron. It is indeed reversing the order of nature to permit more confidence of manners and independence of deportment in the former, than in the woman of the world, who has taken her position in society. The proper system is, doubtless, the intermediate one—more maidenly reserve in the one case, and less of frivolity in the other.

As I have already observed, the education of a French woman is directed more to the acquisition of accomplishments than of solid instruction, though the serious duties of life are by no means neglected. It is indeed questionable whether such an education be not better adapted to the desired end, than the superficial science which is taught with so much parade by a system of more ostentatious pretension. A smattering of Algebra, Geology, Phrenology, Anatomy, &c., &c., is, after all, a poor substitute for good sense, good manners, and feminine grace. Delicacy, propriety, refinement,—these are indispensable to woman, whose position and pursuits are scarcely compatible with profound erudition. Not that I would undervalue the female mind, but that I would discriminate between the desirable and attainable, and the superficial and inapplicable. French women are distinguished in an eminent degree by vivacity of intellect, brilliancy of imagination, promptitude of reply and felicity of expression,—all those qualities, indeed, which contribute to the enjoyments of social intercourse, and heighten the fascination of female attractions. They are never at a loss in discourse, and are gifted with a readiness of wit, which never permits conversation to languish, and infuses into society an exhaustless fund of life and motion.

Much has been said of the frivolity of French society, and the insignificance of the topics discussed, but it should be recollected that general conversation would be extremely dull if it were always serious, argumentative or didactic; were it not frequently relieved by elegant badinage, or airy pleasantry. Its perfection, perhaps, consists in the unpremeditated interchange of brilliant

ideas, witty allusions, and prompt, felicitous expressions, not in a tedious and systematic discussion of grave and substantial topics. A party of pleasure is not a scientific assembly, nor a fashionable dinner a parliamentary sitting. Your instructive talker is generally a sad prosier, if not an intolerable bore. There is, perhaps, as much sense as wit in the reply of Talleyrand, who, when asked why he had married an ignorant woman, observed that it was to relax his mind. It is because their feelings are more quick and spontaneous, their ideas less systematically connected, that women shine in elegant conversation, and it is for the same reason that they excel in familiar letters. There is a raciness, a freshness, a delicacy, a spontaneousness in female conversation and letters, which men, in vain, seek to imitate. Madame de Sevigné observes, that when she put her pen to paper she permitted it to go *comme Dieu le veut*; and this is the secret of her inimitable style, which is the spontaneous expression of her mind and heart. A Newton or a Locke would, in her peculiar province, doubtless yield the palm to the presiding spirit of a Parisian drawing room. The quick penetration and delicate sensibility to all the light and fugitive shades of character and sentiment which distinguish the female mind, are infinitely better adapted to social spirit and entertainment, than the more ponderous and unwieldy faculties of man. It often happens, too, that an observation apparently the most thoughtless and unmeaning, conceals an ingenious idea, or striking thought. The mind of woman is less artificial and sophisticated than that of man, and there is often a deep philosophy in her intuitive impulses. She is not yet weaned from Nature, the mother of us all—from whose simple teachings she imbibes wisdom, often above the knowledge of the world. She reaches conclusions, and just ones too, by a shorter route than that of logic; she overleaps the intermediate stages, and arrives at once at results. Her knowledge is intuitive, perceptive; her thoughts are feelings; her opinions sentiments. This method would, indeed, be found defective in the investigations of science, or the conduct of complicated affairs, but succeeds admirably, when confined within its appropriate sphere. The refinements of feeling, the delicacies of propriety, the nicer shades of sentiment, motives and character, even many of the highest duties of life, can only thus be discerned and estimated; which accounts for the superior penetration, elegance and justness of the feminine mind and deportment.

In merely physical beauty, that of feature and complexion, the women of France are inferior to those of many other countries, and particularly of England. This is admitted by the French themselves, who admire the beauty of English women as much as they ridicule their lumpishness and awkwardness. But French women have, in an unrivalled degree, the beauty of physiognomy or expression, as distinguished from that of feature, which is further adorned and heightened by the graces of mind and body, to which I have already alluded. Generally speaking, to find a French woman handsome, one must know her; and a nearer intercourse often reveals attractions, where a casual glance would have discovered nothing to admire. Sometimes she has but to speak to be handsome. The plainest features are often redeemed by a graceful animation; the most ordinary face heightened into beauty by the charm

of expression. A bright eye, a soul-speaking glance, an expressive countenance, aided by a genteel person, a graceful carriage, an elegance in every act and motion, but above all, a soft and well modulated voice—these are infinitely more captivating than mere regularity of feature, or faultless symmetry of proportion.

In France, the greatest attention is paid to the physical education of woman, and all the refinements which heighten or preserve female attractions, are thoroughly understood and practised. Every motion is directed, every gesture attended to, and all the advantages of manner and attitude sedulously cultivated from the most tender age, until the person falls naturally and without effort into graceful positions and movements. Delicacy of expression and elegance of language, too, are not only carefully inculcated, but the greatest attention is even paid to the cultivation of the voice. There is nothing which strikes and interests the stranger so much as the elegant deportment and lady-like manners of the female children, who are dressed with great taste, and freely admitted into society until they attain a certain age, when they are again withdrawn. And here I seize with great pleasure the opportunity of defending French women from the calumny so frequently heard, that they sacrifice the care of their offspring, to the frivolous pleasures of fashionable life. This is chiefly founded upon a custom not so prevalent as formerly, about which a great deal of sentimental twaddle has been ignorantly expended, and which proceeds in high life, from certain ideas or prejudices relating to health and beauty, and in the lower ranks from the active engagements of life, not permitting the faithful discharge of the duty. To infer a want of affection from this, would be as logical as to maintain, as has been humorously observed, that a child reared by the hand, should entertain a filial affection for a teaspoon. I have often been agreeably surprised, by discovering upon a nearer acquaintance, that fashionable women, who were to be constantly seen shining in the gay circles of the capital, and apparently thinking of nothing but the pleasure of the moment, were in the daily habit of instructing their children, and devoting much time to the cultivation of their minds, and the formation of their manners. In sickness they are affectionate nurses, and the respectful attachment of their children affords the best proof that they have not neglected the pleasing though often painful duties of maternity. They are also admirable managers, prudent economists, and, in the humbler walks of life, of great assistance to their husbands in their business, in which they often actually participate. Their industry and cheerfulness in foreign countries are proverbial, and the exiles of the revolutions of France and St. Domingo, even women of the highest life and tenderest breeding, evinced a courage and energy which called forth general admiration. We talk heedlessly of the frivolity of French women, and yet the education of many of our young ladies of fashion is in their hands.

To revert to a topic on which I have already lightly touched, I would observe, that with us society is instituted almost exclusively for the benefit of the very young and the unmarried, and its chief object seems to be to afford the opportunity and facilities of courtship. Beardless boys and boarding-school misses almost monopolize its privileges, from which persons of riper years are entirely banished. This is much to be lament-

ed, as it gives to society a much less intellectual cast, and confines the pleasures of social enjoyment within too narrow a circle. It is apt to convert social intercourse into whispering tête à tête, giggling gossip, vapid sentimentalism, upon merely personal topics. It is inconsistent, too, with the first principles of politeness, which require that respectful attention should be paid to all ladies without exception.

In France, perhaps, the opposite error prevails—the pleasures and privileges of society being almost engrossed by married women. Young ladies, there, are admitted into company by a kind of sufferance, and rarely, for a moment, are permitted to leave the eye of the anxious mother. The poor girl sits by the side of her mamma or *chaperone*, with downcast, timid countenance, and not a word can be addressed to her, except in the hearing of her parent or protector. When she joins the dance, her partner does not permit himself a remark beyond the merest common places of ceremony, and when conducted to her chair, he must not take a seat by her side. She is not even allowed to read a novel, lest it should make her familiar with sentiments, in which she must not indulge before the eventful epoch of marriage. If she is carried to the play, it is only to see the most moral productions of the most moral stage, and particularly such as inculcate an implicit obedience to parental will, or which display the lamentable consequences that necessarily spring from a *mariage de sentiment*. It is not surprising, then, that she should look forward with eagerness to the day which is to put an end to her captivity, as the school-boy anticipates the approach of the holidays. A husband is the knight-errant who is to relieve her from thralldom, and she regards the wedding day as the era of emancipation from irksome control. Runaway matches are out of the question, as the penalties of the law are severe, and no marriage is valid without the consent of the parents, until a certain age at least, and then recourse must be had to legal forms and judicial proceedings, tedious, degrading, and accompanied by a humiliating publicity. But what a change is wrought by the wedding day! An almost unlimited liberty, within the bounds of decorum, succeeds to the previous restraint, and the brilliant pleasures of society woo with resistless attraction the youthful bride. She arrays herself in the costly ornaments of her *corbeille de mariage*, and shines among the gay and the fair, at the court, the opera, the ball room and the promenade. The modest timidity of the maiden gives place to the elegant ease and dignified confidence of the woman of the world.

The susceptible ear of the stranger is sometimes offended by a certain freedom of language and manner in French women, which is not altogether compatible with his idea of female delicacy, and of which I do not wish to become the apologist. It would be a mistake, however, to argue from this, a want of essential propriety, since it is met with in persons of the most unquestionable character. French custom permits the use of any language or allusion, which is not coarse, repulsive or absolutely improper, and does not recognize the verbal abstinence which is enforced in this country. Even in England the rule is much less rigorous than with us, though by no means as lax as in France, where nothing is proscribed which is not absolutely criminal or repulsive. Of the extremes, ours is certainly the preferable, and I

would only remonstrate against drawing harsh and unjust inferences from what is often a mere difference of custom. We should recollect, too, that every thing which does not involve essential principle, is in a great measure arbitrary and conventional, and not be too prompt to subject the conduct of others to our own standard of habits and education. I am but pleading for charity in our judgments of others, for I repeat, both reason and feeling induce me to prefer the cautious reserve and watchful scrupulousness which prevail with us.

It has been observed, with equal truth and point, that in France nothing is *Salic* but the throne. In fact, women there perform duties, and are entrusted with functions, which in other countries are appropriated exclusively to the stronger sex. They not only wait upon customers in the shops, they preside at the cafés and the restaurants, they book passengers for the diligences, they are the box-keepers at the theatres, they write in the office of the notary, they are the prominent and active managers of numerous establishments, and finally their names appear as principals or partners in commercial firms. The participation of females in so many masculine employments, may be in some degree owing to the sanguinary wars of the republic and the empire, which diminished the natural proportion of active men in the resident population. But this is a cause of but partial and temporary influence. In shops and other establishments, female charms are resorted to systematically, and with great success, to attract custom. A pretty woman will make the fortune of a café or a fancy store. The pleasure of being waited upon by a fair damsel, is often dearly purchased by needless expenditures and exorbitant prices, which it would not be gallant to begrudge. There is no city where this system is carried to so great an extent as in Paris. Some of the greatest establishments owe their vogue chiefly to the attraction of the presiding beauty, who, arrayed in all the splendor of costume, sits enthroned beneath a gorgeous canopy.

But I must break off this gossiping paper abruptly, lest the attraction of the subject draw me insensibly into a tedious prolixity.

J. L. M.

Washington, D. C.

A MENTAL RETROSPECT.

I.

I once could see, but now am blind—
The world is dark to me;
But, oh! 'tis fresh within my mind,
As once it used to be.
I can recall the break of day—
The first faint streak of light—
The mists which rose and swept away,
Along the mountain height.
The last dim stars which 'gan to fade,
Before the approaching sun—
The flood of light, his advent made—
His glory, going down.
I knew not which did please me best,—
That flood of morning light,
Or that refulgent plunge to rest,
Within the arms of Night.

II.

I recollect the opening Spring,
The Violet's early bloom;
The Iris I was first to bring
To my dear mother's room;
The Hyacinth soon follow'd these,
With white or purple bells;
And shrubs among yet leafless trees
Peep'd out from sunny dells.
The Red Bud stood, with blushes deep,
Beside the Dogwood pale;
And made my heart exulting leap,
Returning warmth to hail.
Methinks I now can see the wheat,
Spread like a carpet green,
With peach and cherry blossoms sweet,
Embroid'ring all the scene.

III.

That wheat, in Summer, changed in hue—
Wav'd like a sea of gold—
And as the soft winds o'er it flew,
'Twas beautiful to behold;
Those blossoms had been early shed—
The type of man's own doom;
For thus as soon our early dead
Oft sink into the tomb?
But, oh! their place was quick supplied
By many a verdant leaf;
And for the loss of those who died,
There was no heart for grief;
For there was fruit, and there were leaves—
Fast flutt'ring ev'ry one—
The shady veils which Mercy weaves
To curtain out the sun.

IV.

Autumnal days! ah, they were soft—
Sometimes with smoky light;
And those were sad; but then they oft
Foreran the clear and bright.
And then the wood—the waving wood—
Look'd rich beyond belief;
With some trees dyed as red as blood,
And some with golden leaf;
Deep orange tints, and purple too,
Were mix'd with evergreen,
And ev'ry shade and ev'ry hue
Within the rainbow seen;
In color'd map, those trees were group'd,
All over hill and dale—
And such the groves, where fairies troop'd,
In some Arabian tale.

V.

But Winter came to blast that scene,
And lay it bleak and bare;
And nothing save the Evergreen
Was left of all so fair.
How was it, glorious Evergreen!
That thou wert smiling on,
When other trees around, were seen
So sad and woe-begone?
Yet, still there was in Winter's face
A charm unto my eye;
A might—a majesty and grace,
To lift the soul on high:

The storm and tempest sweeping past,
The torrents too of rain,
The flaky snows descending fast,
And burying all the plain.

VI.

And there were moonbeams cold and bright,
Out on the waste which froze;
What lovelier thing than starry night,
Upon the sparkling snows?
"The floor of Heaven was thick inlaid
With patines of bright gold;"*
A firmament beneath was made—
A mimic Heaven unroll'd.
Yes, Winter, lock'd in "thick-ribb'd ice,"
Thou too had charms for me;
Those skies were worth a countless price,
And I could welcome thee.
Life's Winter on me dreary lies,
And dark my path on earth,
But I may see those starry skies,
Through my Redeemer's worth.

* "Sit Jessica: look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines† of bright gold.

[*Merchant of Venice.*

† Patines were small flat dishes used in the administration of the Eucharist.

LETTER FROM MRS. JANE MECOM,

TO HER BROTHER, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[The various editions of Franklin's works contain numerous letters from him to his youngest and favorite sister, Jane, married to Mr. Mecom of Boston. The following from her to him, although a fragment, will, it is believed, be interesting. It is copied from the original and has been hitherto unpublished.]

Boston, Dec. 5, 1774.

DEAR BROTHER:

Since I wrote last, which was by Capt. Calahan, I received your's of September 28. Your affectionate concern for my satisfaction, excites my sincerest gratitude and warmest affections. I am pleased, beyond expression, to find you are not discouraged under all you and our dear country suffer. I myself am not much discouraged, but I feared I was only fool-hardy, for many of our people are alarmed at the news of more ships and more soldiers coming; but the only way, as you have observed, is to keep on in the way of duty, and put our trust in God.

The slander you mention, (for I also look on it as such,) was told me before I saw the papers; but it took no hold on me, for I immediately told them it was false. I knew you would scorn to accept any favors from them.

I hope God will* [prosper your] advice and endeavors for our good. Our ease requires all the strength and wisdom that can be collected. I hear the Scarborough came in yesterday; but if she did, it was very silently; not a gun fired; and we know it was not in regard to the day, for we had drumming and whistling

* There are a few words illegible here in the fold of the letter. The words supplied in brackets were probably those written.

all through the town. It is said too, they have brought news that the Home Ministry continue, and almost all the same Parliament, and that they are determined to carry things to the utmost extremity. I don't know how they could know this, for I suppose they were not all chosen when she sailed; though I think the letters some have received, of later date than your's to me, imply almost as much. May God defend and preserve us.

December 15.

I wrote the above in order to send by the first opportunity; since which cousin Williams has received one from you and from their son, whose sentiments and the spirit he writes with, are very pleasing to us all here. The anxiety we feel for each other, you for us and we for ourselves, and for what we know you suffer on our account, is not among the least of our afflictions. Since I saw one of your letters to the Speaker, mentioning your anxiety for us, I have blamed myself for writing you an account of a fray that happened in this neighborhood; but it is gone and I cannot recall it; but I have seen nothing of the like nature since; and I really think that part of General Gage's letter to Peyton Randolph, Esq. is a truth, (however some contest about some other parts of it) that never was more pains taken to keep an army in peace with the inhabitants than there is among these. There is a number of officers in this street, almost every other house between the Orange Tree and King's Lane. They are all very peaceable, but the neighbors do not associate with them. I really pity them sometimes *** touching book of music; having [time] hanging on their hands and no *** This has been our Thanksgiving Day. Our God has told us that all our suing for a reconciliation will prove abortive without a regeneration of morals among us; and I am in hopes we have that token, for *** several within my observation appearing to be of that number.

I have sincerely pitied poor Mrs. H—— for her loss of so amiable a husband as I have heard he was, in so dismal a manner. The father of her dear babe *** is much missed in their education, if the means [be not] supplied another way; but I know by what I have heard of her and seen of her writings, that she is seized of a zeal of philosophy, and, I hope, of christianity, which will enable her to bear the affliction and acquit herself.

Present my respects to Mrs. Stevenson and to Jonathan. Tell him I wrote to him in the vessel Mr. Hislop and Mr. Quincy went in, and so I did to my dear brother; but not being under cover, I fear they may not get to you.

TIME AND GRIEF.

'Tis true, that Time with slow remission steals
The pang from common griefs—yet there is woe,
Beyond that great magician's skill to heal,
Which stamps itself deep in the central heart,
And, like the fissure in the ocean rock,
Resists the waters of the Lethæan sea.

T. H. S.

Louisville, Ky.

SONNET—THE RECALL.

BY PAER BENJAMIN.

Oh truant heart! come back to thine own home—
 Let not the roses lure thee, nor the blooms
 Of the young spring entice thee more to roam;
 Be thou not dazzled by those sparkling rooms
 Where Beauty plays the queen, and flashes gems
 From her dark eyes, and from her red lips pearls;
 Oh truant heart! frail are the roses' stems,
 They break in showers—and sudden tempest hurls
 The spring blooms to the earth, and Beauty pales—
 'Tis life's sweet star, dimmed by the moon of Time;
 Come to the fountain, heart, that never fails,
 Fountain of hallowed genius, thoughts sublime,
 That flows through dream-land, pure, and bright, and free—
 There is thy home, my heart: the fount is Poesy.

THE POET'S DESTINY.

BY A YOUNG LADY, A NATIVE OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

A cloud swept o'er the lover's face,
 As he stood before me now;
 A scornful smile was on his lip,
 A shadow on his brow.

Two years of exile passed away, and Ernest Gordon was again in England. Time and change had wrought their usual work, and calmed the tumult of feelings which nothing could entirely subdue. Though his brow wore no longer its deep sadness, yet it was shaded still; and it may be, that the memory of some early sorrow urged him to flee from the gaieties of the metropolis, and seek the solitude of his childhood's home. There, he could be alone with his own thoughts. Society no longer charmed him; and steadfastly scrutinizing the frivolities of the world, he had learned to shun and pity those who loved them. Books were now his companions; and sometimes, in his bitterness of soul, he deemed them the only friends who never altered or betrayed.

It is a sad period in life, when such feelings crowd upon us; when the beauty seems taken from our future, and the light gone from our path-way. Gloom like this was on Ernest, as he wandered through the old familiar haunts of his boyish days—and he pondered on those days as the only happy period he had ever known; forgetting that many hopes brightened over him still, that no era of existence is without its blessings, and that none can be really unhappy while there is good remaining to be done on earth. How few, in such mournful meditations, perceive that the change is not in the scenes and objects around them, but in themselves; that the blight has fallen, *not* on their prospects, but on the withering flowers of their own hearts. The stars are always in Heaven, and the darkness which shuts them from us, is around ourselves.

It was early on a summer afternoon that Ernest was seated in the library, whose treasures had so often contributed to the consolation of his loneliest hours. The windows of the room were open, and the soft breeze sighed through the curtained casements; repose rested

like a mantle on all, and its influence fell on Ernest also. His eyes were fixed on the page before him, but his thoughts had roamed far away to the records of the past.

Throwing aside the learned volume, he took a pamphlet from the table and carelessly opened it. While he glanced at its contents, a change came over his countenance, as if the lava of years had been suddenly removed from the world of his memory. The lines he looked on were addressed to the writer's "only friend," and were these:

"I will not forget thee! the links of the past,
 They are clinging around me yet;
 And the thoughts which connected my spirit with thine
 Are such the heart cannot forget.

They are lingering near me in tenderness still,
 Unstained by the touch of decay,
 And are brighten'd by gloom, as stars shine at night
 Which lose all their lustre by day.

I will not forget thee! too many bright hopes
 Are gathered around thy dear name,
 For with accents of kindness thou greetedst me oft,
 When others spoke only to blame.

Thy memory comes like the breath of the south,
 With fragrance and loveliness fraught;
 For communion with thee, was hallow'd by love,
 And chasten'd by beauty of thought."

Ernest's conscience smote him for his forgetfulness, as he read the verses addressed to himself and signed with the name of Walter Vere. Since their parting, these friends had heard nothing of each other—for Walter, with that peculiar reserve which generally forms a feature of an imaginative character, had said nothing of his plans or destination; and Ernest, in the selfishness of his individual disappointments, after the lapse of a few months' absence, had rarely thought of his youthful companion. Perhaps he may be forgiven this neglect, by those who feel that the memory of childish friendship is often lost in the engrossment of a deeper passion. But now, when the variety and distraction of travel had passed away, and he was once more enjoying the quiet of home, Gordon's interest in his friend returned with redoubled ardor, and he dwelt with the tenderest affection on the proud and sensitive disposition of the gifted poet.

Entirely ignorant of Walter's residence, Ernest wrote to Sir Godfrey Kneller inquiring for it; for he had resolved to compensate by future kindness and attention, the past neglect and suspension of their intercourse. A few days brought the wished-for information, and Ernest despatched a note to his friend.

"Once more, dear Walter," he said, "my wanderings are ended, and again I am among the tranquil beauties of home. This place recalls the happy hours we have passed here, and in roaming through its familiar scenes, I can scarcely realize that years have fled since we enjoyed them together. Will you not come to me, Walter? The sight of long forgotten things will impart to you a new inspiration—and communion with your earliest friend, will blot out the memory of sorrows we both have known too well. Do not deny me, Walter; I have so much, so very much to tell you,

which I cannot write. Moreover, I long to learn your prospects and hopes; they were confided to me so openly once, that I cannot relinquish the pleasure of a renewal of your confidence. I am here alone, and the thought of having you for a companion, has given me a taste of joy I have not felt since we parted."

Ernest wrote truly. In solitude, his more youthful feelings had returned, and it was with an interest he had long ceased to cherish for the common events of life, that he looked for Walter's answer. It came at last, and Ernest read as follows:

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear Ernest, for your kind invitation; it would indeed bring back the past, to be with you again—but it may not be. The poor have but few of the pleasures of this world, and my destiny shuts me out even from these. I must remain here, and toil in solitude—but do not think me insensible of your goodness because I am forced to decline its offers; believe me, your affection is among my dearest consolations, and you can never know how precious I hold it, till, like me, you have only one or two to love you. You express an interest in my prospects; alas! Ernest, there is little in the future that promises well for me. My writings are sufficiently profitable to prevent our suffering, but I no longer work with the zeal of my past efforts. Now, exertion is painful, and I turn, almost with loathing from the very lines which are the sole support of my daily existence. Do not deem me ungrateful, Gordon, because I speak often of my sorrows: they have, alas! been more familiar to me than joy. I have but one real pleasure on earth, and that is the consciousness of giving comfort to my mother and sister. For them I live, and perhaps their affection is the dearer, because, with the exception of yours, I have proved it to be the only love which changeth not. Do you remember, Ernest, how often in our boyish anticipations, I used to picture a manhood bright with honor and glorious with renown? How confident I once was, in my powers; how soaring was the ambition which urged me to win celebrity! Those hopes have vanished. I find that in trusting to my own intellect, I leaned on a broken reed, and that in sighing for fame, I pined for that which can only be gained by parting with happiness. I am wiser, or at least humbler, than I then was; for nothing produces in us humility so soon, as the shadowing of our proudest and brightest hopes. But I will not weary you, my friend, by dwelling longer on my misfortunes; their recital can avail nothing. Will you not write to me, Ernest? Let me realize one of my early dreams, in proving the truth of your friendship. Through years of silence and separation, I have never doubted it, and it would be painful indeed to find it vain at last."

"Poor Walter!" murmured Ernest, as he finished these mournful lines: "he has indeed known many sorrows, but he has escaped the haughty scorn whose blight is now upon me!"

Ernest did not suspect that the disappointment, which had withered some of the better feelings of his heart, was even then clouding the sunshine of his friend, and stealing away the beauty of his life. He dreamed not that his sadness was as nothing, compared to the wild, unmitigated despair of a being like Walter. Ernest had many resources;—wealth gave him power; and change had brought him calmness. But the poet

was poor; his sufferings had been increased by silence and loneliness; there was no excitement to draw his thoughts from the hour which had sealed his misery in revealing the hopelessness of his early passion. He had worshipped too long at that forbidden shrine, to kneel before another. The incentive to exertion was gone with the faithless dream in which he had garnered up the hopes of his life. The poet was of too gentle, too loving a nature, to find support in the pride which had proved a solace to Gordon. He could not, like him, repay the scorn of the one, on the many; and while Ernest smiled in haughty bitterness, Walter wept in secret sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

His sorrows were in secret kept,
Their strength was never seen;
And those around him did not dream
How wretched he had been!

It was a sweet summer night, when the brother and sister gazed together on the quiet and religious beauty of the far off stars. The poet's brow was pale with deep and troubled thought, and in the uncertain light, his eyes emitted a strange brightness from their dark, passionate depths. His smile too, was sad, and beautiful as the moonlight. Lucy looked at him in silence, as, wrapt in the mournful reverie which was now a common mood with him, he gazed on the orbs wandering above them. Tears filled the sister's eyes as she marked the unconscious absorption, and witnessed the gloom which so often cast its shadows over Walter's spirit.

"I have not told you, Lucy, that I shall be obliged soon to go to London," said Walter, at last; speaking as if with an effort. "The publisher says my presence will be necessary in superintending my forthcoming work, and though I dread the very thought, I must go."

"I can scarcely regret the necessity, dear Walter," said his sister, "for I think the change of scene and exercise will improve both your health and spirits."

"I cannot bear the idea of mingling again in the crowd," he said; "the very air of London makes me gloomy, and I feel doubly desolate in a throng where so many are happy. I wish Ernest would go with me."

"Can you not ask him?" inquired Lucy calmly; but the mention of his name, whose sound to her was now an abiding sorrow, called up a sudden paleness on her cheek.

"I will write to him," continued Walter; "he has so many friends in London, it can but be a pleasure for him to go there. It is the wretched only who shun the multitude!"

"And why should you be so wretched, Walter?" asked Lucy, almost reproachfully. "You have blessings even yet—and is it no consolation to remember you are the stay and comfort of our dear mother?"

"Yes, Lucy, that consolation is the sole comfort of my life. As for my blessings—where are they? Is it a blessing to toil unrequited and in solitude? Is it a blessing to see you suffering from this harsh climate, without the power to find you a gentler one? If these are blessings, Lucy, I am blessed indeed!"

"You must not think of me, dearest," she answered.

"Believe me, the suffering of sickness can never give the pain I feel at your repining in bitterness."

"Not in bitterness, my sister, but in sorrow and hopelessness," said Walter. "But it is too cold for you here, dearest," he added, after a moment's pause. "Retire to rest, Lucy—and may your dreams be happy!"

"Will you not go too, Walter?"

"My dreams are not bright enough to tempt me," he answered, with his strange, sad smile. "I will watch with the stars a little longer,"—and Lucy left him.

Walter looked after her sorrowfully, and he thought her slight figure seemed wasted, even since he last observed it.

Lucy sat long at her window, wrapt in silent, cheerless meditation; and when at length she retired, she perceived through the dimness of the night, that her brother was still at his station.

The next morning Walter wrote to Ernest, asking him to accompany him to the metropolis.

"I dread the prospect," he said, "but my going is necessary, and I would not neglect any thing which may add to the comfort of those dependant on me. Now, more than ever, I am bound to make every exertion—for a new affliction is approaching, and death is written on the brow of one, nearest and dearest. It is not yet too late to save her, and if my next work prove popular and profitable, I shall seek her health in a foreign land. Poor Lucy! she is sensible of her danger, even while she attempts to conceal it; but her confession is not needed to reveal the decay I can trace so surely on the cheek and in the eye!"

Ernest readily consented to accompany his friend, but he little suspected their mutual dislike to London arose from the same cause. Walter's letter awoke new feelings in Ernest, and as he read of Lucy's danger, her sweet face came back to him, as from a dream. He remembered, and without vanity, the one short interview, which had betrayed to him her heart's secret, and he asked himself if he had done wisely in coldly passing by such love.

Ernest's first love was very like most men's—it was more a memory than a reality—for, it was not proof against neglect and new associations. His devotion to Lady Alice had been so scorned and repulsed, that it had given place to a feeling of dislike; and pride, more than affection, induced him to avoid the possibility of meeting her. With much true and deep feeling, he mingled a vein of worldliness, which perhaps did more than any thing else towards healing the wounds of his bosom.

"Can I not aid Walter in restoring his sister?" he thought. "I have wealth, and it is all he needs. She, perhaps, can love me, even now; and I would willingly show the world, that there are others as worthy of adoration as the Countess of Lysle!"

How different the emotion that prompted the proud, yet humble adoration of Walter! With a devotedness, which for years had been his blessing, he still treasured up one lovely face; and Alice knew not the heart she trampled on, when she so haughtily rejected the poet's love!

Scarce a week had passed, ere another was added to the circle of the poet's home. The next day the friends were to journey to the city—and now Ernest and Lucy were again together. A single glance at her altered

and placid face, told Gordon she was doomed; and he saw, that in anticipating her restoration, his friend was hoping against hope.

Walter was writing in his room, and Lucy wandered with Ernest in the soft moonlight. They spoke of her brother, his hopes, his fears, and the quiet days of their earlier intercourse. Gordon vaguely alluded to his own disappointments; but flying from the past, he lingered over the present. At length all was forgotten and lost but the holy enchantment of that joyous moment—and in the low tone of intense feeling, he uttered the sweetest words that ever fell on Lucy's ear.

"I am changed, Lucy," he continued, "from the enthusiastic being you and Walter once knew; and perhaps I have lost all claim to your forgiveness and generosity; but, trust me, you will find none, even among the happiest and most devoted of your suitors, who can hold you dearer in his heart of hearts, than I do! Speak to me, my beloved—tell me, Lucy! that you can love me, even yet!"

Lucy was silent, but Gordon watched her varying color, and he required no other answer. In that hour was centered the blessedness of all her life, and even Ernest thought not of her danger as he gazed on the dark lustre of her lambent eyes, which, like her faithful heart, reflected back his image. Alas! why is it, that love and death so often meet on earth?

"We shall return in a few days," said Walter, as they separated at night, "and Ernest will come back with me, unless the attractions of London prove too strong for him."

"That were scarcely possible now," said Gordon, with a glance at Lucy, which sent the eloquent flush to her very forehead, and made her visions of the night happier than they had ever been.

CHAPTER III.

That moment's passing blessedness,
Repaled a life of tears;
And broke the chain of silent grief,
Which bound her brightest years!

It was morning in the city, and the hum of human voices floated on the air. But the sounds broke gently through the rich curtains which adorned a small, yet splendidly ornamented boudoir, in one of the noblest mansions of the capital. Rare paintings and Italian statues graced the room, and on a low, luxurious couch, rested one, fairer even than the fairest vision of the artist's dreams.

The mood of the lady was an uncommon one; for tears were in her eyes, which had long been strangers to the Countess of Lysle! On the table beside her lay an open letter, and in her hand she held a miniature, on which she gazed with more than admiration. Its features were those of a young and handsome man, and the original must have been deeply beloved indeed, when the resemblance Alice deemed so precious. Again and again she pressed the effigy to her lips; and then resting her head on her arm, while the long ringlets swept unheeded over it, she wept wildly and bitterly. The letter caused her grief; and it was this:

"I do not upbraid you, Alice; the time is past when confidence in your tenderness gave me a right to re-

proach you for a coldness I believed assumed. Your conduct I have long thought strange, but now I have proved it heartless. You said you loved me, and I trusted in the confession—I view that also as a sheer act of coquetry. That I have felt for you something even more than love, it is needless to inform you. But your own haughty indifference has now converted into unalterable pity, for your weakness and instability, all the devotion I once laid so lavishly at your feet. You have forfeited the respect, without which love is valueless; and it would be hypocrisy in me to pretend still to worship an idol, whose divinity I deem forever lost. You are mistaken, sadly mistaken, Lady Alice! if, by the course you are pursuing, you expect to retain the admiration of honorable men;—beauty and wealth may command the flattery of the crowd, but they alone can never secure the sincere love of a proud and lofty spirit. That gift will never be offered on the altar of one who is as destitute of regard for the feelings of others, as she has proved herself treacherous to her own! If you would win the affections of a noble heart, you must exercise more of that consideration and sympathy, which only can obtain it. I wish you all happiness, Lady Alice! though our destinies are severed. If, in after years, I shall hear of you, changed and chastened, as I trust you may be, I shall still rejoice in the memory of our early friendship. Farewell, forever!”

“He is gone!” murmured Alice, wildly; “the only one I ever loved, has left me forever. What now to me is wealth, it cannot restore his constancy? What care I for rank without his love—and what is beauty to me when he prizes it not? All—all, are worthless, and I am desolate. The pangs I have inflicted on others, are visited on myself; and the despair I have heaped on so many, is now crushing me to the dust. My advantages are as nothing now; I would give them all, to bring back the pure and holy spirit of the love I have lost. Oh! he has torn from my heart its last, best hope, and blighted the promise once implanted there! Fortune, friends and life are dear; but they are nothing—less than nothing, when deprived of the only object of a soul-devoted feeling! Oh! that we could lose our being with our bliss! But it may not be: the load of life will still oppress us; and unless memory and reason should be lost in insensibility, we must bear our fate with woes unutterable!”

Thus in the agony of a proud heart's first sorrow, Alice gave way to the wildness of her grief.

With an inconsistency not unusual in selfish characters, Alice loved at last with a depth and intensity of feeling, known only, perhaps, to a haughty, scornful spirit. But habit with her had become a second nature, and she carelessly trifled with the heart she had won. Self was still the centre of her impulses, and the love gained by beauty, was lost by vanity.

“Do you intend calling on the Countess of Lysle?” asked Ernest, as Walter and himself were seated in their apartment at the hotel at London.

“I do not,” answered Walter, sadly. “The Countess has, doubtless, long since forgotten that I ever crossed her pathway. Shall you visit her, Ernest?”

“No,” said Gordon. “It has been many months since we met—and I cannot hope to be remembered, when the poet who praised her is forgotten.”

Walter did not reply, and his sudden abstraction

prevented his perceiving the scornful smile on Ernest's lip. Could Alice have read the hearts of her lovers, she would indeed have mourned the pride which had produced bitterness and scorn in the one, and sorrow and despair in the other.

Night approached, and Gordon stood with folded arms, listlessly gazing from the window on the street below, when a servant entered and presented a note. It contained these words written in pencil:

“I have this instant heard that you are in town and intend leaving to-morrow; will you quit London without seeing one of your oldest friends?”

No name was signed, for the writer had trusted to the memory of the addressed, and he knew but too well the fair characters of Alice's hand.

“The time is past for a lure like this to snare me,” muttered Gordon. “I will not give her the triumph she expects.”

And after a moment's pause, as the softer feelings of other years came back to him, he added, “Perhaps it were wiser that I should not look upon that face again!”

Approaching the table, Ernest wrote a few words, and enclosing his card, directed it to the Countess of Lysle; he then tore her note into pieces. Walter started in surprise from his reverie, as Ernest raised the window and scattered the fragments in the air, and then, with a flushed brow, resumed his idle employment. Had Walter known whose hand traced that paper, he would indeed have marvelled at his friend. Such a summons would have been enshrined in the innermost recesses of the poet's heart.

It was with recovered calmness, and in a spirit widely different from the morning's agitation, that Alice approached her mirror, after having written to Ernest.

“He will surely come,” said she; “for I am not one to be refused!”

And a smile of triumph, as she gazed on her image, passed over her almost faultless face. Her recent grief had subsided, as she looked with confidence to the renewed adoration of her recalled admirer.

The hours passed, and still he came not; and Alice began to fear her invitation had not been received, when an answer at length arrived.

“I regret that an engagement this evening with my friend, Mr. Vere, and my early departure to-morrow morning, will deprive me of the honor of waiting upon the Countess of Lysle.”

In a paroxysm of wounded pride and disappointed vanity, Alice threw the note from her, exclaiming:

“He has forsaken me also; and has scorned the kindness of her whose slightest courtesy once was not unwelcome. Walter, too, is here again, and has past me by, like all the rest—he too has forgotten me!”

The night was far advanced before Alice sought repose. Her dreams were strange and fearful, and the pale, passionate face of the rejected poet stole upon her slumbers, like a spirit from the mournful past.

* * * * *

The following day found Ernest and his friend again at Walter's dwelling. Lucy looked more wasted than when they parted; a few days had evidently increased her disease—but she was very beautiful, and a smile, long a stranger, played around her joyous lips.

Walter, as usual, was alone in his apartment—and her mother, after cautioning Lucy not to sit too long at the open window, left the lovers together.

"Walter will go with us to Italy," said Ernest, after arranging many plans for the future. "His health is suffering from the life he leads here—and the holy associations connected with that land of song will recall his early enthusiasm."

"His anxiety on my account oppresses him," said Lucy; "but I am fast recovering, and I am too happy to think of danger."

She smiled as she spoke; but Ernest gazed upon her, and all other objects were lost in the sacred contemplation. The moonlight shone full on her transparent face, and gave it that clear, unnatural fairness, which contrasted strongly with the burning circle on her cheeks. Ernest drew her nearer to him, as if he would not now, for an instant, be separated from one who was so soon to be taken from him forever. Lucy seemed to divine his motive, and she continued calmly—

"I have never thought death so terrible—it is not more so than any other final parting with those we love. In truth, there was a time when I looked upon it as a hope, and pined for it as a relief—but that was long ago; before you returned here, Ernest."

Ernest fixed his eyes on her in unutterable fondness, as the secret of her early and unrepaid love was unconsciously betrayed in the last sentence—but he did not reply, and Lucy continued:

"It is a fearful thing to believe, that when we leave the earth, we shall leave also the memories of those whose love we held so precious, and that we shall be forgotten by the friends we deemed so constant. I had that thought once, and it made me very sad; but latterly, since I have been with you, it has entirely passed away. You will remember me—will you not, Ernest?"

"Do not speak thus, dearest," said Gordon; "why talk of death, my beloved, when life promises so much of happiness?"

"Because, at this moment, when I am so happy, I fancy death is nearer than life!" answered Lucy, in a low, sad tone, that fell like a prophecy on Ernest's ear.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Ernest passionately—and while he spoke, he forgot how utterly vain were the hopes he would cherish. "It cannot be, Lucy! You are so young, that the mild air of Italy will yet restore you, and we will return blest, and blessing all around us. We have both known sorrows—but that hour of ecstasy—the hour of your returning health—will repay them all!"

He paused for an answer—but Lucy was silent; and the hand he pressed was cold and still.

He passed his arm round her waist, and her cheek rested on his shoulder.

"Are you cold, Lucy?" he asked. "Answer me, beloved!"

There was no reply—and the form he held, rested more heavily against him. With trembling eagerness, he gently raised her on his arm. Her face was turned towards the moonlight,—its slight color had faded, and the features were calm and motionless as the chiselled statue!

"Speak to me, my own Lucy!" he said, as a

frightful thought came over him. "Say but one word to comfort me!"

There was no sound; but an alteration was visible on her countenance, and the lips slowly parted. These indications could not be mistaken. With a shudder, Ernest laid the gentle form on the couch where they had been sitting, and the lover knelt beside the dead!

* * * * *

Months passed, and the name of Ernest Gordon was heralded in the papers of the day, as a distinguished, popular leader in the House of Commons.

A melancholy change came over the spirit of Walter. The death of his sister, followed soon after by that of his mother, had severed the strong ties which bound him to earth, and he shrunk from the observation of man. To him the world was a chaos; and the evanescent allurements of time and sense had lost their frail hold upon his affections. He now sedulously shunned society, and retired to a lonely abode, where visitors never intruded, and where he lived in the strictest solitude. Although, at times, in his wanderings, he appeared among the people of the neighborhood, yet he never noticed or accosted any one. The day was systematically spent in stern devotion to his studies; and when the moon was bright, he sought relaxation in sweet communion with the solemn night. His singularities at length made him an object of apprehension to the simple-minded inhabitants of —; for they had heard him rave wildly of his early disappointments; and it was whispered that a lustre too bright for reason, occasionally lighted up his dark spiritual eyes. As they nightly passed his quiet habitation, they would vaguely hint at some mysterious cause for his seclusion, and point in terror to the pale lamp which shed its fitful glimmerings from the casements of the wretched solitary!

A year had rolled away, when a stranger crossed the threshold. It was the friend of his youth, who broke the solitude of his home. From that hour, he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and the light of the student's dwelling was extinguished forever!

A simple marble column, inscribed with the name of "Walter Vere," marks his resting place; and on it is carved a laurel wreath, the vain reward of the high aspirations of the gifted, yet disappointed Poet.

J. T. L.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

On the steep hill of Pausillipo stands
The tomb of Virgil. Sacred is the ground;
Sacred the gale that scatters leaves around;
Sacred the laurel-wreaths, that pilgrim hands
From climes remote strow o'er the hallowed shrine
Of Mantua's bard, the glowing, the divine!
Precipitous and wild the mountain lifts
Its shattered summits mid the cloudy rifts—
And from deep fissures spring the ilex trees,
With flowering shrubs and ivy overgrown:
On a lone cliff, more broken than the rest,
The weary traveller, ascending, sees
A small, rude building, guarded by the crest

Of a huge rock, beset with scars, yet strown
 With silver mosses, like the thin grey hair
 Around the forehead of a warrior old :
 That aged rock the mountain seems to hold
 Upon its shoulders, with the pious care
 Of brave Æneas, as from Troy he bore
 Father Anchises to the sea-girl shore !
 There is the tomb of Virgil !—in those walls
 Robbed of its ashes stands the holy urn :
 Softened yet clear the morning's radiance falls—
 There incense-tapers should forever burn—
 Along the vaulted roof, the winding aisle :
 There, like a priestess, feeding the pure flame
 Upon the altar, Evening pours her smile ;
 And there, blue Midnight spreads her starry shield,
 (Such power, O Pallas, could thine ægis yield ?)
 To guard, undimmed, the splendor of his fame !

A MERCURIAL VISITOR; WITH VARIATIONS.

"The shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-haired figure,
 That looked as it had been a shade on earth;
 Now it waxed little, then again grew bigger,
 With now an air of gloom, and now of mirth;
 But as you gazed upon its features, they
 Changed every instant—to what none could say."

[Byron.]

There's many a pleasant thing in this world of our's,
 reader—at least, so my short experience declares, and,
 for one, I am not disposed to be cynical, and insist that
 it is otherwise. I confess that I can find nothing to
 envy in those, the burden of whose song, from morning
 till night, is

" 'Tis all a tale of falsehood—life is made of gloom ;"

those who, with a chilling shrug of the shoulders, solace
 themselves in their misery, by insisting that others are
 equally miserable, and, to prove their assertion, do their
 utmost to render them so. Beshrew, I say, all those
 impertinent blockheads, whose pleasure it is to sit like
 the owl, and send forth their hootings, to the discomfort
 of all whose optics, unlike their own, prefer light to
 darkness, and who have no longings after the *joy of be-
 ing miserable*. Let them croak about the

"—woes

"Ill bartered for the garishness of joy,"

if it suits their fancy, but at least let them not force
 their diet on those who relish it not.

Yet, reader, I am not so far gone in the ways of folly,
 as to insist that all things are *equally* pleasant. One
 may enjoy the chirping of the swallow, I trust, without
 being obliged to pronounce it equal to the varied notes
 of the mockingbird, as one may derive entertainment
 from a romance of the day, without reducing to its level
 those which have stood the criticism of years. "*De
 gustibus non disputandum*," we are told, and so, reader,
 do not quarrel with me, when I declare, that to me, one
 of the pleasantest things which this world affords, is a
 stormy, blustering night in March, like the one in which
 I now write. It is cold—yes, bitter cold. The wind is

whistling one of its most melancholy tunes without ;
 now, like the sweet notes of the Eolian harp, sinking
 into that rich and low cadence which seems like the
 whispering voice of the one we love—then suddenly
 bursting forth its notes, harsh and loud, yet still pleas-
 ing, like those of a rich harp-string, rise higher and
 higher, until our fancy tells us 'tis the shriek of some
 poor wretch that's wandering houseless in the storm.

Hark, what a blast was there! The timbers of the
 old house in which I sit, still creak with the shock, and
 the pen seems almost to tremble in my hand. No sine-
 cure, king Æolus, hast thou, if thy charge be to restrain
 such unruly spirits as are now roaming over the face of
 the earth! Where art thou now? Are the keys of
 thine office resigned in despair, or art thou, unmindful
 of thy duty, revelling with thy compeers in the realms
 below? Methinks 'twere reasonable, at least, for thee
 to have turned the bolt on those restless sons of the air,
 ere thou startedst to have shaken the birchen wand
 about their ears, and warned them of the penalty for
 blowing up such a breeze.

Listen again! There goes the whistle of old Boreas,
 as his signal to his cousins the zephyrs; and now, away
 they go, frisking and frolicking over hill and dale, with
 all the freshness and life and animation of a boarding-
 school miss or a sophomore in vacation. 'Tis pleasant
 to listen to them ~~scampering away~~—now snapping their
 fingers in delight at their freedom—now cheering each
 other on in the game—and now, joining ranks, present
 the semblance of a fight; but soon, with spirits far too
 buoyant, break through all restraints, and like our own
 valiant militia, kicking up their heels, vow to fight on
 no one's hook but on their own.

Yes, reader, it is pleasant to listen to such music as I
 have attempted to describe; but, believe me, it is won-
 derfully improved by an accompaniment. To be en-
 joyed in perfection, it must be listened to by the noisy
 crackling of a hickory fire, such as now blazes on the
 hearth before me—one that goes roaring up the wide-
 mouthed chimney, and diffuses so complete an air of
 cheerfulness around. Brightly it burns, and beautifully
 too; but, no matter, take the poker and stir up once
 more that glowing bed of coals, and see the army of
 sparks, bright and shining, that, like spirits, start up at
 the touch! Ah, there now is a generous warmth that
 penetrates even to one's heart, and seems to render him
 kindly disposed toward every living being. Alas! for
 those who now lack such comforts as a cheerful home
 and a glowing fire.

Hush! what was that? It sounded like the voice of
 one in distress—but no, 'twas merely the moaning of
 the wind, as it swept furiously by. Yet stay—there it
 is again: "Let me in; let me in!"

"Yes, friend, you shall come in;" and I hastened to
 the door, but it opened on nought but a roaring wind,
 and drifting clouds. I hastily closed the door, for the
 evening air was keenly cold, and had returned to my
 seat beside the fire, when again the plaintive cry, "Oh,
 take me in, take me in!" was heard.

"'Tis singular!" said I, as I walked to the window,
 and again looked forth on the landscape. The sha-
 dows of the clouds, as they passed over the face of the
 moon, were flitting rapidly across the fields—now and
 then some distant window-shutter, blown by the wind,
 slammed heavily, and a venerable thermometer, that

hung just without the window, grated nervously against the side of the house.

"Can there be any one exposed to the cold to night?" murmured I.

"To be sure there can. Why, in thunder, don't you let me in?" was the answer. I started and looked something like "nine ways at once," but said nothing.

"Ugh, you rascal—hav'n't you any bowels of compassion for me, eh?"

"Yes, friend, and if you'll just give me a glimpse of your bowels, you shall come in."

"Well then, here I am."

"Yes, but *where*?"

"Where! why *here*;" you can't see, eh? Well you shall *hear* at least;" and a blast of wind dashed one end of my thermometer furiously against the window, making the room ring with the report.

"Whew! the deuce! Is that you, my old friend? Verily you *shall* come in;" and I raised the sash, and lifted the old fellow from off the hook on which he hung.

"A pretty stiff breeze out, to night," said I, to start the conversation.

"Stiff!" rejoined he; "well, I don't know as to that: but I know I'm tolerably stiff. Can't you get me a little nearer the fire, eh? That looks like a passably comfortable berth, there, beside the poker. My dear fellow, (to the poker,) could you possibly make a little room there for me?"

The poker growled a little at being so unceremoniously dislodged from its comfortable quarters, but to console it, I thrust one end under the fore-stick, and, resting the other against the fender, allowed it to swell and expand at its leisure.

"Well, now this is what I call *life*," observed the Thermometer from his resting place, after having shaken the frost from his locks, and indulged in some twenty or thirty yawns. "Some difference between this and shivering out there in the cold."

"I'm glad you like the change," I observed.

"Like it!" retorted he. "Egad, you just go and hang there forty years, as I have done, and see if you wouldn't like a good fire afterwards."

"Forty years! oh, you're joking," said I.

"No joke at all," he replied warmly; "at least, I hav'n't found it so, but a most serious and solemn fact, upon the honor of a Thermometer."

"A complete quiz!" observed the Poker contemptuously, from his station under the fore-stick; "why, I'm only twenty-five years old."

"None of your impertinence, there!" cried the Thermometer, rapidly rising in warmth.

"You be blowed!" said the Poker coolly.

"Scoundrel, rascal, liar!" screamed the Thermometer. "I do defy thee for a false knave."

"Would you fork the old chap?" said the Poker to me.

"Aye, do it if you dare," continued the Thermometer; "I'm a match for a dozen of you! so come on, old Brazen-Face!"

Up sprung the Poker, and hard struggled the Thermometer to descend from his elevation. "Here, friend," he cried to me, "just unhook me, will you? And whilst you're about it, just turn that screw in the back of my neck—it's a trifle too tight."

I did so, when lo, out leaped the old fellow from his rusty case, and, seizing a pair of dividers that lay on

the table, he brandished them over his head, and yelled forth a fierce defiance to his antagonist. The Poker, nothing daunted, courageously seized the snuffers and bid him 'come on, if he dare!' Then, pale with rage and indignation, became the Thermometer as he advanced to the attack.

Direful was the combat. Brightly flashed the fire from their clashing steel, but still more brightly flashed the fire from their fiercely sparkling eyes! All creation was in an agony of expectation, as now the Poker drove the Thermometer across the room, and then again was obliged to fly in his turn.

"*Habet!* a hit, a hit!" cried old Virgil, from his leathern case on the table, as a well-aimed thrust seemed about to pin the Poker against the wall. "*Minime!*" said Sallust, as by a sudden turn of the body the blow was dexterously avoided.

"*Nunc surgite remis!*" solemnly cried Milton, in a deep tone encouraging them both.

"Pooh, what old fool of a pedant is that?" contemptuously sneered Virgil, imagining he saw '*soft sawder*' in the quotation.

And now were the combatants waxing weary—the Poker, pale with fatigue, and the Thermometer some ten degrees, at least, 'below Jehu'—when the former, in his distress, shrieked out for aid to his friends the Penates, who, at the cry, came rushing on, in flocks innumerable. Alas, now, for the Thermometer! But no! great Jove himself, beholding from high Olympus the fearful odds, forthwith despatched Mercury to his aid, who, in himself a host, came thundering down, and, at one sweep of his potent wand, sent some three score of the *Dii minores*, packing off to the realms of Pluto! The rest stood aghast with terror, which, when the Thermometer saw, he concentrated all his strength into one terrible blow, and leaping on his antagonist, felled him to the ground!

As sometimes on the Appalachian Chain, some mighty gum-tree, monarch of the woods, rent by the lightnings of Heaven, falls heavily to the ground! the earth is shaken to its centre, and the unlucky travellers that are cracking stalactites in Wier's Cave, frightened at the sound, fly for safety to its mouth! so did all the earth tremble at the fall of our friend the Poker, and so did the rats and mice run *howling* to their coverts, terrified at the shock and at the roar of applause which followed.

"Now, old fellow, I reckon you've got it," said the Thermometer, as he stood above his fallen foe; "confess or die!"

"Well, what shall I confess?" said the Poker.

"Why, first, that I'm the most valiant and doughty warrior on earth."

"I'll see you in Guinea, first!" interrupted the Poker.

"Well, then," said the Thermometer, "if your conscience won't permit you to do that, retract your assertion that I have not witnessed two-score revolutions of the sun."

"With the greatest pleasure," gasped the Poker.

"And acknowledge that I *have* witnessed them."

"Yes!"

"Or *ten times* two-score!"

"Zounds! fix the matter any way you like it," said the Poker, "only, for Heaven's sake, let me up!"

"Up with you, then!" said the Thermometer, and

the poor crest-fallen Poker slowly rose and shook off the cinders that had gathered on him.

"*Quos Deus vult perdere,*" &c., muttered he. "A consummate fool was I, to cross weapons with such an infernally vitreous, transparent character as that! A streak of light! pooh, a streak of light were a barn-door target, compared to him. I might as well have tried to pin down my own shadow, or raise a breeze from my consumptive friend the Bellows, as expect to have succeeded in the attempt. Yet I showed myself no coward, I trust!"

I paid the compliment which I saw was expected, and then turned to the Thermometer, who was stalking backward and forwards across the room, evidently much elated at his success.

"Pretty fairly done, taking all things into consideration," said I to him.

"Oh, a trifle—a mere trifle!" he replied, in a tone that showed he thought it any thing *but* a trifle. "When I was of your age, such a bout was a thing of almost every half-hour's occurrence. But that was a long while ago; yes, yes, long enough!"

"Then the valiant Sir Poker was wrong in supposing your remark a quiz?"

"A quiz? do I understand you?" and he grasped the dividers.

"Oh, your pardon, sir! I wouldn't wish to intimate any doubt of the fact *myself*; but you know!"

"Yes, I know—I know! Hark you, my young friend! I've taken a particular sort of a fancy to you, for sundry reasons; but don't presume too far! I wear a sword!"

"Ha, ha! that's a good one!" laughed I.

"A good one! eh? Excuse me, my dear sir, but I must take the liberty to tweak your nose, for that last remark."

"The deuce you must!" echoed I.

"In the politest manner imaginable, of course," said he, and he leaped up and tugged away at the aforesaid article, until I saw double, and roared for mercy most lustily.

"Egad, you're a screamer!" I remarked, as he let go his hold, half a mind to kick him out of the window for his impertinence.

"Oh, I beg of you, *keep* the compliment," he replied; "it's needed at home."

"I never resent a hint," said I.

"No, nor a pull of the nose—Ha, ha! pretty good!"

"I can't see the pith of it," I rejoined.

"Very possible, very possible! However, my friend, this is not very profitable conversation—suppose we change the subject. I rapped at your window, this evening, partly because you looked so consummately comfortable here—partly to ask a favor—partly for the sake of giving you a little advice, and partly to deposite in your hands my last will and testament. You smile, my young friend, but it's no smiling matter, I can assure you. Yes," continued he solemnly, and pausing at the end of every sentence—"I feel it—I'm fast going—and soon will this world know me no more. I sometimes tremble, when I reflect how the world will get along without me—and then I partly doubt whether I shall be permitted to depart at all. But Moses and Solomon, Julius Cæsar, Alexander, and other great men, have died, and they say the world turns on its axis about as

often as it did during their lives—though I'm inclined to doubt it myself. However, if *they* died, I suppose I must go too. Well, well, *Ilum fuit*—Troy fell. It's hard for those that survive—but, my young friend, you must learn wisdom from experience. Quickly will the few more years, that I have to spend on earth, have sped—let me then hasten to perform my duty!"

"Really, my dear sir," interrupted I, "you must have lived long, and must have a tolerably lengthy message to deliver, if two or three years won't allow you to jog on at your leisure. Pray, sir, if I may be so bold, when, where, and in whose company, did your optics first open on this world of corruption?"

"You're right, my friend—it *is* a world of corruption. But to answer your question, which, as it was asked in a spirit of meekness and humiliation, I take pleasure in answering—"Know then," said he, "and, my friend, expand not your eyes to the saucer size, as you drink in the knowledge, that I date my birth from the 14th of November, A. D. 1638, O. S. I was fashioned, sir, by the hands of the immortal OTTO GUERICKE, than whom a greater or better man never lived. I must ask your pardon, perhaps, for speaking with so much warmth of this man—but I have seen many persons in my life; I have been honored with the inspection of GALILEO and DES CARTES; I have hung in the chamber of NEWTON, and afterwards conversed with LA PLACE; I have been consulted by your own FRANKLIN and JEFFERSON; by the latter for many a long year—all these have I seen and heard, yet still, my veneration and respect for the plain, unpretending philosopher of Germany, has never decreased."

"Really, sir!" said I, "you have been quite a traveler in your day."

"You may well say that, my friend. I have seen much, heard much, and, I trust, reflected more. Ah, sir, if I chose, I could many a tale unfold—but, pshaw! I see the moon peeping around the corner, and soon she will be gazing full upon my station. Excuse me, sir, but I must leave you for the evening."

"Oh don't go—it's not late," I cried.

"True enough," he replied; "but what, think you, would the world say, if, after having faithfully performed my duty for two centuries, I should be found wanting at the eleventh hour? And as for skulking, when Madam the Moon mounts guard, let me tell you, sir, the idea's an absurdity. Besides—confound the jade!—she's one of the most complete gossips that ever reflected on the doings of this world—she plays the very deuce with the character of an old fellow like me, if she can once pick a flaw in it! So, good night! Just hang me once more on my old stand. Gently—gently! for I'm growing old. There, that'll answer—now leave me. Good night to you again—keep cool until we meet once more, and many a pleasant dream to you meanwhile!"

"And many pleasant dreams to you!" thought I, as I tumbled into my couch; "though, according to my way of thinking, old fellow, I stand the fairest chance for them."

And, reader, the same to you, sleeping or waking, until we meet again, which, if so be that we part mutually pleased, I trust will be ere long.

Baltimore, March, 1839.

E. R. M.

FROM MY NOOK IN THE NORTHERN NECK.

MR. WHITE: Did'st ever visit this most interesting portion of the Ancient Dominion? This land, if not "of the myrtle and vine," yet, of aristocratic ruins and crumbling shrines—where in days gone-by, the princely halls resounded with music and revelry, and where still Virginian hospitality delights to linger. If thou hast not, leave the Messenger to the printer's devil, and join me in a pilgrimage to the monuments of our olden time.

Let us visit each hall and bower,
Once bright and gay, now wrapt in gloom;
Explore each shrine and mouldering tower,
And muse in silence o'er each tomb.

Where'er we turn, on ev'ry hand
We find some time-worn object nigh,
And crumbling ruins round us stand,
To tell us "all is vanity."

Behold yon venerable pile;—
Its massive walls still loth to yield:
Stern Time hath spared it yet a while
To frown o'er that deserted field.

'Time was, the eye of beauty glanc'd
Delighted through its lovely bow'rs;
And sportive children lightly danc'd,
Like fairy sprites, among its flow'rs.

And often, with the rosy morn,
The huntsman issuing from its court,
O'er hill and dale, with hound and horn,
Pursued in eager joy his sport.

Here too, in silent closet sate,
The austere statesman, and resolv'd
Things of vast import, and the fate
Of nations in his mind revolv'd.

Where now are they? forever gone!
Each in his turn hath past away:
Old Hall, thou dost survive alone,
In mock'ry o'er their swift decay.

Thy offices, raz'd to the ground;
Thy terraced walks, thy garden-wall,
In hopeless ruin strew'd around,
Thou seest, and still surviv'st them all.

Proud old Hall, thy haughty bearing
Reminds us of some stalwart knight,
Who, the brunt of battle daring,
Beholds his sons hew'd down in fight.

Full soon, tho' strong in ev'ry part,
Thou too shalt totter to thy fall:
Nor height nor strength, nor human art,
Can save thee—proud and dark old Hall.

And see! without a fence to check
The intruding beasts,—its aisles o'ertrod
By filthy swine—there stands the wreck
Of what was once the house of God.

Sacred ruin! how sad thy fate!
Time was, thy grandeur form'd the theme
Of ev'ry tongue—now o'er thy state,
Foul desecration reigns supreme.

The wheeling bat, and hooting owl,
Usurp the echoes of thy roof—
Thy font is gone, thy altar's foul,
Thy floor's the prey of ev'ry hoof.

No more thy sacred walls shall hear
The sound of solemn pray'r and praise:
No more shall priest or flock appear,
And here "their cheerful voices raise."

Would that alone, of all thy kind,
Thou wert thus to contumely given;
Then might we hope some plea to find,
To avert the wrath deserv'd of Heav'n.

But ah! throughout this happy land,
How oft do all, thy fellow see,
Despoiled by man's unholy hand,
Defil'd, decay'd, destroy'd like thee!

We turn now to another scene:
From this hill, in yon field, afar
Reflecting bright the harvest's sheen,
Seest thou that mound?—a tomb is there—

A patriot's tomb;—there lies interred
All that decay has spar'd of Lee:
Whom "list'ning senates" raptur'd heard,
Bid proud Columbia rise, be free!

Approach, and view this hallow'd spot,
Profan'd and trodden by a slave!
See, those who pass have long forgot
They move upon a statesman's grave.

Th' encircling wall destroy'd—he lies,
With nought to bar the cattle's tread;
The burden'd slave, with labor plies
His task above the patriot's head.

Virginia!—'tis a lasting shame
That thus thy noble son should lie,
Like some dull clown, unknown to fame,
Or wretch deep-dy'd in felony.

Columns, in other lands attest,
The conqu'ring hero's bloody deeds—
With trophies wrung from worlds oppress'd,
His vanity the tyrant feeds,

And rears some gorgeous monument,
Proof of towns and cities blasted,
Of blood and gold in conquests spent,
Of nations by ambition wasted.

But thou! no mark hast rais'd to show,
Thy thanks to them who did the deed,
That sav'd thee from the tyrant's blow,
And left thy soil forever freed.

Peace to thy shade, illustrious Lee!
Thy country lives, to sound thy fame;
That country falls, no longer free,
When she forgets thy glorious name.

"*Aut insanit homo,*" &c. &c. say you. I beg pardon, sir, most humbly—but really the fit was upon me, and despite my efforts to avoid it, I have committed—shall I say poetry?—no! prose run mad. Well, "what is writ is writ," and you must take it for better for worse, if at all. I commenced this paper with the intention to give you a sketch of some of the most interesting relics of antiquity, with which I have met on a tour through the Northern Neck; but having already occupied more space than falls to the lot of such a rambler, I must content myself with condensing my sketches into notes, to the annexed rhymes.

1st. The mansion alluded to, is Nominy Hall in the county of Westmoreland, the ruined seat of a branch of the Carter family. 'Tis a gloomy old castle of the *Udolpho* style—dark and grey, abounding with corridors and closets, winding stairs and trap doors. It is almost a ruin. Nothing is left but the Hall itself: the offices, laid out on a grand scale, have long since been levelled with the ground; and the materials of what was once the pride of the Carters, are now to be traced in many a hovel, in the shape of "chimney backs" and hearth stones, or, "patching a wall to expel the winter's flaw." The avenue from the northern gateway, composed of fine old native poplars, still remains. But 'tis said, the people of these parts have a mortal aversion to fine spreading trees; which under the horrible name of "shadders," they extirpate in the most cruel manner: sometimes by slaying them outright; sometimes by the slow torture of *belting*, and lastly and most shockingly, by lopping off every limb and branch, leaving the poor tree standing like a maimed beggar on the road side, an object of commiseration to every passer-by. How often have I seen a royal oak—the lapse of ages chronicled in its trunk; the lofty and wide-spread grandeur of which were enough, one would think, to fright the assassin from his purpose—how often have I seen such a tree, destroyed for no offence, save that it stood on the border of some poverty-stricken field, and cast the shade of its branches over some bumpkin's "nubbins." Our noble avenue stands in this dangerous juxtaposition, and we may expect soon to see this last relic of the taste and grandeur of the "Counsellor" Carter, pass away, and the place shall know it no more forever.

2nd. The church of which the ruin is deplored, is Pope's creek church, in the same county. This noble edifice is now reduced to a heap of bricks and mortar. One or two of the arches in the front wall are yet standing, and exhibit a beauty of material and workmanship, seldom equalled now-a-days. It is one of those fine old Episcopal churches, the melancholy ruins of which meet the eye throughout lower Virginia. A few are yet standing in good order, and are used by congregations returning "to the old paths." The spoliation of the others is a lasting stigma upon all who aided in it. The particular church of which we are speaking lies almost in sight of the birthplace of Washington.

3d. The grave of Richard Henry Lee, lies in an open field, as described in the stanzas. The ingratitude of republics is a proverb; and we, as a nation, have done nothing to avert the charge from us. What has America done to reward her warriors and statesmen? What monuments commemorate their heroic resistance of tyranny, their sufferings and their triumphs? A few tardy pension acts, and the "leg pieces" in the capitol at

Washington, are all the tributes their worth has received. We cannot complain, however, that the lesser glories of Lee and Henry, of Hancock and Adams, are not illustrated as they should be, when we remember that no National Monument has yet been erected to the man who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

R. O.

LETTER FROM MALTA.

A Visit to the Church Yards of Malta—Epitaphs—Monument to Sir H. Hotham—Tombs of deceased Americans.

"The yellow leaves went whispering by,—
Each in its passage seemed to say,
Companion, learn of us to die,—
We go the self-same way."

As a stranger passes through the narrow gateway, by which the Protestant dead are carried to their long homes, he will observe, in the first ground, a small grove of the evergreen cypress—the trees which, of all others, have in such places a grave appearance, and are in accordance with the thoughts of those who sometimes shun the crowded city to ramble and ruminate among the tombs of the English fathers of Valletta. Our only way of entrance was by scaling a wall, which we, with much difficulty, effected. Landing on a marble tablet, it unfortunately gave way under our feet, and lamed one of our party so seriously, that he did not for weeks recover. Leaving our disabled friend seated on the broken marble, we entered a narrow pathway, which skirted around the ground, and through which we found some difficulty in making our way, encumbered as it was with the rank weeds of many a long year's growth. We were all strangers in an English burial place—and as we leaned over a splendid monument, which, placed at the head of the principal avenue, first drew our attention, we noticed, that if there had been a difference of rank in life, there was none in death—for here were the remains of a colonel, and in a line with him was the humble stone which marked the resting place of his bugler, and of some twenty of the rank and file of his regiment. Seeking the grove of cypresses, we found ourselves within a small enclosure, in the centre of which stood four small marble tombs, all of the same size and shape—erected by fond parents to the memory of their departed infants. A few days after their birth they were gathered "to smell sweet, and blossom in the dust," and though of different families, they had all died about the self-same time. How applicable to this melancholy spot are the beautifully plaintive lines of Mrs. Hemans:

"There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks, that now are still—
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill."

It has been customary with the Levantines for centuries, on the decease of a relative or friend, to plant near his grave a cypress tree—a custom which we would most willingly see introduced among christian nations.

Who, as a traveller, has ever been at Smyrna, and not visited those beautifully shaded, secluded, and melancholy plots of earth, which border on the classic shores of the ancient Meles?—and who has not admired the site for a burial place, covered, as it now is, with the evergreen cypress and weeping willows, thickly planted among the avenues of the dead? The grave yards of Malta might, from the soil and climate, with but little labor, be made gardens of flowers—while at this day they are but enclosures, as it were, of broken grave stones, half sunken tombs, and dilapidated monuments. There is, however, an excuse for their being in this condition, which we most freely give. Valletta is but a garrison town, and the regiments which are sent from England to this Island remain but two years, and are then ordered to the Ionian Islands—the relatives, (if any there are,) of those who have died within this brief period, immediately leave, the vacancy is filled, and the departed forgotten.

One of the most chaste and classical monuments which we observed in this ground, was of white marble—and as he whose remains it covered, was one of a nation—so it stood, and towered alone. As we approached, the stars engraven upon it, but too well told, even before we were sufficiently near to read the inscription, that it was to the memory of a countryman. Some days after our visit, we heard that it was erected by the present Greek consul, Thomas McGill, over the remains of H. G. R*****, of New York, who died at this Island in October, 1811. The beautiful design is as honorable to the one who planned it, as the monument is worthy, as far as frail marble can make it so, to record the virtues of him who tarries beneath:

“Tarry I here, I but attend on death—
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.”

The shaft was, not long since, broken by some idle lads, whom I would name, did not their youth in a measure excuse them. We had it repaired, and it may remain for another score of years, unless overturned by thoughtless boys, or despoiled by older rogues, who at this Island rob the Protestant tombs to sell the broken marble.

While seeking the second ground, which lies in another bastion farther to the south, we hoped that as the burials had been more recent, the tombs would not be found so much neglected—we were, however, in error, as every thing we saw but plainly showed, that if the hand of Time had been busy, that of mortals had proved far more destructive. On entering, encircled as we were with bushes, brambles and weeds, we could not but observe that a different arrangement had been made for the laying out of this yard, inasmuch as all the expensive monuments were to the right by themselves—while the humbler head stones covered the area and left of the yard. This may have occurred by chance, although it savors of aristocracy, even in these habitations of the dead. Most of the tombs were to the military; while now and then we observed one which had been erected to a traveller, merchant, or officer of the navy.

It would seem that the English, of all people in the world, were most fond of inscriptions and grave-yard epitaphs;—we read some which had been well selected from the Bible, and appropriately taken from the

Psalms—but many of those which were original “offended wofully against grammar, taste, common sense and religion: This is not a fault in Malta only, for in England it prevails to a much greater degree.” Go with what solemn thoughts one may, into these grounds, it is with no little difficulty he will be able to refrain from smiling while reading some of the doggerel lines, which almost at every step will meet his eye. We give the following, which are passable as compositions. The three first are inscriptions to the memory of soldiers of the 80th regiment:

“The king of kings a warrant sealed,
And sent it out by Death—
And charged him to serve the same
Upon my feeble breath.”

“Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave his breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.”

“Rejoice for a brother deceased—
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul's out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily pain.”

On the plain head stone to Mrs. T****, the wife of an American missionary, we saw the following lines:

“Thank God, he gives me the victory
Through the hand of Jesus Christ.”

From a tablet of black marble, placed over a distinguished poet, we extracted the following beautiful lines, translated from the Italian—as true as they are poetical:

“The past! what is it but a gleam?
Which memory faintly throws;
The future! 'tis the fairy dream,
That hope and fear compose.

The present! is the lightning glance,
That comes and disappears;
Thus life is but a moment's trance,
Of memories, hopes and fears.”

When we entered the cemetery, which is now being filled, we could not but be gratified on observing the decided improvement which has been recently made in the laying out of this small ground—and of the care which was taken, by men hired for the purpose, in rolling the paths, (beautifully hedged as they are with geraniums,) watering the plants, trimming the cypresses, and guarding the tombs. Several splendid monuments are to be met with in this yard—two of which we will name—that erected to the memory of the late rear admiral Sir H. Hotham, who died in 1833, in command of the English Mediterranean fleet—and the one built by the Hon. Mr. Frere, over his departed wife.

Serving, as the harbor of Valletta has, for the last few years, as winter quarters to the English fleet, this ground is in a measure occupied by those who were in the naval service of their country. From a few inscriptions which we have copied, it would appear that the epitaphs on the tombs of seamen, are as curious as those which were taken from the head stones of soldiers. In

every instance the monuments were placed by the crews of the ships to which the deceased belonged. We took the following lines from a marble:

To a seaman of the Revenge 74, who died in 1835.

"Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves,
Have tossed me to and fro;
Yet I at last, by God's decree,
Doth harbor here below;

Where at anchor I do rest,
With many of the fleet—
In hope once more to rise again,
My Saviour Christ to meet."

To one of the crew of the "Caledonia," 120—who was killed by a fall from the rigging, while engaged in sending down the top-gallant yards at sunset:

"When I was called unto my duty,
I fearless went aloft;
But Him, that spares neither youth or beauty,
Was pleased to call me off.

My nerveless grasp gave up its strength,
And I was forced to fall—
But who can tell thy mercy's length?
For thou art Lord of all."

On a monument, to a seaman of the Rodney, 80, found murdered, was this extract from Job:

"O, earth! cover not thou my blood."

Even in this small congregation of the dead, we passed a sculptured stone to the memory of a young American.

W.

Malta, July 31st, 1838.

THE DESULTORY SPECULATOR.

NO. IV.

SKETCHES.

The 25th Congress of the United States has at last closed its labors and its existence. Of the good or evil it has done, I shall not speak; but of some of those who formed it, it may not be uninteresting to give a few brief sketches, for the benefit of such of your readers as may not have enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing their parliamentary efforts. I begin with

R. H. MENEFEE.

This gentleman was a representative from Kentucky, and first took his seat in Congress at the extra session in 1837. During that session he made his *debut* on the floor of the House, on the sub-treasury bill. It was a masterly effort and established his reputation as a parliamentary orator. It satisfied both parties of the superiority of his mind, and the rank he was likely to hold in the body to which he belonged. His fame had not preceded him, and his first effort was as unexpected as it was astonishing. Mr. Menefee does not appear to

be more than thirty years of age; in person, he is tall, lean and meager; his hair is light, but worn very thick over his head, which is finely moulded, though he is far from being handsome; his face is narrow and long—his mouth unusually wide, and his eyes grey, but full of expression. The distinguishing features of his mind are acuteness, strength, clearness, and fertility. He marshals his arguments with much skill, and enforces them with great subtlety and power. He has not the imagination or fertility of Prentiss, of whom I shall speak presently; but he has more strength, and equal power of analysis. His reasoning is logical, but not dry, and his topics are selected and his arguments arranged with great perspicuity and skill. There is great vigor in his style—his figures are usually strong and appropriate, but sometimes too low. His elocution, though not rapid, is easy, his sarcasm extremely bitter and mordant, and his declamation often rises to splendor. I never saw a person of his age so calm and collected, when addressing such a body, as he appears to be. He stands self-poised and unmoved by the gaze of the House, and generally fixes his keen and sparkling eye on the member he is answering, without addressing himself to the Speaker. In the famous philippic he delivered a few weeks before the close of the last session, on a resolution introduced by Mr. Prentiss, to expel from the House a member, who had published an offensive article in the *Globe*, he kept his eye so steadily fixed on his victim, and rolled out his denunciations with such biting and terrible effect, that after writhing for some time in apparent agony, and unable any longer to endure the torture to which he was subjected, he started up once or twice to call Mr. Menefee to order, because he was looking at him instead of the Speaker. Mr. Menefee's manner is always earnest and impressive. He seldom or never indulges in the humorous, and is more of the philosopher than the wit. As an orator, he is not at all artificial—he neither studies his attitudes nor his action; both appear to be natural and appropriate. His voice wants melody of intonation, and descends from the higher to the lower tones too rapidly for effect; while his cadences are sometimes lost in indistinctness. Mr. Menefee's talents are such as to beget the belief, that he will attain to high distinction in public life, should he devote himself exclusively to it; and become as eminent and useful, as a statesman, as he now is distinguished as a public speaker.

The compeer of Mr. Menefee in oratory, is the highly talented member from Virginia,

HENRY A. WISE.

This gentleman, though an older member, is not an older man than the representative from Kentucky. In person, they bear a considerable resemblance to each other. They are both lean and almost fleshless—looking like persons in a consumption. Mr. Wise is not quite so tall, nor his hair quite so light as that of Mr. Menefee; but his features are more regular, and his eye more expressive and eloquent. Mr. Wise wants the Shaksperian pile of forehead; but he has great intensity of feeling, which compensates, in some degree, for the deficiency in the imaginative faculty. Mr. Wise's mind is quick and comprehensive; he seizes upon the weak

points of his opponent's argument, with great facility, and turns them against him with much skill and ability. He depends mainly upon the native powers of his intellect, which has not been very highly cultivated or disciplined. He has not devoted much of his time, probably from the necessity of early action, to the acquisition of knowledge, but his mind is perhaps more vigorous and acute than it would have been, if it had been more polished and enriched with other men's thoughts. He thinks for himself, and thinks deeply. His thoughts, though not often magnificent or beautiful, are nevertheless original and striking. As a satyrist, he has not the delicacy, point and polish of the orator of Roanoke, but he has more vigor and intensity of indignation. He feels deeply, and pours out the overflowings of his indignation in "words that burn," and in language which bears the strong coloring of his feelings. Those feelings are lofty, honorable and delicate, but excitable. His soul seems to loathe and spurn all that is mean or dishonorable in human action. His hatred of vice and political dishonesty and profligacy is innate, and he deals out his denunciations against those he believes to be guilty, whether elevated or humble, with indignant and bitter eloquence. His victim shivers and writhes beneath his lash. He is bold, fearless and independent, and throws out his shafts without regard to the elevated rank which those he aims at may hold in the world. His love of country is intense and ardent, and he looks upon all whose conduct endangers its liberties or tends to cover its character with dishonor, as his enemies, whom it is his duty to expose and denounce. There is, however, the greatest possible difference between Mr. Wise on the floor of the House, and Mr. Wise in the private circle. A stranger would scarcely believe them to be the same individual. While addressing the body of which he is a member, he often seems to be animated by a species of fury, or by some strong and uncontrollable passion—his eyebrows lower, his eyes sparkle with indignation, and his whole countenance and action indicate the most violent mental agitation; while surrounded by his friends, and even among strangers, he is mild, affable and humorous, producing laughter by his *bon mots* and jokes, and laughing himself at the jokes, wit or anecdotes of others. He has a good deal of the irritability of genius, but it is seldom displayed, except in the hall of legislation. In the domestic circle, he is kind, tender and affectionate, and in private, affable and even playful among those with whom he is intimately acquainted. Since his first appearance among the representatives of the nation, he has undergone a considerable change. He is, I think, less intemperate and violent in his manner and feelings, and has more staidness and dignity, but not less energy and vehemence. Every one listens to him with interest, when he addresses the House, because every one is pleased with excitement. Mr. Wise's talents, ardent feelings and boldness of character have given him a high rank in the House of Representatives; but he is *fortunæ majoris honos, erectus et acer*. Though young, he is an expert and able debater—always prepared to attack or defend, as the case may require, and never sparing his opponent, either in the offensive or defensive. He wields the battle axe and mace, and leaves the small sword and spear to those whose ardor is less intense or whose indignation is more controllable.

When Mr. Wise first appeared in the House, some ten years ago, it was thought from his voice and manner, that he was an imitator of John Randolph; but it was soon perceived that he was an original, and afterwards ascertained that he had never seen his supposed model, the great eccentric of Roanoke. "None but himself can be his parallel." He stands alone, often unsupported, and boldly and manfully breasts the fury of party rage, and treats with scorn the denunciations of the minions of power. He has great nerve as well as sensibility, and his fearlessness and independence command the respect even of those who are opposed to him in political opinion and who believe him to be wrong. Like all men of strong feelings, he is generous as well as brave, and he would as readily weep over the misfortunes of a prostrate enemy as over those of a beloved friend. The following short extract from a speech of his, recently delivered in the House of Representatives, will give not only an idea of his temper and the nature of his feelings, but of the style of his eloquence:

"Is it not egregiously unjust," says he, speaking of the conduct of the House to him in relation to the duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley, in which he was concerned as a second, "that any judge should pursue this course? I demand a trial. Come when it may I will expose the guilty. The most guilty were the very busiest in arraigning me—the most hypocritical in the hue and cry after the most innocent in that transaction. Put me on trial, and I will then drag from their seats here, and in the other House, the real culprits—the very wretches who instigated that duel—who wept crocodile tears over the bier of poor Cilley, and who got up excitement, the most loathsome, for no end whatever of religion or morality, but for the vilest of political purposes—wretches, who would have dragged the corpse of the victim of their machinations from Washington to Maine, with his heels to a chariot and his head upon the flinty rock, if it would have served the sinister and infamous designs of a party. He (Mr. Gray of New York) says the Speaker himself has been denounced as a supple tool of the Executive. Yes, the Speaker has been told to his face worse than that. You and I know, Mr. Speaker, what I said: Whenever I had been arraigned I would have given the reasons why I took the Speaker by the arm, as he was leaving that chair, and said to him—'You are the petty tool of a tyrant.' Did I mean merely to insult him? No, no—the Speaker was not my man. No, I discharged a high and solemn duty—I defend the freedom of debate and the forms intended to preserve it. When I found the Executive presiding *every where*—when I found the President sitting *there*, (pointing to the chair,) as well as upon the throne in the White House—overstepping the constitutional walls of partition between the co-ordinate departments of the government—encroaching by silent corruption upon the province of this House—I spoke out as Brutus did in Rome, or as Sidney would in England—I will speak or die on all such occasions. When I see the daring or insidious invasion of the freedom and independence of legislation attempted, I will denounce the invader, and denounce the principle of invasion. Why? Because I love the government and prefer its preservation for my children, better than I love any man who breathes. I forget persons, am heedless of

personalities in the struggle to maintain our institutions. I am responsible always, personally and legally, for the language I employ. I bow to the law and the judgment of my peers."

Mr. Wise always speaks what his feelings, rather than his judgment dictate, and seems to take a pride in "calling things by their right names"—which, as a speaker, gives to what he says the effect of sincerity, though it sometimes indicates a want of taste. His style is vigorous, but not polished—his elocution impressive and easy—his action appropriate and not ungraceful—and his voice, clear and distinct, and would always be audible, if he did not sometimes let it fall too suddenly below the proper pitch, at the close of a sentence. As a patriot, a parliamentary speaker, and a legislator, I know of no man of his age in this country who can be ranked as his equal. Though apparently feeble in health, he is nevertheless indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, and untiring and ceaseless in his efforts to accomplish what he believes to be conducive to the glory and prosperity of his country. Such a man should always be in the councils of the nation.

Not less eloquent, but less ambitious of parliamentary distinction, is the man he is proud to call his friend—

S. S. PRENTISS.

This gentleman made his first appearance at the bar of the House, during the extra session of the twenty-fifth Congress, in support of his right to a seat in that body as a representative from Mississippi. On that occasion he spoke for three days, with a force of reasoning, a rapidity and beauty of elocution, and a splendor of declamation, that astonished all who had the pleasure of hearing him. Mr. Prentiss is small in stature, and has a lameness in one of his legs, which compels him to resort to the use of a staff, on which he rests his deformed limb when he moves—he is, however, said to possess uncommon strength of body, and to have great vigor of muscle. His head is large and out of proportion to the rest of his frame—his features are good, and his countenance, though not what would be called handsome, is not ugly. He is said to be a native of Maine, and commenced life, like most of our distinguished men, in poverty. He taught school, while quite young, in Mississippi, to which he had removed to seek his fortune; afterwards studied law, and soon became eminent at the bar, where he acquired both reputation and wealth. He appears to be about thirty years of age. Mr. Prentiss has all the elements of the orator in him; his mind possesses great fertility and expansiveness; it is logical, imaginative, sarcastic and humorous. The faculties of judgment, imagination, memory and taste, are equally prominent and always exercised, when he speaks. After a laborious train of reasoning, in which he shows his strength as a logician, his hearer is astonished at some apt and felicitous illustration, drawn from history, poetry, philosophy, or romance, which he calls up by the power of memory, and apparently without an effort of the will. His early reading seems to have been confined to the sacred volume of inspiration, with which he is perfectly familiar, and from which most of his illustrations are taken, which are always happy and striking. He has the faculty, moreover, of gliding rapidly from grave to gay, from

the impassionate to the humorous; and from the declamatory to the coolest and most philosophical reasoning. His imagination furnishes him with the finest images, his invention with the strongest arguments, his judgment with the most logical application and most lucid arrangement of them, and his memory with a great variety of incidents and facts, which he has treasured up in the course of his reading and observation, and which he can call up with singular felicity, and apply with great effect. Mr. Prentiss possesses genius, as well as talent; his thoughts are poetical and often beautiful, but always under the control of good taste. His reading seems to have been more among the imaginative than the philosophical lights of the world, and he has read more for amusement than for the acquisition of knowledge. His mind is more excursive than profound—it delights more in the romance than the realities of life, and takes greater pleasure in reposing in the Idalian bowers with Homer, than in communing in the groves of Academus with Plato. His diction is sometimes very splendid, and his elocution singularly fluent, rolling along without hesitation and almost without a pause. His touches of humor and wit are excellent, and his sarcasm exceedingly pungent—sometimes putting the House in a roar of laughter, and at others exciting it to an almost irrepressible burst of indignation. His voice is, however, defective, and his cadences are not always harmonious or pleasing to the ear, and his action is too uniform for grace. Had he the inclination, he would be an admirable debater, but he prefers his own ease to the exertion which eminence as a debater requires. He is, however, more of an orator than a debater. His mind is too rich, affluent, and imaginative for the latter; and he likes to exert his intellectual energies, only when it can be done with effect, and when a sense of duty or the love of fame impels him to the effort. It is to be regretted, that he should find the great political arena of Congress so little suited to his taste, or so hostile to his interests, as to induce him to withdraw from the councils of the nation, and to return again to a profession from which he derives more wealth, if not so much fame, as from the career of legislation, which he has just abandoned, and in which he is so well fitted to excel.

I shall conclude these hasty sketches with that of

OGDEN HOFFMAN.

This gentleman, like Mr. Menefee, made his first appearance in Congress, at the extra session in 1837, as a representative of the city of New York. His reputation as an advocate had preceded him, and he soon had an opportunity of displaying his talents in a new sphere and a wider field than any to which he had before been accustomed. Every one who heard him on that occasion, was not only delighted, but astonished at the power of his eloquence and the splendor of his declamation. It was in the finest style of parliamentary oratory, and had not been surpassed for many years in the House. Mr. Hoffman's mind is imaginative and elegant, and his memory appears to be rich in the lore of history, upon the treasures of which he draws with great success, and from which he borrows his finest illustrations. His style is courteous, polished, innate, and sometimes beautiful. His reasoning is never dry,

his argument never tedious. Imagination casts over the workings of his mind a perpetual charm, and strews with the richest flowers, the path his judgment may select. The ear is delighted, and the fancy pleased, while the reason is satisfied. He is a man of genius; his temperament is ardent and his mind poetical. The creations of his fancy, as he rolls along, are often gorgeous and beautiful; he uses no vulgarisms, no low allusions, no trite or common-place illustrations; and his thoughts and images, if not always original, are presented in such a form, and surrounded with such drapery, as to possess the charm of originality. In the highest and most difficult range of eloquence, I mean the pathetic, I should judge that Mr. Hoffman would excel. There is something in the mellow and plaintive tones of his voice, in the excitability of his imagination, and in the nature of his feelings, that must give him great power, while addressing himself to the sympathies and passions of his hearers, and which must render him, on such occasions, almost omnipotent before a jury. His style is rich in rhetorical ornament—perhaps too much so, for classical simplicity; and he employs the “dazzling force of argument,” with great effect. In person, Mr. Hoffman is about the middle size, and his body well proportioned. His complexion is fair and ruddy, his eye blue and indicative of genius, and when he smiles, his countenance looks sunny and assumes the most pleasing expression. His voice is soft and musical, and his intonations are well modulated though somewhat monotonous. His cadences fall upon the ear with the softness of music, and the tones are pleasing even when the meaning is lost. His attitudes and gesticulation are graceful and appropriate, and his elocution unstudied, impressive and fascinating. His style and manner are more parliamentary than forensic; but notwithstanding his acknowledged talents, I fear his habits are too indolent to enable him to retain, though he has reached, a high rank as an eloquent debater, in a body organised like the House of Representatives. He but seldom addresses the House, but when he does, he is always listened to with pleasure; and if he does not always convince, he never fails to please.

Washington City, 1839.

G. W.

SPRING.

The Spring! the Spring is coming,
And the birds are singing gaily;
The busy bees are humming,
And the buds are bursting daily.

The Mockingbird, with his lively song,
And his voice so shrill and clear,
Is heard on my chimney all night long,
In this season of the year.

The Red bird, with his plumage gay,
And the gentle cooing Dove—
The Robin, and the pretty Jay,
To their mates are making love.

The meadows, with their vernal green,
And streamlets running clear,
And buds that everywhere are seen,
Announce that spring is near.

The pretty lambs, that sporting play,
O'er fields both far and near,
Almost seem themselves to say
The charming Spring is here. W*****.

THEORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

1. Article—“Animal Magnetism”—*Rees' Encyclopedia*.
2. Col. Stone's Pamphlet.

There are few figures to be found among all the treasures of imagery, contained in sacred or profane writings, more strikingly appropriate or more happily adapted to present at one view to the imagination, a clear and living picture of their object, than that which represents human society under the emblem of a sea. The several states of feverish activity and death like torpor, of mad excitement and stupid insensibility, of wild rejoicing and bitter sorrow, ever incident to social life, are the source of ideas closely related to those suggested by the ocean's agitations and commotions; by its hoarse roar, its low mutter, its winds and waves, its calms and tempests. Hence, this relation has been abundantly resorted to, both by inspired and uninspired writers, for illustration and embellishment, and has been the origin of many gems of comparison and metaphor. Indeed, so common is this association of idea, that the ‘sea of life’ is an expression no longer confined within the circle of poetic thought and writing, but has become stereotyped in the more common intercourse of men.

The winds, from which the storms and agitations of this sea originate, are many and various—of different strength, and of different duration. As the waters of the natural sea need the ordinary motion of waves to prevent the stagnation necessarily resulting from constant calms, so the social sea is kept from the decay and corruption consequent upon unvarying quiescence, by the waves of activity and exertion and enterprise, produced by the winds of change and accident. These are in general of so moderate and equable a nature as to serve only to enliven society, and to give an interest to its circumstances and relations. Indeed, they are, to a certain extent, necessary to prevent the dead calm of moral and intellectual stagnation—to impart that life and vigor to the human mind, so essential to the healthful exercise of its faculties. Were man a being exposed to no change—were his moral and physical constitution such, as to prevent him from being diverted from a certain fixed routine of feeling and action, either by the internal workings of his own mind, or by

the influence of external incident—were one day of his life the exact counterpart of another, it requires but little foresight to see that he would of necessity be a degenerating being. All experience goes to show that human excellence, whether moral, intellectual, or physical, must depend for its origin and enhancement upon change, excitement and exigency. Some disturbing agency then is necessary to the animation and purity of the waters of the social sea.

Sometimes, however, there are winds stirring the bosom of the ocean of life, too violent and tempestuous in their nature, to exert a salutary influence. Such are the winds of faction and discord, of war and revolution. The immediate consequences of these are, in general, fearfully destructive and blighting, but are sometimes in some degree counterbalanced by changes of an accidental and adventitious nature, which result in good, after the subsidence of the tempest. For, sometimes, like thunder storms, these convulsions decompose sickly effluvia—the noxious accumulations of centuries, and thus cleanse and purify the moral atmosphere. Sometimes they submerge by their agitation floods of ignorance, bigotry and vice, and bring up from the depths, where modesty and adversity have hid them, the fresh and sparkling waters of intelligence, liberality and virtue. Thus they act like certain volcanoes in arid and sterile countries, which, though, during the period of their eruption, they waste and bear away and overwhelm the scanty growth of the soil, throw up from their deep recesses rich and fertilizing agents, which bury the ancient surface, and thus are made to occupy in place of former barrenness, the region of vegetation.

Again, there are winds, which, like the 'trades,' are periodical in their nature—returning at distant and somewhat regular intervals. To this class belong the winds of speculation, set in motion by the sudden opening of some unoccupied avenue to wealth. These, as far as history shows, have been felt by all nations, and seem to be incidental to all civilized countries. They are, doubtless, always prejudicial, both as it regards their direct and ultimate consequences. To convince ourselves of this, let us for a moment watch the course of one storm of speculation—look at its results in each of its successive stages. The first stage is certainly the least disastrous. During its prevalence, the adventurous barks, whose sails are swelled by the strong but steady breeze, are borne along rapidly and prosperously, and may, if prudence is at the helm, reach the haven of wealth. In this period of the storm all the resulting evil consists in the undesirable general consequences of the voyage which it facilitates. The transfer of wealth produced by such voyages is, as experience shows, not conducive to the general good of the country. It is in most cases removed from where it has

been amassed by industry and care, and where, as a consequence proved by observation, it will most usefully and providently be applied, to be accumulated and enjoyed by those unpossessed of the prudence resulting from a long course of industry, and thus unfitted for its most desirable management. Speculation then, even in this its earliest and most promising stage, is an evil—its very success is prejudicial to the general good of society. Its second stage, however, presents a far darker picture. The prosperous gale rises to a tempest, and the vessels of all subsequent adventurers, multiplied and encouraged by the example of the few first successful voyagers, are dashed, shattered wrecks, upon the shore. Then follows another stage of the social disorder. For, when the ruin of its victims is accomplished, and the storm dies away, a dead calm succeeds. Confidence is destroyed; the arm of commerce is palsied; the channels of gradual and wholesome profit, resulting from regular industry, are impoverished and obstructed, and the face of society is covered with burdensome and unsightly wrecks—wrecks of fortune—wrecks of happiness, and wrecks of character. In time the dead calm too passes away. A healthful circulation again returns. Soon the convulsion is forgotten—a new wind arises, and the same scene is acted anew. This is a faithful picture of almost all speculations.

We might stop here to moot the point of christian duty in regard to the encouragement of speculation, thus proved to be an evil in all its stages; especially in regard to the propriety of taking a part personally in efforts to raise the wind, so prejudicial to the interests of society. The settlement of this question, however, in all its bearings, might well be made the topic of separate discussion, and we must now hasten to the consideration of what is more properly the subject matter of the present article. We ask pardon of the reader for wading so far through a windy exordium, before touching upon what is more legitimately before us. We trust, however, that we shall not again be blown so far leeward of our true direction.

Another example of this class of intermitting or periodical winds—the one at which we have been looking through the whole preceding course of generalization, as our ultimate object of investigation—is afforded by those systems of supernatural agency—those unexplained and apparently inexplicable mysteries, which have, in different ages, agitated the popular mind. That treated of in the papers, whose titles appear at the head of this article, (*Animal Magnetism*,) forms the most perfect and important specimen of these systems, and may serve as a type of the whole class. The history of this *delusion*—as most men are, at first view at least, inclined to consider it—is in the highest degree, striking and singular. For an age, it has been making its appearance, at distant

intervals of time and in different countries; under various names, it is true, and differing in some unessential characteristics and circumstances, but distinguished by the same general features and identified by the same fundamental peculiarities. 'La Mesmerisme' of the French, 'Die Verklarungen' of the Germans, and the 'Animal Magnetism' of our own age and country, are all members of the same natural family, possessing trifling distinctions, resulting from circumstances connected with the time and place of their birth, but sufficiently alike to be classed under the same generic division.

We have said that the first impulse of all sound and well balanced minds is to pronounce the whole thing a delusion—to pity the weak and superstitious notions of those who yield it their belief, and to stigmatize its inventors and professors as knaves and impostors. But a closer examination of some of the facts of Animal Magnetism—a deeper investigation of the foundations of their claims to belief, is calculated to shake the incredulity of the soundest judgment. And, indeed, before descending to a critical examination of the facts themselves, evidence of some reality in the case is to be derived from the general history of the system. The repeated revival at distant intervals of time, and in different nations, of one and the same mystery,—always, wherever introduced, characterised by the same distinguishing features; never varying in any important degree from one fixed routine of apparently supernatural agency,—is enough to induce a belief that an explanation is to be sought from some other source than the invention of designing men. Imposture is ever varying and changeable—inventive and constantly in search of novelties—not satisfied with appearing in the cast-off garments of a former age, but eager to shine in a new dress—to clothe itself in a disguise unknown before, and in consequence better fitted for concealment. Hence, as we conceive, the constant reappearance of this old and stereotyped system of wonders—admitting, as it would seem, of no essential change, or remodeling—may form the basis of a strong argument in favor of some origin more fixed than the ever varying conceits of the human mind.

We can by no means, it is true, admit the belief of all the facts submitted to public notice. It cannot be doubted, that sometimes, and indeed generally, the alleged exploits of the *soi disant* initiated, though gaining credit for a season by means of dexterous legerdemain and successful imposture, are finally exposed, and this exposure tends to throw disgrace and derision upon the whole matter. But then it is equally impossible to doubt that sometimes facts occur, which the keenest scrutiny of the most shrewd and judicious minds cannot explain or set aside. Persons whose honesty and integrity no one can question, have for a

time, been the possessors of the mysterious magnetic power, and this, without understanding the nature and origin of the influence they feel themselves to have, and without deriving the least advantage or profit from its exertion. We have an instance now in our mind of a man of known and established character—one who is not only a pattern of morality, but to all appearance a devoted christian, who has found that he has the power of affecting, magnetically, persons of certain temperament. The magnetization has been performed in the presence of several persons of the most unimpeachable veracity, who have attested its actual occurrence. We were originally firmly entrenched in settled disbelief of the whole system of somnambulism. We considered it so absurd—so utterly at variance with all established truth and reason, that we almost felt irritated when its merits were even honored so far as to be canvassed by men of sense and discernment. But we must confess that the instance we have just noticed, supported as it is by evidence of such a nature, as that it is more difficult to repudiate it, than to believe the facts themselves, has seriously encroached on the entrenchments of our incredulity.

The first of the papers, whose titles introduce this article, is an account, prepared for Rees' Encyclopedia of Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, as it existed in France and Germany about the middle of the last century. The author seems to consider the whole matter as an arrant imposition, palmed upon the community by Mesmer and his followers. Indeed, he represents Franklin and the other commissioners appointed by the French government to examine the claims of Mesmer, as having proved that the whole thing was a delusion; that in the instances in which he seemed really to have exerted a mysterious influence on those submitted to his manipulations, the imagination of the patient was to be looked to for the origin of the wonder. Now, we are very ready to admit, as we have already stated, that many cases of fraud and imposture may have been detected, and, what is more, that many surprising phenomena might have been correctly traced to the imagination, excited by disease. But is it possible to account for the general belief in the reality of the magnetic influence, which, as the writer of the paper acknowledges, prevailed for a long time throughout France and Germany, and was cherished by enlightened and learned men, without supposing that the pretensions of the system were supported by undoubted instances, of such a nature, as not to be traced either to the ordinary nervous excitement of the patient, or to the trick of the magnetizer? Indeed, the very fact of the formal appointment of commissioners by the French government to investigate the subject, shows the importance with which it had been invested in the eyes of the nation by the testimony in its favor. We freely

confess, however, that a condemnatory sentence in the case, appears at first view, so well to besit a sober judgment, that the decision of Franklin and his colleagues would have set our own mind at rest with regard to the claims of Animal Magnetism, were it not for its revival and the well authenticated evidence in its favor at the present day. Col. Stone's pamphlet affords a very good portraiture of the mystery in its modern garb. We do not adduce the account of his connection with the matter, because we look to it as our principal source of suspicion of the reality of somnambulism. Other cases have served in a much greater degree to influence our decision. But the pamphlet in question contains the only evidence in the case which has appeared in print. Other, and to us more indubitable facts, have reached us orally, and hence, though satisfactory to us, cannot be laid before the public. We would by no means rest the proof of the plausibility of Animal Magnetism on either of the papers under consideration. We would refer to them rather as sketches of the nature of the system, than as sources of absolute evidence. Indeed, as will presently appear, we write rather to suggest a reasonable method of explanation to those whose own information has led them to suspect the truth of magnetic facts, than to win over those so fortunate as still to have a store of incredulity sufficient to bear them out in charges of imposture and absurdity.

We hold it to be the part of sound wisdom and sober judgment, in relation to such subjects as that under discussion, to stand out against testimony so long as there is any reasonable ground for setting it aside, or even for distrusting it; to resist all arguments in favor of what appears so utterly inconsistent with the common course of nature, until, from the overwhelming weight of evidence, and from the clearness of demonstration based thereon, resistance is no longer a virtue; then, after clearly weighing and closely investigating all the circumstances and relations of the case, to receive so much as true as the undeniable proof embraces, and no more, and to account for and explain this truth, if indeed explanation is practicable, in such a way as shall be most consistent with reason and the sober realities of life. This is the path which we have traced out for ourselves, and which we have attempted to follow. We believe that the seats of many of those who claim the possession of the magnetic influence, are mere tricks and impositions. But then nothing is more natural than that such a system, even if of the greatest reality and importance, should be counterfeited and presented in a spurious form by knaves, either for the purpose of gain, or of exciting admiration. Were we perfectly convinced that such a thing as Animal Magnetism existed, one of our first conclusions in regard to it would be, that there would be innumerable counterfeits and imitations. The detec-

tion and exposure; therefore, of such counterfeits, can form no solid foundation for an argument against the existence of any thing genuine in the matter. From duly weighing these considerations, we are compelled, however reluctantly, to confess, that we cannot disbelieve, at least with any degree of firmness, that there have been instances of the real and *bona fide* exertion of the magnetic influence, to an extent far in advance of any thing that can be accounted for on scientific or metaphysical principles. This impression having been made upon our mind, it is, as we have already said, the part of sound reason to endeavor to think of such an explanation of the matter as shall diminish as much as possible the degree of its inconsistency with nature and common experience. This we have attempted to do, and have so far succeeded, as to arrive at conclusions, which, since they have been satisfactory in some degree to ourselves, we have supposed might be interesting and perhaps useful to others.

Let us consider in the outset what is the tendency as to advantage or injury of Animal Magnetism. Is its discovery as a true system, or, as the case may be, its invention as an imposture, prejudicial or of benefit to the public, and more particularly to the public morals? Is it one of those winds, to return to our original figure, which blow no one any good, or the contrary? The slightest consideration will, we think, decide this question. If the possessor of the magnetic power be able, as he asserts, to gain from the person under his influence, information in regard to any events which are taking place in the world, however distant or retired the place of their occurrence—if he be able to send his sleeping spy to scrutinize the private transactions and conditions of social life, it is at once evident that all secrecy is at an end. Men must live in society with the perfect consciousness that all their doings are, or may be known at any time by others. Here, then, if we go so far as to admit the claims of the somnambulist to this gift of almost unlimited *clairvoyance*, which is the last and least frequent reach of his peculiar power, we have in the outset of our examination a radical and insupportable evil—subversive of the order and well being of society, as at present constituted—nay, if we mistake not, incompatible entirely with the social relations of man. But then that should be taken into account, which has been, to our mind, one of the most fruitful sources of objection to the reality of Animal Magnetism; we mean that, though it has presented itself to public notice repeatedly, at intervals, during the last century or more, it has never at any one time been perseveringly and successfully carried out. Though at each period of its recurrence, its pretensions have been supported and the public attention secured by single and isolated instances of the exertion of the mys-

terious influence, the reality of which has defied all scrutiny to render it doubtful, yet the possession of this influence has never become at all universal—has never been found in more than one or two individuals—and has never been retained for any length of time even by these—has soon been lost by them as singularly as it was acquired, and they with their mystery have disappeared from public notice. The evil then which we have specified consequent on violated secrecy, though, as every one must at once perceive, inevitably the result of the general prevalence of the magnetic power, has never, on account of the limitation and restriction of this power, been the source of any practical inconvenience. It is an evil, which the periodical reproduction of the system rather threatens, than occasions.

But there is an evil which is incident to the thing, even in its present imperfect condition, and which on this account is really and practically of a more serious nature than the other. It consists in the tendency which the public exhibition and description of the mysterious influence has to weaken the effect of religious truth and to foster infidel sentiment. Besides nourishing a species of superstition directly inimical to vital religion, the tendency of the system, of itself considered, is to undermine religious belief, and to unsettle christian principle. It has been remarked, even by men of extensive information and liberal feeling, that, were they firmly convinced of the reality of Animal Magnetism, their faith and the foundation of their hopes would be materially shaken. Now, it is true, that we consider such expressions as this as unreasonable, and founded on erroneous views of the matter, and we shall in the sequel resume this branch of the subject, and try to show the error in the case—but then, whether this idea of the consequences of the reality of the system be wrong or right, it shows what influence the thing actually has upon the mind,—that it weakens the conviction of divine truth, and induces doubts of the certainty of revelation.

We have thus entered somewhat at length into an investigation of the effects upon society of the system we are considering, because we think that they afford us, to some extent, a clue to its satisfactory explanation. If these effects are, as we concluded, throughout prejudicial,—if the magnetic gift or power, not only is and may be abused, but can never be anything else but pernicious in its consequences,—if it is a gross and serious evil *per se*, and cannot be so ordered or modified as to result in any good, we have been, and we think that others, taking what has been said into consideration, must be struck with the probable correctness of the notion, that the whole originates from Satanic agency. Many may at first be startled by this, and may be disposed at once to reject and ridicule the idea; but let such listen to a

few suggestions which have presented themselves to our own mind, and have strengthened our conviction of the reasonableness of what we have broached. In the first place, let us settle the question whether Satan, if he had the power, would be disposed to communicate such a gift to man. Would he consider it to his advantage, or rather adapting our language more to the known motives of his actions, to the disadvantage of men, to bestow this mysterious ability upon them? This query, in another form, we have already answered. We have shown that the exertion of the magnetic power would, as far as it should become general, be extremely prejudicial to the interests of society, and that, even in its actual imperfect and limited condition, its mere appearance at distant intervals,—the evidence of this appearance being as conclusive as it is,—tends to unsettle and disturb the popular mind, and encourage the growth of infidel sentiments. Effects like these are just such as all the influences which the Evil One exerts upon mankind are intended to produce, and, what is more, to produce which he leaves no means within his power untried. No one, then, will object to the conclusion, that Satan would, if he could, grant this pernicious faculty of *clairvoyance* to man.

This point being settled, let us inquire, again, whether he can bestow this faculty. The generality of those capable of judging on subjects of this kind, forming a conclusion from what is revealed in regard to angels and fallen spirits, as well as from what appears to reason, unassisted by revelation, as most probable, have held it as their opinion that Satan, though unable to foretell future events, can know all present occurrences, however remote the places where they happen may be from each other; and that with similar certainty, he can know the situation and characteristic circumstances and relations of men, and of all material things. This knowledge he may arrive at, either from the partial omnipresence of his own mind, or from the number and power of his emissaries,—from the possibility of their being scattered throughout the earth, and of their bringing him instantaneous advice of conditions, changes and events. Possessed of such information, his ability, if not divinely prevented, to communicate it to men, no one, who receives religion as true, will, for a moment, doubt; for we know that our minds are constantly exposed, in a greater or less degree, to his insinuations and deceptions.

As we have already said, the ability of the Devil to instil such knowledge into our minds can only exist in case of no divine interposition,—in case of God's withdrawing all opposing or preventing influence. Now it may, perhaps, naturally be objected to what we have advanced, that the Divine Being, since he exercises a guardian care over the human race—and, of course, as a consequence of his om-

nipotence, has the power to avert the evil, would not permit so ruinous an influence,—especially as this influence, if universally, or indeed very generally exerted, would, as we have seen, subvert the order and arrangement, and even threaten the existence of that system of social relations, which we have every reason to believe God intends to continue as long as man is in his present state of being. This, at first sight, seems a serious objection, but farther investigation will, we think, show that not only are the limitation of Satan's agency and the preventing power of God not inconsistent with our idea of the origin of the magnetic influence, but that the experienced and recorded instances of such agency and the known extent and degree of such preventing power, are exactly analogous and compatible with the nature of the mysterious gift we are considering. God had power to forbid the temptation of our first parents; but, notwithstanding this, in order to render their probationary state complete, and thus to fulfil his all-wise, though mysterious purposes, he allowed it to take place. He had power too to forbid the subsequent temptation of themselves and their descendants in their fallen condition, but this we know from our own experience, he has not seen fit to do.

But, in addition to this, we have instances on record of forms of demoniacal agency, having temptation and moral injury as their object, which are similar, as far as their miraculous and mysterious nature are concerned, to that under discussion. We believe that it is most generally thought by judicious and learned men, that it was through the assistance of Satan that the magicians of Egypt were enabled to imitate the miracles of Moses, and thus to lessen their impression upon the mind of Pharaoh. Again, it is more than probable, that the witches and sorcerers, and those possessed of familiar spirits, whom we read of in the Bible, were but instruments in the hands of Satan, instructed and influenced by him to deceive and tempt the human race. We have instances too of mysterious transactions recorded in profane history, which are best explained by having recourse to the same source. Is it not most consistent with reason and probability to suppose that the claims of the Delphic oracle of Greece, and the other celebrated seats of augury, so much confided in, in times gone by, must have been backed by something more real than the legerdmain of juggling priests and priestesses? Is it not most likely that the fame of the oracles was first established by some miraculous disclosures and warnings communicated to the priests by Satan, or some of his emissaries—and that, though many of the subsequent responses were mere instances of imposture, random guesses and decisions, whose equivocal nature rendered their truth certain, yet that, at distant intervals, the popular belief was con-

firmed by renewed cases of an undoubtedly miraculous nature? Such a supposition is rendered more necessary from a consideration of the learning and refinement of the Greeks at the time these oracles were most resorted to. In addition to this, the claims of the oracular divinity were directly tested. We are told by veritable history, that Cræsus, in order to satisfy himself of the veracity of the Delphic responses, sent by an ambassador to demand what he was doing at a certain time. The Pythian priestess replied that he was cooking a tortoise and a lamb in a vessel of brass. This Cræsus was actually doing in a secret chamber of his palace. Now, if this be true—and we must give up as false a great deal of well-accredited history, if we doubt it—we cannot but admit that the priestess had derived, from some source or other, a temporary power of what in modern times we call clairvoyance; for we cannot believe that so powerful and sagacious a king as Cræsus should not have conducted the experiment in such a way as to prevent all collusion or imposition. Indeed we are inclined to suspect that there are many such instances recorded in history, in case of which it is much more difficult to reconcile it with reason to suppose that they were mere results of trick and artifice, than that they were consequences of the influence of the Devil communicating miraculous information to the deliverer of the response.

There is no cause for believing that what has happened in one age of the world may not happen in another. If Satan was permitted to impart superhuman powers to the old magicians, witches, augurs and oracles, there is no ground for denying or doubting that he may be allowed to exercise his arts upon the modern somnambulist. And here we may observe how well such a view of the subject agrees with and explains the limitations and speedy disappearance of the magnetic gift. God does not permit the inspiration so often to be repeated or so long to be continued, as to make it a serious evil in society, or even to cause universal belief in its existence. Only a few actual cases of genuine magnetism, as it would appear, are allowed at each period of the revival of the system, and all the other examples submitted to public notice are the effects of trick and collusion, instigated, it is true, by Satan, as are all frauds and impostures, but unattended by any extraordinary assistance from him. Finally the whole matter dies away and is forgotten, since all miraculous nourishment and support is withdrawn.

In treating of the probable origin of the somnambulist's gift, we have noticed only the effects of this gift upon the powers of the mind. The physical changes produced on the patient's body—to wit, sleep, convulsive motion, &c.—may, with equal reason, be traced to the same source. If the Devil have an influence over the mind, an influence

over the body being much less important in its nature, can surely be conceded to him. Indeed, we can derive from the scriptural account of his complete control of the bodies of those represented as possessed of devils, conclusive proof of the possibility of both the mental and physical faculties of man being given up for a time to the guidance of his will. The former conclusions, then, being just, the physical phenomena of the magnetic inspiration can present no difficulty in the way of their adoption.

We may then, as we conceive, look upon Animal Magnetism as one of those temptations of the Evil One, which, like all other temptations, is allowed by God to try the age. We need feel no fear as to its universal spread and diffusion, trusting that, like the magicians and sorcerers of old, those who claim to possess the influence will receive but a small measure of demoniacal inspiration, and retain this but a short time. Such then are the ideas which we entertain in relation to this subject. We are still open to conviction of its vanity and unreal nature—and, indeed, would on the whole greatly prefer to find that the affair may all be contained within the limits of the tricks and deceits of men. But to the views we have now laid before the reader, we must resort, and seek repose of mind and satisfaction in case of settled belief in the fact, that cases of actual magnetic influence have existed. We think that such an explanation is at variance in no point with the history and experience of man, the known laws of his being, the plan of God's government, or the relation he sustains to fallen spirits. The adoption of these sentiments leaves the mind in a state of comfortable rest in regard to the whole subject,—careless, as far as the ultimate interests of religion are concerned, as to its reality, or non-existence, unaffected by any wonder at its being subversive of scientific principle,—and untroubled by any conviction of its irreconcilableness with the truths of revelation.

In concluding the exposition of these views, it may not be amiss to notice certain deductions of a practical nature, which may be made from what has been advanced. If the gift of *clairvoyance* be of Satanic origin, it is manifest that it is not right to encourage those claiming its possession,—that it is by no means proper to subject one's-self to their manipulations, or even purposely to witness their performances. We know that, in ancient times, the people of God were strictly forbidden to have recourse to witches, astrologers, soothsayers and necromancers, or in any way to second, or assist them. One of Saul's greatest sins was his visiting the Witch of Endor, and availing himself of her art. No duty can be more clear than that of resisting and keeping aloof from all the wiles and temptations of the Evil One; for it is evident that, if he makes the system a means of deceiving men

and leading them from the truth, all those who connect themselves in any way with the matter, even in the way of investigation or experiment, are but instruments in his hands for the injury of their fellow men.

Again, the declaration, which we have heard made, that a belief in the reality of Animal Magnetism is directly, and, of necessity, calculated to unsettle a christian's faith, and to destroy the foundations of his hopes, is, we think, not only highly unreasonable, but criminal. We have seen that all the powers ordinarily ascribed to the somnambulist, are analogous in their nature to those most probably possessed by the sorcerers and oracles of old. Their existence in a limited extent, is, we think, by no means inconsistent with any of the revealed attributes or laws of God. Indeed the Scripture leads us to expect, in these last days, just such signs and wonders, adapted to absorb the attention of men, to lessen their faith and respect for religion, and to tempt them to deny the superintending providence of God. In our opinion, a christian, reposing with undiminished confidence upon the omnipotence and all-wise benevolence of Providence, should consider the whole matter, with all its ingredients of deception, imposture and reality, as an artifice of the enemy, permitted, though limited in extent, by God,—as a token of the present depravity of the world, and as an earnest of the near approach of better days.

SIEGE OF FORT WHEELING.

In the year 1777, a formidable assault was made upon the little stockade fort, at the mouth of Wheeling creek, on the Ohio, by a large body of savages, under the command of that infamous renegade, Simon Girty. The Indian force, it is said, exceeded four hundred fighting men; whilst the garrison in the fort numbered no more than ten or twelve men, besides a few boys. Notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, the fort was defended, throughout the whole siege, with a zeal and an intrepidity unsurpassed in backwoods warfare, and scarcely equalled in Spartan history. Girty, finding that all his efforts to reduce the works proved abortive, discontinued his fire, and summoned Colonel Zane, the commandant, to surrender, promising him at the same time, that the lives of all within the fort should be spared, and their persons respected. This offer was peremptorily rejected.

While the negotiation was going on between Zane and Girty, the restless warriors of the latter chief found a hollow log, which they readily concluded would make an excellent substitute for a cannon; and having already in their possession a quantity of howitzer balls, (which they had taken, during the day, from a canoe, in the river, destined to the falls of the Ohio,) they lost no time in entering a smith-shop, hard by, where they found a number of log-chains and traces, which they tied around their wooden gun, to add to its strength.

After making a touch-hole, they dragged this powerful cannon to a point on the high hill in rear of the fort, where they loaded it, and directed its muzzle towards the works. Large numbers of the Indians crowded round the gun, to witness the result of their first experiment in artillery tactics. The fire was applied—the cannon was shattered into a thousand fragments—and some twenty of the anxious Indian warriors were suddenly hurried to their long home. The survivors made an instantaneous retreat, which neither the threats nor entreaties of the disappointed Girty, was able to arrest.

The foregoing account is believed to be strictly true. The following droll and unpretending rhymes, descriptive of this battle, are copied, by permission, from an old manuscript. They are probably from the pen of one who was familiar with the event he describes.

In days of old, near where the bold
Ohio's waters sport,
A stockade stood—all built of wood—
Yclep'd the Wheeling Fort.

The settlers all, both great and small,
Took shelter in its bound;
The men were few, yet they were true,
And dearly lov'd their ground.

A glorious thought, the red men wrought
Within their boundless ken,
That they were brave, and they would have
The fort and all its men!

And ere 'twas long, a num'rous throng
Of dusky faces came;
Four hundred men, they number'd then—
All men of might and fame.

A man was seen,—of haughty mien,
And painted in relief,—
To mount a stump, and with a thump,
Declare that he was Chief!

"Take but a look," proud Girty spoke,
"At these, my warriors great!
"A single rush, your fort will crush;
"Then think upon your fate!

"Surrender now! I make a vow
"You shall be free from harm;
"These warriors here, all shrink with fear
"When Girty waves his arm!"

"Curse on your hoax," cried Wheeling folks;
"Bring on your warrior braves;
"And while we live, we'll never give
"Our fort to such vile knaves!"

Their great array, they thought would fray
The men within the wall;
And Simon swore, that in an hour
The stockade fort should fall.

For many hours, tremendous show'rs
Of lead the fortress bore;
In spite of all, no fort would fall,
Which griev'd poor Simon sore.

Just at this state, big with the fate
Of men and wooden walls,
The Indians spied, upon the tide,
A craft with cannon balls.

Old Neptune's son was seized upon,
As was his cargo too;
"These balls," they said, "more blood will shed
"Than Pontiac ever drew!"

A log was found upon the ground,
And hollow at the end;
With mighty pains, they tied great chains
Around their new-made friend.

And so at length, with wond'rous strength,
They haul'd it up the hill—
All with a tact, which did in fact
Display much martial skill.

Powder and ball, wadding and all,
Were stow'd into its port;
And then in haste, its mouth was plac'd
T'wards th' devoted fort.

The flaming brand, by savage hand,
Was flourish'd high and low;
All hearts beat high—"The whites must die!
"Their coward blood must flow!"

A horrid yell—the white men's knell—
Re-echoed to the skies,—
"That wooden wall will quickly fall,
"And blood will be our prize!"

With souls inspir'd, the piece was fir'd,
When—dreadful to relate—
To tell the worst—the ordnance burst,
And horrid was their fate!

On ev'ry side, the red men died—
Arms, legs, and scull-caps flew;
And on that day, a score, they say,
The wooden cannon slew.

All in a fright they took to flight,
With sad and mournful hearts;
And then they swore they would no more
Confide in white men's arts.

R. 2.

May, 1839.

THE MIND.

How limited in its horizon! how changeable is the mind of man! When engaged in some fascinating pursuit, (as for instance some favorite science,) each one of us thinks that there can be no happiness without it, and we wonder why all other persons do not, also, pursue it—wholly forgetting that different minds are differently constituted with respect to happiness. And even we ourselves, after a dream of a few hours, may quit it with weariness and disgust.

G.

THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

I.

All immaterial things have their material types ; and the type of God's love is the world-surrounding air, which encompasseth and pervadeth all earthly things.

II.

The last lines of the Adonais ! how singularly do they adumbrate the fate of their author :

"The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,
Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven ;
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

Shelley.

III.

The continuance of grief is like that of clouds. When it is very serene, it soon weeps itself away—like the short-lived thunder-clouds of summer : but when destined to last long, it is rarely very violent in the commencement—like the long-continuing clouds of winter.

IV.

When after a lapse of time we revert to the precise moment at which we first became acquainted with persons, with whom we have since been on intimate terms—who have since perhaps greatly influenced our destiny—we are almost astonished at the indifference which we then felt towards them. Could we have then foreseen the powerful influence which they were afterwards to exert upon our future life, with what deep, with what overwhelming feelings, would we have met them. When thus looking back, from our knowing them so well now, it appears strange, that there ever should have been a time when we were unacquainted with them.

V.

Save in the wild dreams of his imagination, the poet does not dwell in the present : his thoughts are fixed upon the misty and legendary past, with its numberless thrilling associations ; or upon the veiled future, which he mentally figures as an altar to his genius—a temple for his fame.

VI.

The love of hearing news, generally coincides in intensity with the love of communicating it.

VII.

Though there be no such essence as destiny, yet some persons are so mentally constituted, that their dispositions will as surely lead them to pursue a certain course of conduct throughout life, as if they had been impressed with the seal of fate.

VIII.

We frequently have ideas of persons whom we have never seen, as to their figure and appearance, and we imagine some symmetry or agreement between their figures, talents and character. This, in my mind, has been particularly the case with respect to our most eminent men in public life. It may arise in some measure from the associations connected with the sound of the name, (see Blair's Rhet., library edit. lect. vi, p. 61,) or

the name itself of the person. Or it may result from the mental view as to form, which we take of something material or immaterial connected with or appertaining to the person ; (for, in the mind's eye, immaterial as well as material things, it appears to me, assume some form, however shadowy,) as, for instance, the leader of a political party appears to our mental sight, in the same shadowy aspect as his party itself does.

IX.

The desire of fame is given us by our Creator, not so especially for our own good, as for that of others.

X.

Analogy, with the generality of mankind, is the most convincing mode of reasoning, because it particularly gratifies our strongly inherent love of order. And scarcely any theory is fully and confidently believed and trusted in, unless it be in consonance with analogy.

XI.

Historians must frequently err in deducing the motives and characters of persons from their actions. For how numerous are the motives that impel us to any line of conduct ; how complicated in their intertexture ; how frequently are they what no one would guess them to be.

XII.

We frequently meet with cursory remarks in books, or hear them in conversation, which dwell in our minds long afterwards ; modifying our trains of thought, increasing or diminishing our happiness, and thus sometimes influencing the whole course of our life.

XIII.

The desire of fame in men, is substituted in most women by the love of admiration. But how short-lived is this admiration—even that paid to the greatest belle. Two or three years pass, and her reign is over, being terminated by age or marriage. To be happy, she must never gaze on the future, but must be wholly intent upon the present.

XIV.

Poets, and other persons of imaginative temperament, are apt to disbelieve the Bible, because the idea there conveyed of the Deity, does not seem to them sufficiently poetical.

XV.

Men who study the moral, are much oftener found to be superstitious than those who study the physical sciences. One reason for this, is, that many superstitious notions take their origin from the actions and phenomena of animals and other natural objects. Now the natural philosopher understands the cause and operation of these actions and phenomena, which the moral philosopher does not, and he is therefore led to consider them to be supernatural.

XVI.

Whensoever a person mentions to you a remark made to him by another individual, and his remark is contrary to your knowledge of that individual's character, always inquire what led to his uttering this remark or opinion—what conversation preceded it. For we frequently advocate opinions, and utter sentiments in the heat of argument, which we would be far from supporting in cooler moments. Frequently too, when we hear persons or things rated in any particular point much higher than they deserve, we, through a feeling approaching to indignation, rate them much lower than

they should be placed, and even much lower than we think them to deserve. And so, also, in some degree of the contrary. Dr. Johnson very often acted in this manner.

XVII.

As every wave of the sea influences each one subsequent to it, so does every idea influence all those subsequently entering the mind, either modifying or calling them up.

XVIII.

In reading, we almost always identify things, persons and places, with those with which we are acquainted. The whole mental view, however, is not real, but mostly imaginary. Where the described object will not wholly agree with the known one, (which indeed is almost always the case,) our imagination supplies that part which is wanting, so that the complex idea is partly real and partly imaginary.

XIX.

In memory's deep cavern, how many are the treasured thoughts, which we are wholly unconscious of possessing.

G.

THE COPY-BOOK.

NO. VI.

Having long observed the prevalent fashion among our younger writers, (and too often even among the older,) of stuffing and interlarding their (otherwise creditable) pages with quotations and extracts, stringing them into an absurd farrago, an incongruous patch-work, like Sancho Panza's proverbs, without order or relevancy—I, many years since, began to meditate a work, which, being perfectly free from such faults, might (if haply it should survive so long,) go down to future ages, a complete model of style in this particular. The following story is the result of my labors in this behalf, in which (if I am not most egregiously deceived,) I have succeeded in supplying an important desideratum in our literature. The ingenious reader cannot fail to remark the scrupulous care with which I have steered clear of the error of which I complain. It is true, a number of favorite passages, out of our best authors, in prose and in verse, (and some of them very apt to the matter in hand,) occurred to me while writing this story; but I had an object before me, and I was not to be diverted from it, either by the syren voice of habit on the one side, or example on the other. "It is (in the opinion of the poet Crabbe,) sufficient for an author, that he uses not the words or ideas of another *without acknowledgment*, and this, (says he) and no more than this, I mean by disclaiming debts of the kind; yet resemblances are sometimes so very striking, that it requires faith in a reader to admit they were undesigned."

The expression in a following page,—“we stepped softly and cautiously around him,”—I have (while these sheets were preparing for the press,) discovered, bear some faint resemblance to a line of Byron:

“but not before

The ground with cautious tread is traversed o'er.”

I need hardly add, that the consimilarity (which is indeed almost too slight to be worth mentioning,) was entirely accidental.

The phrase, “all ages, sexes, and conditions,” I have lately had pointed out to me, (by an obliging friend, who had the goodness to look over the manuscript,) in the ‘Declaration of Independence:’ “an expression of so particular a kind, that its occurrence to two writers must appear an extraordinary event; for this reason I once determined to exclude it from the relation; but, as it was truly unborrowed, and suited the place in which it stood, this seemed, on after-consideration, to be an act of cowardice, and the lines are, therefore, printed as they were written.” These explanations could be corroborated by my learned friend, M—c—l R—h, had he not unfortunately gone out on the late Exploring Expedition. “But I trust the reader will give me credit.”

THE BUFFALO BAITING.

“Where mightiest of the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on.” Scott.

“The flood is angry, sheriff;
Methinks I'll get me up into a tree.” John Kemble.

“When wild, they are a fierce and formidable race; and there is no method of escaping them, but by climbing some immense tree. A tree of moderate size would be no security, for he can easily break them down; and many travellers have been instantly gored to death, and then trampled to pieces by their feet.”—[Mrs. Trimmer's Nat. His., Art. Bison.

When I was a small boy at school, under a teacher who predominated over us with a most despotic rod, we one day heard that a buffalo had come to town, and was going to have a most grand battle-royal with a whole parcel of bull-dogs. The news created a prodigious sensation—nothing was ever so enchanting. In accordance with the bill of rights, which recommends a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles, throwing ourselves back upon our reserved rights, a large and respectable number of us resolved, in the gloomy recesses of minds capacious of such things, to go it or bust; in three words, we played truant. True, as we set off we had our misgivings, our doubts, our forebodings; but, gay creatures of the element, insects on the wing, we careered in the balmy sunshine of the present hour, postponing all thought of the winter of our discontent; and all the clouds that lowered o'er our house were in the deep bosom of the ocean buried. It was the sweetest of all possible summer mornings, bridal of the earth and sky, when we crossed the sequestered little river, (where Pocahontas used to fish for minnows,) in Indian file, along an antiquated narrow foot-bridge,* (now, alas! consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, and numbered with the things that were; fuit Ilium, et ingens Gloria Hectoris.) On our right flank lay the island—like Robinson Crusoe's, inhabited by goats—the river banks crowned with flowers and foliage, where the honeysuckle, the woodbine, and the wild rose breathed on the liquid air their freshest perfume; the

* Hector McNeill's bridge.

morning mists hung suspended o'er the water, the sun painting their fleecy skirts with gold; the cloistered thrush, in sere and tangled brush-heap, chanted his orisons, while the mockingbird exulting tuned his melodious pipes in a grove hard by. Oh! it was an oasis in the Zahara of life—one of those particularly green spots in the retrospect of an ordinary existence, to which, in after days, memory will often revert with fond emotion,—and all that sort of thing.

Bill Dangerfield, (I have not seen him for years, but I well remember his mild face and sweet temper,) Bill, inspired by the occasion and the scene, recited like a young Garrick, Toby, or not Toby? that's the question. Tom Beverley followed with, Plato, thou reasonest well, else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality? Harry Mercer informed us that his name was Norval, on the *Grampian hills*—to which I replied, but no where else; and brought up the rear with *Tityre tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi*; translating it—Tityrus, O thou, recubing under the tegmen of a patulous fagian. Happy group! the mildew had not yet fallen on our young hearts! happy hours! *cheu quantum fugaces!* We at length reached the scene of action; there stood Bison, as large as life—aloft in awful state, the warlike varmint stood; he stood in the centre of an area, which area was encircled by a barrier of rope—outside of which rope the spectators were to stand. Bison was made fast by a ring in his nose, and a stout cord to a stake planted in the centre of the area aforesaid. He excited our warmest admiration. He was the first of the species we had seen: we were happy of his acquaintance; still we were disposed to keep up a certain degree of ceremony with him; sudden intimacies are not to be approved of, especially with strangers from a distance. We stepped softly and cautiously around him, and reconnoitred his outlandish form, his short peculiar tail, his extrordinary hump, his eyes glittering like diamonds, fierce as ten furies, black as two o'clock at night, and savage as a meat axe: *monstrum, informe, ingens.*

By this time had assembled a large concourse of people, of all ages, sexes, and conditions; white, black, and mulatto; good, bad, and indifferent; men, women, and children; tag, rag, and bobtail:

Then to the crowded circus forth they fare,—
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.
The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are standing round;
Long ere the first loud bull-dog's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found.

The butchers now stood ready to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. Hushed is the din of tongues. On that memorable day, I had on, for the first time, a pair of new blue brooches, (rather an epoch,) adorned with bell-buttons. I felt all the pleasing consciousness and individual satisfaction, which a circumstance so novel and so agreeable would naturally inspire, and strutted about pretty large; with my hands in the new and unaccustomed pockets, I decorated and cheered the elevated sphere, I just began to move in, glittering (that is the bell-buttons,) like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy.

The fight began: when lo!

The den expands, and Expectation mute,
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls,—
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot,
The sand,—nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, there, he points his threat'ning front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

The dogs rushed to the onset, and furious every bull-dog barked, to join the dreadful revelry. Bison stamped, bellowed, reared up, fore and aft; poor fellow, they tore his nose awfully, but not with impunity; one of them, (a brindle,) he slung right up in the air, perpendicular, over his head, fifteen feet; and the way he yelped was curious—and when he landed, he lay there as limber as a dish-rag.

On foams Bison, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank, the crimson torrent clear;
He flies, he wheels distracted with his throes;
Dog follows dog, bow, wow, loud bellowings speak his woes.

When the buffalo made a dash at the dogs, the crowd gave way before him—and when he rushed on the other side, they closed up again behind him—thus receding and advancing like a wave of the sea, on Tampa's lonely shore.

One gallant dog is stretched a mangled corse;
Another, (hideous sight!) unseamed appears,—
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears,
Staggering, but stemming all.

And the way the folks hustled and jostled, and got rammed, and crammed, and jammed, topsy-turvy, pell-mell, and higgle-de-piggledy, was no body's business. And among 'em they pretty near mashed off one of my toes, (it had the worst kind of a stone-bruise on it, where I stumpt it playing bandy—it was the next to my little toe on my left foot, or my right—I won't be positive.) In view of all these facts and circumstances, (and being always of a retired disposition,) I determined to climb up a tall cedar that nodded graceful over the field of battle. Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb!—amid the baying of dogs, the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms, and most unearthly roarings of the buffalo, and after encountering immense difficulties in the ascent, (I am no lizard, nor bear, to run up trees,) I at length, with a deal of wear and tear, gained the very pinnacle of the cedar: there I sat like a bird of prey, perched up, 'solitary and alone.'

Our eyrie buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun,
Like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Wiping off the drops of perspiration (we called it sweat in them days,) that began to course one another down my innocent nose in piteous chase, I enjoyed, with complacency, all the pleasing advantages of my

present elevated position. Secure, I speculated upon the belligerent scene below : I was a looker-on in Venice ; a mere spectator of other men's affairs ;—it was my privilege, *procul e cedro Bisonem spectare furentem*.

Oh ! what a sight it was to see ;
What a din, what a glorious rattle !
And I, so snug perch'd up in a tree,
Had a bird's eye view of the battle :
Ambition is the hero's boast,
Therefore I chose so high a post.
To be calm and cool, is a hero's rule—
Then tell me pray, in the midst of a fray,
Where, where could I be so cool as in a tree ?
And near to the top, I was safe from a pop.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat, to peep at such a world ; to see the stir of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ; to hear the roar she sends through all her gates, at a safe distance, where the dying sound falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear. Thus sitting and surveying, thus at ease, the globe and its concerns, I seem advanced to some secure and more than mortal height, that liberates and exempts me from them all. It turns, submitted to my view, turns round with all its generations ;—I behold the tumult, and am still. The sound of war has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ; grieves, but alarms me not.

But, alas ! I never sought a day's repose but some sharp thorn soon pierced my breast. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream : a rude sea of hoarse noises assailed my ears ; the buffalo had broke loose—once more through all he bursts his thundering way.

Then rose from earth to sky, the wild farowell ;
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave ;
Then some leapt overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave.
And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
Save the bull-dogs, and the remorseless dash
Of *Bison* ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some small climber in his agony.

Then ensued a scene, the like of which no eye hath seen, no heart conceived, no tongue can adequately tell. Stunned with the noise, seized with the contagious panic, I fell, incontinently, headlong down the cedar tree—casting one longing, lingering look behind : and Freedom shriek'd when Kosciuszko fell. In the course of my descent I performed several diurnal revolutions on my own axis, tearing my breeches all to flinders, from stem to stern, battering my head, bruising my shins, and suffering divers abrasions and solutions of continuity in my body corporate, and the integuments thereof—scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized people. Oh ! what a fall was there, my countrymen ; *facilis descensus cedri*. It is the easiest thing in the world to fall down a cedar tree ; *haud inexpertus loquor*—I speak from personal knowledge ; *quantum mutatus ab illo* !—what a change had come o'er the spirit of my breeches ! *non sum*

qualis eram : and there lay the climber, distorted and pale : I lay like a warrior taking my rest, with my breeches in tatters about me :

Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,—
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime !

I lay *ab imo pectore gemens*, resolving in my alter'd soul the various turns of fate below. Darius, great and good, by too severe a fate, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, from his high estate, and weltering in his gore. O, what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion, that elevation and that fall. What shadows we are,—what shadows we pursue !

Here rests, his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

But in the harrowing recollections of that disastrous day, let me not be guilty of ingratitude ; every trial in this transitory life of ours, carries with it some correspondent consolation ; and as coming events cast their shadows before, I comforted my mind by ruminating on the probable nature and extent of two several flagellations—one at home about the breeches, the other at school in respect to my playing truant—of both which I felt the strongest moral assurance, quite as strong as if I had a policy at the Phoenix office. The crowd had dispersed, leaving me alone to my glory. Pinning up the sad relics of my breeches, as well as I could, slowly and sadly I arose, and took up the line of march. Alone to the banks of the slow-rolling Appomattox, fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er. Alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow, I turned my steps homeward, softly murmuring to myself,

Oh ! buffalo, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?

Petersburg, Va., 1839.

C. C.

THE TIRED HUNTER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING.)

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Rest thee, old hunter ! the evening cool
Will sweetly breathe on thy heated brow,
Thy dogs will lap of the shady pool ;
Thou art very weary—oh, rest thee now !
Thou hast wandered far through mazy woods,
Thou hast trodden the bright-plumed birds' retreat,
Thou hast broken in on their solitudes,—
Oh, give some rest to thy tired feet !

There's not a nook in the forest wide,
Nor a leafy dell unknown to thee ;
Thy step has been where no sounds,—beside
The rustle of wings in the sheltering tree,
The sharp, clear cry of the startled game,
The wind's low murmur, the tempest's roar,
The bay that followed thy gun's sure aim,
Or thy whistle shrill,—were heard before.

Then rest thee!—thy wife in her cottage-door,
 Shading her eyes from the sun's keen ray,
 Peers into the forest beyond the moor,
 To hail thy coming ere fall of day;—
 But thou art a score of miles from home,
 And the hues of the kindling Autumn leaves
 Grow brown in the shadow of Evening's dome,
 And swing to the rush of the freshening breeze.

Thou must even rest! for thou canst not tread,—
 Till yon star in the zenith of midnight glows,
 And a sapphire light over Earth is spread,—
 The place where thy wife and babes repose.
 Rest thee awhile—and then journey on
 Through the wide forest and over the moor;—
 Then call to thy dogs and fire thy gun—
 And a taper will gleam from thy cottage-door!

THE PREDICTION.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

"Tell me, thou bright minister, whether my name be writ in thy calendar for good or evil."

"Nurse," exclaimed the young Henrie Montauban, (a bright smile lighting up his naturally pensive countenance,) "pray come with me into the green room, and I will show you something so pretty. You will love it, Jacinta. I do, though I never saw it before."

"What does the child mean?" said she, following the quick pace of the boy.

"Look," uttered he, in the wildness of delight. "See! it smiles on me—it loves me! Tell me, sweet nurse, (embracing the melancholy form that stood gazing on the object which had excited so suddenly the attention of the child,) who is it, and when came she here?"

"It is your mother's picture, Henrie."

"My mother!" repeated the lips of the impassioned gazer, reaching his arms as if to clasp the portrait to his heart. "Yes it is—it is she, I know; the same sweet face you told me of, when she took me in her arms to bless me. Oh! nurse, will she stay here always? Can she love me still?"

Tears stole down the withered cheeks of the meek Jacinta.

"She does love you, master Henrie; but it is as the angels love in Heaven;—there I almost think I see her now, without a shade of sorrow on her fair brows."

Tears trickled down the sunny cheeks of little Henrie.

"I wish I could be with her there. Why, if she loved me, good Jacinta, did she leave me?"

"Ah! that was a sad day, master Henrie—it was the heaviest my poor heart ever saw, though it was the same your dear little self was born."

"Will you tell me all about it now? Please, Jacinta—I will be quiet ever after, if you will tell me all she said that day."

"Blessed Virgin! the child talks like he was inspired! How his little breast pants! You are not well,

master Henrie—we will first take the fresh air, and when we come in, I will talk to you about your sweet mother."

They withdrew from the apartment, which Jacinta carefully closed. It was one from which the boy hitherto had been excluded. A succession of childish sports were tried for his amusement, but all in vain. A new spring of emotion was opened in his bosom—the hidden fountain of love, which was to well up forever. The child was no longer to be put off—he again entreated Jacinta to begin her story.

"Ah! master Henrie," murmured the sad voice of his faithful nurse; "it is a sweet thing to be loved even after we are dead, but sweeter still while we are living. Had she felt but one heart twining like the young tendrill around her's."

"Did not every body love her? Did not my father love her?" said the boy, in a low and suppressed tone.

"You ought not to ask such questions; your father is a great man at court; people ought not to speak as they please about great men—they will not like it perhaps. You will be high and noble one day too."

"I sha'nt, Jacinta," he replied, in an imperative tone. "I shall not live at court, as my father does. Who says I will?"

"Father Antonio read your fortune in the stars when you were born."

"Did he?" replied Henrie, a pale hue overspreading his countenance. "What said the stars, Jacinta? Do they love me? Then I may be happy if they do—but I fear that father Antonio who lives in the wizard's tower—he talks with the evil one, Oswald says."

"Holy Mother! hear the child! What would the Baron and father Joseph say, if they heard you going on so?"

"Well, go on nurse—I will be still."

"About the time you were born, your father, the Baron, and Antonio, were shut up in the wizard's tower. My lady was sinking fast, and I sent Oswald to tell the Baron to come to her directly, for I feared the worst. He did not come for a long time, and I asked Oswald the reason. He told me that he looked through the shutter, and saw Antonio moving a great instrument, with which he showed the Baron the infant's destiny, as he called it."

"Did he hear what answer the stars gave to the astrologer?" inquired the anxious boy.

"Oh! yes—he said there was shown the figure of a bright crown on your temples, and signs to tell that you were to receive the honor and submission of men; and all pleased the Baron mightily well, until a cloud came over the brightness—then he looked angry; but the astrologer set his mind at ease by explaining to him what the cloud meant. He called it 'the curse of heresy,' which was to tempt the Baron's heir to disobey the mandates of Mother Church, and ally himself with her enemies. The Baron swore he would guard against this—and said all the vengeance of the Holy See might fall upon his house if a son of his ever departed from the true faith."

The child was awe-struck at the malediction, though he understood little of its import. He asked if his mother liked what was foretold about her child.

"Your mother never cared for the titles of this world. The kingdom that she loved was that of the heart—and

she thought, at that moment, of nothing but the tender life of the babe she pressed to her bosom for the last time."

The heart of the young listener swelled with the intensity of feeling.

"Oh! that I could have been born to love and be loved! I would not be happy, nurse, unless I could make every body I loved so too."

"Who says you may not? Your little brain is turned, surely!"

"But unless I can act as I please, how can I? The dark spirits will do with me just as they please."

"Come, master Henrie, leave off fretting yourself; think of poor Jacinta. If you look cross or say strange things, the Baron will be angry with me, and then who will be sorry?"

"I will never say a word to trouble you, Jacinta. When do you expect him here?"

"Oh! very soon—perhaps to-morrow; and he always watches all that is going on at the castle."

Henrie was the only descendant of the Baron Herman Montauban, a distant branch of the house of Medici, once so famed for its haughty and overbearing pretensions. The Baron, in the days of his youth, could boast of attractions beyond the common herd. Accomplished in all the gallantries of the French court, he added the fascinations of art to the natural advantages of superior personal grace and beauty. Such was the indescribable charm of his attractions, that it might be said he ruled like a wizard the realm of fashion and beauty, without ever appearing to be conscious of his power. And yet under this ingenuous exterior, flowed a current of deep disguise, dark intrigue, and hidden policy, moved by the ever-restless spring of selfish ambition. In early manhood, the heart of the Baron Montauban was not insensible to the passion of love. The beauty of the young Countess de Montfort was like the fresh and dowy light of morning—so new and so inspiring. The Baron saw her—and his feelings were wrought into intense and passionate love, and urged him to brave every difficulty to win so desirable a prize. He foresaw the family prejudice to be overcome—the favor of the father to be propitiated—and, hardest of all, the heart of a girl—whose fondness was all towards a religious life—to be moved and won. No magician ever waved his wand more successfully, than did the Baron ply his scheme of ingenuity to the attainment of his object. The young Countess was borne, like a timid bird, from the sheltering covert to the gay capital, where she mingled in the empty masquerade of pomp, without a single throb of pleasure, except in the smiles of him whose magic spell had won her from the shades of solitude. She too soon found these smiles passing away with the passion which had lighted them. The weary hearted Baroness saw her husband's look grow colder each day, while his days and nights were given to society of which she knew nothing. Her health began sensibly to decline, and the Baron was advised to remove her residence to the castle of Montauban, where she pined in solitary sadness, her seclusion seldom broken by the presence of the master.

Though the Baron was endowed with a spirit of enterprise and endurance, never faltering in the attainment of any end in view, yet there was in his constitutional temperament one weakness—a superstitious fear of invisible beings—which led him to propitiate their

mystical agency in every great event. He frequently visited the wizard's tower, where dwelt the old astrologer, Antonio—and in secret counsel they consulted the horoscope of coming events by the bright luminaries on high.

The approaching birth of an heir to his house, detained the Baron at his castle, for Antonio had warned him that much would depend on casting the nativity of the child. Great preparations were made on the part of the magician in awaiting the eventful moment, and lavish promises on that of the Baron, should the answer of destiny be favorable to the future prospects of his family. The wished-for hour arrived—the Baron hastened to the tower, where the astrologer was fixed with his instruments; and so intently was his mind occupied with the interpretation of the cabalistic symbols, that he heeded not the voice which told him that she who had borne him a son, was sinking in the arms of death. The magician determined to gratify the wishes of the Baron, and at the same time make all subservient to the supremacy of Mother Church. The Baron waited in anxious expectation.

"The star of your son's destiny," said Antonio, "is bright,—it promises power, dominion,—the smile of princes—an alliance with the throne of France."

The wizard paused.

"Enough! wise Antonio. I ask for no more," said the Baron, scarcely able to restrain his delight.

"This is not all, Herman Montauban;—a dark cloud threatens to blot out the fair record and cover the luminary in black night."

"What does it portend? Can it be averted by human power?" exclaimed the affrighted Baron.

"It can," returned the other, in a solemn tone. "The cloud denotes the curse of heresy, which alone can blot out the glory of your house."

"Never!" replied the determined voice of the Baron. "Antonio, I swear before these symbols of thy mysterious power, that I will see the last blood of the Montaubans perish, ere a son of mine prove recreant to Holy Church."

"It is done," replied the magician, taking up the rich purse which the Baron had laid on the table, and slowly leaving the apartment.

"Yes! he shall rival the highest," muttered the ambitious father, hastily descending to the chamber of the Baroness. He opened the door without warning. All was still in that dim room.

"Ha! Jacinta—so silent! Where is the heir of the house of Montauban? I hope his lineaments accord with the destiny of the high-born."

The trembling hand of the nurse pointed to the couch where reposed the dying Baroness—and her tears told more than words could express. Montauban started—his mind had been so absorbed in the predictions of the astrologer, that the situation of his wife had passed without notice. Now all too late—the memory of the hours of happiness he might have enjoyed with her, the loveliest in creation, came with the anguish of a scorpion's sting. He rushed to the bed, and seized her lifeless hand—the pulsation was gone. He called her name—her last sigh was breathed, unconsciously, at the sound! Montauban stood a moment by the bed of death, gazing on that placid, heavenly brow. The waves of bitter recollection and regret rolled over his

soul in that brief space. The next minute they were absorbed in the one great passion of his soul, and he turned away with a heart as cold as the pallid clay beside him. His first words were concerning the heir of his future pride and glory.

"Jacinta! my boy has the marks of noble blood. His features bespeak a nature born to command. A nurse must supply the natural aliment of life—let no expense be spared to procure every means of lusty health, that his powers of mind and body may be speedily and vigorously developed."

Jacinta pressed the infant to her bosom, but she answered nothing to the cold words of the Baron.

The Baron only remained at his castle until the obsequies of the Baroness were performed. As soon as decency permitted, he was again at the court, more assiduous than ever in insinuating himself into the favor of Richelieu. With an eagle's eye, he surveyed the political horizon, and saw that his elevation must depend on complete subserviency to the will of the cardinal, whose supremacy was felt alike by the weak young monarch and his court. The first great enterprise of the prelate, was to crush the Huguenots; against whom his cruel nature, now that he possessed the power, exhibited itself in every form of oppression. He found the Baron a supple instrument in his hands, to work their downfall. He was the secret and ingenious negotiator, between the See of Rome and its emissaries, in the work of destruction. It is not surprising, that this agency gained him universal confidence in the spiritual councils, and prepared the way for his obtaining the richest gifts in its power. The hereditary pride of his lineage wrought in the Baron's inmost soul. The coronet which the augury promised, glittered already in his sight, and tasked every faculty of his mind to attain it. He watched the course of events. The Italian dukedoms were, one after another, falling under the dominion of the cardinal. Should his ambition content itself with a ducal crown? His eye looked still higher. The province of Lorraine was in the field of contest, and must soon belong to the throne of France. The prelate would have its bestowment—and it had been already hinted, that it would form the rich dower of his niece, the young Countess De Mailleé. This was a prize to engage the active energies of the Baron. It afforded a field of intrigue, entirely suited to his spirit of under-plotting. An union between his son and the Countess, was already determined on in his own mind, and suggested the idea of immediately visiting the castle of Montauban, and placing the boy under proper tutelage.

It was shortly after Henrie had heard the story of his nativity, that the Baron arrived. The occasional returns of his father to the castle, had not been calculated to win upon the affections of the boy. There was a cold reserve in his manner, and a searching glance of his eye, that made little Henrie always anxious to shun his presence, when he could do so without being observed. On the present occasion, when he saw himself the entire object of the Baron's thoughts and attention, he almost quailed beneath his eye; for there was a vexed and lowering aspect of his brow, as if something gave him displeasure. The fact was, the Baron was totally disappointed in the appearance of his son. Instead of the fresh and rosy cheek, the quick and

bounding step, and buoyant play of the muscles, all betokening the rapid development of the man, which he expected from the early promise of the child, he beheld the languid and spiritless countenance, which bespeaks insidious and radical disease. There was a change in Henrie's looks, but the cause was unknown to his father. He had heard from Jacinta a tale that preyed upon his spirits. He was the subject of a dark mysterious power, whose thralldom was to take from him the exercise of his free will, and make his every action dependant on a blind destiny. This idea, so revolting to his naturally bold and generous disposition, haunted him day and night, and poisoned all the springs of his early pleasures. The Baron thought he could rightly conjecture the cause of his son's decline. He called the nurse to him.

"Jacinta," he said, "Henrie's faculties require exercise. I have been too negligent in this matter. His whole system stagnates in the confinement of the nursery. He shall enjoy a change of scenery—travel among the great objects of nature, and be familiar with things that will divert and surprise him. This will restore the vigorous and healthy flow of his blood, and give animation and beauty to his countenance. Let every preparation be made, Jacinta, for his departure from the castle."

He next called for his confessor, father Joseph—to whom he confided the care and tutelage of the boy—charging him to use every effort to amuse and invigorate his mind, while he kept the great object on which the hopes of his house depended always in view. Father Joseph was eminently fitted to work the purposes of the Baron. Cool, insinuating and calculating, he proceeded silently, but effectually towards the end in view. His stony eye, and abject gait, betrayed not the deep and untiring energy with which he could labor for the accomplishment of the object on which he had set his mind, nor the humble and placid smile, the cruel perseverance with which he could hunt down a victim. The Baron alone knew how to read and appreciate him. They suited each other well, and wrought in concert.

Henrie Montauban was scarcely fourteen years old when the map of his travels was displayed before him. All was strange and fascinating to the eye of the young wanderer. Father Joseph assumed the indulgent friend, as well as the amiable and interesting guide. He directed their course towards the provinces of the Lower Rhine, still picturing to the boy's fancy the romantic beauty with which these regions were invested. Henrie was delighted at the prospect of seeing the feudal castles and monastic towers, whose traditionary lore had amused the hours of his childhood and fed the natural bent of his mind towards whatever was tinged with the dark superstition of the times. The monk availed himself of this constitutional trait, to impress more deeply on his pupil's mind a reverential submission to that power, whose frown alone had laid in ruins the ancient seats of princely magnificence and feudal pride, as soon as their haughty chiefs refused obedience to her mandates. Arrived at the ruined crags of Drachenfels, Henrie was on tiptoe to hear the story of its fall—and its narrator took this occasion to work effectually on the fears which he wished to make the groundwork of his future actions.

"Two brothers, who were twins, inherited the ample domains of Drachenfels. It had been foretold at their birth, that one should fall by the hand of the other. Arrived at manhood, one vowed to consecrate his estate towards the endowment of a religious order, and insisted on his brother's doing the same. He refused, defying at the same time the spiritual power of the church. His blasphemy was punished by the pontiff sending a holy crusade to demolish the rebel castle in which the impious heretic had taken refuge, and where he perished by an arrow, shot by the hand of his own brother."

An involuntary shudder came over the young listener, as he heard the conclusion of the awful tragedy which seemed to bear so direct a confirmation to his belief in a dark overruling destiny. The monk marked the effect, and was satisfied that there was one chord by which the bold and independent spirit of the heir of Montauban might be held in check.

They found nightly quarters in the neighboring monasteries, where the inquisitive mind of the boy still found a succession of objects to charm, by their new and endless variety. Thus constant amusement brought again the color to his cheeks, and a renovation in the whole appearance of the young voyager. The thought struck father Joseph that a temporary abode in these regions might be advantageous to his pupil in several respects—and with the next post, he despatched a letter to the Baron, requesting permission to place Henrie under the care of the Benedictine monks, whose monastery occupied one of the loveliest heights of the Rhine, where there was every thing to occupy and please the youthful imagination, without the danger of intercourse with other society than that of the brothers, who would afford their young charge every facility in the attainment of the sciences in which they were known to be so deeply skilled. The Baron highly approved the plan father Joseph had suggested, as being not only most conducive to his views respecting his son, but affording him the agency of the confessor in the immediate prosecution of his designs at the French court.

Henrie was not averse to remain at the monastery. Unconstrained now by the incessant supervision of the confessor, and the associations of his presence, he roamed free and boundless through the enchanting scenes around him without any control; for the pious fraternity were told not to repress his ramblings, while they contributed to invigorate his health or lent buoyancy to his spirits. He soon acquired the favor and confidence of the monks, by the docility of his manner and the readiness with which he mastered the most difficult parts of learning; so that he was considered among them as gifted by nature with a secret key to the mystic lore. They little knew the power of a mind, fresh from a communion with nature, in her most sublime and beautiful attractions.

It happened that he wandered one day into some of the wilder tracts of the mountainous regions stretching out before him, and becoming faint from thirst, pursued the sound of a gurgling brook, hoping every minute to come upon it. It led him, farther and farther, down the opposite side of the mountain, still tantalizing him with its murmur, while he looked in vain for the source. At last he turned suddenly, and found himself on a perpendicular fall in the mountain, and approaching the precipice cautiously, saw that it over-

hung the fountain whose music had cheated him so long. He crept still nearer, and beheld beneath him a dozen little cascades dashing their merry waters against the sun, and hanging wreaths of glittering spray on the narrow arch of bright sky that smiled down upon them. Henrie looked and looked, and almost feared to breathe, lest he should dissolve the enchantment. He longed for a clearer view of the magic beauty, and wound his course around the declivity. What was his surprise, when he descended near the waterfall, to perceive two persons already there. One was a man of middle age, whose venerable mien, at first sight, inspired deep reverence—the other, the one which took deepest hold on his attention, was a young girl, who sported at the side of the elder. In busy pleasure she bent over the tiny flood—her golden locks floating in the mist which slightly veiled her figure, and inspired the beholder with the idea that the lovely being he was gazing upon, was a creature of ethereal mould. While he fondly mused on the apparition before him, she turned, with a look of delight, towards her companion; and now he saw, for the first time, the radiant countenance. It was Hope embodied, whispering happiness and cloudless sunny days. Her eyes were blue as the depths of ether, shining through sunbeams—her voice, as in sportive accents it roused the contemplative, sage from his reverie, to share her joy, sounded like the melody of birds in early spring. He came, complacently smiling, to praise the mimic structure she had reared over the foaming current, before another sweep of the tide should destroy it.

"My Gertrude is a happy girl," said the father, in a tone of deep tenderness; "but she must not build her hopes on a foundation as frail as this bridge."

She replied—a bright smile playing on her arched lips—"Yes, dear father, but I can enjoy it while it lasts, you know. I almost knew it would fall the next minute,—but then cannot I build another bridge, and so always be happy? When one pleasure is gone, another will rise, like the bridge, in its place."

"Far be it from me, my child, to dash the cup of thy young life with fear of evil; but sad experience must teach us all that we are pilgrims on earth. The star of our hope must be kindled at the throne of the Eternal, or it will fail us in the days of adversity."

Gertrude's joy was checked, and she listened to her parent's words in silence, for she felt the deep pathos of his voice, though she knew not its cause. The falling shadows reminded the father that it was time to leave the spot whose charms frequently tempted him to linger longer than was wholesome in a humid climate, and he was assisting his daughter to loose her straw hat from an impending bough, with a design of immediately returning homewards, when his hand was withheld, by her suddenly starting and grasping his arm. Her father asked the cause of her surprise—she pointed to the spot where Henrie stood looking down upon them. Perceiving himself discovered, he assumed as much self-possession as possible, and advancing, begged pardon if his unexpected appearance had been the cause of alarm. He then related the accident which had brought him to the beautiful spot near which they were standing. There was a natural grace and frankness in the young stranger that commended themselves, while his extreme youth, and the sensibility of soul which shone in his full

dark eyes, and which had already traced lines of sadness on his brow, won the deep interest of the father, and perhaps a tenderer sympathy in the heart of the daughter. She first suggested his needing some other refreshment than the water-brook afforded, before he attempted to regain the monastery—and when her father kindly invited the weary stranger to spend the night at his cottage, pleasure dimpled her rosy cheek. Henrie might have refused, had he not seen the eyes of Gertrude turned towards him with a kinder welcome than he had ever received before.

The cottage of De Fleurie, (for this was the name of the venerable stranger,) was situated in one of the beautiful vales of Hesse, shut in from the boisterous world by vine-clad mountains. Here it was that the pious Huguenots took refuge from their persecutors, and amongst the number were De Fleurie and his little flock, driven from their beloved France by the proscriptions of Richelieu. This lovely recess was dotted over with the white cottages of the humble followers of the good Huguenot, for whom they had built a habitation in the centre.

Henrie knew nothing, an hour before, of the pastor or Gertrude, and yet his heart could repose on them, even as it used to do on the kind Jacinta, without fear of being deceived. The latter soon drew him from the habitual reserve which former associations had given his manner, (for the innocent and undisguised nature of the young is always disposed to overleap the gradations that suspicion and cold caution teach those who are versed in the school of experience, to observe, in approaching strangers,) so that before they had reached the home of De Fleurie, she knew every incident of Henrie's life, except that one so deeply hidden in his bosom, and whose fearful import gave a gloomy coloring to his whole existence. This he dared not name, though he saw the countenance of his young listener still fixed upon him in earnest and unsatisfied attention. His breast heaved, while a sigh escaped his lips.

"Are the Benedictines unkind to you, master Henrie?" said the girl, touched with emotion at his suppressed grief.

"I have no reason to complain of them."

"Then why are you not happy?"

He gazed at the lovely questioner, and tears were on both their cheeks—but still he could not utter the dark secret. He asked Gertrude if she had always lived in this sweet place.

"Oh, not always—my father once dwelt in France; that reminds me that our country is the same; perhaps we shall like each other still better for that."

"I need no farther reason to attach me to people who have already showed me so much real kindness," replied he, with warmth.

"Ah, my mother!" said the girl; "she is coming to meet us—I must tell her that you are from France—she loves every one there."

She ran to meet Madame De Fleurie, and returned leading her forwards towards the stranger. Henrie was struck with the appearance of the mother of Gertrude. Her beauty had been extreme in youth, and though somewhat faded by time, still filled the beholder with admiration. It was of that sort that reveals every passing emotion, melting with softness and kindling

with joy, like the beautiful sky, when clouds and sunshine are both sitting over it. She received Henrie, as her daughter had said, as one entitled to a warmer reception from the kindred tie of country which bound them all together. After the evening repast was over, Gertrude led their young visitor through the simple, but tastefully decorated apartments of the house, then into the gardens, which all displayed the same pure and unpretending elegance. His spirits grew lighter and lighter in her society; and listening to the floating music of her voice, he lost all fear of evil. The weariness of the day's toil wore away as the hours flew—and when the time to seek repose arrived, he felt little disposed to quit her whose presence alone had power to inspire him with hope. Sleep came to his pillow, but it was in a dream of the rainbow-beauty of the face which had shone on him that evening; and he would have been happy even in sleep, had not the arch of promise been broken again and again by adverse clouds. The contending elements of hope and fear struggled in his bosom, and his slumber was unquiet.

The morning chime assembled the family for prayer—they waited the appearance of their guest, but he came not—breakfast was announced by another bell, and still he did not appear. De Fleurie, thinking that probably the previous day's fatigue had rendered his slumbers deeper than usual, went himself to summon him to the breakfast room. He knocked gently at the chamber door—there was no answer—he opened it, and called the name of Montauban—he heard nothing but the uneasy breathing of the sleeper. Growing uneasy, he approached the bed, and perceived that the unnatural sleep of the youth was caused by a burning fever. He took his hand, and marked the rapid vibrations of his pulse, and the alternate flushings and palor of his brow, all indicating strong excitement of the brain. The pastor was deeply concerned about his state, and stole softly out of the room to give his family warning, and desire that perfect quiet might be preserved, while the fever continued. The little group gathered around to hear the sad news, and every face wore the aspect of distress. Even little Annette stopped her play, and pulling her mother's gown, said, "I and Gerdie will not run and wake the poor boy."

"What a sweet child," exclaimed her sister, (imprinting a kiss on Annette's cheek, while a tear glistened in her own eye.) "You are the first to promise, but we all will help you to make poor Henrie well and happy too."

"Why do you think he is not happy?" said her father, in an altered tone.

"Because he is a wanderer from home and country, without one to love or care for him."

"He has a father, my child—one of the proud nobles of France."

"He may be, father; but Henrie is not proud, and perhaps his father does not love him on that account."

De Fleurie pressed his daughter to his bosom, for her words always fell on his ears like dew on the early flower, and hastened back to the sick chamber. The fever had gained additional strength since he left the invalid, who was now tossing from side to side in wild delirium. His mind seemed to contend with frightful phantoms.

"Destiny! why shouldst thou appoint me splendid

misery? Why chain down my actions to thy dark decrees? A heretic! Say you she is a heretic? She is an angel! I defy all the universe, and you, ye tyrants of the unseen world."

De Fleurie listened to the wild and inexplicable ravings of Montauban. Could they be all illusions of the fancy—or had they some incipient cause of fear as their basis? Hour after hour, he sat alone by his pillow, awaiting with anxiety the recess of the scorching heat which throbbed in every muscle. On the third day, there was some abatement, and so great the collapse of the system, that the pastor, deeply skilled in the physical system, feared for the consequences. However, his fears were succeeded by confident hope, when the invalid opened his eyes with something like natural expression.

"Father Francis, is it you," he said, regarding the pastor with a perplexed look. "Oh! what a dream I have been in!"

The pastor approached him.

"You are still at the cottage of De Fleurie, and have been ill several days."

"Have I?" asked Henrie, attempting to raise himself, and sinking in the effort. "Yes—I feel that I have. What will the monks do, when they miss me? But oh! that dream! Could it have been all a dream?"

"Compose your mind," said the gentle voice of the pastor—"it will all pass away with returning health. Here is some refreshment, prepared by Gertrude—you will be better when you have drunk it."

"Then, she thinks of me! Give me the cup—I will drink it for her sake. Oh! De Fleurie, that I had been born in this valley, to share the lot of Gertrude in making every one happy."

"Remember," replied the pious man, "that ours is the lot of the humble. The great would call our contentment misery. Can you, who are born to enjoy the splendor and renown of a court, envy the poor cottager of the Rhine?"

"De Fleurie," said Montauban, trembling with emotion, "I shall never feel any thing but wretchedness, amidst the splendor that waits on my lot—but you shall know all."

"Not now, Henrie; this agitation may be the cause of difficulties to me, that you know not of, by throwing you into a worse state than that from which I hope you are fast recovering. Let us think of gaining sufficient strength to join the family, whom I now see assembled under the old oak."

"Well, De Fleurie," said the invalid, whose cheeks were already crimsoned by the state of his feelings—"I fear you have found me a refractory patient, but I will endeavor to be quiet to-day, with the hope of joining the little group under the oak to-morrow."

The arrangement was made, and the next day every thing was prepared by the young people in the most comfortable manner, to receive the convalescent. Gertrude fixed with her own hands the cushions, which were to form a seat, with the trunk of the beloved oak for a support at the back; and all being ready, the young people waited in animated expectation of each having an opportunity to contribute something towards the accommodation of their guest. He at length appeared, but so weak, that the whole strength of the pastor was scarcely sufficient to support him. Ger-

trude saw his faltering step, and brushing away the tear which unconsciously was stealing down her cheek, ran to offer her shoulder as an additional aid. It was not all from feebleness, that the arm of Henrie shook, as it reposed on the white shoulder, shaded by the stream of golden hair which fell over it in rich profusion; and his heart vibrated with a quicker motion, as his swimming eyes met the tearful glance of the girl turned towards him in deeper interest than words can express.

Montauban received the kindness of De Fleurie's family with the sensibility of a grateful heart, and grew daily in their esteem and admiration. It was only when conversing with Gertrude, that the eloquence of the eye seemed to supply the place of words—the deep and anxious look, with which he regarded her, spoke a more intense language than the tongue, and acted like an electric chain from one heart to the other—or else, why was it that the silken lash of the young maiden was cast down towards the changing cheek? This was, perhaps, as much a mystery to herself as to us, for Nature does not always reveal her secrets, even to her favorites. To-day, and another, and another passed by, and Henrie's dream of happiness continued. New and engrossing emotions expelled the fearful visions of his early fancies. De Fleurie thought him sufficiently restored to bear the journey back to the monastery, and though concerned at the idea of parting with a youth of so amiable and interesting a character, he still felt constrained to propose his return to the monastery. Henrie acknowledged that he had stayed too long, and that the brethren had reason to be uneasy at his absence. It was concluded that De Fleurie should himself be the guide, and that they should set out early the next day, on the sure-footed mules which are accustomed to these mountain passes, towards the monastery. It was only in determining to leave the hamlet, that Henrie Montauban felt that his only hope in life rested there. The pastor perceived some secret cause of dejection preying on the spirits of the youth, but he could not hope, so far removed were their spheres of life, to afford him any relief; yet as the Bible had enjoined, without distinction, that we should "weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice," he refrained not to offer his humble, but ready help, to remove any difficulty or distress his young friend might be in.

Montauban reflected a few moments, before returning an answer to De Fleurie. "What if the curse of heresy should, by a strange fatality be fulfilled, in his meeting with Gertrude?" The thought was distraction—he shuddered at the possibility—for, as yet, he had never heard what religious sect De Fleurie's family followed.

At length he spoke—

"You are right, De Fleurie. Though born to the noblest titles of ambition, I am miserable. A hidden source of unhappiness broods here, at my heart—a cause, which my free will must ever resist, without the hope of overcoming. The time will come, when you must know all; and then, perhaps, the cup of my destiny may be full. I only ask permission to revisit your cottage once more, before I leave the Benedictines."

"Certainly," replied the pastor, "if it will afford you pleasure."

Henrie pressed his hand, as an expression of his gratitude. A few hasty preparations were completed,

and Montauban advancing, bade Madame De Fleurie adieu. Gertrude had escaped into the open air, and was busily engaged twining a wreath for Annette's hair.

"There, sister Gertrude; he is coming to tell us adieu too," murmured the sad little voice.

Gertrude could not look up or venture to speak, when Henrie bade her farewell, for then the swollen fountain of her heart would have revealed itself. He pressed her slender hand, from which the wreath had fallen unconsciously, and whispering, "We shall meet again—do not forget me," shot through the distance, to where his mule stood waiting.

CHAPTER II.

The Benedictines heard the tale of their young charge without displeasure, and thought it a fortunate accident which had thrown him on the hospitality of the cottager of the Rhine. They had failed in hearing tidings of him in the neighboring habitations, but fortunately had delayed giving his father intelligence until further search could be made. Montauban endeavored to occupy his mind with a closer attention to study, especially as he found this the ready road to the favor and good opinion of the brethren. Sometimes indeed, his soul would burst away from its shackles, and indulge the hope that he should one day be happy, united to Gertrude; but neither her name nor any thing connected with the hamlet, ever passed his lips—he knew too well the inquisitorial power of the fraternity, should suspicion be awakened.

Time flew by our hero, and bore on his pinions days and months and years, without destroying the one sweet reverie of his heart. At last the long expected summons from his father came for him to appear in the capital. Henrie asked a few days' indulgence of the brethren, before his final leave, to revisit the picturesque scenery which had afforded him so much pleasure. This wish being accorded, how quickly did he fly back to the spot of his romantic adventure. He stood on the highest point of the mountain, overlooking the quiet vale of the hamlet. The revolving seasons had swept the forest of its garniture, and seared the verdure of the fields—but she whom he loved! suppose the blast of adversity, or worse, of death, had passed over her! it could not be.

The dews of evening were falling, when Montauban knocked at the pastor's door. His coming was greeted with the joy of sincere friendship. The family were at their evening meal when he entered. All looked the same as when he left them, except Gertrude. There was a new inspiration about her—a cast of deeper thought—as if a shadow veiled the pure skies for a moment, and then passed away. This rendered her not less lovely, but more celestial in Henrie's eyes. Something repressed the step with which she met Montauban. It could not be indifference—pleasure sparkled in the flush that came over her face, as she saw the full light of his eye fixed upon her, and heard her name pronounced with a low accent, trembling between hope and fear. Another moment told him that Gertrude's heart was his, and this thought lent an animation to his countenance, that made De Fleurie believe his former sadness only a part of his nervous malady.

The evening passed gaily with the whole party, and every one seemed too much occupied in participating the pleasures around, to be observant of others. The pious father alone, could not rest on his pillow: a secret fear had crossed his mind, that Montauban loved his daughter, and that she, though unconscious of the reality, was not insensible to the attractions of the young stranger. He did not hint his suspicions even to Madame De Fleurie; but the next morning he arose with the determination to speak to Gertrude in private, and warn her against the snare which Montauban's attentions and her own heart might lay for her. He called for his daughter. She had already gone out with the young gentleman and Annette. She had promised to show him the grotto her brothers had made for her in the moss glen. De Fleurie was still more dissatisfied. What would he have given that Montauban and his Gertrude had never met! The fact is, that Henrie had sought this opportunity to unburden his heart to the only being in the universe in whom he could feel perfect confidence that every fear and every sorrow of his bosom would be shared by hers. In the effort to bring himself to reveal the dark omens that hung over his existence and rendered the future pathway of life gloomy, he walked silent, and as if unheeding even the presence of Gertrude, who glided softly by his side;—at last, his deep reverie was broken by the merry voices of the children, who had arranged the rural cell for their reception. They descended through tangled foliage to the dell, where stood the fantastic structure, which the triumphant little architects were filling with bursts of wild delight, calling upon Montauban to conduct the queen of the fairy grotto to her throne, pointing to a seat of moss erected by their tiny hands. Montauban could not help participating in their joy, while Gertrude was its object, and re-echoed the strains in which they sung the praises of their sylvan queen.

"Gertrude," said Montauban, when the children had left them, to pursue some other sport—"nature has endowed you with the gift of bestowing happiness—those children are blest when you smile on them."

"Heaven has given us all, Henrie, the power of bestowing and receiving happiness, if we will use it. Can you think otherwise, while you hear the mockbird singing for our entertainment? Even the many-winged insects make all the music in their power for our enjoyment. Our good Creator designed the whole universe to be happy; and it would be ungrateful not to enjoy the blessings he has given us."

"Divine priestess of nature!" exclaimed Montauban, gazing intently on the deep azure of her heaven-lighted eye; "if, indeed, there is bliss in store for me, you, and you alone, have the gift of bestowing it. Until I saw you, Gertrude, existence was to me a load of sorrow, which I seemed destined to bear without sympathy or hope; but you have taught me that there is happiness in sharing our grief with a kindred heart. You pity me, dear Gertrude; those tears tell me that you do—and this thought alone inspires me with joy."

"You must, you will be happy, Henrie," murmured the voice of the girl, scarcely able to suppress the strange agitation of her bosom as she proceeded: "You must be happy, when every thing will contribute to make you so, in the gay court to which you are going."

"Never! never!" exclaimed he, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his heart. "Hear, Gertrude, the dark secret of my destiny. I was doomed by a mysterious power to tread a pathway at variance with every desire, every object of my heart. My nativity was cast by an astrologer, who is capable of reading the unseen mysteries of futurity, and my fears tell me, too truly, that there is reality in his predictions."

Gertrude looked at Montauban, while he was relating the incidents of his future destiny, with a countenance of unutterable astonishment. At last she interrupted him:

"Henrie, is it possible that you are superstitious? Can you believe that the stars know any thing of our destiny, or that any being but the God who made us, can direct it?"

He shuddered, while he replied—

"Listen, Gertrude, before you pronounce me weak. I have always had a consciousness that there is a supernatural agency at work against me, and that my father the Baron Montauban, and his confessor, are only instruments employed for my misery. My experience, thus far, has confirmed this belief; and now, Gertrude, I am going to ask you a question on which hangs more than my tongue can express."

"Nothing that I can say, dear Henrie, shall ever give you trouble—fear not to speak your whole heart to me. Perhaps there is something that I can do to relieve you of this strange delusion."

"Would to Heaven it were," muttered the lips of Montauban. "Gertrude are you a heretic?"

"What do you mean by a heretic? I thought you knew that we are Huguenots, exiled on account of our faith. My father is a preacher of the pure gospel, and does not own himself a heretic, though the haughty prelate, Richelieu, calls him so."

"Too fatal!" exclaimed Montauban. "'The curse of heresy!'—this is now fulfilled—but the warning comes too late. From this hour I war against the decrees of destiny."

Gertrude startled:—

"What does he mean! Oh! Henrie, your words agonize me! Why do you tremble so? Is not Gertrude near you? Did you not say it was my voice alone that could soothe your grief? What must I do to ward off the evil that threatens you? Oh! believe that Gertrude is happy or miserable as you are."

The enraptured Montauban clasped the angelic girl to his heart, and, in spite of the maledictions of fate, vowed to live for her only. He told her of the malignant powers which opposed his alliance with a heretic, of the awful prediction connected with this event, and of the probable loss of every blessing, except that of her love.

"But this is not all, Gertrude," he said; "the wrath of an invisible power may descend on both of us, in an incensed father's hatred. Persecution, perhaps death, may be the fruit of my rebellion against the mandate of the church; and yet I feel, that dying with you is better than living the magnificent, but miserable toy, that a court would make me."

"Henrie," said Gertrude, "I cannot put confidence in these omens; my faith has given me a surer guide to trust in; but I do believe in the responses of nature, and that Heaven does not frown on the union of two

hearts ready to devote themselves to the happiness of each other. Let ours be the love that casts out fear. Why should we dread any thing? Can there be harm in loving each other as we do—without wishing evil to any one in the whole world?"

"Heaven must inspire your words, Gertrude," replied Montauban; "but will you ever think and speak thus? Perhaps many weary days and even years may elapse before we meet again."

"Look at the blue sky that bends over us, Henrie—a cloud may obscure it, but you are certain that it will pass away and leave the bright arch as beautiful as ever. So shall my heart be, through changing years."

The pastor was the first person who met the lovers, on their return from the glen. Gertrude saw that her father was disturbed, and kissing his hand, with the usual morning salutation, passed on, leaving Montauban to tell him the result of their interview. The good De Fleurie, heard with painful interest, a tale which involved so deeply the future peace of his family; and but for his confidence in the mercy of a superintending Providence, he would have trembled at the idea of drawing down the anger of the proud Baron on the humble roof which had sheltered his son, and, in extending kindness, incurred the vengeance due to the guilty only. He found Montauban unmoved by his arguments to dissuade him from thinking of an union with the daughter of an exiled Huguenot. He called for Gertrude, hoping to awaken her mind to the evils of so rash and presumptuous a step. While she listened to her fond parent's words, with the reverence of filial duty, she confessed that it was impossible to sever the bonds of the heart which united her to Montauban. She would obey her father, but she could not forget Henrie—even though in obedience to him, they should never meet again. De Fleurie could scarcely repress a tear in witnessing the emotion of these two young hearts, (separating, as he believed, forever;) and placing the hand of Gertrude in Montauban's, he exacted a promise from both of them that they would hold no communication with each other, until Henrie had spent two years, at least, amidst the gaities and magnificence of the French court.

Montauban left the hamlet, confident that he should not be forgotten by her whose image would be to him the talisman of hope and perseverance in all his trials. He was wending his way towards the monastery of the Benedictines, when he was overtaken by a horseman. The traveller inquired if he was in the direct road to the monastery, and being answered in the affirmative, passed on. Montauban's curiosity was excited by the appearance of a stranger bound towards his own destination, and he walked on more rapidly. On arriving, he was presented with despatches requiring his immediate departure from the monastery, and appearance at the capital of France. To facilitate his arrival, the express who had overtaken him was despatched. The Baron feared his son might not have thought the first summons so urgent as to hasten his movements—and as the favorable moment to introduce him into the great minister's household might arrive before he was aware of it, he pressed him to lose no time on the way. The aspiring Cardinal had reached the height of his glory, and had places and even kingdoms in his gift. His prime agents, in all these plans of aggrandizement,

were the Baron, and his confessor, Joseph. The statesman wished to attach the former more firmly to his interest; and hearing, through the artful speech of the confessor, of the elegant accomplishments and personal grace of the young Montauban, he suggested to the Baron his wish to see the heir of his house, and, if he answered his expectations, introducing him to the court on the approaching festival. The ambitious father thought he could almost see the coronet glitter on the brow of the future representative of his house, as he marked the high approbation with which the Cardinal surveyed the fine person and noble bearing of Henrie. There was an indifference to rank and titles about the young Montauban, that pleased the minister, who saw all around him restless to obtain favors. Besides this, he found his new favorite skilled in letters—able to unravel the abstruse questions of the schoolmen. In this lore the prelate himself showed some vanity, and boasted of being a patron of learning. He soon elevated Montauban to the first place in his household, and showered on him all the favors that the jealousy of the court, against a new favorite, would permit. Henrie Montauban submitted to be an actor in the pageantry of the court, without an emotion of any thing but disgust and abhorrence; yet from reasons of policy, he determined to conceal his feelings, while the term of his probation continued, and, as far as his conscience permitted, conform to the observances required of him. As soon as the Baron saw Montauban established in the good graces of Richelieu, he began again to move the spring of his ambitious views. He pretended to ask the minister's influence to negotiate a marriage between his son and the young Countess of Artois. The Cardinal fixed his proud and searching eye on the Baron, without perceiving the sinister motive lurking beneath the fair seeming of his words.

"Montauban, how dare you propose an alliance between one of my household and the Count of Artois? You know he is the secret instigator of my enemies. I have hitherto passed him by in my wrath; but I was wrong—he shall no longer be overlooked."

The Baron had gained his end—the Cardinal would select a match for his favorite, and doubtless it would be his own niece, the Countess De Mailleé.

The next day the Cardinal proposed gracing his court with the presence of the young Countess, still residing in the convent of St. Ann's for her education.

"Most noble prelate," said the Baron, "the young lady is reported to be in languishing spirits."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the other; "she has just reached the sixteenth year of her age—the hey-day of youth and pleasure."

"It is said," replied the Baron cautiously, "that the Countess pines with a disease somewhat common to the sex."

"What mean you?" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"That she has a hopeless passion for her confessor."

"If this be true," said the prelate—ire burning on his cheek—"the Abbess of St. Ann's will rue the day."

"I know only what the many-tongued voice of report says," replied the artful plotter.

The Cardinal was roused to immediate action on the subject, which was all the Baron wanted. He gave directions for the Countess De Mailleé to be conducted to his palace, and arrangements to be made for her pre-

sentation at the court. He sent for Montauban the day before the brilliant spectacle was to take place, and informed him of the distinguished part he was to perform in it, as the most favored of his household, and next the Countess in the heart of the prelate. Henrie evinced his readiness to perform the wishes of his patron, but without that elation of spirit so natural to a young courtier, on being promoted to so proud an eminence. The minister thought it the dignity of a superior mind, and admired his favorite still more for it. It required the penetrating eye of father Joseph, to see, beneath the calm surface of Montauban's manner, the agitation of a mind ill at ease. He knew what was the fervid temperament of the boy—it scorned a cold medium. There must be some concealment of a passion, that occupied his energies and made him insensible to every thing around him.

The hour of the grand gala approached, and the retinue of the Cardinal was to receive the young Countess at the vestibule of his palace, and thence conduct her into the presence of majesty. First in the cortege appeared Montauban, distinguished above all the other gallants by the splendor of his costume. But what gave peculiar lustre to his presence, was the symbol he wore on the right shoulder—this was the "order of the holy cross"—composed of the finest diamonds, and only conferred on such as had obtained the highest place in the royal favor. The rustling of silken drapery announced the approach of the Countess and her female train. The envious eyes of the courtiers in waiting, were turned on the young favorite of Richelieu, as he advanced to receive the Countess, who appeared surrounded by a band of young ladies, all brilliantly attired, though none rivalling the magnificence of the Cardinal's niece, the richness of whose dress, marked her out in the glittering throng. A tissue of silver and gold invested her figure, which was of less than middle height, but greatly disproportioned in rotundity, which gave her carriage a most ungraceful stiffness. The costly necklace, composed of pure diamonds, might have adorned a bosom of less earthly swell than the one on which it rested. Yet the face of the Countess De Mailleé might not have been devoid of beauty in other eyes than those of Henrie Montauban, who contrasted it with the almost spiritual loveliness of Gertrude de Fleurie. The Countess's mother was of Spanish extraction, and the daughter bore a resemblance to the race from which she sprung, in the soft and clear olive of her complexion, and the deep lustre of her black eyes and hair. Her lips, cheeks, and forehead, gave the idea of chiselled smoothness and symmetry; and the long silken lashes, drooping pensively over the full orbs beneath, all were beautiful in themselves, and would have inspired the beholder with delight, but for an expression of the countenance, that they were intended to minister to the senses rather than the soul. The Cardinal presented his young protégé to his niece, with the most flattering expressions of commendation. She lifted her languid eyes to salute him. There was something about the young stranger that caught her attention, and soon fixed it in admiration. The manly grace of his person, joined to the modest deference of youth, and the embarrassment which only revealed itself in a deeper crimson of the cheek, were new to eyes which had only gazed on

the dark and artful features of monks and confessors. She smiled in taking Montauban's arm,—his own trembled—and she thought it a charming expression of the timid joy that filled his heart, in being promoted to the honor of escorting her.

The Baron blest the day that gave him so bright a prospect of success—for he could not doubt the angury of the astrologer, when he beheld the Countess and his son advance together to the foot of the throne, greeted by the acclamations of the crowd, and receiving the smiles of majesty itself. Too indolent to reflect, and too weak to resolve, the monarch called upon his minister to award some princely gift to the young Countess, the heiress of the house of Richelieu. But the wary Cardinal knew too well the awakened jealousy of the court, to name, on this occasion, the fairest jewel in the crown, as the portion of his niece, and such was the ample domain to which he aspired. He thanked his majesty for his munificent designs, but declined naming any present for his niece. The king then extended his hand, which was kissed first by the Cardinal, then by the Countess and Montauban—after which the assembly dispersed, and the retinue of the minister conducted the Countess back to the palace.

It was evident to every one that the Cardinal had chosen Montauban as the partner of his niece, though as yet, he had said nothing to either on the subject, for fear of revolting those affections which he wished time to fix by constant intercourse. In the mean time he went into secret conclave with the Baron and father Joseph, with respect to a treaty with the Holy See, for the province of Lorraine, which he wished as the marriage portion of his niece with Montauban. The Baron was anxious for this consummation, because on it hung his every hope; and still he could not help fearing there was no inclination on the part of his son towards the Countess, while her growing attachment for him admitted of no disguise. He could think of no cause for this indifference, but the tale of the love affair between her and the Abby de Lille, whispered in the convent whence she came. He consulted father Joseph. He too had marked the coldness of Montauban, but came to a different conclusion.

"The Countess is not beloved by your son, Baron Montauban; but another is. Beneath the thick-ribbed ice, which seems to encrust his heart, a flame, deep as that which kindles Vesuvius, lives and burns in its hidden chambers."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Baron, palid with emotion. "He is insensible to female beauty."

"Since he has been here, I confess it," replied father Joseph; "but he may have seen some object to inspire love in the solitudes of the Rhine—and the early illusions of the fancy are hard to dispel."

The Baron clenched his teeth at the bare idea.

"Joseph—does surmise only prompt these suspicions, or has rumor whispered this tale?"

"My suspicions are founded alone on the conduct of your son. I have marked that he always avoids any allusion to his residence at the monastery. I have purposely referred to it several times in conversation, and an instant change has come over the spirits of Montauban, while his manner assumed a constraint, as if he were afraid of revealing something which he wished secret from my knowledge."

"Your suspicions, father Joseph, seem preposterous, and yet they fill me with uneasiness."

"Hasten these nuptials with the Countess, before they are verified," returned the father.

"Would to Heaven they were concluded," replied the Baron. "The Cardinal alone has the power of ratifying the contract."

"This is true, Baron Montauban; and still the haughty Richelieu may be forced to resign the Countess and her dowry of Lorraine, into the hands of your son, as soon as to-morrow, if you desire it."

"Are you dreaming, Joseph, or sporting with my credulity?"

"What, if the Holy See make it a condition of the accession of Lorraine, that its new governor pledge himself to take immediate possession for the extirpation of heresy and the establishment of the ancient rites of the church? I boast not my influence with the Pope, but I have power to enforce the ratification of this treaty when I think proper—and foreseeing the evil the remedy is provided."

The Baron looked at the monk as if he thought him endowed with supernatural power to control the destinies of men, while the other enjoyed the only triumph his dark soul coveted—the power of ruling the actions of men so as to effect his own purposes, without employing any visible agency.

The following day the confessor requested admittance to the minister, and showed him the Pope's edict with respect to the occupation of Lorraine. He knew the petulant and vacillating temper of his holy majesty, and that no time must be lost in executing the ceremonials of the marriage between Montauban and the Countess. He desired the immediate attendance of the young courtier, figuring to himself the delighted surprise that would fill his bosom when he should hear from the lips of his indulgent patron himself the high destiny that awaited him.

The prelate was pacing the floor of his cabinet, pleasantly ruminating on the successful issue of this favorite project of his own mind, when Montauban entered. The stern visage of the minister relaxed its usual harshness, as he greeted our hero, who was quite at a loss to conjecture the cause of this sudden suavity in the Cardinal's manner.

"Henrie Montauban," he began, "you are the heir of a faithful son of the church and loyal servant of the state."

"I feel proud, my Lord Cardinal, of this last distinction, both for myself and my ancestors."

"But neither your own merit, let me inform you, young man, nor that of a proud ancestry, can raise you to that high eminence which the favor alone of Richelieu designs for his favorite. The first honor in the kingdom is yours."

"My lord, you astonish me," replied Montauban, standing in amazement—not able to comprehend the prelate's meaning; while dark and undefined forebodings passed through his mind of what this high destiny imported, not without a dread that it was connected with the Countess de Maille, whose preference for him was apparent to every eye, and seemed to meet the approbation of the Cardinal.

The prelate paused. Was it possible that Montauban's usual acuteness had not guessed the blessing in store for him! Must he be more explicit?

"Montauban, it is not my wont to trifle—time presses, and I must inform you, in as few words as possible, of the good fortune that awaits you."

"I am unworthy, my lord, of higher honor than that already bestowed on me by your kindness," replied the young favorite, in dreadful suspense. "I should feel oppressed by the obligation of receiving further favors at your hand."

"I know," resumed the Cardinal, "that all gifts are valueless in the eyes of a young lover, except the one that has fixed his heart. What say you to receiving the Countess de Mailleé as your bride, and the rich province of Lorraine as her princely dowry?"

"Reverend prelate," exclaimed Montauban, (grasping the pillar near him, and endeavoring to calm the deep agitation which shook his whole frame,) "it is too late to disguise. Were fortune, life, destiny at stake, I could not accept the honor you design me. I am not insensible to the high elevation to which you would raise me, or to the condescension of the Countess de Mailleé. I know, also, that I must brook the wrath of an offended father—the scorn of the world—not to speak, my lord, of the almost resistless power of your arm, which holds nations at defiance; and still I must, and do renounce all the favors in your bestowment, except this one, which I solicit on my knees—to leave France with the freedom of my own will."

For a moment the minister could scarcely credit his own senses—the next, his eyes shot arrows of scornful revenge at the youth who would dare to countervail his wishes. His proud spirit never stooped to the arts of persuasion or remonstrance, even where he felt most indulgence. The quick vibration of his muscles, and the force with which he pulled the bell, were the only symptoms of his deep displeasure. His call was answered by the man in waiting.

"Let the Baron Montauban be requested to attend me here, as soon as possible."

The waiter perceived there was a storm brewing on the brow of the minister, and withdrew with haste. Montauban's look was fixed on vacancy, and his mind absorbed in the probable consequences attendant on the step he had taken, when the Baron entered. His countenance wore the bland smile of the courtier,—but he no sooner turned from the lowering brow of the minister to the unmoved gloom of his son's, than he hid the keen presage of disappointment in the honied phrase of dissimulation.

"My good Lord Cardinal—and you, my sweet son—I hope no evil foreboding clouds the sunshine of our near happiness, that your visages wear the hue of grief rather than joy."

"Your son, Baron Montauban," said the Cardinal, darting a glance of contempt at Montauban, "declines an alliance with the poor house of Richelieu. He has hopes of a richer coronet than that which glitters on the brows of the Countess de Mailleé."

The Baron struggled hard to command his rage at the folly and madness of his son—but he knew to yield to its force then would have lost him the hope of deceiving his master, and bending his son to the object of his great ambition. He said nothing to Montauban, but besought the Cardinal to give him a moment's private hearing before he pronounced the penalty of such ingratitude and disobedience. The Baron's inventive

faculties had already hit on a plausible apology for the conduct of his son. He began by an humble entreaty that his master would excuse the fondness of a father's love, which had sought to conceal a misfortune of nature from even his partial eye. He then informed him, that Montauban had been subject in boyhood, to a sort of mental alienation, which showed itself in fits of melancholy abstraction, and sometimes aversion to what was dearest and most pleasing to him at others—and this aberration was apt, most unfortunately, to succeed any deep emotion or sudden success. He had thought him entirely cured, and he still must believe no slighter cause, than one involving so much unexpected happiness, would have thrown him into his present state. The Cardinal believed the Baron—and not being able to divest himself of partiality for the son, felt his anger soften down into a still warmer regard, in which sympathy was mingled with admiration. It was determined that the union of the young couple should not be pressed, or even alluded to in the presence of the bridegroom elect, until his mind had resumed its natural tone of tranquillity. In the mean time he should be suffered to pursue the bent of his own mind, so as to feel that he was not acting under constraint. After settling these points, they returned to the cabinet, where they found Montauban awaiting them. His eyes were fixed upon the Baron, with an inquiring glance, but nothing was visible in the cold and placid smile of the diplomatist. In the prelate's manner there was a favorable change.

"I see, Montauban," he said, "that the hot blood of youth will not bear the rein of riper years—I leave time to chase the demon from your mind, and restore the hopes which should animate your bosom."

Henry only replied, that his feelings could never change, and hoped the Cardinal would not suffer himself to be deceived.

The Baron had used this stratagem only to deceive the Cardinal, and gain time to remove the obstacle which prevented his son from giving his assent to the marriage proposed by the minister. He lost not a moment in seeking father Joseph, and consulting him on the best course to be pursued. It was agreed between them, that the object of this fatal passion must be found, and put out of the way. To discover, and to remove the cause of obstruction to the Baron's plans, was a business that suited the sly ingenuity of the monk, and to him it was confided.

It was deep night when a rider left the postern gate of Paris. He carried the signet ring, and sped his course unmolested. His horse grew tired—the same symbol procured him another, and another, until the Benedictine gates opened to admit the legate of Holy Church—for such father Joseph purported to be in this embassy. The brethren paid all due rites of hospitality, and kissed the hand which bore some gracious behest of the Pope to their simple and retired fraternity. The monk inquired as to the distance and state of the neighboring convents, and casually, as it were, referred to his having brought the young Montauban to their monastery a few years ago. This led to remarks on the peculiar habits and turn of mind of the young man, and his fondness for rambling through the wild mountainous tracts that stretched beyond the Rhine. The monks seeing father Joseph in-

terested in the story of his old pupil, related the adventure by which he was near falling a sacrifice to his passion for roaming. The wily father inquired the name and residence of the kind villager who sheltered the sick lad and restored him to his rightful protectors. They only knew that he called himself De Fleurie, and lived near the foot of the mountain opposite. This was a sufficient clue. The traveller took his leave, regretting that his visits to the other monasteries would prevent his seeing the Benedictines again. He could not doubt that Montauban's sojourn at the hamlet of this De Fleurie had something to do with the aversion he manifested towards a marriage with the Countess. About sunset the monk gained the opening prospect, and perceived beneath him the neat and simple cottages of the inhabitants of this quiet valley, peeping at intervals through the leafy bowers by which they were surrounded. He stopped to survey the scene—not to enjoy its touching loveliness—but, like his arch antitype, to scan the most effectual breach. Some peasants happening to pass, he joined himself to their company, affecting to inquire for the nearest inn. He gradually drew from them the history of their little settlement, of which De Fleurie was pastor. This was enough to crush him with the Jesuit; but this was not all. The countrymen related with heartfelt affection, the sad tale of the persecution which had driven De Fleurie to take refuge, with his little flock, in this distant spot—where he lived in humble happiness, surrounded by a lovely family, all walking in his footsteps, and growing up to be the delight of the neighborhood where they dwell. The monk inquired the size and number of the pastor's family, and whether he had a son likely to succeed him as minister of the flock.

"Oh! yes," replied the one most enthusiastic in praise of the clergyman; "in time, master Robert will be such another. But it is Miss Gertrude, the eldest hope of the father, that shines the brightest star amongst them all. She is just grown up—and though she is handsome enough for a queen, she looks so gentle that the meanest creature needn't be afraid to speak to her."

"Good people," exclaimed the monk, appearing affected by the picture of the pastor's family, "I also am one of the exiled remnant of the Lord's inheritance. I long to behold the pious brother you tell me of, and mingle my prayers and tears with his, for the restoration of Zion."

The peasants heard, with veneration, the words of the monk, and gladly undertook to conduct him to De Fleurie's habitation. They found him seated under the elms that embowered his cottage, instructing the youth of his charge, in the simple but beautiful morality of the Sermon on the Mount. The stranger was introduced as a brother, in like manner suffering for the "testimony of Jesus;" and the heart of the good De Fleurie embraced him, while his lips uttered a warm salutation. The peasant could not take his leave of the monk without whispering in his ear—

"I thought you would not be long in noticing her. I saw your eye fix upon her before I had time to point her out. But you mark that cast upon her face—it has come over her lately. A little while ago she was as light-hearted as the lark—but time will bring care, I reckon, even to the young."

The monk had indeed singled out Gertrude from the crowd of young catechists, and marked the look of pensive thought which conveyed a volume of circumstantial evidence to his mind. A door of access to the hearts and confidence of this pious family, was opened for the monk, by their believing him to be a sharer in the same faith, and also a sufferer in the same trials which had dispersed the true followers of the Saviour in distant lands. In this way, he soon wound his way into the intimacy of friendship, and drew from the good pastor the secrets of his bosom. Night rolled her heavy car over the sleeping world, but so pleasant was the converse between the pastor and his new friend, that they could not separate. They spoke of the haughty Richelieu, and his cruel proscriptions of the Huguenots. Father Joseph became still more confidential. He wanted to feel the pulse of the other with regard to the house of Montauban; and spoke of the Baron as not only an accomplice of the Cardinal in the persecutions they endured, but as the originator of the bloody deeds of which the minister had the credit. The countenance of De Fleurie changed, and exhibited uneasiness at this last communication. The Baron was encouraged to proceed. He whispered that some of the most independent minds had prophesied this thralldom would not continue much longer. God would rid his church of these enemies—but who would be his chosen instruments, was yet to be revealed. De Fleurie shuddered at the suggestion of a conspiracy.

"God, brother, will vindicate his own cause when he sees fit. To suffer is our part—to punish his."

"Do you know the Baron Montauban, personally?" asked the monk.

"Not at all," replied De Fleurie; "but as the father of Henrie Montauban, I could have wished him a better man."

"Why should you suppose him better disposed than his father? He appears the true scion of the old stock of the Medicis. The seeds of cruelty and ambition confined, are springing up already, and promise to bear a full crop of bloody deeds in after life."

"Can it be possible?" said the pious De Fleurie, heaving a deep sigh. "I had hoped differently."

He then told the monk the circumstance which brought the young Montauban to his house, and the interest which his unaffected and amiable manners had excited. He said nothing of the attachment between the stranger and his daughter—a subject that had always pressed on his heart; and now more than ever, after hearing so dark an account of his disposition towards the Huguenots. The ingenious monk perceived there was still something in the back-ground of the pastor's communication and touching another string. He spoke of the projected alliance between the houses of Richelieu and Montauban as an event of ill omen to the Huguenots. The pastor expressed surprise. He had lived in perfect ignorance of what was transacting at the French court. There was deep solicitude in his countenance, as father Joseph related the general report, that a marriage between Henrie Montauban and the Countess de Mailleé would very shortly be consummated. While he thought with regret of the broken vows of the young lover, and the shock that poor Gertrude's spirits would receive at the tidings, he could not lament that the spell of enchantment would so soon be broken, and she return to

the humble associations of her early life. He could no longer restrain his sense of the goodness of God in the turn things had taken; and in the fulness of his gratitude imparted to the monk the tale of the unfortunate attachment between Montauban and his daughter. The traveller seemed to sympathize warmly in the feelings which burdened the heart of De Fleurie; and hoping that the disappointment might be tempered to the strength of his lovely daughter, sought repose until the morning beneath the hospitable roof of the pastor. As he lay on his pillow, his ready invention framed a scheme to separate Gertrude and Montauban forever, by rendering her father odious not only in the eyes of her lover, but affixing a crime to his name that would bring death to him and ruin to all connected with him. This was the only way the monk could devise to tear Montauban from the idol hope of his heart. He knew too much of the nature of the young lover, to attempt to deceive him with respect to the purity or fidelity of the mistress of his heart—but in destroying all hope of obtaining her, might he not yield in despair to the fate that awaited him? This was the conclusion of father Joseph's mind, and we shall see how skilfully he pursued it. Early the next morning he prepared to leave the pastor's habitation—but before departing, obtained a promise from him to attend the consistory in La Vendée, which had been granted them by their tyrants under the show of pacification. De Fleurie hoped the best results from this meeting of his brethren; and it did not require much persuasion on the part of the monk to induce him to make an engagement to be there, taking Madame de Fleurie and the young people along with him, as far as the beloved spot of his former residence.

CHAPTER III.

The monk lost no time in retracing his way to the capital. He saw the Baron—and in the secrecy of solitude communicated the discoveries he had made. He told him of De Fleurie and his beautiful daughter—of the ingenuous, unsuspecting character of the benevolent Huguenot pastor, and the subdued, but lovely countenance of the girl, seeking to hide the secret of her bosom from the eye of a stranger. The Baron could scarcely restrain his rage while the confessor narrated the story of the engagement between his son and the peasant girl, as told him by the pastor.

"By the holy cross," exclaimed he, "the whole race shall be blasted. My vengeance shall never sleep until the contemptible heretics lie crushed beneath my chariot wheels."

"Stop," said the monk; "there is only one means of bringing your son to submission. He believes in the agency of the unseen world. Let him be warned, by the dark and mysterious fatality which would make the father of this girl the murderer of his own parent, that the stern frown of destiny forbids this union—that bitterness and a curse will rest on those who would defy its power, and the bold and lofty spirit will bend to the purpose you wish."

The monk looked cautiously around to see that no one was passing near, and then detailed his stratagem to ensnare the pastor, and prove him guilty of the most

horrible plot to take the life of the Baron, and his master, the Cardinal.

The pastor, he said, would certainly attend the approaching Diet of the Huguenots. This body was naturally suspected of secret enmity towards the minister and his favorites. It must be proved that a conspiracy is on foot to assassinate these obnoxious persons, and restore these heretics to their former rights. De Fleurie must be shown to be the head of this conspiracy—and that his chief motive in pursuing the life of the Baron, was a selfish one—to remove the obstacle to an union between the young heir and his own degraded family.

All this could be brought about through the monk's perfect knowledge of the persons whom he intended should be actors in the pretended plot. All should result in detection—the prisoners tried publicly and sentenced to death. The Baron gave his sanction to the stratagem of his spiritual guide, without evincing the least scruple of conscience. The monk departed to meet De Fleurie at the Diet, leaving it for the Baron to keep up the delusion of his still being absent on a commission to Rome. He found De Fleurie already there. The open-hearted pastor introduced and recommended this new brother to the notice of his brethren, as one deeply concerned in their cause, and worthy to mingle in all their counsels. Thus father Joseph had an opportunity of using every word or incident in the way that suited his dark purposes. He suggested to De Fleurie the idea of presenting a petition to the Cardinal, for the restoration of certain property unlawfully taken from the Huguenots by an edict of the Queen Regent—a name become as odious to the minister as to the subjects whom she oppressed by cruel exactions. This memorial, he proposed, should be drawn up by De Fleurie, and submitted privately to two judicious friends for consideration, before it was introduced before the Diet.

The pastor was pleased with the plan, and forthwith proceeded to write the petition, requesting the advice and assistance of the monk as he went on. When it was done, the father desired to look over the paper deliberately before it was presented; and that no time might be lost, proposed that De Fleurie should spend the interval in seeking out the two brothers named, and arranging a secret meeting. The pastor readily agreed to the place and time, both mentioned by the other. St. Simon's Tower, an old ruin on the skirts of the city, was selected for its solitude; and the time, midnight of the same evening.

Father Joseph's skill in penmanship was almost miraculous. As soon as De Fleurie was gone, he sat down to counterfeit his hand-writing, and produced so perfect a fac simile, that the writer himself could not have told the difference. He carefully secreted the original, putting his own in its stead. De Fleurie returned. He had seen the brothers De Saix and Charpentier. They would be punctual at the place and hour. The monk rejoiced in spirit, beholding the ease with which he could rule the minds and actions of men.

The pastor was anxious that the monk should be one of the consulting party. But to this he naturally objected, fearing he might be a restraint on the freedom of discussion among friends as confidential as De Fleurie and his intimate associates. The truth was, father Joseph intended to be there also, but with ano-

ther invisible witness of the scene, which he meant to pervert into the groundwork of this plot. The convocation met. Father Joseph and De Fleurie were present—but as soon as the former thought himself unobserved, he slipped out, and taking a circuitous route, called at the house of the Bishop of St. Austin's. This ecclesiastic, though devoid of the cruel bigotry of the times, was known to be steadfastly attached to the Catholic Church, and though conciliating in manner was unbending in principle. He did not at first recognise the monk, though he faintly remembered his face. The father seeing this, reminded him of the Castle Montauban, and instantly they were good friends. The monk asked a few moments' audience of business of deep moment, and assuming an air of fearful import, informed the Bishop of the reasons he had to believe a plot on hand to murder the Cardinal and Baron Montauban. In confirmation of what he had said, he only requested the Bishop to follow him to the spot where the actors in this horrid tragedy were to meet for consultation that night, and where they might hear, unobserved, the result of their interview.

The Bishop firmly believing the tale to be true, promised to meet the monk at the ruins a quarter of an hour before the time arrived for the conspirators. It was a night of surpassing splendor—the full moon was "treading with silvery feet" the wide expanse of the deep blue skies, pouring from her round orb a flood of that soft liquid light, which seems to invest every object it touches with hallowed beauty.

Father Joseph and the Bishop reached the tower time enough to choose a favorable situation for observation, without being themselves seen. The monk prepared the mind of the Bishop to put a wrong construction on all that transpired between the pastor and his two friends. He said they must not expect a full disclosure of the plan, even among the conspirators themselves—guilt is ever secret, and deals only in dark hints. The hour of twelve sounded, yet no tread disturbed the silent repose of the unfrequented ruins. The monk ventured to look abroad from his hiding place, but quickly returned.

"I thought they would not let the time slip," he whispered. "I hear a soft step on the old corridor. Now mark their every motion and look, for it is fraught with death."

De Saix and Charpentier came first. They stood on the broken columns awaiting their comrade De Fleurie.

"He surely will not fail to be here. He knows he is looked up to, to carry the thing through," was the remark of one. The other replied—

"Never doubt his moral courage—he is the man among us to sway the minds of men."

The monk touched the Bishop's arm—"De Fleurie, you perceive, is the prime organ of action."

While they talked, he arrived, and was greeted warmly by the others. Having wiped the perspiration, occasioned by quick motion, from his brow, he led them into a more retired part of the old chapel, where the beholders had a still plainer view of their proceedings. De Fleurie drew from his pocket a match, and after creating a light, produced a paper, on which the eyes of his companions rested in solemn and eager expectation. He looked around on the ivied wall. He listened. The chirp of the beetle alone broke the stillness. He opened

the scroll, which he held in his hand, and presented it to the others. They read in a low murmur. Their visages were contracted in deep thought. At one part they paused, as if overpowered with the fearful import.

"It is a bold step, brother," said De Saix. "What if we should fail?"

"I leave that to God," replied De Fleurie. "The remainder of wrath he has promised to restrain."

"Hear the assassin," again murmured the monk in the ear of the Bishop.

De Fleurie now appeared animated, and his words were more energetic.

"Let us act wisely, but holdly. Too long have we crouched beneath our tyrants. If this attempt should fail, and draw on us a severer punishment, let us die contented. We fall in the struggle for liberty."

Here the words were lost; but the Bishop had heard enough to make him tremble at the horrible purpose of the conspirators.

The other two seemed to catch the spirit of high wrought enthusiasm from the lips of De Fleurie, as he proceeded in accents too low to be heard by the spies.

"Brother," they replied, "we will not swerve in this enterprise—we feel confident that the Lord will speed the arrow to the hearts of our tyrants. They must yield."

Then the names of Richelieu and the Baron Montauban were heard indistinctly, and with ominous glances.

Father Joseph touched the Bishop with still more emphasis—

"It is too certain," said the ecclesiastic. "Measures must instantly be taken to arrest them."

The monk motioned to him to be silent, while the Huguenots were retiring. As soon as they were gone, the Bishop grasped the hand of the monk, telling him that the Church and the State owed him the life of their two noblest sons. The monk asked the Bishop if he would testify to the guilt of these men. He said he could feel no hesitation in preventing so diabolical a plot. The monk proposed to counterfeit friendship with them, until he should complete the evidence, by getting possession of the paper which contained the sum and substance of their guilt. This he thought he could manage, by following De Fleurie, and taking the room next his. The Bishop commended the plan and zeal of the monk, and warned him not to lose sight of the conspirators for a moment.

Father Joseph sought his secret chamber, and spent the whole night in framing an instrument of death for the good pastor. In this paper, which he intended as a substitute for that the Bishop had seen in the hands of De Fleurie, he only preserved the hand-writing of his victim, while the substance was fraught with treason against the government, and death to the two hated individuals. Father Joseph wound up the labors of this night, by hiring a safe messenger, at high cost, to convey to the Baron, with the utmost despatch and secrecy, an account of the success of his undertaking. Until the charges were made out, the prisoners arrested and conducted to the capital, he hinted to the Baron to put the Cardinal on his guard, and take every means to exasperate him against the criminals.

Montauban's mind had assumed a still gloomier cast, since his interview and explanation with Richelieu.

Bound by every consideration, not to divulge the secret of his engagement with Gertrude, while he remained at the French court, his bosom labored under a weight of anguish, while his countenance wore the fair and false exterior of a gay and careless mind. It is true, that the freshness of his cheek had faded, and the rounded proportions of a matchless figure, given place to leanness with its chilly aspect; but this was the tendency of the atmosphere of courts, with its forced and artificial life. None thought of looking deeper for the cause, except the Baron, and his agent, father Joseph.

It was midnight. Montauban was still up, gazing from his balcony on those bright and mysterious travelers, in which he feared the astrologer had read too surely the volume of his fate; and as he marked their brilliant procession and disappearance, thinking how soon, perhaps, the star of hope would set to him forever, he paced the long archway of the portico that communicated with the court below. At this moment he was startled by a noise beneath. It suddenly occurred to him that the confessor had been absent an unusual length of time, and that there was something singular in the Baron's never alluding to him since his absence. Dim and undefined suspicions crossed his mind, and made him lend a more attentive ear to the sound below. A voice called the name of Baron Montauban. Montauban perceived that it proceeded from a traveller on horseback. What could such a person want at that hour! He descended hastily. The stranger eyed him sternly and repeated the words:

"The holy mystery."

To which Montauban replied, "Dwells in the breast of the faithful."

These words he had most fortunately discovered, on another occasion, to be the passport between the Baron and father Joseph, and they saved him from detection, on receiving the packet from the stranger, meant, he doubted not, for the Baron. The messenger disappeared before Montauban broke the envelope which enclosed the despatches. He glided softly to his chamber, where a dim lamp still burned. His hand trembled, and the flush of wounded honor burnt his cheek, as he, for the first time in his life, was about to commit an action of which he doubted the propriety. His deep anxiety to know whether the suspicions he entertained of the monk, had any ground of reality, prevailed over his honorable scruples, and induced him to break the seals. He tore open the letter. It was from the monk, and with an intense interest Montauban sat down to decipher its contents. Amazement and horror scarcely suffered him to breathe, while he tried to gather the meaning of the writer. But when he could no longer doubt, that his father was not only the repository of the diabolical plot, but the cause and mover of so black a crime, he fell back in utter abandonment, and would have yielded up a life become now almost insupportable, but for the thought that truth and mercy and honor called on him, even in the depth of his despair, to save the innocent, though at the risk of throwing back the blow on the guilty head from which it had proceeded.

"Ye powers of justice and truth!" exclaimed the frantic Montauban—"bear me through the conflict, while I seek to rescue the innocent from the fangs of the destroyer, although in doing so, I bring eternal reproach and infamy on the blood that gave me being!"

He looked again at the monk's communication to the Baron. It contained enough evidence to upset the criminal proceedings against De Fleurie, and convict his accusers. He secreted it carefully, resolving to make its disclosure the last resort in the issue of the trial. In the mean time he avoided, as much as possible, the presence of the Baron, fearing that the deep indignation of his feelings might betray itself in his manner. Day after day elapsed, and yet the Baron received no token from the monk. He became restless and uneasy. Could the enterprise have failed? Henrie Montauban alone could have solved the difficulty, but he gave no intimation of the fearful anticipation that filled his own mind. The first notice that the Baron received of the success of the stratagem, was given by the great bell of the palais royal, calling the military to arms. A general panic seized all ranks—they ran confusedly together, inquiring the cause of so sudden an appeal to arms. The Baron was himself confounded, and hastened to the Cardinal. The prelate had just received accredited information of a plot to assassinate the persons most odious to the Huguenots—the minister and the Baron Montauban—the whole plan, concocted by the ejected ministers of that faith at the consistory then sitting, discovered by the Bishop of St. Austin, who would attend the prisoners to Paris. The Baron received this intelligence with the most apparent surprise, and declared himself ready to venture his own life to defend that of the minister, at which no doubt the miscreants principally aimed. The Cardinal acknowledged the firm fidelity with which the Baron had always served him, even in jeopardy of his own life, and promised that the reward should equal the sacrifice. Orders were issued for the life guards of the Cardinal, commanded by Montauban, to rendezvous immediately at his palace, ready to defend his person if assailed. The messenger returned, without accomplishing his errand. The commander of the life guards was missing—no one could give any account of him. How strange and unpardonable this conduct appeared!—but no time was now to be lost; another officer was appointed in his place, and the body guard paraded before the palace of the minister.

De Fleurie and his two brethren, De Saix and Charpentier, entered Paris, escorted by an immense crowd of armed men, prepared to quell any movement of the people in their favor. They were marched in procession through the principal streets of the city, to the door of the prison, where they were lodged under a strong guard to await their final trial. The countenance of the pastor wore the same upright and heavenly composure, as, when seated amidst his own simple flock, he expounded to them the lessons of holy writ. He had been arrested on an accusation without the slightest ground of reality. He had been seized by the hand of violence, while in the performance of his legal rights; but his consciousness of the rectitude of his motives, and the trust he reposed in the divine government, prevented his being intimidated by the malice or wrath of his enemies—and instead of repining at his own situation, he thought only of inspiring his comrades with the same christian fortitude. The day of trial arrived. The prisoners were led through a double file of glittering javelins, to meet their accusers and answer to the charge which involved them in the guilt of designing

the assassination of the Cardinal and Baron Montauban. The prosecution for the crown opened by a summons for the witnesses to appear. De Fleurie had never heard even their names, and looked, expecting to behold only the faces of strangers in his accusers. What was his amazement, his sickening horror, to recognize in one of them, the man, who under the guise of pious friendship, had entered the sanctuary of his domestic happiness—heard the artless tale of his joys and sorrows—communed with him on the sufferings of the Lord's people, and united in the fervent petition to Heaven for the restoration of the persecuted remnant! Then it was that the countenance of the pastor grew pale—and his heart sunk within him, when he saw the perfidy and diabolical malice of his pretended friend. The monk assumed the same calm and unmoved expression of feature, as was his wont when he wished to appear unconscious of the thoughts of others. Such was the look with which he encountered the eye of De Fleurie, fixed upon him in astonishment and disgust.

The paper, purporting to be an instrument of agreement between the prisoners, was produced by the monk, and read to the court. They denied all knowledge of such an agreement.

De Fleurie was asked by the judge, if he did not exhibit to his fellow prisoners an instrument of writing, on such an evening, at the chapel of St. Simon's? He confessed that he did.

"It was a memorial to be presented to the minister, Cardinal Richelieu, for the restoration of certain rights."

"Was that petition in his own hand-writing?"

"It was," replied he, firmly.

"Let him produce it," muttered the monk.

De Fleurie presented the memorial.

"Do you deny," said the prosecutor, "that this is also your hand-writing?" (holding before his eyes the forged conspiracy of the monk.)

"Great God!" exclaimed the pastor, "defend thy servant from the machinations of darkness in this trying hour. Thou only knowest my innocence of the crime alleged against me!"

"Answer to the question," was reiterated by a thousand voices.

"I do confess this is my hand-writing, while I protest before my Almighty Judge, that I never indited one word of this paper," said the prisoner, casting his eyes to Heaven.

"You have acknowledged all we require, that both these papers are your hand-writing," said the prosecutor.

"I cannot deny that they are," replied De Fleurie.

The testimony of the Bishop was then taken.

He was asked if he recognized the prisoners to be the same he had seen in the ruins of St. Simon's chapel.

He said—"They are the same persons."

"If their discourse was such as implied their guilt in this conspiracy?"

"It was, so far as he heard it."

"Could he swear to the fact of their exhibiting the paper containing the plan of a conspiracy to make way with the Cardinal and Baron?"

"He could not doubt that was the substance of the paper over which they were consulting at the chapel."

The testimony of the Bishop, given in so candid and

unprejudiced a manner, produced an instant effect on the minds and feelings of the spectators. A general murmur of impatience for the sentence of the law, ran through the crowd. The marshals found it necessary to elevate their badges of office, as they moved through the assembly, and restored order, while the chief justice rose from his seat, to pronounce the doom of the prisoners.

The Cardinal and Baron had taken no part in the prosecution, having wisely committed it to sure hands, but sat on an eminence apart from the crowd. The countenance of the prelate wore a still more elevated and supercilious expression, as he felt his enemies sinking beneath his frown, and the acclamations of the multitude ready to pronounce his triumph, while the gratified and complacent air of the Baron told that he already enjoyed the death of the prisoners.

The voice of the judge commanded breathless attention, as he began,

"Have you, Justine de Fleurie, Ernest de Saix, and Constant Charpentier, any thing further to say in extenuation of your guilt?"

"Hear! hear!" reverberated through the agitated populace.

"Nothing," replied the prisoners, in a distinct voice, lifting their clasped hands to Heaven.

"Then I proceed to pronounce"—

Here a confused sound began in the crowded vestibule of the court. In a moment it spread from rank to rank of the vast multitude, eager to catch the sound, and ready to act from any new impulse. The cries of a human voice were heard above the mingled agitation of the throng.

"Hold! hold! Arrest the sentence in the name of the king of France!"

At the same time a man, issuing from the multitude, made his way rapidly through the gleaming swords of the gens d'armes, towards the bench of justice. As he moved onward, the assembly recognised the noble son of the Baron; and the cry of "Hear! hear! the heir of Montauban," echoed through the lofty halls. The judge paused in the sentence, while the young courtier, bowing respectfully, approached the bench.

"My lord chief justice," he said, (mastering the agitation of his natural sensibility by the moral energy of his soul,) "and you, my lord Cardinal," (turning towards the prelate,) "I bear the king's mandate, that these proceedings be arrested, until another investigation of this charge be instituted."

Saying these words, he delivered to the judge the monarch's protest, bearing the regal signet. The Cardinal bit his lip with suppressed ire at this interposition, while the Baron writhed with fear and anguish at the probable consequences to himself. The judge, with a lowering brow, broke the seal, and read aloud the king's behest. It required the suspension of the sentence of the law against the prisoners, accused of a conspiracy against the lives of the Cardinal de Richelieu and the Baron Montauban, until the testimony of Henry Montauban should be heard in their defence. The eyes of the court were turned in wonder on the spectacle before them! A son advocating the cause of his father's murderers! For such they esteemed the prisoners. The soul of Montauban was borne beyond the sphere of human weakness, in the part he was

about to act. With a steady eye and an unfaltering accent, he addressed the court. He produced the despatches from the monk to the Baron, (which he had intercepted in their passage,) detailing the whole plan to entrap De Fleurie; to destroy whom, the whole plot was fabricated. He displayed before the counsel a corroborating letter, written by the monk to the Baron, while he was on this embassy of death to the house of the pastor.

"This letter," he said, "I have surreptitiously drawn from the repository of darkness. My motive alone can justify the action by which I came possessed of it. But," turning to the monk, who now for the first time felt the horror of his situation, confounded and petrified, by the overflowing power of the truth, "I defy you, the confessor of Baron Montauban, to disprove what I declare, or the evidence by which I have sustained this assertion, that you are the author of this abominable plot."

The iron sinews of the monk began to relax. He trembled with fear, while with a chilled and ghastly expression of countenance, he looked towards the Baron, and said:

"There is one in this assembly, my lords, who can tell whether I deserve the first place in the penalty of this crime. I call upon him to speak. It is too late to falter. The last card is played."

All eyes were directed towards the Baron, who fell from his seat as the monk ended his appeal. His vacant eye and the convulsive motion of his muscles, gave evidence that he had lost the power of comprehension, in the stunning effect of this fatal disclosure.

"My lords," exclaimed Montauban, with the courage of a martyr, "the appeal of the confessor shall not be lost. He has said truly, that he was but the instrument. The guilt is another's. I am the representative of the house of Montauban. Be just, my lords. On me, let the sword of justice fall. I claim to take the place of your prisoner."

A moment of silence prevailed, like the hushed voice of the coming storm; then, ere the judge could speak, the shouts of the multitude drowned every sound with acclamations of praise towards the generous, the noble Montauban. The court was touched with the grandeur of the scene—a son offering to bear the guilt and penalty of a father!—but in this case the judge informed Montauban no substitute could be taken. The suit was reversed, and the proceedings must be arrested, until one of the parties (the Baron Montauban,) was capable of attending. The other person concerned in these machinations, the Baron's confessor, must be safely lodged in the city prison to await trial. Having given De Fleurie and his companions passports to pursue their way unmolested to their humble homes, the court was adjourned, and the crowd quickly dispersed, leaving Montauban still standing in the same position, unconscious of the moving mass of human beings, by which he was surrounded. De Fleurie too, remained on the spot. He could not depart without one expression of the deep gratitude that filled his heart. The tears gushed from their full fountains, as he seized the hand of Montauban. Their eyes met—but the emotion of Montauban could only express itself in a still closer pressure of the other's hand.

"Montauban, to you I owe my life, and its every

joy—but at too great a sacrifice on your part"—were the words of the pastor.

Montauban shook the hand of De Fleurie again, with fervor, and dashing through the assembly, was out of sight in a moment.

Baron Montauban was borne, in a state of insensibility, to his own palace, where he lingered a few days in deathlike stupor, without giving any signs of returning reason. His son was not near, to see darkness gather over those faculties which had labored day and night to accomplish the high destiny of his race. Father Joseph, his only confidant—where was he? In the deep recesses of a dungeon—cursing the day that bound him to such a master, and such a fate. Drawing out a protracted life, in the agonies of a guilty conscience, whose remorseless folds were wreathed around his soul, and only extending his existence to add still another pang to his sufferings.

Words cannot paint the anguish of Madame De Fleurie and her daughter, when they heard of the imprisonment of the pastor. They determined to go directly to Paris, if it were but to share the death that awaited him. Travelling was performed with little facility and frequent delays, so that it required all the patience and perseverance imaginable, to make a long land journey, in the times when Gertrude and her mother set out for the capital of France. At every stage they inquired, with throbbing hearts, the news from that quarter. They heard from the keeper of an inn, where they stopped to refresh their horses, that the whole country was pouring into Paris to witness the trial of the Huguenots.

"Of what crime are these Huguenots accused?" asked Madame De Fleurie, endeavoring to subdue her feelings.

"A conspiracy against the lives of the Cardinal and the Baron Montauban."

"Montauban!" exclaimed Gertrude—"then our last hope is gone!"—and sinking on the couch near her, she swooned away.

"My child! my Gertrude!" cried the frantic mother, as she chafed the blue temples of the girl, and called for help in the extremity of her woe.

"What name is that?" said a hollow voice, suddenly issuing from the recess of another room, while the person from whom it came, sprung forwards as if electrified.

"Two travellers, Monsieur, just arrived," said the host. "One of them, a young girl, has suddenly fallen ill."

The stranger rushed to the door of the apartment where they were. He beheld a mother wringing her hands in despair over her insensible child, while her lips, again and again, ejaculated "Gertrude." Impelled by that name, he sprung to the spot where the pale and attenuated form of the unconscious girl lay.

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the wretched Montauban, (for he it was who had been awakened from the deep agony of reflection by the sound.) "Can this be the daughter of De Fleurie?"

"The same! the same!" replied the voice of the mother, encouraged by the manner of the stranger, to pour into his ear her tale of sorrow.

"It is the fate of De Fleurie that has broken the heart of his Gertrude. Mine is a double calamity—a husband and a daughter, both torn from me by the

same stroke; while the last, the only hope, that of perishing together, is denied us. De Fleurie will die, without embracing his wife or daughter more!"

"Both shall be restored—both shall live!" said Montauban, kneeling by the swooning girl. "The voice of hope will rouse her from this fearful dream. I am the bearer of joyful tidings to you. Your husband, the father of Gertrude, has triumphed over the machinations of his enemies."

"He lives then!" exclaimed Madame De Fleurie, clasping the lifeless Gertrude to her bosom. "Your father is liberated, my child—let the joyful news inspire life and happiness."

A sigh heaved the bosom of Gertrude. Montauban could scarcely restrain the wild tumult of his feelings in hearing her pronounce the words "My father." "Gertrude," he said, "there was once another name dear to your heart."

A flush of crimson tinged her cheek, as she murmured the name of "Henrie."

Her heart was still his, but he dared not claim it, while he felt the stain of infamy and guilt resting on his name. He tore himself from the presence of Gertrude, without being able to give the circumstances of De Fleurie's acquittal. Just as he was going to leave the inn, to wander he knew not where, his eyes fell on a notice in the "Courier." It was in these words:

"The Baron Montauban is no more! His death was sudden, and connected with circumstances which prevent its being further commented on at this time."

The paper fell from his hand. A cold and sickening feeling of horror and grief combined, shook his frame, and urged him to fly from every association of happier times. In ascending the diligence, he put a note into the hands of the servant. It was for Gertrude, and bore Montauban's adieu.

"Dear Gertrude," he said, "my destiny still rolls in darkness. Your father will tell you all. Shame and dishonor are now added to the burden of my existence. Can I ask you to share a lot coupled with crime, and that too against your best earthly friend? I dare not—but if ever time should obliterate or even soften this just resentment, or the remembrance of past days make you willing to brave misfortune and shame with me, then may I cease to wander an outcast, and looking up to the God of Gertrude, defy the hand of destiny itself."

The heart of Gertrude was overwhelmed by the contents of Montauban's letter. How little did he know the strength of her attachment, to think it could be influenced by the mysterious crime he had spoken of. De Fleurie arrived at the inn, while she was revolving Montauban's meaning, and after uniting with his wife and daughter in a grateful return of thanks to Heaven for his safe deliverance, gave an account of the plot that was laid to take his life, and of the noble sacrifice at which Montauban redeemed it. The bosom of Gertrude throbbed with pride and joy, as she listened to the glowing words of her father, and no shadow dimmed the sunshine of her soul, as she sealed the pledge to be Montauban's forever. The hands of the happy couple were united by the good pastor, and Montauban felt his bliss beyond the power of destiny itself to destroy—based as it was on the exercise of an upright and benevolent mind, dispensing happiness on all around him. Disgusted with the pageantry of the court, he retired

with his lovely bride to the rural shades of Castle Montauban, whose portals were opened for them by the faithful Jacinta, who thought herself supremely blest in serving "Master Henrie."

We will only add, that the astrologer's tower soon lost all its solemnity, in becoming the play-ground of the reckless little progeny of the castle, who played havoc with the symbolical instruments of the mystical science, without the least remorse of conscience.

CURRENTE CALAMOSITIES:

NO. V.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

APRIL FLOWERING AND SHOWERING.

Now, doth

"—well-apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter tread;"

now, may we understand the forceful beauty of the comparison, which Proteus, that "Gentleman of Verona," uses when he says,—

"Oh: how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day:
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!"

The fair Portia's servant of the Caskets fitly describes "An ambassador of love" by telling her mistress, that

"A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord;"

and Iris, in "The Tempest" praises "Ceres, most bounteous lady," for

"Those banks with peonied and lillied brims,
Which spongy April, at her host betrimms."

When Antony saw his Octavia weeping, as she took her mournful leave of him, he said,

"The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring;
And these the showers to bring it on!"

Oh! how beautifully do all times and seasons, in their changeful revolutions, expound and illustrate the genius of Shakspeare! He has a line for every phase of the sky, for every variation of the landscape, for every humor of the fitful elements. "Turn him to any cause of policy, the Gordian knot of it he will unloose, familiar as his garter." See, too, how after-coming poets do but repeat the simplest conceits of him, whom "Rare Ben" was pleased to call "Master."

Thus Drummond:

"A beauty, fading like the April flowers;"

and Mallet:

"Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud," &c.

and, later still, Corn-law rhyming Elliott:

"His life was but an April day:
He lived, and loved, and died!"

and, (the last that now occurs to me,) that sweetest of the age's minstrels, "L. E. L."—

"Come back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,—
Ye days of April weather!"

How suddenly, and how darkly has closed the career of this sweet singer of Spring songs! How rude the clash that struck to earth the lyre of the "Improvisatrice!" A moment here, and the next, forever gone! Like "the lost Pleiad," which she sang so truly, she has dropped from the circle of living bards,—but, unlike the star, she died but to live again, "the cynosure of wondering eyes," in the zenith of fame, immortally.

A few days ago, (it was the first day of April,) I opened a post-brought missive, which was redolent of the sweetest spring aroma, as I broke its ruby seal. It contained the first violet of the year, from a garden, on the banks of the Potomac, and was the nursling of a pair of sisters, among the fairest and the loveliest of all who, monthly, turn your pages, dear Messenger, in quest of amusement and instruction. The first violet of the year! As I opened the yet damp sheet, and found the flowret in perfect shape, and full of fragrance, I thought of Carew's "Primrose."

"Ask me, why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year?
Ask me, why I send to you
This primrose, all be-pearled with dew?"

Then, I bethought me of Habington's "Description of Castara," as I recognised the hand-writing of the fair donors:

"Like the violet, which, alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
Doth Castara live, alone,
To no common eye betrayed:
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights in public view!"

"Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes, in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,—
She is noblest, being good!"

"She obeys with speedy will,
Her grave parent's wise commands:
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands," &c. &c.

Albeit unused to the rhyming mood, I next began to think that the Muse should thank the givers of so rare a boon; and the conceit being strong upon me, in this hour of my weakness, I actually took down my rusty lyre from the willows, where it has hung for many a year, and essayed, as followeth. Forgive my intrusion among such company, as I have been calling around us; contrasts, you know, are pleasing, and I will take off the rough-edge, by and by, with a screed from "The Golden Violet."

TO S. AND J.

On receiving the first Violet of the year, from D——n.

Fair friends! I left you when the winds
Of winter howled around,
And when the sere and withered grass
The landscape sad embrowned.

Nature seemed dead: no bud, no bloom
Appeared within your bowers:
No promise to the eye gave hope
Of quickly-opening flowers.

And yet, a germ was latent there,
Fast struggling into birth;
One of a thousand, heaven-sent,
To glad the sorrowing earth!

Sweet violet! the first, that Spring
In beauty breathed upon,
Amidst the bowers, by fair hands nursed,
Of lovely D——n!

A lesson dost thou read to me,
Thou teacher, mild and fair!
Bidding me 'mid the gloomiest hour,
Ne'er madly to despair!

The darkening hour, when friends beloved
Must from each other part,
Falls on the soul, how drearily!—
That winter of the heart!

And yet, if to thy lesson mild,
Fair flower! I yield free scope,
How am I taught, that, 'midst this gloom
Still springs the germ of hope!

In wintry hours, she promises
That flowers shall deck the plain:
And, to the hearts of parting friends,
That they shall meet again!

And so forth! What a plague have I to do with weaving rhymes? I'll no more of it! And now for "The Golden Violet!"

It is the eve of May-day; and thus sings its poet:

"Farewell to thee, April! a gentle farewell!
Thou hast saved the young rose in its emerald cell;
Sweet nurse! thou hast mingled thy sunshine and showers,
Like kisses and tears, on thy children, the flowers!
As a hope, when fulfilled, to sweet memory turns,
We shall think of thy clouds, as the odorous urns,
Whence color, and freshness, and fragrance were wept:
We shall think of thy rainbows,—their promise is kept!
For there's not a cloud on the morning's blue way,
And the daylight is breaking, the first of the May!"

But these lines are transcended in beauty, methinks, by the fair and hapless poetess, in the following stanzas to April:

"Of all the months that fill the year,
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety.

"The apple-blossoms' shower of rose,
The pear-tree's pearly hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent, too!"

"The purple light, that, like a sigh,
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odors shed.

"The wild brier rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning's tear;
The bird's eye, like a sapphire star,—
The primrose, pale, like fear.

"On every bough, there is a bud,
In every bud a flower!
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

"Now, comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then, all again sunshine:
Then, clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's colored line.

"Aye! this, this is the month for me!
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was *always* blue,
The green earth *always* green!"

And of the violet, as April's own flower, she seems to be no less enamored. Behold!

"Violets! deep blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the sun, woo'd by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet."

"And when the grave shall open for me,—
I care not how soon that time may be,—
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom:
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep blue-violet!"

One more! Nay, I must!

"Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love.
I did not pass my childish days
In garden, or in grove;

"My garden was the window-seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase,—the fair and sweet,—
It was the violet!"

"It was my pleasure and my pride;
How I did watch its growth!
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,—
And often injured both!"

"At length, the perfume filled the room,
Shed from its purple wreath;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
None half so sweet a breath!"

"I gathered it: and oh! it seemed
A rich gift to bestow!
So precious in my sight, I deemed
That all must think it so!"

"Let Nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nursed,
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first!"

I began with Shakspeare on "April:" let me close with Shakspeare on "Violets." He makes Titania's bed of them:

"I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.
There sleeps Titania, sometimes of the night,
Lulled in the flowers, with dances and delight!"

And, thus does Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale," discourse of them to the Old Shepherd, and the disguised Camillo:

"Here's flowers for you! daffodils,
That come before the swallow darts, and take
The winds of March with beauty; *violets, dim,*
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath!"

Music by night, he describes as "coming o'er the ear,

"Like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor!"

And, as if to rate this modest little flower highest, for fragrance in the blossoming parturition, he declares, that

"To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess!"

How prettily and how gallantly does the Duke of York demand of his new-arrived son, what court beauties were ascendant, when he left London:

"Welcome my son! Who are the violets, now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring?"

Laertes describes Hamlet's profession of love for Ophelia, as

"A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent,—sweet, not lasting,—
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;—
No more!"

And poor Ophelia, herself, in her madness, said,

"I would give you violets, too: but they withered all, when my poor father died!"

* * * * *

A kind of *Postscriptum* for my friend Fisher, of the Pittsburgh Visiter. Our quarrel, (like that in which Sir Lucius O'Trigger had a prominent part to play,) is "a very good quarrel, as it stands: explanation would only spoil it." Let's nurse it, and keep it warm, (as Tam O'Shanter's wife did her's with her husband, upon a memorable occasion,) until we meet again, as of yore we used to meet; and then we can settle it all, in the old way. As long as my chosen "name is great in mouths of wisest censure," in various parts of this reading land, other than that which my good friend inhabits,—and as long as it is "my name that is his enemy," and not I,—why should I change it now, in this, the fifth month of my *pen-runings*, (to translate literally,)—why? "What's in a name?" I am sure I would, do any thing in reason to accommodate my friend, upon occasion: and, with Falstaff, "I would to Heaven I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought," that he might have his pick and choice, to give such of his neighbors' bantlings, as he would like to see well-christened. I will take his judgment in my next series, for a name: at present, I have only to say to him, in the line of pungent Martial,—when he takes up a number of the "Currente Calamositias,"—

"Quid titulum poecis? versus duo tres ve legantur!"

J. P. O.

New York, April 30th, 1839.

TO A LADY PLAYING ON A HARP.

(From a new work entitled "Pericles and Aspasia.")

Come sprinkle me soft music o'er the breast,
Bring me the varied colors into light
That now obscurely on its tablet rest,
Show me its flowers and figures fresh and bright.
Waked at thy voice and touch, again the chords
Restore what restless years had moved away,
Restore the glowing cheeks, the tender words,
Youth's short-lived spring and pleasure's summer day.

BE GLAD WHILE YET YOU MAY.

Addressed to an interesting little boy at play.

BY H. M. G., JR.

Bound, bound away, beautiful boy !
 Bound in thy joy away !
 Ring out thy voice to hill and glen,—
 Be glad while yet you may.

Laugh to the light winds hurrying on
 Upon their viewless way :
 They'll never fan thee younger, boy !
 Be glad while yet you may.

Speed for the restless butterfly,
 From shrub to floweret gay :
 Shout to the wild-bird hastening by,—
 Be glad while yet you may.

Go where the notes of music ring
 Out in their mingling play :
 Leap to their wild and joyous sound,—
 Be glad while yet you may.

Hie to the gushing stream, and through
 The livelong summer-day,
 Wanton its sparkling waves among,—
 Be glad while yet you may.

The days roll on, when joys like these
 Thy heart no more can sway :
 Woe ! for the sorrowful hours then !
 Be glad while yet you may.

New Glasgow, Va.

DR. MITCHELL'S POEMS.

Indecision—a Tale of the Far West, and other Poems ; by J. K.
 Mitchell, M.D. Philadelphia : E. L. Carey & A. Hart ; 1839.

Poetry, as an elegant writer has said, "is the divine-est of all arts." Its mission is a blessed one—to arouse and kindle those deep and pure emotions which lie in the depths of every soul, and to expand and lift them up in lofty and heavenward aspirations. True, it has been used for base and corrupt purposes—employed to excite the worst passions—fettered to the purposes of faction, breathed in licentious numbers, and used even in the bold and impious conceptions of blasphemy—still it has never entirely lost its own peculiar power—its individual beauty—but has beamed with a starry or gem-like lustre, amid the wildest and darkest formations. In the language of the author before quoted, poetry "cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good."*

* Channing—Remarks on the character and writings of John Milton

It is perverted, then, from its true purpose, darkened and degraded, when employed as the means of vice or chained to grovelling associations. It manifests its divinity, when linked with the beautiful and pure—it exercises its proper office, when it awakes the slumbering soul and turns its eyes upon its own vast world of consciousness within, and nerves it up with high thoughts and dauntless purposes—when it unbinds and throws off the gross fetters which are so mated with our flesh, and smites the fountains of feeling in the heart, until they well up with gushing purity and flow forth in light—when it refines the mental vision until it learns to know the beautiful and the true, and opens the spiritual ear until it drinks in, understandingly, a portion of that harmony which belongs to our immortality, and which will thrill upon us when we "tread the stars." Such is poetry in the true exercise of its functions—forming right emotions, awakening deep sympathies, and exalting our moral nature. Its mission, we say then, is a blessed one.

Poetry has a universal language, and its interpreter is the great heart of humanity. Like the principal of mind, its primary characteristics are everywhere the same, and it is perceived and felt in whatever it animates. It may be couched in an humble strain—clothed even in uncouth and vulgar language—but its power and mastery are there, and the soul acknowledges its presence. It needs not the expression of words nor the medium of printed characters. It is seen in the generous sacrifice and the virtuous action—it sparkles in the tear of sympathy, and has an utterance in the unbreathed thought. It is, in fact, the great principle of the beautiful—spreading throughout the universe, yet glowing and perfect in each particular part. It is in the flashing fountain and the bending rainbow—the gem that comes glittering from its bed, and the cloud that goes up, like incense, before the great altar of the sun—in the stream that murmurs to its sedgy banks, and the rain-shower that shouts among the leaves—in the calm, blue, arching sky, that spreads above us, and the waters that break in star-light on the shore; there is nothing in material or spiritual existence, around and within us, but is pervaded with its deep and living spirit. He who inhales and pours forth this spirit, in his song, his oration, or his speech, is a poet, and possesses the true inspiration of Pindus. He who has it not, cannot be one, whatever may be his other advantages and attainments. The delicacies of refinement, the wealth of learning, the gaud and the jewelry, cannot make poetry; without its indwelling and original power, the most gorgeous and externally beautiful are but cold, inanimate forms, and all these are but garlands around the empty chalice—kingly robes and wreaths of beauty upon the motionless limbs and cold brow of the statue.

The inbred spirit of poetry, then, is vitally essential to him who would be successful in this department of literature, or who would earn the name of poet. We are aware that this seems like a stale and unprofitable truism, and that, in theory, it will be universally acknowledged as a correct remark; but we know, also, that it is a truism, which it is necessary to repeat, and which circumstances will render necessary to be repeated, until many cease from practically denying it. How many are there who manufacture jingling rhyme and decorate it, perhaps, with gaudy and meretricious orna-

ment, and imagine that they are absolutely writing poetry? They have never breathed its inspiration—they have never quaffed from its deep and silent, and holy well-springs—they possess no pulse that moves within them when they look out upon the lovely and sublime, or that thrills, in answering measures when the hand of a master is sweeping the lyre-chords—in short, they have none of that noble and lofty and burning emotion, which stirred in the breast of Fuseli, who, when asked concerning the future existence of the soul, answered—"I don't know whether you have a soul or no, but * * I know that I have." In how many obscure drawers and beneath how many editors' tables, lie the effects of this ill-judged estimate of abilities, and mistaken idea of poetry? We trust that our remarks, trite and feeble and desultory as they may be, will engage the consideration, and work the conviction of many such, and if these are too difficult to remember, or too obscure in their meaning, we commend to their attention the whole essence of what we have said, contained in the well-known maxim—"Poeta nascitur."

One word more upon the importance and high office of poetry. We are aware that there are judicious fathers and grave men of business, who look with an eye as contemptuous and severe upon any thing like poetry, as did ever Mr. Osbaldistone, senior. There are others too, doubtless, who consider it as a kind of trifling accomplishment, fit for nothing but our leisure hours—and who conceive of one who is really and professionally a poet, that he must of course be some starved and poverty-stricken mortal, living upon crusts in a garret and dressed in a threadbare and elbow-worn suit of black—who is, probably, love-smitten, and who pours out the grief of his wounded soul in album-sonnets and newspaper madrigals. We are sorry that impressions like these should prevail. If there were no other evil result, the fact that they check the growth of literature, and prevent and pervert the energies of true genius, would be enough to cause us to deplore such an error. But this is not all. Such ideas of poetry darken and obscure its true dignity and importance. Poetry is not such a trifling and useless principle. We have shown its great and glorious purposes, and, from its vocation, it will be seen that it demands an elevation by the side of philosophy and history. It has been shown, also, that it is not confined to any special mode of manifestation or utterance. Hence one great source of the errors and prejudices concerning it, is removed. If it were indeed meted out only in smooth-turned rhyme or doled in piping measures, it might be thus despicable and unworthy. But it has an influence and operation in every great theme, whether it burn on the lips of eloquence, or flow out in the solemn teachings of wisdom. In the speculations of philosophy and the theories of science, is poetry—kindling and triumphant and beautifying poetry. It is important, also, as being a powerful medium through which to reach the affections and sway the minds of men. It is an easy and popular method of preserving memorable events and moral lessons, and therefore should it be respected and cultivated in its purest and loftiest capacities. It fastens easily upon the memory, and preserves literature, and maxims of virtue perhaps, through the changes of centuries—when, if committed to the treacherous parchment or the crumbling tablet, they might have been

forever lost to posterity. For the memory of a mighty deed—the immortality of a great name—there are no chronicles like the hearts of a people. The storied lay of a thousand years and the thrilling legend of the olden-time, were sung by the stream-side and told upon the threshold and the hearth-stone, but yesterday. The deeds of old Thermopylæ and Bannockburn, embodied and pervaded by poesy, in some far age of the future, may summon up a spirit of liberty in the silence of the mountain glen, which shall be cradled in the earthquake and burst forth in the storm; and the strains of Homer and Milton, may foster a taste in the bosoms of the dwellers of some wild, lone island that we know not of, until it rises from the ocean, another Delos, beautified with the classic temple and adorned with the sculptured marble.

Such are the importance and dignity of poetry, briefly, and we are aware, when compared with the subject, feebly set forth. We did not sit down to write an essay, but, as the title to this article indicates, to pass our opinion upon a recently-published volume of poems; and it may seem to our readers, that we have wandered away, or rather, kept aloof from our legitimate subject, in the remarks which we have made. But we wished to give utterance to our few thoughts, and we deemed the present a fit opportunity for doing so. We have before us an American work, and we deem it proper upon such an occasion to speak of true poetry and its office. We wish those who are anxious to build up our national literature, and consequently to increase our national honor, whether they be poets or patrons, to consider this subject deeply, and act justly in reference to it—the former, by writing only from the real impulse of poetry, and the latter, by properly estimating and respecting its dignity and importance, and by extending to it those refreshing influences which shall vivify and expand it, and cause it to bud and blossom in light.

The main poem in the work before us was "written in the midst of arduous professional duties," and "at short, infrequent and irregular periods of time," and consequently we cannot expect to behold, in every respect, a finished production, moulded in every word to suit a refined and cultivated taste. He who looks for this much, will, probably, be disappointed. The eye of close and analytical criticism will, doubtless, discover many blemishes. The author tells us, in his introduction, that he "does not expect to be shielded from the criticism to which every public production is necessarily liable." The work, however, has been spoken of in tones of high commendation by the press, and may be fairly said to have passed, successfully, the ordeal. We have not read it with that deep attention which is requisite to close criticism, nor do we intend, were we able, to institute such a process of investigation. We think that its faults will be found to lie on the surface, and that, mingled to be sure with common earth, there will be found many rich and beautiful and flashing gems, and we intend to direct the attention of our readers to some of these treasures. We pronounce, then, as the great excellence of the work, that it contains true poetry and abundant manifestation that it was written by a poet. Dr. Mitchell is a poet. Its spirit has thrilled in his heart, and its breathings are visible in the words to which he gives utterance. He never could have written, in the first instance, merely to see his

name and his productions in print. The lively principle stirred within him, and he obeyed its promptings—the burning thoughts “came crowding thickly up, for utterance,” and he spoke. In this much, then, our introductory remarks are applicable here. We present “Indecision,” as an illustration of “the spirit of true poetry.”

The poem opens with a description of embarkation from Scotland—

The sail is loos'd, the swinging anchor free,
The boat is hoisted, and the ship for sea.

After a short eulogy upon Scotia, we have a description of the multitude who throng the deck of the departing vessel, and the different feelings which agitate the various bosoms of those who are leaving kindred and home and sacred graves, to seek a shelter in the clime of “the teeming West.” The following passage contains a fine description and simile.

The old, with thoughtful brow and sadden'd eye,
Still watch the land-hues fading into sky,
As if reluctant to avert the view
A moment from the shore's receding blue,
As, trembling on the ring'd horizon, peep
The topmast peaks above the rising deep.
The tender sapling, torn from natal sod,
Transplanted blooms, and spreads its arms abroad,
But aged trees, when sever'd from the earth
They once have shaded, know no second birth.

We are next introduced to “Norman,” the hero of the tale. Possessing many advantages and virtues, he lacks one, and an all-important one, “MORAL COURAGE”—and this defect in his character, besides causing him much trouble and sorrow of spirit, appears to give name to the poem—“INDECISION.” Fortune failing him, he shares his remaining pittance with his aged mother, and with

— His wife, and child, and hope, and health,
Embarked to seek in western wilds that wealth,
To which the blinded world around him bent:
And he, tho' wiser, *dared not* to dissent.

In the course of the first night of the voyage, we have a description of the manner in which the groups on deck passed their time—a “Song of the Prairie,” an “Adieu, my ain Sweet Land,” and a description of a storm. The ship weathers the gale, the morning-sun breaks brightly forth, and in describing the gaiety and carelessness of the crowd just escaped from the perils of wreck and death, we have the following piece of philosophy:

— 'Tis ever so,
With human weakness; eloquent in woe,
Of virtuous promise; but the danger o'er,
The sorrow gone, the lesson's read no more—
The heart is like the hard sepulchral stone,
On which repeated blows inscribe alone,
Its truth or falsehood; trials, to be blest,
Must be by sorrow's frequent hand imprint.

A solemn and melancholy change comes over the spirit of Norman. Here is poetry, sweet and beautiful.

His wife alone, of those who knew him well,
Appear'd unconscious of the fearful spell.
Enshrouded in affection's blinding haze,
She mark'd not what would draw a stranger's gaze;
Or, if she saw an altered look, her heart
Indulg'd itself in that love-nurtured art,
Which kindly teaches sorrow to conceal
The utter woe it cannot live and feel.

With gentle care, she loosed the lengthened plaid,
That bound her baby firmly to her side,
And casting off a kerchief from her wrist,
She smiled, tho' sadly, as his brow she kissed.

‘ You cannot guess, my husband, why I drew
This knot so tightly! Oh, it was that you
Might fix the noose upon your arm, and so,
With me and my sweet babe, united go
To weal or woe; a common fate to share,
With thee and it, was ever Emma's prayer.
I hop'd, too, that the surge might kindly sweep
Our corpses upward from the cold, dark deep,
And gentle hands afford a grassy grave
To those who were not sever'd by the wave.
In Scotch earth, with all I lov'd to lie,
Seem'd not to me a gloomy destiny,
Since oft I fear'd for my dear babe and thee,
A darker doom beyond the western sea.
But God, whose goodness curb'd the raging main,
May, *will*, protect confiding hearts again.’

Day follows day, and the vessel proceeds on her course, and Norman's madness increases in its wildness and intensity, and he becomes furious in his nature to all, even to her, whose

— Very eye,
Whose smile before, to him, was ecstasy;

to all, save his child, of whom he becomes possessed with a slavish fear, and whose every whim he obeys. His wife can no longer hide from her heart his altered disposition; but it was some solace

— to find
His loss of love to her, was loss of mind.
It soothed her hopeless sorrow to reflect
That those who most are lov'd, where reason's wreck'd
Are hated most, as wintry-spells of decay
The most that spot the richest flowrets grace.

His wife dies. The scene of her departing hour is prophetic of the lot of her loved ones, and is powerfully wrought. With this closes the first part of the poem.

Our author has a fine graphic talent. Witness this description of morning—

A booming point just tips the doubtful verge,
Where sea and sky their dubious colors merge,
And up at one bright leap, in glory springs
The sun, and o'er the ocean spreads his wings.
Along the rippling waters, golden light,
A trembling causeway paves, so pure, so bright,
A path to Heaven, it seems to fancy's eye,
Continued upward thro' the yellow sky,
In clouds like cluster'd gems of every hue,
To pale the ruby's blush and shame the sapphire's blue.
The sportive dolphin, like a floating flower,
Of thousand tints, adorns his waving bower.
The curving porpoise, on the crested pride
Of curling billows, takes his liquid ride;
And silver flying fishes dash away
Before the breeze, and in the sunbeams play.
There is a freshness in the breezy air;
There is a joyous spirit every where.

Norman's child is swept overboard by the “boom” and drowned. Reaching harbor, the bodies are borne to the grave, while the unhappy father, “idiot-like,”

— Mov'd not as the earth received its trust,
Nor seem'd to hear the awful ‘dust to dust.’

Awakened to the consciousness that they are his wife and child, he refuses to leave the grave, and decks it and watches it day after day, until his comrades miss him, and discover no trace of him, save marks of violence near and upon the freshly-covered mound. Norman returns to the grave once more, however, but re-

turns only to bid adieu to "the sleepers," and then journeys to the "far West." Here he recovers his reason, re-marries, acquires wealth and honors, and attains to the dignity of a magistrate. Among the prisoners brought before him, is one found guilty of the charge preferred against him, but who, by an extraordinary influence over the mind of the judge, not only obtains release from confinement, but, by his rapacious claims for money, the wealth of Norman also. The felon brings a number of his companions into the neighborhood with him to share in his good-fortune, and Norman's neighbors become suspicious of him, as being linked with the ruffians, by their knowledge of some dread truth against him. Fortune gone, honor lost, our hero now sinks into a deep despair, but is sustained and soothed in his darkness by his gentle partner, who by her eloquent entreaties, succeeds in wresting from him his secret of grief—a secret which he *dared* not to entrust her with before their union. It appears, that in seeking for flowers to decorate the burial place of his wife and child, he despoiled a private garden—was pursued to the grave, where blood was shed and he finally taken and conveyed to a prison. Hence the brand of felony was on him, and, after visiting the grave as has already been seen, he journeyed to the West with this bitter memory of a stained reputation gnawing at his heart. This was his secret, and the explanation of the mysterious influence exercised over him by the criminal at the trial. The following gives us another specimen of Dr. Mitchell's descriptive power:

The last faint trace of day had ceas'd to smile
On lengthen'd Alleghany's waving pile,
And clouds, so lately bath'd in golden light,
Were softly silver'd by the queen of night;
And one by one, in autumn's deep blue sky,
The stars put forth their brightest blazonry.
O'er darkened vales the mountain shadows slept,
Through dying leaves the mournful zephyr swept;
The night hawk's scream, the moan of whip-poor-will,
The cricket's cry, the tree-frog's cadenc'd trill;
The panther's hungry howl, the wolf's wild bay,
The screech-owl's requiem o'er departed day,
Conspire to cast o'er western night a tone,
To other lands, however wild, unknown.
The very clearness of the air is drear,
It seems to bring the awful blue so near;
And that wild light is just enough to show
The wildest shapes of wildest things below—
We feel as if too near the panther's swoop,
We pause to hear the Indian's mortal whoop;
The dead-grass, rustling in the stifful gale,
Suggests the rattlesnake's envenom'd trail;
And giant bats, with sick'ring pinions near,
Seem restless spirits from another sphere.

The following well describes the feelings of a wife:

She did not doubt—but would the world confide?
Must she its alter'd look of scorn abide,
And, ah! far worse, behold the blush of shame
Suffuse her children's cheek, at Norman's name?
That name, so link'd with love's entrancing dream,
That name, embalm'd in reason's high esteem,
That name, round which, in clustering beauty glow,
The flowers of joy, the balm for every woe.
There was no bud of promise—fruit of bliss—
No earthward good—no heavenward happiness—
Which seem'd a boon to her, if 'twere not also his.
The cup of pleasure sparkled to the brim,
When pledg'd in sweet companionship with him;
And joy seem'd only joy, when Norman's face,
Illum'd with smiles, inspir'd the unbought grace,
Which sense and sentiment alone bestow,

To lift the heart from earth, or sky-tint all below.
Still darker thoughts career'd through Norman's brain,
Till thought itself became exhausting pain;
And he, like holy men on Olive's steep,
Who vainly strove their master's watch to keep,
In eadness slept—for grief prolong'd will bring,
When too intense, a feverish slumbering.
But she, a very woman, could not sleep,
While none were left o'er him a watch to keep.
Though sore fatigue from aidless labor press'd
With treble force, upon her care-worn breast;
And sleep's oblivious antidote might bring
Both strength to toll, and balm to suffering,
The tireless heart of love repuls'd repose,
And, as the mortal sank, the angel rose.

We fear that we are becoming too minute for the occasion, and that we have already made our article too long. We shall, therefore, hasten to a close, and forbear making those extracts which we otherwise should. While Norman sleeps, his wife is assaulted by a ruffian (one of the felon-band) who is prevented from taking her life and that of her husband, and is killed by a panther. Norman awakes to find "Harden" dead, and his wife with a shattered mind. Her reason, however, soon returns, and, leaving the dangerous neighborhood, they arrive at the house of her father. Here the stain upon his reputation is eventually removed, and although sorrow darkens around him and his heart is grief-worn, his spirit learns to draw its happiness from a better fountain than any of earth, and

He lived to value love, to conquer pride,
To kiss the rod that smote him—and he died;
But left, in dying, this impressive truth,
To guard from Norman's woes the thoughtful youth,
'That indecision marks its path with tears;
That want of candor darkens future years;
That perfect truth is virtue's safest friend;
And that to shun the wrong is better than to mend.'

We read this poem hastily, but we believe that we have preserved, above, the thread of the story. We cannot say, that we particularly admire the plot, but we do admire the many beautiful flowers of poetry that cluster and breathe their fragrant influence through it. We have omitted, as we before remarked, passages which well deserve a place here. But we must give the following tribute to maternal affection:—

'My mother!' what a chain of blissful thought
Is in that home endearing sentence wrought!
Is there on earth a melody so dear,
As that sweet sound to gentle childhood's ear?
My mother soothes my grief, refines my bliss,
And asks but what I love to give—a kiss.
Aye, though the truant heart of manhood stray,
To other charms and other friends away;
The memory of a mother's love, at last,
Returns, like bread on Nile's rich waters cast,
To prove the solace of the stricken heart,
When sorrows come, and hope's gay dreams depart.
There's not a wither'd leaf that does not yield
Undying odors, when thro' childhood's field
Of sunny days and ever blooming sweets,
To hail a mother's smile the cloudless memory fleets.

And this metaphor:

There, sat enthroned the love that could not die—
The faith that saw, behind the clouds, the sky,
Still beautifully blue, still richly dight
With stars, that borrowed from the soul the light
They seem'd to shed; as gems reflect the ray
With added lustre, back upon the day.

There are several minor poems in this volume. We have read but a few of them, but there appears to be in them the same pure aspiration of poetry. Indeed, we think them, as compositions, better than the main poem. We give below two or three specimens.

THE NEW AND THE OLD SONG.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near:
But an old song may be roughly sung;
The ear forgets its art,
As comes upon the rudest tongue,
The tribute to the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
For memory glides it not;
It brings not back the strains that rung
Through childhood's sunny cot.
But an old song may be roughly sung,
It tells of days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danc'd on his father's knee.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,
In forest wild, on rocky hill,
And away on the prairie-lea:—
But dearer far the old song,
When friends we love are nigh,
And well known voices, clear and strong,
Unite in the chorus-cry,

Of the old song, the old song,
The song of the days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danc'd on his father's knee!
Oh, the old song—the old song!
The song of the days of glee,
The new song may be better sung,
But the good old song for me!

THE HARP OF JUDAH.

Oh, harp, that once in Judah's hall,
In sweet inspiring strain,
Entranc'd the fiery soul of Saul,
And sooth'd a monarch's pain!

How oft, when all my earthly joys
Appear but as a dream,
I welcome thy consoling voice,
Thy heaven-directing theme!

Though gone the hand that wak'd thee first,
Though clos'd thy minstrel's eye,
And they who caught thine early burst
Of glory are not nigh;

Of thee no string is broken yet;
Thy deep and holy tone
Can make me earthly cares forget,
And dream of Heaven alone.

Oh harp, if Judah's shepherd flung
Such charms around his theme,
When o'er time's distant scenes he hung,
In dim prophetic dream;

What now thy spell, could David's hand
Awake, once more, thy strains,
And tell to every thrilling land,
The Lord Immanuel reigns!

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die,
And the best of the world, is its path to the sky.
Be it gloomy or bright, for the life that he gave,
Let us thank Him—but blessed be God for the grave!
'Tis the end of our toil, 'tis the crown of our bliss,
'Tis the portal of happiness—aye, but for this,
How hopeless were sorrow, how narrow were love,
If they look'd not from earth to the rapture above!
But the portals of death open out on the skies,
And the mortal who enters in ecstasy flies,
An angel of light, to the throne of the King;
While the echoes of Heaven in harmony ring
With the song of the seraphs, Oh! "blessed are they
Who die in the Lord," and from earth come away—
They rest from their labors—the works of their love
Have followed, and crown them with glory above.

It will thus be seen that our author employs poetry in its divinest office—that of a handmaid to Religion. True genius pours forth its loftiest strains upon sacred subjects—it gathers its sweetest flowers by the banks of "the river of life."

We trust that our author may long live, to awaken the echoes of the West with the music of his lyre, to breathe a contribution of true poetry into our national literature, and to twine bright wreaths of laurel around his brow.

ADIEU OF MARY STUART.

(FROM BERENGER.)

France, lovely land! Adieu! adieu!
My fondest love is thine for ever!
From thee my childhood's joys I drew,—
Alas! 'tis death from thee to sever.

Land of my choice! home of my heart!
Banish'd by cruel fate from thee,
I hear the deep sigh as I part—
France, lovely France! remember me!
The breeze springs up—we leave the shore—
The Gods, unpitying all my pain,
Deny the storm, that might restore
Me back, in joy, to thee again.
France, lovely land! Adieu! adieu! &c.

When, with the glittering lilies crowned,
'Mid crowds I loved, admir'd, I shone;—
Less praise the lilies circled found
Than that my simple spring-time won:
No charm for me has Scotland's crown—
Its dreary grandeur lures in vain;
I would that France my sway might own,
Or that I'd ne'er been born to reign.
France, lovely France! Adieu! adieu! &c.

Love, wit, and glory, shed their beams
How brightly! o'er my vernal clime,
Alas! the change, to those dull gleams,
That dimly light rude Scotia's clime.
What horrid vision do I see!
Thrilling my inmost soul with fear;—
How dire the fate, it tells to me—
That phantom-scaffold—phantom-bier!
France, lovely France! Adieu! adieu! &c.

France! ever, when assailed by fears,
The daughter of a royal stock,
As now she turns to thee in tears,
Shall still to thee address her look.
Heav'n's! the ship already speeds
Her eager course 'neath other skies,
And now thy shore in mist recedes,
Curtain'd by night from my fond eyes!

France, lovely land! Adieu! adieu!
My fondest love is thine for ever!
From thee my childhood's joys I drew,—
Alas! 'tis death from thee to sever.

PENCILLED PASSAGES;

From "*Pericles and Aspasia*,"* chosen for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, by "P. B."

I.

Politics.—Domestic affections can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics, than flowers can find nourishment in the pavement of the streets.

II.

Despair is not for good or wise,
And should not be for love;
We all must bear our destinies,
And bend to those above.

III.

Youthful Tears.—Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.

IV.

The death of a young man.—O! he was too beautiful to live! Is there anything that shoots through the world so swiftly as a sunbeam?

V.

Pondered Praise.—Ah! no studied eulogy does honor to any one. It is always considered, and always ought to be, a piece of special pleading, in which the pleader says every thing the most in favor of his client, in the most graceful and impressive manner he can.

VI.

Over-praise.—If you toss up the scale too high, it descends again rapidly below its equipoise; what it contains drops out, and people catch at it, scatter it, and lose it.

VII.

An ordinary poet.—He is among the many poets, who never make us laugh or weep; among the many whom we take into the hand like pretty insects, turn them over, look at them for a moment, and toss them into the grass again. The earth swarms with these; they live their season, and others similar come into life the next.

VIII.

There is such a concourse of philosophers, all anxious to show Alcibiades the road to Virtue, that I am afraid they will block it up before him.

* By Walter Savage Landor, just issued in beautiful style by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

IX.

Sorrow of past love.—There is a barb beyond the reach of dittany; but years—as they roll by us—benumb, in some degree, our sense of suffering. Season comes after season, and covers, as it were, with soil and herbage, the flints that have cut us so cruelly in our course.

X.

We cannot love without imitating; and we are as proud in the loss of our originality as of our freedom.

XI.

Never was there a poet to whom the love of praise was not the first and most constant of passions.

XII.

With most men, nothing seems to have happened so long ago as an affair of love.

XIII.

Deep love.—There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water; there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song.

XIV.

Doubtless there may be very fine pearls in very uninviting shells; but our philosophers never wade knee-deep into the beds, attracted rather to what is bright externally.

XV.

Mental gymnastics.—Logic, however unpurged, is not for boys; argumentation is among the most dangerous of early practices, and sends away both fancy and modesty. The young mind should be nourished with both simple and grateful food, and not too copious. It should be little exercised, until its nerves and muscles show themselves, and even then rather for air than anything else. Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of age.

XVI.

As there are some flowers which you should smell but slightly to extract all that is pleasant in them—and which, if you do otherwise, emit what is unpleasant or noxious; so there are some men with whom a slight acquaintance is quite sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable—a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe.

XVII.

Politeness is in itself a power, and takes away the weight and galling from every other we may exercise.

XVIII.

The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast, sleeping or waking.

XIX.

Aspasia says—"Dracontides was very fond of Agapenthe; she, however, was by no means so fond of him, which is always the case when young men would warm us at their fire before ours is kindled."

XX.

Three affections of the soul predominate; Love, Religion and Power. The first two are often united; the other stands widely apart from them, and neither is admitted nor seeks admittance into their society.

XXI.

We may be introduced to Power by Humanity, and at first may love her less for her own sake than for Humanity's, but by degrees we become so accustomed to her as to be quite uneasy without her. Religion and Power, like the Cariatides in sculpture, never face one another; they sometimes look the same way, but oftener stand back to back.

XXII.

Religion and Love.—Religion is never too little for us; it satisfies all the desires of the soul. Love is but an atom of it, consuming and consumed by the stubble on which it falls. But when it rests upon the gods, it partakes of their nature, in its essence pure and eternal. Love indeed works great miracles. As in the Ocean that embraces the Earth, whatever is sordid is borne away and disappears in it, so the flame of Love purifies the temple it burns in.

XXIII.

The power of Virtue.—If any young man would win to himself the hearts of the wise and brave, and is ambitious of being the guide and leader of them, let him be assured that his virtue will give him power, and power will consolidate and maintain his virtue. Let him never then squander away the inestimable powers of youth in tangled and trifling disquisitions, with such as perhaps have an interest in perverting or unsettling his opinions, and who speculate into his sleeping thoughts and dandle his nascent passions; but let him start from them with alacrity and walk forth with firmness; let him early take an interest in the business and concerns of men, and let him, as he goes along, look steadfastly at the statues of those who have benefitted his country, and make with himself a solemn compact to stand hereafter among them.

XXIV.

There are things beyond the art of Phidias. He may represent Love leaning upon his brow and listening to Philosophy; but not for hours together: he may represent Love, while he is giving her a kiss for her lesson, tying her arms behind her: loosing them again must be upon another marble.

XXV.

To offend any person is the next foolish thing to being offended.

XXVI.

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.

XXVII.

Sculpture, Painting and Poetry.—Sculpture (said Pericles,) has made great advances in my time; Painting still greater: for until the last forty years it was inelegant and rude. Sculpture can go no farther; Painting can: she may add scenery and climate to her forms. She may give to Philoctetes not only the wing of the sea-bird, wherewith he cools the throbbing of his wound; not only the bow and the quiver at his feet, but likewise the gloomy rocks, the Vulcanian vaults, and the distant fires of Lemnos, the fierce inhabitants subdued by pity, the remorseless betrayer, and the various emotions of his retiring friends. Her reign is boundless, but the fairer and the richer portions of her dominions lies within the Odyssey. Painting by degrees will perceive her advantages over Sculpture; but

if there are paces between Sculpture and Painting, there are parasangs between Painting and Poetry. The difference is that of a lake confined by mountains, and a river running on through all the varieties of scenery, perpetual and unimpeded. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself, and every thing around it and above it.

XXVIII.

Happy the man, who, when every thought else is dismissed, comes last and alone into the warm and secret foldings of a letter.

XXIX.

How many, adorned with all the varieties of intellect, have stumbled on the entrance into life, and have made a wrong choice in the very thing which was to determine their course forever! This is among the reasons, and is perhaps the principal one, why the wise and the happy are two distinct classes of men.

XXX.

We think too much upon *what* the gods have given us, and too little *why*.

We both are young; and yet we have seen several, who loved us, pass away; and we cannot live over again as we lived before. A portion of our lives is consumed by the torch we follow at their funerals. We enter into another state of existence, resembling indeed and partaking of the former, but another! it contains the substance of the same sorrows, the shadow of the same joys. Alas! how true are the words of the old poet:

We lose a life in every friend we lose,
And every death is painful, but the last.

XXXI.

Those people who cannot keep their hands from violating the purest works of ancient days, ought, if there are not too many of them, to be confined in separate cages, among the untameable specimens of zoology.

XXXII.

There are proud men of so much delicacy, that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.

XXXIII.

Philosophy does not always play fair with us. She often eludes us, when she has invited us, and leaves us, when she has led us the farthest way from home. Perhaps it is because we have jumped up from our seats at the first lesson she would give us, and the easiest, and the best. There are few words in the precept,

Give pleasure: receive it:

Avoid giving pain: avoid receiving it.

For the duller scholar, who may find it difficult to learn the whole, she cuts each line in the middle, and tells him kindly that it will serve the purpose, if he will but keep it in his memory.

XXXIV.

Many things pass across the mind, which are neither to be detained in it, with the intention of insisting on them as truths, nor are to be dismissed from it, as idle and intrusive. Whatever gives exercise to our thoughts, gives them not only activity and strength, but likewise range. We are not obliged to continue on the training ground; nor on the other hand is it expedient to obstruct it or plough it up. The hunter, in quest of one species of game, often finds another, and always finds what is better—freshness and earnestness and animation.

XXXV.

A good historian will be a good philosopher, but will take especial care that he be never caught in the attitude of disquisition or declamation. The golden vein must run through his field, but we must not see rising out of it the shaft and the machinery. We should moderate or repress our curiosity and fastidiousness. Perhaps at no time will there be written, by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth. But actions enow will come out with sufficient prominence before the great tribunal of mankind, to exercise their judgment and regulate their proceedings. If statesmen looked attentively at every thing past, they would find infallible guides in all emergencies. But leaders are apt to shudder at the idea of being led, and little know what different things are experiment and experience.

XXXVI.

Old men more willingly talk of age than hear others talk of it; and neither fool nor philosopher likes to think of the time when he shall talk no longer.

XXXVII.

A slender shrub, the ornament of your private walk, may, with moderate effort, be drawn strait again from any obliquity; but such an attempt, were it practicable, would crack every fibre in the twisted tree that overshadows the forest.

XXXVIII.

We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence: tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children.

XXXIX.

Affectation.—There is nothing in poetry, or indeed in society, so unpleasant as affectation. In poetry it arises from a deficiency of power and restlessness of pretension; in conversation, from a desire to pay to the Graces, from an intercourse with the ideal, and a misinterpretation of better.

XL.

Oblivion throws her light coverlet over the infancy of life; and, soon after we are out of the cradle, we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it; and weariness follows, which ever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look round us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms, and fall asleep again.

XLI.

It is in the regions of the earth as in the regions of the air, the warm and genial are absorbed by the cold and void, and tempests and storms ensue.

XLII.

Secresy and mystery drive the uninitiated into suspicion and distrust; an honest man will never propose, and a prudent man will never comply with the condition. What is equitable and proper lies wide open on the plain, and is accessible to all, without an entrance through labyrinth or defile.

XLIII.

The business of philosophy is to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognizance of the understanding. Speculations on any, that lie beyond, are only pleasant dreams, leaving the mind to the lassitude of disappointment. They are easier than geometry and dialectics; they are easier than the efforts of a well regulated imagination in the structure of a poem. These are usually held forth by them as feathers and thistle-down; yet condescend they nevertheless to employ them; numerals as matter and mind; harmony as flute and fiddle-strings to the dances of the stars. In their compositions they adopt the phraseology and curtsy to the cadences of poetry. Look nearer; and what do you see before you? the limbs of Orpheus, bloodless, swollen, broken and palpitating on the cold and misty waters of the Hebrus. Such are the rhapsodical scraps in their visionary lucubrations. They would poison Homer, the purest and soundest of moralists, the most ancient and venerable of philosophers, not out of any ill will to him, but out of love to the human race. There is often an enchantment in their sentences, by which the ear is captivated, and against which the intellectual powers are disinclined to struggle; and there is sometimes, but very rarely, a simplicity of manner, which wins like truth. But when ambition leads them toward the poetical, they fall flat upon thorny ground. No writer of florid prose ever was more than a secondary poet. Poetry, in her bright estate, is delighted with exuberant abundance, but imposes on her worshipper a severity of selection. She has not only her days of festival, but her days of abstinence, and, unless upon some that are set apart, prefers the graces of sedateness to the revelry of enthusiasm. She rejects, as inharmonious and barbarous, the mimicry of her voice and manner by obstreperous sophists and argute grammarians, and she scatters to the winds the loose fragments of the schools.

XLIV.

Men of powerful minds, although they never give up Philosophy, yet cease by degrees to make their professions in form, and lay ultimately the presents they have received at the feet of History. The deeds of past ages are signally reflected on the advancing clouds of the future: here insurrections and wrecks and conflagrations; here the ascending, there the drooping diadem; the mighty host, the mightier man before it; and, in the serener line on the horizon, the emersion of cities and citadels over far off seas. There are those who know in what quarter to look for them: but it is rarely to their hands the power of promoting the good, or averting the evil is entrusted. Yet, all is not hideous in the past, all is not gloomy in the future. There are communities where the wisest and best are not utterly cast aside, and where the robe of Philosophy is no impediment to the steps of men. Idly do the sages cry out against the poets for mistuning the heart and misgoverning the intellect. Meanwhile they themselves are occupied in selfish vanities on the side of the affections; and, on the side of the understanding, in fruitless, frivolous, indefinite, interminable disquisitions. If our thoughts are to be reduced to powder, I would rather it were for an ingredient in a love-potion, to soften with sympathies the human heart, than a charm for raising up spectres to contract and to coerce it. If

dust is to be thrown into our eyes, let it be dust from under a bright enlivening sun, and not the effect of frost and wind.

XLV.

Philosophy is but dry bread : men will not live upon it, however wholesome : they require the succulent food and exciting cup of Religion. We differ in bodily strength, in compactness of bone, and elasticity of sinew ; but we are all subject to the same softness, and nearly to the same distemperature, in the nobler animators of the frame, the brain and blood. Thus it is in creeds : the sage and simple, the ardent enthusiast, and the patient investigator, fall into and embrace with equal pertinacity the most absurd and revolting tenets.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Dear Caroline, the boon you ask
Demands from me no easy task.
Let others frame the lofty line,
And round their brows the laurel twine,
In me the poet's fire is dead,
Fancy and love, and feeling fled.
The gush of feeling, and love's thrill
Wax faint, when gath'ring years distil
Their poppies on the heart ; and mind
Partakes the doom to man assigned,
Sinking in gradual, slow decay.
Time quenches reason's brightest ray,
And withers fancy's fairest bloom :
" And who can then that light relume ?"
These are the springs, the living springs,
Where the muse laves her glitt'ring wings,
And plumes them for a flight sublime,
Above the mould'ring things of time.
The warm line, gushing from the heart,
Love's impulse can alone impart.
Touch'd by bright fancy's magic wand,
Before the enraptured poet stand
" The forms of things unknown," and shed
A glorious halo round his head.
" When passion owns its secret stings,"
By feeling taught, the poet sings
In melting strains, the plaints of woe,
Writhing with sorrow's recent blow ;
In verse of fire, the throes of rage,
Revenge, despair, those foes that wage
With human bosoms ceaseless strife,
And darken all the shades of life.
In me, alas ! those founts are dry ;
From me those fairy visions fly.
From youth alone you might obtain,
To grace your book, a fitting strain.
With fancy, yet undimm'd by years,
With bosom, yet unscath'd by cares,
With feelings pure, and free, and strong,
Youth pours at will the poet's song :
Who, that recalls that time Elysian,
When life is all a fairy vision,
When music breathes in ev'ry sound
And all is light and fragrance round,

When hope, to our enchanted gaze,
Its bright and gorg'ous prism displays,
And mocks the urchin's wand'ring view
With visions of fantastic hue ?
Who, but would be a child again,
Nor deem such bright delusions vain ?
Who would not flee from toil and strife—
The dull realities of life,
To taste the exulting joys of youth ?
Blest age of innocence and truth !
'Tis in that season of life's spring,
That passion first unfolds her wing :
Then glows the cheek with love's first blush ;
Then throbs the heart with the warm gush
Of feelings fresh, sincere, and pure ;
Feelings, which time cannot restore
To manhood's tainted bosom, riv'n
By passions fierce, and madly driv'n
To toil and anguish, vice and woe,
Till pierc'd by death's last welcome blow.
Yet for our life's declining day,
To brighten its expiring ray,
Some calmer pleasures yet remain,
Some fainter joys their hold retain ;
Wife, children, friends, their ties combine,
And round our hearts united twine.

D.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR AN OLD LADY'S ALBUM.

Where smooth Ohio's waters pour,
Through fertile vales their limpid wave,
'Tis said the streams possess the pow'r
To turn to stone whate'er they lave.
Thus oft as time's strong currents roll,
The coming ills of life revealing,
The cold stream petrifies the soul,
And indurates each after feeling.
Thus as our cares, our griefs increase,
And time dissolves each tender tie,
It kindly bids our sorrows cease,
Numb'd by the touch of apathy.
But yet the tear that promptly flows,
Beams lovely on the cheek of youth ;
Shed for its own or others' woes,
Those dew the throes of anguish soothe.
More beautiful, because so rare,
The flow'r of feeling loveliest blows
In age's bosom, lone and drear,
A gem of beauty on its snows.
What though its frozen surface deck
No plants, in sunnier climes that grow—
Though waste and dreary, yet this speck
Of verdure shows the warmth below.
Like that unwith'ring flow'r whose hues
On Scotia's snow-clad peaks expand,
Winter's cold breath its tints renews,
As when by gales of summer fann'd.

Though all its hopes and joys expire,
 Oh never may the tide of time
 In age's bosom quench the fire,
 That warm'd the heart in youth's first prime!

Still may that heart responsive beat,
 Till time's last ebbing sands have run,
 To those emotions soft and sweet,
 Which thrill'd it when life's course begun.

Then, when the polar night of years
 Involves us in its thick'ning gloom,
 Will mild Religion calm our fears,
 And sympathy our path illumine.

D.

THE NEW YORK REVIEW.

The April Number of this work answers well to the expectations which its precursors had excited. At least the usual proportion of its articles may be pronounced decidedly able; and not far inferior to the North-American, which, in our judgment, ranks next to that intellectual leviathan of Reviews, the Edinburgh.

The New York Review has its matter classed under four, great heads: 1. *Reviews*, modernly so called, being in fact copious essays or ample narratives, wound about the books which they profess to criticise, as their nucleus; 2. *Critical notices*—being shorter commentaries upon works too slight, too tame, or too formidable, to be subjects of reviews; 3. *A Quarterly Chronicle*, of Politics and Literature; and 4. *A Quarterly List* of new publications. The *Quarterly Chronicle* is a new feature to us, in such periodicals; and a valuable feature. It sketches, in some fifteen pages, the events and transactions, political, scientific, and literary, of the civilized world, for the last three months: and is one of those comprehensive prospects, which ought often to be taken by statesmen and philosophers. We are strongly tempted to incorporate such a summary, monthly, into our own work.

The Reviews in this number consist of eleven articles. I. On LITERARY PROPERTY, or the justice and utility of extending the benefits of our Copy-right laws to foreign authors: II. On the life and character of the late Dr. BOWDITCH: III. The CONGRESS OF 1774, being an examination of some historical testimonies touching that body: IV. LONGACRE'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY of distinguished Americans: V. GERMAN POEMS, of Goethe and Schiller, translated by John S. DWIGHT: VI. SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATIONS: VII. The ABORIGINES OF OHIO, treated of in a recent Discourse of GENERAL HARRISON: VIII. Keith's EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY: IX. Modern French Romance—especially Balzac's novels: X. New translations of the Book of JOB: XI. STEAMBOAT EXPLOSIONS.

Article III. settles, with apparent clearness, the several priorities of the claims which the anti-Revolutionary colonies have to the honor of having originated a general Congress. It seems put beyond doubt, that PROVIDENCE, R. I., first broke ground on that subject

in 1774. A meeting of her citizens recommended a Congress, on the 17th of May. Philadelphia on the 21st of May. New York, 23d of May. Virginia, 27th of May. Baltimore, 31st of May. Norwich, Conn., 6th of June. And so on.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The past month has given birth to two new periodicals in our fair and growing metropolis; the *Virginia Lyceum* and the *Odd-fellows' Magazine*. The former has superseded the Journal lately published by the Richmond Lyceum, and is designed to promote the same cause to which its predecessor was devoted. Its first appearance, if an index of future usefulness, is highly promising. The editorial matter and contributions are generally written with taste and abound in vigorous thought, and the selections are, some of them, curious and very interesting. The poetry, both original and selected, is decidedly good, and upon the whole the first number furnishes two or three hours of excellent and entertaining reading. We regret that our limits will not permit a particular designation of the articles. The critique on Captain Kidd is laconic, pungent and perfectly just, manifesting a right spirit of independence in the department of criticism. We recommend the work to the public, and especially to the young, who may be stimulated to try their intellectual strength in its pages. The habit of composition is the habit of thought; at least it stirs up, concentrates and invigorates the thinking faculty. The work is published by an association of gentlemen, and is edited by L. R. Streeter.

The *Odd-fellows' Magazine*, by J. C. Walker, editor and proprietor, like its contemporary, the *Lyceum*, is very neatly printed at the press of Mr. P. D. Bernard—and appears to be principally designed to promote the cause of the Order from which it derives its name. Our readers are, perhaps, not generally apprised that the society of Odd-fellows is a secret fraternity like that of the Free Masons, and that their Lodges are multiplying in our own State as well as in other parts of the country. Like Free Masonry, their processions, and we presume their private meetings, are conducted with prescribed ceremonies and an imposing display of the peculiar insignia of the order. Like the Masons, too, they profess to have in view the advancement of the cause of Benevolence and Charity. Friendship, love and truth,—three most excellent things,—constitute we believe the motto of the Odd-fellows,—and the great object of Mr. Walker's periodical, as we understand it, is to strengthen this golden chain and to knit in closer bonds the dispersed members of the fraternity. The Magazine promises also to devote some attention to polite literature, the arts and sciences. There is one article in the April number which we regretted to see,—we allude to that by Carlos, from an unpublished MS. We hope that the remainder of the MS., if like the fragment which has seen the light, will be buried forever.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

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NO. VI.

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

[The subjoined reminiscences of this distinguished man, whilst American Minister at the French Court, will be read with great interest. They have been communicated by Eugene Vail, esquire, now in Paris, who officiated as his private Secretary at the period referred to, and whose opportunities, of course, for accurate observation, were undoubted. They place the character of Mr. Crawford in some new and striking points of view.]

Ed. So. Lit. Messenger.

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, the subject of the following remarks, was a man approaching, as near as can be, the "noblest work of God," as defined by the immortal Pope. He could bear scrutinising in every sense. Take his heart, or take his mind, you would meet in each enough to satisfy the most fastidious. Destined to be a statesman, he possessed that firmness of purpose which may be termed civil courage. Had he been a soldier, he would have been brave to audacity. To this, many circumstances but little known, except by those in the habit of a close intimacy with him, can testify.⁴

In the year 1813, when it was deemed fit that an envoy extraordinary, uniting weight of character with talent, should be sent to France, Mr. Crawford was selected by Mr. Madison for that delicate mission—but immense indeed were the difficulties that interposed. Our sea-ports were closely blockaded; and if perchance a vessel eluded the blockading squadron, new and greater dangers still awaited her at the entrance of a French harbor. Yet the necessity that our minister should reach the imperial court without delay was imminent, and accordingly he embarked on board a sloop of war, whose gallant captain had most positive orders to avoid as much as possible an action with the enemy. The safe landing of the minister, being the main object, a recourse to arms was to be had only in the defensive. This vessel successfully evaded the British cruisers on our side, and rapidly strode across the Atlantic. She made for L'Orient, in the vicinity of which she had nearly been barred by a far superior force. We shall never forget, although we cannot justly describe, the manner of the noble commander, now no more, when he narrated to us the struggle, that like a tempestuous sea arose in his breast, at the near, and at times nearer, approach of the armed vessel, which, as the fastest sailing ship of the British squadron, had been detached for the purpose of intercepting ours. Cruel was the temptation, and burning the desire, to grapple with an enemy they were conscious they might have subdued, even before the other forces could have come up. What pen could justly describe the impatient step of the commander, as he paced the deck—the glistening eye of the young officer that bespoke indignation, the bosom that heaved a sigh, and may-be an imprecation against the order that propelled onward the noble vessel. However intense the feeling which pervaded the whole gallant crew,

more imposing still was that sense of obedience that kept her on her track. From the hesitating movements of the chase, it was evident that over-confidence did not exist on board of her, and that she but little relished the idea of separating herself too much from her consorts behind;—at times drawing back, she would at others come closer; and when the latter happened, more arduous became the duty of the American commander, inasmuch as he had to look both to the rigid execution of his orders to force sails which otherwise might perhaps purposely have been but sluggishly hauled, and to the no less important duty of keeping his passenger from harm's way. This, however, was no easy task. By this time, Mr. Crawford had fully identified himself in feeling with the ship's company, and would willingly, had an action been unavoidable, have exchanged his ministerial charge with the humblest member of the crew. Mounted upon a gun, he keenly watched the enemy's movements, and seemed at times to rejoice at her superior sailing. There he stood like a target, and would inevitably have been the first object aimed at on board. True it is, that at the captain's request, Mr. Crawford would step down and return to the deck, where, even his high stature towering over the gangway still marked him for the first fire which was every minute expected—and true it is, that upon observations made by the captain, he would occasionally retire into the cabin, but he was no sooner there, than up again he was seen. This was so oftentimes repeated, and placed him in such imminent danger, that, at last, the captain felt under the necessity of notifying his prisoner, that were it to occur again he would have to enforce his orders and to keep him down by compulsion. Of this thorough contempt of death, of this complete self-denial in Mr. Crawford, many proofs can be adduced.

The sudden transposition of the plain matter-of-fact republican from the plough, to the dazzling circles of European society, is frequently the cause of extreme embarrassment to the uninitiated, and of mirth to others. Excessive modesty, that frequently borders upon awkwardness, naturally intimidates at first; whilst on the other side, we have seen that a long residence abroad had a tendency to divest some of our citizens of those habits of candor that befit them much better than an outlandish mimicry, which, to their disgrace, too many of them do adopt. Against all this, William H. Crawford was proof; and, whether surrounded by the most refined—whether at Woodlawn or at the Tuilleries, he ever remained in manner, and in deed, an American.

In the drawing room, without fastidiousness, he was courteous and attentive to ladies in general, who found a great charm, not the least for being novel to them, in his frank and open conversation; and we have ourselves heard Madame de Staël,—than whom, in such matters, no better judge could be found,—assert that she had rarely conversed with a foreigner who had edified

her more than he. That very simplicity of manners, indeed, stamped as it was with energy and natural grace, far from being detrimental to him abroad, proved rather the reverse. There was a straightforwardness in all he did, that contrasted singularly with the sophistry and less sincere refinements of the members of the society in which he moved, that forcibly drew the attention towards him.

His natural antipathy against every thing like ostentation, made it particularly burdensome to him to have to wear at court the prescribed costume; and he frequently wondered that a man of such genius as Napoleon could be so tenacious upon a subject apparently so trifling—but the great man was sunk in the king, for king he must be, and in lowering himself from his high position of a conqueror (Imperator) to the pageantry of his diminutive colleagues, he had likewise adopted all their weaknesses. Whilst on the subject of Napoleon, it may not be amiss to observe that he possessed a degree of inquisitiveness and curiosity somewhat embarrassing, and which bore principally upon descriptions of the persons of individuals who interested him. In such cases his questions were incessant. Upon Mr. Crawford's first presentation to the Emperor, the latter was remarkably talkative—inquired particularly about the country, but more minutely still, concerning the person and appearance of Mr. Madison, his age, &c. &c.

"And pray, sir," said he, "is Mr. Madison tall?"

"Not at all," quickly replied Mr. Crawford; "he is on the contrary *quite small*—no taller than that," raising, as he spoke, his arm at a right angle with his body. In order to see the mark, however, Napoleon had himself to look up—a singular comment upon the altitude of the conqueror.

Mr. Crawford had a high opinion of the skill and bravery possessed by Napoleon—but he never did think him, as some of the liberals in the latter period of his reign did, (in the one hundred days,) susceptible of sacrificing to liberty his lofty notions of military grandeur and glory.

In the year 1814, the Minister of Marine having died, the whole diplomatic corps, with all other distinguished characters in Paris, were invited to attend the funeral. The former repaired to the rendezvous, in costume, the American minister excepted, who, unaware that it was necessary on such an occasion, assisted in a plain black frock, and in boots. His appearance, he being the only one so dressed, naturally excited attention; but when the procession, which was to move from the hotel of the deceased to the church, was formed, Mr. Crawford was omitted in the arrangement, and left to take his place as he might among the crowd. In this emergency, he soon discovered the dilemma into which he had been, perhaps purposely, placed by the master of ceremonies. Wellington, the then lion of the day, in his full costume, had been placed at the very head of the procession, whilst two by two, following him, came the other diplomats. Perceiving this, Mr. Crawford quietly walked up, and composedly took his stand by the side of the conqueror of Waterloo! Many were then the inquiries set on foot among the assistants, as to "who was the tall man in black," and whether he should not be requested to fall back from the place he had usurped. We overheard one of the masters of ceremony observe, that if he knew who he was, he

would unhesitatingly do so—and upon receiving from us, for answer, that the person in question was the minister from the United States, he observed, "Ah! c'est différent." This man, although high in office, it had probably not been in the power of the *legitimate* king to imbue with the ideas of reverence and awe, then the fashion, for every thing English. This last remark, however, applies to the large body of the French nation, which, if supposed to be under any obligation to England, may be termed ungrateful indeed. The mass of gratitude was to be found in and about the court—but it required some courage in one depending upon its favors to avow a contrary sentiment. However, this frank deportment of our minister did not seem to displease his self-made neighbor, who immediately entered into, and continued a familiar conversation with him during the whole duration of the march,—he having soon found out from his tone and language who he was. Since that singular introduction, Wellington was exceedingly courteous towards Mr. Crawford, and continued so whilst they both resided at the French capital. He it was who having, in the midst of the night, received a courier with the announcement of the signature of the treaty of peace at Ghent, was the first to have it communicated, with his own congratulations, to our minister. Never was slumber more agreeably disturbed than was that at the American legation that night.

The penurious salaries allowed our diplomatic agents abroad, a fact which may at first glance appear unimportant, is nevertheless extremely detrimental both to the individuals sent, and to the prosecution of the interests confided to their care—one which, as an American loving his country, and having personally not the least interest in the matter, we wish we could seriously impress upon the common sense, justice, and generosity of our people—that circumstance, we say, bore with peculiar hardship upon Mr. Crawford, himself almost without any property of his own. Aware of this, he had left his numerous family on his farm, and had, alone, repaired to Europe. Whilst, on one side, in the honesty of his heart he had promised himself that there he would spend the whole of his salary, justice to his growing family had likewise led him to hope that no encroachment upon his diminutive individual property would be rendered necessary. The promise was rigidly kept, but the hope could not be realized. His establishment befitted his official character—was neither the most elegant, nor the least so, of the diplomatic circle. But, in the dispensation of his civilities he was, as all our ministers are, much more stinted than he should have been—and, although from the nature of circumstances, he must inevitably receive invitations without number, but very few could he reciprocate. Between the alternatives of receiving without returning, or of ruining himself, he chose a medium course—declining civilities extended to him by strangers, and keeping his house open to his fellow-citizens alone, and a few other distinguished characters who sought his familiar society. Every American citizen who visited Paris at that period, must remember that his table and board were liberally accessible to him, and will readily render justice to the frankness and republican-like manner with which his hospitality was tendered.

His intimates among the French, were Lafayette, Barbé Marbois, Baron de Staël, son of Madame de

Staël, the venerable Dupont de Nemours, and Benjamin Constant. They seemed to find great pleasure in his society, and frequently courted his advice even on matters relating to the politics of their own country. Through the first named it was, that in 1814, after Napoleon's downfall, but whilst we were still at war with Great Britain, Mr. Crawford was enabled to ascertain the favorable impression entertained by the Emperor Alexander towards our country, and of his desire to bring about a reconciliation between England and the United States. This indirect conversation by the means of Lafayette, whom Alexander, although his political antipode, personally respected, was frequent and animated. As a proof that the Emperor highly valued the opinion of the American statesman, he requested from him a clear and succinct narrative of the causes of our differences with England, which was handed him by General Lafayette. The ardent desire shown by Alexander upon this score, renders it more than probable that the opinion of the leader of the holy alliance, so termed, had considerable weight with the British cabinet, who, certainly, in the latter stage of the negotiation, had shifted around, and considerably deviated from the stiffness of their original pretensions.

During the time that Mr. Crawford's mission lasted, from 1813 to 1815, events of a most important character, as affecting the face of the civilized world, happened at the French capital. The affairs of France had now reached the lowest ebb. Efforts, amounting to heroism, were now making by Napoleon to stem the last blow aimed by the whole of combined Europe, at the heart of that devoted country. Little time was left the Emperor and his ministry to attend to negotiations not having for their immediate object the salvation of the country. Thus it is, that Mr. Crawford was unable to bring to a successful issue the advocacy of our claims for indemnity, although he ceased not to press the subject upon the attention of the French government as strenuously as decency and the unfortunate state of circumstances did then allow. But although he could not possibly accomplish the principal object of his mission, he was far from remaining inactive at his post; and the passing events that followed each other with fearful rapidity, afforded Mr. Crawford an opportunity of showing his government of what degree of perspicacity his mind was capable. His correspondence with the department of state would testify both as to his industry and to the wisdom with which he, at an early period, prophesied what did subsequently happen.

In Paris, the interest became more and more intense as the enemy with his millions of bayonets narrowed the circle within which what remained of the French army had to move. Napoleon, by one of those decisive and unexpected movements, that had so often succeeded before, abruptly and with a chosen few, forced a passage through the ranks, and from being within, found himself outside the circle, bearing upon the enemy's rear, whom he expected by that means to have thrown into disorder. But, whether it was that the allies felt confident of their immense numerical superiority—or, as has been asserted by Napoleon, that they knew not, in their confusion, what to do—it is, nevertheless, the fact, that instead of receding, they pushed onward. The cannon was soon within hearing of the capital. Marmont, who had been ordered to defend it to the last, did on the

contrary yield, after a bloody but useless conflict had taken place under the very walls. Inside of this town, which, since the wars between the French and English monarchs for the possession of the French crown, had not seen a foreign foe, all was consternation and despair. How the exasperated soldiery of the coalition might behave after their entrance into it, no one could possibly tell, and a general plunder was much apprehended.

In this emergency, it behoved the American Minister, both on account of his national dignity, and because of its being now made the depository of certain funds, the property of the United States, which had previously been deposited with the bankers, but were now placed here for greater safety—it became him, we say, to take measures for the protection of the hotel of the legation; and, accordingly, Mr. Crawford ordered the national flag to be hoisted over his door; but there was not such a thing as a flag of the United States to be had in Paris for love or money. Great indeed was the anxiety, which grew more and more intense, as reports came in every moment announcing the approach of the Cossacks. At every cost, the neutrality of the American hotel must be preserved, and there existed no means of doing that, as long as it was not marked by the ordinary national sign. Instructions were given for the purchase of the materials to make a flag—but the merchants were fighting at the gates; all the shops were shut up; and it was not without the greatest difficulty, and after a long and tedious search, that blue, white and red patches could be assembled sufficient for its completion. The scene was now worthy of a painter's pencil. Into a tailor's shop was transformed the Legation of the United States, whose minister extraordinary, with his secretaries, busied themselves in cutting, or rather tearing, for time was precious, and then putting together, rather unartist-like, as may well be imagined, the stripes of the star-spangled banner! At this remote and quiet period, and when it is considered that the apprehensions then entertained of violation were not realized, this little episode may seem to be trifling and superfluous; but the event itself was not so. Agitation sat upon every countenance; American citizens, with their families, flocked for protection under the roof of their minister; and the fears of the former, contrasted with the calm earnestness of the latter, imparted to the whole an interest, the recollection of which time has not obliterated.

Nor can it be supposed, that the apprehensions then felt were imaginary, as is evidenced by the fact, that so close to the city were the enemy, that a cannon ball struck in the garden of the American hotel, where it was picked up. Here again did Mr. Crawford exhibit that character—a fearlessness of all personal danger—he possessed to so high a degree. Desirous of witnessing the rare and awful spectacle of a field of battle, he repaired to one of the gates near which they were at the time engaged—and here he desired to be allowed to go out, that he might, from the heights of Montmartre, take a general view of the bloody strife. But the officer commanding at the gate remonstrated, and observed to him that to go then would be attended with the greatest risk, as there was a cross-fire carried on between those heights and the plain below. Mr. Crawford insisted, however, and upon mentioning whom he was, request-

ed that permission be asked to that effect of the commander-in-chief, whose answer was soon received. It was an imperative and absolute refusal. To his great mortification, he had to return—and could only visit the field of battle after the capitulation had taken place, which he immediately did. To his view was it exhibited in its most awful aspect. Deprived of action, there remained of it nothing but the sad result, the dying and the dead; and among the heart-rending scenes we have heard him describe was, that hearing some groans proceeding from under a heap of dead bodies, he, by the removal of some of them, discovered a poor fellow in whom life was not yet extinct, but who was nearly crushed under the weight of bodies that had fallen over him!

Time had hardly been given unfortunate France to breathe quietly under the inglorious reign of the Bourbons, when, in March, 1815, Napoleon's Eagle plucked and trampled under foot the fleurs de Lys. Some men of the liberal party, who had fancied that they might have snatched from the weak Bourbons a greater degree of liberty than they ever could expect from Napoleon, exhibited a violent opposition to the Emperor's return. Some of them wrote violent philippics against him, and among them, in particular, the celebrated Benjamin Constant. By a singular fatality, owing to the extreme rapidity of Napoleon's movements from his place of landing in France, the strongest of those appeals to the French against the Usurper, as he was then called by Constant, appeared in the French papers the very morning the Emperor entered the capital. However great was the capacity of the philosopher's head, no less pusillanimous was he as a man; and he now trembled lest the powerful man he had so untimely apostrophised would now visit him with his wrath. Constant knew not where to hide his head, until he bethought himself of Mr. Crawford, upon whose kindness and mercy he threw himself. Mr. Crawford's ministerial capacity could not have allowed him to make of his house a political sanctuary, but far different was the present case. The event had, *without* his agency, actually taken place, and honor and delicacy forbade that *by* his agency it should now be averted. The most cordial hospitality was extended to the proscribed during the time, which was several weeks, he kept in his hiding place. His uneasiness was rather increased when he understood that the Emperor had repeatedly sent to his house for the purpose of inquiring where he was to be found. After proposing several contrivances for the final disposition of his person, one of which was to go and embark at Nantes, by stealth for the United States, he was after a great deal of persuasion by some of his political friends, among whom was Gen. Lafayette, induced to present himself voluntarily before Napoleon, and to abide by the consequences. We have heard this interview related by a witness, and here give as we received it.

Mr. Constant having entered the apartment, "Advance," said the Emperor in an authoritative tone. And as Constant seemed to hesitate,—"*Eh! que Diable, avancez donc que je vous embrasse.*" He then added: "*Vous m'avez haï parceque vous ne me connaisiez pas; moi, je vous honore, parceque vous êtes un honnête homme. Monsieur Benjamin Constant, je vous fais Baron.*"

One may easily conceive the pleasurable wonderment of the philosopher, whose philosophy did but ill resist such a burst from such a man, and with that manner so peculiar to himself. Napoleon knew well how to act upon the human heart—he was in fact the man of antithesis. But to return to Benjamin Constant—proofs of his excessive timidity, to call it by the most indulgent name, abound, and among others, the following. When, on some public occasion he was professing in enthusiastic terms his republicanism, and had added, that strict adherence to one's *principles* should be evinced, even unto death—

"Why then," rejoined one present, "did you, Baron, bow before Napoleon?"

"Because," replied he, "I am not a *principle*. You may stifle a principle, but if you stifle a *man*" * * * *

Mr. Crawford's political life is before the people, and that we leave to abler pens to portray. But in the discursive remarks we have made, we cannot omit a circumstance connected with his ministerial mission—one which we have already, on a more public occasion, stated, going far from its peculiar nature towards substantiating what we have asserted of his highmindedness, and of the nobleness of his character. As we have previously stated, a sort of indirect communication had been carried on by the medium of Lafayette, between Alexander and Mr. Crawford. Pending this, a proposition, indirect at first, but which, if countenanced, would eventually have been rendered serious, was hinted, that our claims for indemnity might be included in the account adduced by the coalesced powers against France. The amount of our's was a mere trifle when compared with the excessive demands into which, almost unfelt, it would thus have been merged. But no sooner was the idea thrown out, than Mr. Crawford unhesitatingly repelled the proposition, alleging that "It were not for the United States, the most ancient and perhaps only friend France then had, to join her enemies at the worst period of her adversity; that, determined as they were to see justice ultimately done them, the United States would, notwithstanding, wait for better times."

Now, we fear not to aver, that to take upon himself such a determination, without instructions from home, at such a moment, when hopes of final remuneration were faint indeed; when a contrary course would no doubt have gathered him at home an immense harvest of popularity; simultaneously to do an act so self-denying, so much stamped with a noble generosity, denotes a man who considers the settlement of a question of dollars and cents far inferior to the preservation of national character—the true wealth of a nation.

Paris, 1839.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

The man who does not recognise a special providence directing the currents of his life towards good issues, is as deficient in philosophical sagacity as he is in spiritual worth.

T. H. S.

THE FOUNTAIN.*

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FOUNTAIN, that springest on this grassy slope!
Thy quick, cool murmur mingles, pleasantly,
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
No stain of thy dark birth-place; gushing up
From the dark mould and slimy roots of earth,
Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain air,
In winter, is not clearer, nor the dew
That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth God
Bring, from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.

This tangled thicket on the bank above
Thy basin—how thy waters keep it green!
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine
That trails all over it, and to the twigs
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts
Her leafy lances; the viburnum there,
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries. In and out
The chipping-sparrow, in her coat of brown,
Steals, silently, lest I should mark her nest.

Not such thou wert of yore, ere those old woods
Bowed to the white-man's axe. Then hoary trunks
Of oak, and plane, and hickory o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in Spring;
The liverleaf put forth her sister blooms
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
Passing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
Of *Sanguinaria*, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood. The deer, too, left
Her delicate foot-prints in the soft, moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow paced bear,
In such a sultry Summer noon as this,
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped across.

But thou hast histories that stir the heart
With deeper feeling; while I look on thee,
They rise before me. I behold the scene
Hoary again with forests; I behold
The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,
And slake his death-thirst. Hark! that quick, fierce cry
That rends the utter silence!—'tis the whoop

* This beautiful poem was originally published in the *Democratic Review*. Our attention was first called to it by a literary friend. It is "gorgeous," to use his own expression, and truly worthy of the author of "*Thanatopsis*," and the "*Water-Fowl*." Who will say that there are no more themes for the poet, when a summer cloud, a "bright, particular star," or a "fountain," affords inspiration to the spirit and music for the lyre? And why, why are our literary periodicals filled with so much poetry of an inferior nature, when there are such writers in the land as Bryant, Percival and Halleck?

Ed. So. Lit. Messen.

Of battle; and a throng of savage men,
With naked arms, and faces stained like blood,
Fill the green wilderness; the long, bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang, and arrows stream.
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight, and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain,
Gashed horribly with tomahawks. The woods
Are still again; the frightened bird comes back,
And plumes her wings; but thy sweet waters run
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down,
Amid the deepening twilight I descry
Figures of men that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

I look again:—a hunter's lodge is built,
With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well;
While the meek Autumn stains the woods with gold,
And sheds his golden sunshine. To the door
The red-man slowly drags th' enormous bear,
Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls;
And loud the black-eyed Indian maidens laugh,
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.

So centuries passed by; and still the woods
Blossomed in Spring, and reddened when the year
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of Winter, till the white-man swung the axe
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile, and rushing to the ground;
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs.
The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hill-side; ranks of spiky maize
Rose, like a host embattled; the buck-wheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
The August wind. White cottages were seen,
With rose-trees at the windows; barns, from which
Swelled loud and shrill the cry of chantieer;
Pastures, where rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge.

Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here,
On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
Has laid his axe—the reaper of the hill
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
September noon, has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
For a wild holyday, have quaintly shaped
Into a cup the folded linden leaf,
And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
Has sat, and mused how pleasant 't were to dwell

In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that lurks
Among the future ages? Will not man
Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
The pleasant landscape which thou makest green?
Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
For ever, that the water-plants along
Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain
Alight to drink? Haply shall these green hills
Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
Of ocean waters, and thy source be lost
Amidst the bitter brine? Or shall they rise
Upheaved in broken cliffs and airy peaks,
Haunts of the eagle and the snake, and thou
Gush midway from the bare and barren steep?

THE MAGIC ROCK.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The glory of old Spain has not yet departed. A thousand associations of green and undecayed beauty still twine around the relics of her fallen grandeur, and every cloud-wrapt mountain and vine-nursing valley is enriched with oft-repeated legends of the olden time. The traveller, in the region of Cordova, when way-worn and wearied, he turns aside into the cottage of a *pobre aldeano*, is hospitably entertained, not only with an abundance of good cheer, but, if he be favorably disposed, with stories about accidents and disasters, terrible thunder-claps and supernatural visitations. It is also not unfrequent to hear some of these storytellers, with that love of the strange and wonderful for which the Spanish people are so remarkable, relate certain auto-adventures, which, while they stagger belief, cause the warm blood to recoil, and the current of feeling to rush back upon the heart, and stagnate, coldly and heavily, there.

I have a pleasant friend who has journeyed through the mountainous region of Cordova, and he has often lightened for me the burthen of a sombre evening by his vivid description of the wild and picturesque scenery, which lay every where spread before his path, and by his glowing recitals of the legendary tales which flow like fountains from the lips of the Spanish peasant.

There occurred one day a severe thunder storm, among the mountains. Near the close of a sultry afternoon, an enormous black cloud rose slowly from the verge of the horizon, and gradually unrolled its immense volumes over the western sky. Only a few rays of sunlight struggled through the gloom of the tempest,

and it seemed as if the firmament were about to be rent asunder like a scroll. There had been no rain for several days, and though thunder showers were the frequent precursors of the setting sun, yet the heavens had long worn the silvery veil of a summer mist, and no sound of the elements had been heard louder than the whisper of a gentle breeze. Storms, whose coming we should have regarded with terror, are gazed upon by the Spanish peasant with little apprehension; but when this immense cloud rolled upward, so fearfully dark, every eye quailed, and every form trembled, and men looked one upon another, as if expecting to hear, with the first crash of the thunder, the shrill blast of the archangel's trumpet.

The trees upon the mountains were dry and withered,—yet no drop fell! The sultriness was insupportable. The slightest shrub stood motionless; and the tall cedars lifted up their noble forms, unmoved and majestic, like proud victims awaiting the sentence of their destruction. Suddenly the lightning leaped gloriously from the firmament, and the dark cloud seemed a heaving mass of fire. A moment—and the live thunder burst from its prison house, and the echoes among the mountains sent it back, in a continuous roar, like the voices of a thousand unchained lions. Another burst succeeded, and another,—yet no rain fell. One more—and a noise was heard, like the crash of an unsphered planet. A large mass of rock was hurled from the side of a mountain into the ravine below. Then the flood rushed from the “windows of heaven” and the waters poured unremittingly down for the space of half an hour, accompanied with the gleams of the lightning and the constant reverberations of the thunder.

In ten minutes more “the sky seemed never to have borne a cloud,” and softly flowed in the beautiful drapery of its Eden hours. And upon these wild, gray rocks, which so lately seemed “altars burning with fire,” the richest incense of heaven descended. The cool breeze sprang up delightfully, and wafted a delicious fragrance, sweet as that which lingers amid

“The flowery gardens of enchanted Gul.”

The morning subsequent to this storm, news came to the village where my friend had remained during the night, that a huge fragment of rock, celebrated among the peasantry by the name of “The Magic Rock,” had been thrown down by a thunderbolt. My friend, (unlike our own travelling countrymen, who convert their pleasure into toil, and hurry onward, turning to neither the right hand nor to the left, as if the world should be passed over as rapidly as it was made,) hesitated not to delay his journey, for a season, if such delay gratified his curiosity with the sight of any extraordinary *lusus*, or wonderful passage in the great book of nature.

“If the Senor,” said Pedro de Ceballo, an old man, with silvery hairs, who was my friend's host, “if the Senor would like to go and see the work of the storm, and will take an old man for his guide, I shall be well pleased to lead the way,—for I am told the Magic Rock has been torn down.”

“Well, make ready, good host,” said my friend,—“and suffer this little curly-headed grandson to procure from my baggage some bottles of Tintilla; for a walk

of two hours this warm day will doubtless make them acceptable."

The mountain was at the distance of about five miles; and after making the necessary preparations, the trio set forth—the old man and his grandson leading the way and carrying the wine in a basket, and my friend following with a following-piece over his shoulder.

On arriving at the foot of the mountain, they halted to rest awhile, and to gaze on the effects of the last night's storm. In the bed of a torrent, which rushed along beneath their feet, lay the shattered masses of the fallen rock, and the torn and ragged appearance of the mountain's side displayed the path of the destructive fluid. The smaller rocks were rent and blackened,—and the tall trees of larch and cedar were thrown from their lofty heights, and lay scattered around, stripped of their foliage and blasted and scorched with fire.

"'Twas a fearful storm!" exclaimed the old man, with a visible shudder.

"Does the remembrance of it make you tremble, then, good host?" asked my friend.

"Indeed, Senor, yes. Five years ago, there was a tempest like last night's, and from that time till now, no storm has been heard half so terrible; and, Senor, in that dreadful night, this boy's father, my son, was standing on the rock which now lays beneath our feet, thrown from the wide gap yonder, up the mountain."

"How was it possible?" exclaimed my friend in a tone of evident surprise.

"It was truly so," replied Pedro; "and it was an awful thing for human feet to approach that rock after the shadows of night had fallen; for horrible tales are told about it,—and it is said a magician dwelt near it, and cursed it with his magic—and none of our peasants dared even to touch it. How does the hand of Providence overthrow every wicked thing! Heaven be praised! If the Senor will honor my poor house till to-morrow, he shall hear what befel my son when he stood upon that rock, in the night of that fearful storm."

"I will gladly wait and hear your story," replied my friend, "for I shall not willingly leave such game as I see rustling among the bushes yonder;" and the report of the fowling-piece echoed among the hills.

After a successful hunt of three hours, Pedro de Ceballo thought it expedient to broach the Tintilla. My friend was content with one bottle, while Pedro consumed the other three. They then replenished the basket with the excellent mountain game, (pheasants, *rari aves in terra* among us, but abounding in Cordova, though not less prized on that account,) and proceeded on their return homeward—my friend being particularly careful to pocket, as a memento, a bit of the "Magic Rock."

"We shall have a dinner fit for a prince, Senor," said Pedro de Ceballo, as they set out, "with the birds you have killed, and the Tintilla you have brought!" And Pedro said nothing more on the way, doubtless employed with delightful reflections on the delicacies of the forthcoming dinner;—for he was totally undisturbed by the occasional crack of the gun, and the consequent absence of the little boy in pursuit of the fallen prize.

Before my friend's departure, he was regaled with a

recital of the following adventure, which we shall take the liberty to relate in our own way.

Mariano de Ceballo, the son of Pedro de Ceballo, my friend's host, was, at the age of twenty, a wild youth, who could never brook opposition, and therefore, contrary to the wishes of his father, he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose station in life was inferior to his own. He had two motives for doing this; the first was, that he was set upon thwarting "the old gentleman," who had betrothed him some sixteen years before to his neighbor's daughter; and the second was, that he delighted above all earthly blessings in Doloris d'Allende—in taking stolen walks with her, in writing verses to her, and in standing under her window with his guitar, and singing her to sleep of a moonlight night.

One delicious evening, as Mariano was strolling with Doloris, he said softly to her—"Dear Doloris, I love you better than life!"

"Well, Mariano," replied the sweet maiden, "is that any thing strange? and I love you with my whole soul!"—and she turned up her full, dark, swimming eyes, and gazed into his. Oh, that I were a poet, to describe that gaze of unutterable affection, that "look of speechless tenderness," when two foolish young persons drink up each others eyes, till their blended hearts melt in a delirium of transport and joy!

"And, Doloris," continued her lover, "how beautiful you are! You are more lovely than yonder star, which is alone and apart in the firmament."

"You have told me so a thousand times, dear Mariano; and every girl says you are the handsomest fellow in the province."

"Lovely Doloris, will you marry me?"

"Certainly; tell your father I am ready, any day."

"Alas! dearest—he will never consent; he has betrothed me to another."

"Oh, dear!" cried the affectionate girl—and she burst into tears at the thought of such an unexpected barrier to her happiness. "What shall we do, Mariano?"

"My best love, we must run away."

"Runaway! oh, well—very well—we will run away then; but when shall we go—whither shall we run?"

"To-morrow night, sweetest. I will come for you at this hour—be prepared!"

"Oh yes—certainly I will. Good night! dear Mariano!"

"Good night, my blessing!"

And he printed a kiss on her pretty lips, (pray do not be shocked, ladies, you know they were engaged,) and they parted. Runaway matches are got up with a wonderful facility in Spain;—you have only to escape to the house of some priest, three miles distant, and the business is ended.

Never did hours pass so sluggishly to Mariano de Ceballo and Doloris d'Allende, as those whose sands were running slowly out before the appointed time of their departure. The joyful period at length arrived—but, sorrowful to tell, the heavens gave sad presage of an approaching storm. The clouds lay along the sky, in darkened volumes, and the sun sank down among them with a lurid blaze. Yet did the lovers prefer to brave the danger of the tempest, than to endure the agony of a longer suspense.

Mariano had provided two tried and trusty steeds,

and as he was familiarly acquainted with every mountain defile which it was necessary for them to traverse, they set out under no great apprehension of danger from the storm, that every moment grew blacker and blacker before them. But away they bounded, and thoughts of fear were banished by the syren spells of hope and joy and love.

They soon came in safety to the base of a lofty mountain, which they proposed to pass over for the double purpose of avoiding pursuit on the morrow, and of arriving quicker at the residence of the *padre*, who was to bind them together in bands that earth may not sunder. They had ascended half way up the mountain, when the storm, whose nearer approach Mariano had for some time been regarding with emotions he dared not communicate to his companion, burst with unrestrained fury upon their heads. Their horses, though accustomed to travel through severe tempests, became restive and frightened at the incessant flashes of lightning and continued bursts of the thunder. At last, a tall tree, a short distance from them, was shivered to atoms.

Mariano, on perceiving that their steeds would soon become unmanageable, assisted Doloris to alight, and released the foaming animals, who very deliberately turned round and ran furiously down the mountain, in the direction of their own comfortable dwellings.

"Alas! dear Mariano, what will become of the beautiful ribbons you gave me?—and my new embroidered petticoat, too, *that* will be totally ruined!" exclaimed Doloris in an agony of grief.

Oh woman! woman! thy vanity is coeval with thy fortitude. Thou art like the cypress tree, which aways unbroken to the storm, and seems only to regret that it cannot behold its graceful figure in the perturbed streamlet gliding beneath its feet!

The first care of the lovers was to find shelter from the rain, which now began to pour down in torrents. It was almost certain death for them to remain among the trees, numbers of which were constantly falling beneath the lifted arm of the tempest—and, guided by the broad glare of the lightning, they attained shelter in the wide cleft of a protruding rock. Here they remained perched, like twin eagles, till the storm rolled away, and night walked forth, all lovely and serene, robed in sable majesty, with the crescent upon her brow, and heralded by all

"Her gorgeous blazonry of stars!"

"I will descend first, dear Doloris," said Mariano, "and then assist you to come down."

But Mariano could not descend! He attempted to raise his feet—but in vain. There he stood, fastened! yet his hands were free—his body was free—but his feet could not stir. He gazed around him with astonishment; but imagine his horror when he found that he was standing on the "Magic Rock." He expected every moment to see some terrible vision rise before him. He told Doloris that he was bewitched—that Heaven had inflicted this punishment upon him, because he had deserted his old father and had stolen money from him to provide for their flight. He counted his rosary—he signed the cross—he repeated the *Ave Maria*, the *Pater Noster*, and all the Latin prayers he had ever learned from boyhood—but to no purpose.

What increased his terror was, that Doloris descended with perfect ease, while he could not move an inch. At last, emboldened by the sight of his beloved, and encouraged by her entreaties, he made one more desperate attempt to extricate himself from the rock. The strife was effectual. He gave one mighty spring, and fell headlong, fifteen feet upon the green sward at the feet of Doloris—sustaining no injury save the loss of his boots, which still remained standing on the fatal spot!

"My own dear Doloris," said Mariano, when he had recovered from his trance of fear, "let us return home. I will go to my father and beg his forgiveness."

The disconsolate youth was confirmed in this praiseworthy resolution, by the reflection that he had no means of proceeding farther. The horses were gone, and with them the baggage. Their flight would soon be discovered, at any rate,—and, moreover, he did not relish the idea of walking barefoot over the mountain road—for there stood his boots as firmly as if they had become a part of the rock itself.

The pair, (of lovers, not of boots) forthwith descended the mountain, and plodded their uneasy way back to their native village. Doloris had read in novels how naughty lovers always threw themselves at their fathers' feet—and she suggested the expediency of doing so at the present juncture. Mariano acceded to this,—and they arrived at their father's house, just as the old man was in the midst of a violent burst of sorrow on learning that his son had eloped, and that his horses had returned without a rider, during the storm.

Pedro de Ceballo, heaving a deep sigh of resignation, raised his eyes to Heaven, and beheld—his lost son, with Doloris d'Allende hanging tenderly on his arm. This vision threw the father into an uncontrollable fit of passion.

"You reprobate scoundrel!" roared he—"Why did you steal my money and run away with your sweet-heart?"

The lovers then threw themselves (*à la Radcliffe*) at the feet of the enraged sire.

"Forgive us, dear father," said the repentant son; "your money is safe. I will never do the like again—and you would not punish me, if you knew how I had expiated my crime."

"Forgive you!" exclaimed the old man—his anger beginning to cool as he recollected his former grief—"to be sure I will forgive you,—and you shall marry Doloris;—kiss me, my daughter;—you scoundrel—that you shall; for know, to your sorrow, that your betrothed eloped this morning—to be revenged on you doubtless—with a young *cavaliero*, who has been two days in the village!"

What love-stricken maiden does not anticipate the catastrophe of our tale?

The story was told my friend by Mariano himself—while Pedro de Ceballo, Doloris—still beautiful in matronly garb—the little curly-headed boy, (he employed himself in rocking a cradle,) and two sweet girls, were attentive listeners.

When Mariano had concluded, the old man put in this moral for the benefit of my friend and his grandson. "This event teaches us in what inscrutable ways those who do wrong are punished; and likewise serves as a warning to young men never to run away with their sweethearts, without first informing their fathers."

Meanwhile my friend, being curious to see a specimen of this wonderful rock, drew forth the small fragment which he had brought—and found adhering thereunto, the blade of his penknife and certain bits of iron, that were contained in the same pocket. The truth burst upon him like an electric shock,—and he roared forth in a prodigious laugh, in the midst of his good host's moral; and it was with the greatest difficulty he could restrain his mirth, when he saw that the good people were getting angry—not being able to divine the cause of such repeated cachinnatory explosions.

It is the custom in Cordova, for the young men, like our own race of dandies, to wear iron heels to their boots, as well as a thin rim of the same metal extending round the soles. Our hero, on that memorable night, was invested with pedestrial ornaments of this description; and, dearly beloved reader, "the Magic Rock," whereon he stood enchained like Andromeda, possessed strong magnetic attraction, being, as *mon ami* was afterwards credibly informed by a celebrated mineralogist and a very Munchausen at travelling, neither more nor less than solid *bond fide* loadstone!

TO QUEEN VICTORIA;

Written immediately after her accession to the Throne.

Lady! the queen of favored isles,
Where, 'throned with wealth, fair science smiles—
With talents, youth, and beauty bless'd,
And in thy sex's softness dress'd—
Not robed in sternness, proud and cold,
Like England's maiden queen of old—
Young sovereign o'er a powerful land,
With all earth yields, at thy command—
Placed on a dazzling height in life,
Yet one with cares and dangers rife—
I feel for thee such interest deep,
As one who sees, on towering steep,
That rises far above him, stand
A fellow wanderer in the land—
For all of high or lowly birth,
Alike are pilgrims of the earth.
I wish that thou may'st have to do
With spirits loyal, firm and true;
Whose hearts are in their country's cause;
Who honor God's unchanging laws;
Who let no selfish interest wind
Its web of darkness thro' the mind;
And whose experience, calm and sage,
Shall give thy youth the strength of age!
That thou may'st, from thy station high,
Look with a woman's tearful eye
On all who suffer! May thy name
Be hallowed by recording Fame,
And grateful millions' blessings shed
A glorious halo round thy head!

'Tis said Love's purple wings have fanned
Not oft the torch in Hymen's hand,
When held for princes—and the rite
Which should fond hearts alone unite,

Is made a sacrifice to state—
A heartless pageant—by the great.
Not such thy nuptials, shouldst thou wed!
Not thine the bosom cold and dead
To the most sacred tie in life—
To the sweet, hallowed name of wife!
Amidst thy nobles may'st thou find,
In casket fair, some kindred mind,
Whose homage of the heart, alone
Shall rise to thee—not to thy throne!
And be thou blessed with sons, to claim,
Like thee, the highest meed from Fame;
And leave to history's pages fair,
Names bright with virtue's lustre rare!

Far o'er the blue waves of the sea,
Thy country lieth,—yet to thee,
From cottage walls, my thoughts ascend;—
Ee'n mine! altho' long trained to wend
In ruder channels, and to glide
In unobserved and silent tide.
I own my lyre unmeetly strung
For royal theme. The world hath hung
O'er its dull chords no wreath of praise—
No chaplet of undying bays—
Yet, kindly wishes may arise
From humble hearts, and reach the skies;
And lowly strains suffice to bear
To Heaven a blessing or a prayer!
And tho' I rather love to be
Where all can call themselves the free—
Where man awaits no sov'reign's nod,
And kneels to none, save to his God!
Fain would I know thy accepted hand
Had scattered blessings o'er thy land,
So that thro' life no cloud may roll
A darkening shadow o'er thy soul.

E. A. S.

LINES

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

Take her! her earliest love was thine,
And, all unchanged, still clings to thee—
Twining around thee like the vine
Around its chosen forest-tree.

Take her! a frail but lovely flow'r,
And next thy heart the bright thing wear;
Nor let her e'er regret the hour,
That placed her young hopes, blushing, there.

Take her! but while your morn of joy
The visioned future gilds with light,
Think not that bliss hath no alloy,
Or that Love's sky is always bright.

Take her! and when, in after years,
The storms of life blow loud and chill,
Be thine the hand to dry her tears,
And thine the voice to comfort still.

H. M. G., JR.

New Glasgow, Va.

THE BLIGHTED ONE.

"Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart,—
 'Tis woman's whole existence: Man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
 Sword, gain, gown, glory,—offer in exchange
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are, whom these cannot estrange;
 Men have all these resources—we but one—
 To love again, and be again undone."

Reader, here is a story which makes no other pretension than that of being a simple sketch of real life. Ten years have elapsed since the last of those who were united, by relationship, to *Ella Harwood*, have been in their graves; and I know of none to whom the story can be known, or who can be much affected by its publication, save one being; and that one, if it should meet his eye, must feel deeply and bitterly. *Ella Harwood*, I said, was her name. She was the daughter of a respectable sea captain, who for twenty years had commanded one of those "floating palaces" which sail regularly between New York and Liverpool. He was lost at sea, when *Ella* was about fifteen years of age, leaving a lovely widow, with the charge of *Ella* and a younger sister. Mrs. Harwood, at the death of her husband, possessed but a few hundred dollars—a sum by no means sufficient to keep her in comfortable circumstances. Her health being delicate, it was impossible that she should be able to do any thing which would enable her to live genteelly. The intelligence of the loss of her husband came over her like the breath of the desert, and left her for awhile in ruins—desolate and forsaken. *Ella* too, wept in very sorrow—but it was only for a few days. The child shed tears; but the mother's sorrow was of a deep kind. There is a bitterness which dries up the very fountain of our tears—a grief which smothers itself in the heart until it bursts it. *Ella* wept, as we said, but she was too young to weep always. Almost the first thing she began to think of, after the first paroxysm of grief, was the destitution and loneliness of her mother and sister. She was a gay, sweet girl; but this, the first cloud of sorrow which passed over her soul, brought a change over her nature: the wild, gay girl, put on the woman, and one week of sorrow did that which years could not. She had just completed her education when the intelligence of her father's death reached them, and in one week after, her plans were laid. Nature had given her a voice surpassingly sweet, and an ear of most discriminating delicacy. After some persuasion she obtained the consent of her mother to spend a year more in making herself perfect in music; after which, she hoped by giving private lessons in vocal music and on the piano, to sustain their small family in the genteel way in which they had been accustomed to live.

The year passed away. No sooner were her qualifications known, than her pupils increased to as many as she could attend to. Two years passed in this manner, and *Ella* was happy, perfectly happy in her new employment, for she was passionately fond of it—and still more was she happy, for she saw that she was lightening the grief of a fond parent, and was able to support and educate her young sister. Yes, she was happy, and a more joyous family could not be found. Often when they were alone, after the duties of the day,

would the eyes of Mrs. Harwood fill with tears, as she clasped her daughter to her bosom, saying, "Oh! *Ella*! you are a dutiful child; but for you, and I should ere this have joined your father in a holier world:" and *Julia*, her sister, as she hung about her neck, now playing with her glossy ringlets, and now impressing a deep, long kiss upon her velvet lip, would say, "Dearest *Ella*! I am going to be like you when I grow up." Yes, she was happy—happy in the affections of a doating mother, a beautiful and adoring sister. Her bosom was peaceful as the summer lake, sleeping in the silent beams—it was the home of hallowed affections, and they had rendered it calm and holy. The passions had never been there, or if they had, they slumbered. And blessed had she been if the storm had ever been shut out.

It was an afternoon in early summer—the day had been hot and sultry,—an hour or two before its close, a heavy storm had blown up, and one of her pupils had remained on account of the rain. She and *Ella* were passing the time in conversation, and playing, alternately, on the piano. Her spirits were remarkably buoyant, and she could scarce tell why, for she had been dull all day until now. She was nearly eighteen, and in the fulness of her beauty. Her form was rather small and delicate, and this day she looked like a very sylph. Her hair was dark brown, almost black, and lay wrapt in rich and luxuriant tresses about a pearly neck and bosom, which a light summer dress showed to bewitching advantage—her forehead was large, and our phrenologists would have said, betokened uncommon richness of intellect. Her eyes were downcast, and curtained with long lashes,—but when turned up they were full and lustrous, and of a deep hazel. Her cheek was only gently tinted, and her small lips were of a rich damask red. But what was most attractive, was the innocence and purity written in every lineament; it seemed the index of a soul of surpassing loveliness, and then that pensive expression which bespeaks modesty, and checks at once every feeling of intrusion. Such was *Ella Harwood*.

It was still raining, and the broad, scattered drops of a summer shower came pattering against the window. But the bright sun was peering through the broken clouds—lighting up the room with his slanting rays. *Ella* was playing on the instrument before her, and pouring out one of her richest strains in all the joyousness of her light soul. The door was opened by a young female domestic, and a young gentleman of fashionable appearance and about the middle stature, stood within the room. *Ella* did not hear the door open, nor did she notice the entrance of the stranger, but went on with her song, with all the freedom and gaiety which her spirit could command.

The stranger, it was evident, was delighted—he listened, as if entranced. He had heard much of what is called singing, but he now thought that the burning Sappho held him spell-bound. The strain ended; *Ella* rose from the music stool with a laughing "Heigh ho," and immediately her eyes turned upon the stranger, while at the same moment her pupil spoke; "My brother, Miss Harwood." As may be imagined, *Ella* blushed deeply—her face was flushed with crimson, and from the transparency of her skin, you could see the color rise mantling to her temples,—and then when the embarrassment was over, it subsided as do the rosy

clouds of sunset, fainter and fainter, until they repose in their natural hues.

Alfred Lyston noticed the visible confusion; but it was not that affected embarrassment which fashionable ladies so often put on, when they would look innocent and lovely. Mr. Lyston, though young, had travelled much; he had mingled with the gentility of Europe—he had studied man, and as he thought, *women*; and he had almost adopted, as a part of his creed, that execrable and libertine sentiment of Pope:

“That every woman is at heart a rake.”

While at home he had seen but little to contradict it, as his mother was devoted to a giddy and fashionable life, and his sister, when he left home, was too young to exert any influence upon his mind. As was hinted, he had returned *from abroad*. His manners and his appearance were certainly improved, but the heart, *the heart* was dreadfully warped by the wild philosophy and skepticism of the French and German schools.

But we have forgotten ourselves. Young Lyston noticed Ella's embarrassment—he perceived it was unaffected, and in her face he thought he saw that which he had only dreamed of before—innocence with beauty. To him, she seemed an angel in human form. He had formed in his own mind, the *beau idéal* of the woman he could love—he thought, however, that such an one lived but in his dreams. It was too perfect to be embodied in human frailty. He had said, “If I find such, I will bow and worship; if not, never.” But in the beautiful form before him, he saw his bright dream shadowed forth. He felt it, and the feeling was *irresistible*! He was himself embarrassed, and apologised, as well as he was able, for his intrusion; stating that he had just dropped in for the purpose of taking his sister home. The rain continued, and Ella requested him to be seated. Never did Alfred Lyston feel in so much of what is quaintly called “a flutter,” in the presence of any lady. He tried to talk, but the more he tried, the greater his inability. His sister, however, relieved him, by asking Miss Harwood to favor them with a favorite piece of music, and as Mr. Lyston joined in the request, she was prevailed on to comply. When she had finished, he expressed unbounded pleasure, but did it so delicately, that she could not but feel a sort of pride. A few general remarks, and Mr. Lyston withdrew with his sister. Now Ella had never been in love, nor was she now in love. It would be foolish to suppose that she should fall in love with a young gentleman whom she had never seen before, and then in his company only half an hour or so. But she thought him handsome, pleasant and *very agreeable*; and now, almost for the first time in her life, thought she would like to have a brother, a brother too like Miss Lyston's. She did not know but that she *could* love him if he were her brother.

Oh! who can trace the workings of the heart divine? Who can tell where its rushing thoughts will bear us? Like the fixed stars, we see and feel their influence,—they warn us of our destiny—but are lodged so deeply, that they cannot be told—the *heart* is as unfathomable as the depths of ether! It was so with Ella! An idol had enthroned itself upon the altar of her heart, unacknowledged, though she felt it; but she knew not that it would remain there, until the shrine on which it rested was crumbled or *crushed*.

With a bounding step she entered the sitting room, where she found her mother. She flew towards her, and bending over her side, gave her the accustomed evening kiss.

“Let me have one more of those sweet kisses,” said Mrs. Harwood, as she raised her affectionate face. “Oh! Ella! you are so like the weather; when we parted after dinner, your face was long as Mrs. Mawbry's Madonna, and I thought that the dark clouds then coming up were casting their sombre shadows over your laughing eyes; but you are now as light and lovely as Iris herself, as she rambles about gathering a fresh bunch of field-flowers, yet dripping with the evening shower.”

“Now, mother,” said Ella; “since you are so classical, do complete the figure, and say that another Phœbus has dispersed the clouds, and revealed to you your lovely, laughing Iris. You don't know that I have had a visit from one, who, though not altogether an Apollo, may be as attractive.”

This she said in all the simplicity of her gentle nature. As she finished, tea was brought in, and while partaking of their light meal, Ella told of her accidental visitor, and described his person and manners with so much spirit, that her mother could perceive that the impression left upon her heart was not a light one; but supposed, as it was a mere accidental visit, they would scarcely meet again, and that a little time would set every thing right.

Alfred was not, as Ella hinted, a very Apollo in figure, for he was rather too short, but still his figure was dignified and commanding. A profusion of rich and bushy locks covered a large and handsome head—his eye brows were dark and heavy, under which beamed two full-orbed, piercing eyes, which told, when they met your own, that they pierced far down into the human heart. His physiognomy, to the generality of persons, would not be pleasing—its expression bordered on the severe, for he always seemed engaged in deep thought. This was what pleased Ella; she saw this, but marked also that he could relax that brow—that he could make himself the most agreeable of men—that when he did smile he was irresistible. She loved to see a thoughtful, a dignified man—and looked with sovereign contempt on your always smiling, ever simpering fops.

Days passed away—nay, almost two weeks passed, and yet the visit was not repeated. It was not, however, that he was insensible to the attractions of Ella. But he knew well how to wrap his snares about a woman's heart. He saw at the first visit that the charm had been laid, and he left time and absence to work up in her imaginings those feelings which he knew would secure her affections. He knew that woman does not always love the heart that's surrendered too readily: she would rather win a once unwilling heart; nay, she would rather conquer a proud and haughty soul, than accept a weak and willing lover. He knew this, and therefore did not wish to show his feelings. 'Tis true, he once sent her a rose, which he plucked with seeming carelessness, as he strolled down the garden walk with his sister, as she was on her way to Ella's, and told her to give it to Miss Harwood, with his compliments. His sister, simple hearted creature, carried the gift, without supposing that her brother had any definite object in sending it—but said, as she handed it to

Ella, that she guessed it was merely one of his odd whims.

This rose opened a world of thought to Ella. She had begun to think that she was forgotten; but, said she, he must at least give me a *passing thought*. Then she would conceive it was more than a passing thought. Was it not emblematic of something? Did it not betoken respect? The "Flora Dictionaries" were so different, that she could not determine what a damask rose meant; in her own it meant "I own thy charms," but she could not tell whether Alfred, as Eastern lovers do, talked with flowers—or, if he did, that she had divined his thoughts—or whether he meant any thing at all, and that it was, as his sister remarked, a mere whim. Be that as it may, although it withered in an hour, it was worn for two days in her belt, as near the heart as possible, and afterwards carefully preserved as the last legacy of a loved and absent one.

At length a visit was made, with a proper excuse, of course. We will not detain the reader with an account of it, or of the feelings of Ella. Lyston saw that the spell had already bound her—that she was chained—that she was his own. For some weeks his visits were at intervals. He would frequently send her pieces of the latest music, and, of course, go to hear them played; and often, often would he listen with the enthusiasm of a true lover, as her tapering fingers coursed over the notes before her, mingling their dulcet tones with her own sweet voice, which threw about him the witchery and minstrelsy of Heaven. At such times, he felt the influence of angelic purity, and his guilty and proud soul seemed ready to bow in true adoration before its spotless shrine.

It was the last week of August. It was the hour when the golden clouds were just brushed away, and the sprinkled stars were beginning, one by one, to look down on earth. The world seemed tranquillized. Bustle and hilarity broke not the silence of the holy hour. Even guilt seemed to have fled away, or at least to slumber—and the sacred hallowedness of earth's young, primeval enchantment impregnated the very air.

A noble looking youth sat in a retired garden, with one arm thrown about the waist of a beautiful girl. Both seemed absorbed in deep contemplation. The eyes of the young female were turned upward to the heavens, and seemed to imbibe its calm delight.

"Ella!" said the young man, "thou art a meditative creature. Where are thy chaste imaginings bearing thee? Hast thou been visiting thy companions, the airy messengers of Heaven? for thou dost in very truth look like one of them."

"No, Alfred!" said Ella, blushing—"I make no such romantic visits; but I was wondering whether, when we are disrobed of these frail bodies, we would not be permitted to visit, in our airy flight, those beautiful stars which now seem so pure and lustrous, that we cannot help believing that they are the abodes of sinless beings. Yes—and I was thinking that there friends might meet again. Oh! I almost think that the spirit of my beloved parent now dwells in that bright one *there*, and even now looks down upon his fatherless child. Do you not think it may be so, Alfred?"

It was hinted that Lyston was skeptical.

"Yes, Ella, I try to think so; but it is seldom that

such holy thoughts find entrance to this bosom. I would love to think so, if it were only for your sake. But darkness will throw its heavy drapery over the future. I do feel something *here*—a restlessness and reaching after an undefined and indefinable something. I sometimes think it is the immortality of our nature speaking within; but still it is dark. Oh! I would give worlds to possess thoughts, pure and holy as your own."

Ella seemed almost shocked at these expressions. These were the first doubts she had ever heard him express, with regard to any of the truths of the Bible. She turned towards him, with an almost tearful eye, which told the deep interest she felt in him, and said—

"Surely, Alfred, you cannot doubt of what the Bible teaches so plainly? You cannot doubt of what your own nature speaks? Oh! do not indulge such dark thoughts; they cannot be the suggestions of your own reflecting mind. Some evil power hath been at work. Say, Alfred, can you think that we shall not meet in purer worlds? Oh! if I thought so—I—I!"

She was going to say more, and for a moment a deep blush crimsoned her face, as though she feared she had said too much.

"My own Ella!" answered Alfred; "it must be so. I already feel a change upon my spirit. No; I cannot myself endure the thought, that when this earthly frame gives way—this wicker-work is destroyed, that the caged bird now struggling within me shall be annihilated—it will o'ersweep this decaying world. No, it must not, it cannot be annihilated. No—no. If—if we cannot!"

Here he paused—and his nerves trembled. He was about to reveal that which would have laid open his own buried thoughts—that which would have sounded to Ella as a death-knell. She perceived not his hesitancy, and he continued—

"Yes, Ella! I feel a flame now burning in my bosom, which my nature tells me is quenchless—it will blaze more intensely, and forever—it will outlast all that is earthly! Oh! Ella! our destiny is one, and we are immortal."

And he drew the object of these fond remarks still closer to his breast—pressing his burning lips to her marble forehead, whilst her own heart beat tumultuously under its heaving bosom. It was the first token of what she thought hallowed love: She thought it sealed her forever his.

Oh! woman thou art a charmed bird! thy unsuspecting nature destroys thee—thy affections are too deep for thy defencelessness—love to thee is thy very being! Man! oh! man! thou art a serpent; subtle, subtle as that which bewitched primeval woman! Thy affections are shallow as thy own shallow heart, and love to thee is but a toy—a plaything!

"The thought is withering!

Did he then win my love, to throw it by

As lightly as he did an unprized gift?

Peace! peace! my troubled heart, for thou shalt break

Ere I complain."

That night was to Ella the infancy of a fresh and joyous existence. He had said as much as that he loved her, and that their destiny should be one. After they parted, she retired to her chamber, and seated her-

self at the open window. The moon was riding at full zenith, flooding all below in its pale and mellow light. There she sat, gazing at the light clouds as they went flitting past night's lovely sovereign. It was a Sabbath night of nature, and she lay, resting like a dreaming infant, quiet and peaceful in its innocent slumbers! Ella felt the holy calm. Earth had never before looked so beautiful. She thought it could not be a cursed thing—it seemed so gentle and spotless! She thought she could even hear the music of the spheres, as they went hymning around the throne of the Omnipotent One, vibrating in sweetest harmony with her own holy musings. Here she sat, and she could have done so until morning; but a dark cloud arose, blackening the heavens. She shuddered—she felt it was still a *changing* world—that storm and tempest often wreck the most lovely of earth's sceneries. Aye, she felt more. She felt that a change might come over her fondest anticipations—that the spirit of the storm might lash with remorseless and overwhelming fury the quiet of her own retired bosom. She addressed herself to sleep—first pouring a heartfelt prayer to God, that Heaven's smiles might not change to frowns—or at least that she might have strength given her to bear all earthly vicissitudes, and that at last her spirit might repose beyond the reach of storms. And did she pray only for herself? No. From the intensity of her heart's love, she breathed a fervent aspiration for that one who now almost shared the devotions which should belong to God only, that Heaven would reclaim him from his dark and misty wanderings, and pour light from the fountain of all truth into the gloomy caverns of his mind.

Alfred Lyston has been seen yielding to the winning influence of female charms. He has been seen subdued by love—bowing at the altar, we were going to say, of pure affection—but no, he had not: he had felt its influence, he had struggled against its mastery—and it was with bitter pride, that he boasted he was not yet its slave. No; the God of his idolatry was AMBITION, and at times it raged through his veins, until it maddened every pulse, and he devoted upon its altar the tenderest ties of affection, and, if it were needful, his very life.

On the night Ella's breast was so peaceful, his was perturbed with the wildest passions—the whirlwind had been let loose. He felt that she was lovely—that she was all his heart could wish; but she was not rich; and, what was still worse, she was comparatively unknown. Her relatives were few and unimportant, and if he married her, it would be for her own charms. He had other prospects: other connexions might be formed, which would secure him an elevated station in society. Nay, more—he had been urged to seek the hand of a beauty, then moving in the highest circle of fashion—rich, influential, and nothing to prevent the success of his suit. But he had told Ella that he loved her, or he had told her as much. What could he do?

"No," said he, after musing deeply, "it will not do; Alfred Lyston must not live on a level with the common herd,—he was born for greater things; his name must not be buried with his ashes. No—ALFRED LYSTON must and shall stand inscribed on the highest niche of the temple—it shall—it shall,—nothing shall prevent. I'll overleap every barrier—I'll sacrifice the dearest joy. Aye, if it but interfere, I'll with my own

hands immolate every endearment. I'll tear it away, though it uproot every affection of my soul."

Thus did he rave, as he strode the room with hasty steps; and it was not until gray-eyed morning peeped into his window, that sleep lulled his fevered brow to rest.

For awhile his visits to the Harwood family were less frequent than formerly. Ella wondered at it, and once or twice thought he seemed to be chilled in his affections. In her presence he often seemed absent—his manners were frequently hurried and less tender, and he sometimes seemed to shun her tender approaches. But she concluded that it must be some deep subject of contemplation which was distracting his mind, and that in a little while it would again return him what he once was. Once or twice she was on the point of asking him the cause of his troubles, but no—

" 'Tis never woman's part,
Out of her fond minglings, to perplex
The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves.
'Tis her's to weave, all that she has of fair
And bright, in the dark meshes of their web,
Inseparate from their windings."

She began to feel sensibly that he was at times cool and thoughtful, even to painfulness. She would now and then cheer him up by a tender look and word, and try by music, sweet as "that which soothed the mood of Saul," to bring him back to his former manners—and sometimes it seemed with real success.

Ella had never thought of the disparity of their ranks, and never dreamed that any thing of the kind would prove an obstacle to their union. Simple-hearted and disinterested, she had not yet learned that love had become a marketable thing, and that like every-day commodities it usually went off to the highest bidder. She had not yet been schooled in this branch of commerce. With her, love was a deep principle—she thought that people were loved for their own sakes. She had done this: she did not love Lyston because she hoped he would become great; it was *himself* she loved. It would have been the same in poverty or riches—in shame or honor. He had become a part of her existence. In her attachment to him, the fountains of her affections had been broken up, and came gushing from their deep caverns with a fulness and purity which only death itself could check.

Alfred did, by degrees, become more and more at home in her presence—he was also less sombre. His visits were now as frequent as they had been, before the evening in which he had given Ella to understand that he loved her. But still he had not again hinted at their attachments, much less had he talked of a union. Two months after that time they were walking alone; their steps led them towards the Battery. It was an autumnal evening; the stars were peeping forth, and shone with an almost wintry brightness. The trees were tinged with yellow and brown, and as they moved along, the scared leaves rustled to their slow tread. The wind was blowing fresh from the Sound, and had a piercing chilliness, and as Ella clung to the arm of her companion, she wrapt her shawl more closely about her. But Alfred did not mind it; another fit of moodiness had come over him, and consuming thought seemed to prey upon his mind. At last Ella turned her eyes upwards, and asked in a tender manner why he seemed so sad.

"People, you know," said she, "should have warm hearts and social feelings in this cold and chilly weather. Come, you must cheer up, or if you don't, you must tell me what is the matter. Tell me where the wound is, that I may be your tender surgeon—or, if it is some deep heart-sickness, I'll try and be your doctress, and you shall place yourself under my charge. You cannot know my skill, or I am sure you would have applied long ago. Come, will you have 'Heart Ease,' or 'Love Cordial,' or"——

Alfred turned his full eye, and looked upon her with a gaze unutterably melancholy.

"Heaven forbid, dear girl; that you should ever know sorrow as I know it. You do not, you cannot know this dark spirit. My years are few, but they are already paled with anguish. I feel like a blasted oak. My joys are withered—a very winter is iceing up the fountains of my heart—I am sick with disappointment. Though I mingle with men and the world, I loathe them both—from my soul I loathe them. Like another Marius, I feel as though I stood in the midst of ruins,—and, oh! these ruins are *within me*—they are the desolations of my own scathed soul. And you, you, dearest Ella! must not share them. Did I not say I was a struck tree? And shall the delicate ivy still wrap its tendrils round me? No; oh! no, you must not. You are yet free—do not twine your destiny with one fearful as mine."

Darkness by this time had increased so much, that the countenance of each was scarcely visible; but as he spoke, the delicate creature that hung upon his arm shuddered palpably. She threw her arms about him, saying—

"Alfred! oh, Alfred! do not talk so. Why should you feel so? Some one may have acted ungenerously—may have injured you. It has embittered your feelings. In an hour of misanthropy you have thought the whole world was against you. Your prospects will soon brighten—you will be all you wish—and me,—do you think that I could not love you through all? No, Alfred! Ella Harwood does not love so lightly. Oh! I could say your destiny shall be mine, be it joy or sorrow—*it is mine*. I too have felt misfortune. I too have been like some lone thing tossed upon life's rough ocean. I sometimes feel so still. You do not know how desolate I feel when I have thought that even you treated me coolly. You do not act as you used to—but I see it all; it is only your fond misgivings. Your prospects are not dark as you say. But then do you think I love you only as the fortunate, the successful aspirant after honor? No, it is yourself I love. Ella Harwood can be the same in adversity or prosperity—the one might make me more proud of you, but in the other I could *lose* you more."

These words were poured forth with all the pathos of a woman loving ardently, *absorbingly*—and who, having once poured out the riches of her affections at the altar where she worships, then lays open the deep recesses of its thoughts to the idol before it—gathering in words all that words can utter, heedless of all that the world calls prudence or propriety. As she poured them forth, he to whom they were addressed stood fixed with his eyes turned to the star-lit heavens. The beaded sweat stood on his forehead, though it was cold as marble, while his knees seemed too feeble to support his

agitated frame. As she paused, he turned his face towards her, and with the same awful expression as before, said—

"Look upon me, Ella! Do you know me? No, you do not, or you could not love me! There is a recess here, (and he laid his hand upon his breast,) known only to Omniscience, and my own dark self. I am a viper—did you know me, you would crush me. I feel like a guilty being in the presence of angel purity. Spurn me—spurn me—I shall breathe more freely. Ella! we must not be one; it would only embitter your being. Think not of me—you are yet pure—still live so—give your affections to some holier one. Say that you will forgive me—say you will forget me. I may then endure life. Your beauty and loveliness have over-mastered me, but I cannot sport with a being so pure. It has saved"——

He would have said more, but Ella was already senseless in his arms, though he had been unconscious of it. How long she remained in this state, he was perfectly unaware. She revived, though apparently insensible of what had passed. Mr. Lynton tried to calm her agitated feelings, and as soon as possible called a coach, which in a few moments hurried them to the home of Ella. Mrs. Harwood, on account of ill health, had retired to rest; Julia, her young sister, was still up. Alfred remained with her a few minutes, and after some private remarks, left the house, to make his way to his own room; there to muse over the occurrences of the evening.

We will not detain the reader with an account of his feelings. They had almost exhausted him. But as he paced his darkened room, you could see that, though fearfully agitated, firm resolve was flashing from his eye, and that fixedness of purpose wrinkled up his high forehead. The most of that night was spent in penning a letter to Ella.

Reader, have you ever seen one, whose nature seemed to have been formed for noble purposes and high distinction, fall from his high walk? Have you ever seen one, who seemed to have been born for pure affection and holy benevolence, warped into selfishness and made the slave of an inordinate ambition? Such was Alfred Lynton. By these was his lofty spirit enslaved. Honor and worldly distinction wooed him—and to these he sacrificed his own native tenderness, and the happiness of all who seemed obstructions to his purposes. *He was already affianced to another than Ella Harwood!*

His letter on the next day found Ella in bed. Her exposure, and the trial of her feelings on the preceding evening, had been too much for her. We will not, we could not, if we would, tell of the whirlwind which swept through her soul as she read it—but she *did* read it, and her eye was tearless to the end. But after she concluded it, she buried her face in the pillow, and sought relief in tears. But they came not; for her bitterness was too great—a few smothered sobs, or rather groans, was all. The letter did not inform her that Lynton had plighted his faith to another. It merely entreated her to forget the past—to be happy in the affections of a more deserving heart—that they could not be united.

Weeks passed away before she was able to leave her room. Her mother noticed that her sickness was more

of the heart than the body. She noticed the absence of Mr. Lyston—and, after repeated inquiries, Ella told her all. But she blamed him not. No. He was the only one she had ever loved, and she could not hate him. His image was still with her—it was enwrapt in the memory of past joys—it was the image of her first, her earliest love.

Three months passed away. Ella was one day glancing carelessly over one of the weekly papers, when her eyes fell upon the following:

"Married, on the 5th inst., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop M*****, Alfred Lyston, Esq., to Miss Cornelia, only daughter of Hon. Jno. Stanton."

She read it over, hurriedly, again and again. Could it be that three short months had obliterated all traces of her memory from his mind! Was it so! Or was it a bewildering dream. She had continued to think that he might still love her; and vainly indulged the hope that he might, when his prospects became brighter, and his reputation more secure, again return, with all the warmth of his early love. And she had nursed this hope with all the fondness of a young mother hanging over the infant couch of her first born. Her eyesswam—her head reeled—her brain became confused—her heart thrilled and heaved tumultuously—and she fell almost lifeless upon the sofa, where she was found a few moments afterwards. She was again carried to her sick bed. It was more than her young nature could bear.

"Health and bloom returned not; and the delicate chain Of thought now tangled, never cleared again."

She lived; but her mind was swung from its moorings. She soon moved about the house again, but the soul of the once sprightly Ella was gone. Melancholy, deeper and deeper, settled upon her. She talked not—she did not even weep. Sometimes, however, her mother would sit down by her side, and weep that her daughter would not answer her; then it would seem that a glimmering ray of intellect would lume up its long desolate home, and she would kiss away her mother's tears, and say, "Do not weep—he'll come back yet, mother! Oh, mother! do not weep." Whether she referred to her long lost father, or to Lyston, could never be ascertained.

One day she seemed to be possessed of a strange energy. She entered the room where her long deserted piano was standing, and uncovering it, flung her wasted fingers in masterly magic over its ivory notes, singing at the same time, with an almost bursting bosom, one of her long, long neglected pieces—it was the favorite piece of Alfred's! She then retired, no one knew whither.

The next day the evening papers contained the following notice:

"This morning a coroner's inquest was held over the body of a young female, found in the North River, at the foot of Washington street; supposed to have thrown herself in while in a state of mental aberration. Respect to the young lady's friends forbid us to mention either the name or the circumstances prompting the melancholy deed."*

* It may seem objectionable to have inserted the notice of the finding of the body; but, as it was published, so it is given, almost verbatim from the papers of that date.

Was it so? Yes, the lovely Ella Harwood had found a watery grave. Like the beautiful Sappho of other days, she had sung her last song to her unfaithful lover, and the trembling wave closed about her fairy form!

June 1st, 1839.

R. R., OF S. C.

PLEASANT RANGE.

BY MRS. MARIA G. MILWARD.

About ten miles distant from St. Mary's, a city of Georgia, situated on the river from which it derives its name, once stood a rough, though not incommensurable edifice, constructed of the trunks of trees and roofed with clap-boards, familiarly termed a log-house.

A little in the back ground, several smoky huts, thatched with palmetto, peeped from among the underbrush, that still held possession of the soil, unmolested by the ruthless axe of the destroyer. Indeed the hand of cultivation was nowhere visible, but in a corn, pea, and potato patch, rudely enclosed by a worm fence—all else around the premises was left to riot in the untutored wildness of nature.

The prospect, however, was not devoid of interest—it exhibited variety, and that too of a not unpleasant character. The front view presented a vast extent of pine barren, through which a long, straight road opened a vista, terminating in the clear, blue sky. On the right, a well timbered hammock of ancient oaks, rendered still more venerable in appearance by the long moss that swept from their branches and waved to every sigh of the wind, stretched along in the distance. And on the left was a large bay-gall, so thickly beset with cat-briers and undergrowth, as to be almost impervious to the foot of man—while it afforded "a local habitation" to snakes and frogs, and the various insect tribes with which the country abounds.

About thirty paces from the back of the dwelling, a steep, sandy bluff overlooked a broad bend of Crooked River, a fine, bold stream, whose sinuous wanderings through marsh and woodland, gave evidence of the plain matter-of-fact turn of mind of its nomenclator. On the opposite side was an immense body of salt marsh, through which the crane and curlew stalked in uninterrupted freedom, fearless of the gun of the fowler, (for, in that part of the state, the more useful and enduring turkey-tail fan had not given place to the delicate pink and white plumage of these aquatic birds,) while the alligator might be seen basking in luxurious indolence on its muddy margin—beyond this in the extreme distance, a ridge of woods, like a dark streak in the horizon, bounded the landscape.

The inmates of this dwelling was a family of the name of Elliot, consisting of an aged widow, two grown sons, (the youngest of whom was married,) a daughter of nineteen, and the daughter-in-law—the latter a quiet, simple looking girl, nicknamed by some wit of the neighborhood the *Salt Crab*. These people, although in the lowly walk of life, were not exactly what are facetiously denominated "*long toned crackers*," for their vicinity to St. Mary's gave them advantages not possessed by the inhabitants of the interior.

They were originally of Irish extraction, and occasional glimpses of the blarney stone were distinguishable, particularly in the old woman, which, when united with the shrewdness of the native, made her, in the language of the country, "a mighty *pearl* old body." Their only domestics were an old woman, "parched and dry as the Sybian deserts," an actress of all work, and a young fellow of the name of Will, who assisted his masters in working the patch. Will played all the popular tunes of the country on an old fiddle, and was the life and joy of all the adjacent plantations, where his musical talents and good natured laugh, always insured him a hearty welcome. Every one knew Will, and his loud whoop and merry whistle announced his approach long before his shining black face and white teeth were visible. The live stock of the place consisted of cows, hogs, poultry of all kinds, six or seven lean and hungry looking dogs, and a broken down black horse, with one eye, named Match, a living representation of an old hair trunk. Match received his name when a colt, in consequence of the extraordinary mettle he displayed when an attempt was made to cross his back; but he had now ate all his wild oats, and little of his youthful fire remained.

But to return to the family. The eldest son, Jimmy, was a man of very few words, with an ill, down-looking countenance. He was a keen, shrewd, designing fellow, famed for being able to drive a hard bargain, and always plotting and contriving some scheme of profit. He heeded not the tender glances from the large grey eyes of Jane King, the particular and cherished friend of his sister, Rachel; for his mind was bent on a more advantageous connexion with a distant cousin, who being the only child of an old father, "mighty well to do in the world," was considered by every one to be a "monstrous spec." The second son, Aleck, a handsome, frank, open-hearted youth, had married for love. Rachel, the daughter, was quite the blossom of those parts: she was a stout, well made girl, with keen black eyes, dark brown hair, and a complexion which could boast of variety, if nothing else—for the sun in its circuit had not been unmindful of her charms, but had darted his rays so ardently upon her, as to leave evidences of his power in many a small black freckle, that peeped pre-eminently through the blood, which mantled her cheeks. Miss Rachel was quite accomplished—at least in what were deemed accomplishments in that part of the world. She could spin, weave and knit—dance reels and jigs with untiring vigor—sing the "Silver Dagger," with several other pathetic ballads—and was unrivalled in baking a hoe cake. Numerous were the competitors for her favor; we shall, however, only take notice of two, as it was a matter of doubt and speculation which of these would be the happy possessor of Miss Rachel's charms. "Long Tommy King," as he was called, had a *smart settlement*, about a mile and a half from "Pleasant Range," such was the name of the Elliots' place—but as his sister Jane was in the practice of spending weeks at a time there, the object of *his* visits was not altogether clear. Tommy, without his shoes, was upwards of six feet high, had a long, thin face, which, as well as his hands, was covered with large pale freckles, and his hair was straight and red; but he possessed winning ways, which we know nothing about.

The other candidate was an overseer on the next

plantation, named Watson—better known as Master Billy. Mr. Watson was a spruce widower of forty-five, from the very back parts of North Carolina, where he had buried his first love and five children—after which, as he said, "he thought it high time to *amigrate*, and change his luck." The rivals frequently met, and the green-eyed monster was not idle in either of their bosoms—but it remained for time to disclose the secrets of Rachel's heart; for so skilfully were they veiled from observation, that neither of her suitors could determine which stood the better chance of success. Many were of opinion that the airs and graces of Master Billy were better calculated to captivate, than the plain, straightforward manners of Tommy King, "Love" is said "to rule the court, the camp, the grove," and as he is generally supposed to be omnipresent, does, it is presumed, exert his powers in the wilds of North Carolina and Georgia, as in the more favored regions of the earth—and although Watson was quite a veteran in his service, he now felt himself at a nonplus. One evening the lovers accidentally dropped in at "Pleasant Range," and Will's fiddle was instantly put in requisition. Mirth and hilarity prevailed, and all was harmony and peace, until in the midst of a jig that was going on with much spirit and glee, between Miss Rachel and Master Billy, who evinced the excitement of the moment, by cutting a great many shines, snapping his fingers, clapping his hands on his thighs, whirling, wheeling round and round, "stepping high and treading thick," when Jane King, who guessed the feelings of her brother, from the expression of his countenance as he looked on, suddenly darted forward, and placing herself directly in front of Master Billy, fairly "cut him out." Rachel laughed outright, but still continued dancing; and not until the two girls had completely tired each other down, did they observe that Watson had vanished. Rachel expressed the greatest astonishment—"wondered what had become of him, and hoped that he had not been suddenly taken ill." Old Mrs. Elliot, who had been a spectator of the whole scene, interrupted her conjectures with—

"Oh! I'll tell you what it is,—Miss Jane cut him out jiggling."

Tommy, who was secretly delighted, muttered "Fool," and was about to depart, when Jane stopped him, and glancing at Jimmy Elliot as she spoke, proposed that "they should all go the next day to hunt terrapin eggs." Rachel immediately seconded the motion, and Tommy, governed by her wishes, readily acquiesced.

"Will you go, Mr. Elliot?" said Jane, overcoming her diffidence by an effort.

"No," he replied—"I see no fun in it."

"My gracious!" cried Rachel, provoked by his disobliging manner—"I declare, brother Jim, you are the most contrary man I ever *seen*." While Jane turned aside to conceal her mortification and disappointment.

"Never mind," continued Rachel; "we'll ask Mr. Watson to go along—and I'll be bound he'll not say no."

"Yes," said Tommy King, "I reckon he'll be mighty glad of the chance to show out his broad cloth."

Jane, in her effort to disguise her feelings, only made them more apparent, as with eyes wandering towards Jimmy, she implored Aleck to accompany them, who, laughing, good humoredly said—

"Why, Miss Jane, I would go, but I am a going to jump mullet to-night, and Polly and me will have a plenty to do to-morrow to corn them down; and you know, as I am a married man, I'm no great shakes."

"O! as to that," said Jane, "that makes no great odds—I'd as leave have a married man as a single man, any day; and leaver, for they are better company."

"Well," replied Aleck, "I can't go this trip; but the next time you go a pleasuring, I'll go for *sartin*."

The next morning all the party assembled at Pleasant Range—each seemed to have forgotten the little *scrimmage* of the preceding night, and equipped for the excursion, they sallied forth. It was early in spring—the day was fair and bright—not a cloud was seen in the clear, blue vault of heaven. The sun poured down his refulgent beams with full power for the season, and a soft breeze played through the pine barren, stealing, as it sported, perfume from innumerable shrubs and flowers that "wasted their fragrance on the desert air." The bee hummed over the level ground, sipping sweets from the bosom of each lovely child of the forest. Not a sand fly had ventured forth to mar the comfort of the pedestrians. All nature was smiling, and every thing around spoke peace and tranquillity to the heart. The path leading along the bluff, beneath which they expected to discover the nests of the terrapin, whose eggs are sometimes found in large numbers, was so narrow as to oblige the party to walk in Indian file. The girls in front, with their baskets on their arms, chatted merrily as they walked along; next stepped Master Billy, with a long red cow-hide in his hand—the badge of his office—guily cropping the heads of flowers that strewed the way; while Tommy King, with his rifle across his shoulder, in case of starting a deer, followed by several lean, plantation dogs, brought up the rear. Numberless were the acts of gallantry performed by Master Billy that day. Tommy contented himself with the simple offering of the produce of a bee-tree, which he had discovered, and which he promised to take the next morning. Wearied with their search for eggs, they ascended the bluff, and sought repose under the sheltering boughs of some sweet gums by the side of a narrow branch of water, and taking from their baskets some homely fare, spread a rural repast upon the ground. Master Billy taking a piece of potato pone daintily between his fingers, and turning it round every which way, said—with what he intended to be a most engaging leer—

"This *patella poon* is exceeding fine. I presume, Miss Rachel, that it is some of your make. I have not eat any in a long time. It brings to my mind a mighty clever girl in North *Callina*—indeed she was the most beautifullest I ever seen, I think, excepting one"—cutting his eyes, as he spoke, at Rachel. "At that time I had a plenty of leisure—so one day says I to myself, I'll go a gunning, says I, and see if I can't git a chance at some of these bears that are using about in the corn-fields. Well, off I goes—and to be sure I did see a powerful sight of bear signs; so I kept a *foltering* the track till I got so fur from home that there was no fun in it—and, to make bad worse, it began to drap rain. It was about the shank of the evening, and may-be I didn't set up a high turkey trot, and peeled it like thunder. I never stopped to fetch breath till a high rail fence brought me up. I slipped over it in no time at all—

and was knocking at a fine house before I rightly knowed what I was about. A beautiful girl opened the door and asked me in, where a parcel of her friends had got together at a quilting frolic. They were just knocking off work and preparing for the fiddle.

"Excuse me, ladies," says I, making a very low bow; 'excuse the pickle I'm in.'

"By all means," says the old lady of the house. 'You look mighty well; come in and content yourself for the balance of the night.'

"I will, madam," says I, 'with all the pleasure in life, if you will let me have a bucket of water to wash myself, for I look as though I had been a wallering in the sand.'

"So after sousing my head in some cool spring water, I felt as *stuck* as a ribbon, and after brushing myself, I looked a pretty decent sort of a feller—for I always wore good clothes. When I joined the dancers, the young lady that had opened the door for me kept constant a looking at me, watching every step I put upon the floor.

"Gentlemen," says the old lady, 'hand out your partners for a Virginny reel.'

"Come, Mr. Watson," said the beautiful girl, seeing me hang back—"won't you join?"

"Miss," says I, 'I'm not acquainted with the dance, and it is against my principles to make displeasure upon the floor, but as for a jig, says I, I'll turn my back on no man.'

"And with that we fell to, and such steps she put down, I never seen—they took the shine off every one; while I danced so steady that not a rag about me shook. Some young fellers, who were a little jealous of me, I reckon, began to cut up some flirts to bolk me—but it was no use—for I knowed too well what I was arter. At supper I sat right facing my pardner. She cut a large slice of *patella poon*, and was handing it across the table to me on a knife, when some one, out of mischief, knocked her arm up, and away went the *poon* to the ceiling, and down again slap dash upon an old lady's head. Lord, how scared she was—she jumped and kicked and hollared like twenty,—and this, as I was a telling of you," holding up the potato pone as he spoke, "put me in mind of that beautiful girl."

Tommy King discovering that Master Billy was, as usual, the hero of his own tale, had left him in the midst of its recital, and plunged deeper into the woods. Watson was consequently despatched to hunt the delinquent, as it was growing late. Left alone, the girls seated themselves on the trunk of a fallen pine, and simultaneously burst into a loud fit of laughter. At length Jane found words and said—

"Rachel, Master Billy was giving you some monstrous sweet looks. I expect that you and him will come together at last."

"Me have Master Billy! I guess I won't though—why he's as gray as a badger. You had better take him yourself."

"Me—no, he doesn't want me,—and if he did, he couldn't get me. I'd as leif have an old rackoon."

They were interrupted in their discourse by the two heroes, and rising up, turned their steps homewards. When within a quarter of a mile of the house, their attention was arrested by the sound of voices issuing from the swamp, at of persons in distress. On repairing to the

spot, they found old mistress Elliot, Jimmy and Will, endeavoring to pull old Match out of the mud, in which he had bogged. Mrs. Elliot, "with desperation bold," held tight to his ears, to keep his nose above ground, in order to prevent suffocation; Jimmy was wrenching at his tail, while Will, with a fence rail, tried to prise him up.

"Cobe, cobe," cried the old woman, shaking a bunch of grass to stimulate him to greater exertion; but every effort the poor brute made only served to sink him deeper in the mire.

"Quit that, mammy," bawled Jimmy. "You see its no use—can't you stop your jawing."

"Dear hearts alive—oh! he's gone this time; nothing 'pon earth can save him."

"O! missus," cried Will, "you're too *frightful*. I'll be bound we'll get him out safe enough now, for there comes mass Tommy King, mass Billy Watson, and the young ladies, and they'll put us up to all they knows."

"O! poor old Match," screamed Rachel, as the party approached. "Do let us get some long poles and pry him out. Oh! do."

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Rachel," said Master Billy. "I'll ingage we'll get him out."

"Aisy, aisy there, boys," cried the old woman. "You'll punch his insides out, if you go on that way, and then he'll be of no account. I would not lose him for any money."

"Punch away," exclaimed Jimmy, "he's of no great account any how; and the longer he sticks here, the worse off he'll be."

"He's in a horrid bad fix, to be sure," said Tommy King—"he's a gone case, I reckon."

"O! don't say so, Tommy," cried Rachel, weeping; "but turn in and do for the poor creature."

"I'll not lave this spot, by St. Patrick," said the old lady, waxing warmer and warmer—"I'll not *lave* this spot," and she stuck her leg to the knee in the mud as she said it. "I'll get him out, or there's no snakes in Georgy. Get up, get up, sir—heave away there, boys, rouse him up—that's it, that's it."

And with the united efforts of the whole force, they succeeded in extricating old Match from the mud, and setting him on his legs again.

"Now," said the old woman, triumphantly, "see what people can do when they have a mind to."

"Well," said Will, pulling down his trowsers, which were rolled up to his thighs, "I *raly* am *es-sausted*—come old Match, let's we go home; I don't *expose* you'll try the swamp again in a hurry,"—and seizing him by the mane, Will led the way, *followed by the whole party* in procession.

Days, weeks and months passed on without any material incident in the lives of the personages of our story, except the marriage of Jane King, who, stung by the conduct of Jimmy Elliot—for nothing kills love so effectually as the cold frost of indifference—bestowed her heart and hand on a distant relative; while Jimmy in his turn, was doomed to suffer the keen pangs of disappointed avarice—for the girl on whose fortune he had so long set his affections, gave him what was politely called in those parts "a walking ticket." In these wilds "the sound of the church going bell," calling the faithful to their duty, was never heard; therefore Sunday,

instead of being a day of heavenly rest, was only distinguished by a cessation from bodily labor, or for visiting, and other amusements; unless, which was a rare occurrence, some itinerant preacher, whom chance or worldly business led that way, dispensed gratuitously the word of life.

Early one Sunday morning in the beginning of summer, Master Billy drew from the bottom of his chest his very best suit of black cloth, which had been procured for the purpose of showing respect to the memory of his departed wife. Its texture, it must be confessed, was neither of the softest nor finest, as the seams most clearly testified, for in defiance of the power of the goose, they showed rebelliously distinct. The fashion too was some years back—but where nothing but homespun was seen, it certainly created a great sensation, and excited no little ill will towards the wearer. After arraying himself with peculiar care, he mounted "old Jack," a high boned white horse, kept for plantation use—and rode over to see Tommy King, in order to find out how the land lay between him and Miss Rachel. He found Tommy stretched at full length on a bench in the piazza, gazing on vacancy, while at intervals he appeared to be trying to what distance he could spirt the tobacco juice from his mouth. Master Billy, without dismounting, immediately entered into conversation with him, respecting the appearance of their crops. Watson complained of "being very much in the *graze*," on account of the heavy rains that had lately fallen. Tommy, with a grin of satisfaction, remarked, "that they had been the making of him, for he had set out a smart chance of slips, which, if the season continued lucky, would make a fine show of potatoes in the fall." Having conversed some time on this topic, Master Billy adroitly shifted the subject to the one nearest his heart, and after taking many circuitous routes, without gaining any insight into the business—for Tommy was a knowing fellow—he determined to make a bolt straight forward, and assuming a careless air, remarked—

"Miss Rachel is a mighty clever girl. I expect, Tommy, you're a sparking that a way."

"That's just what you'd wish to know, I reckon," he replied, with a short laugh.

"Not at all, by no means—only I suppose you intend going the whole figure, as I see you pretty constant using that a way."

"I guess you're scared a little."

"Me!" replied Master Billy, whipping the dust from his pantaloons—"I guess I knows what I'm after. I knows how to please the girls as well as any man; I don't care who he is."

"O! as to that, Master Billy, I ask you no odds—the longest pole, you know, takes the simmon."

Master Billy threw himself into an elegant side-long attitude upon old Jack, and continued tapping his right leg with the chinquepin switch he held in his hand.

"I'll tell you what, King," he said, after a minute survey of his limb, which appeared to afford him infinite satisfaction—"I am the last man upon earth to brag of my luck with the girls, but if you knowed what I know, I expect you'd fly the track in no time."

"You mean to *insinuate*," said Tommy, reddening with scorn and anger, "that she's as good as told you that you may have her for the *azing*!"

This was rather a more liberal translation of Watson's words than he wished; and he replied quickly—

"I don't know *that what* I have said can be taken quite as *far as* that—but come, what say you to go to meeting this morning?"

"Why, I reckon I might as well go as not; but I must shirt myself first—for it is the *rise* of a week since I last shifted."

Watson withdrew his eyes from the soiled garments of the speaker, and cast them upon his own snow white cotton; the bosom of which, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with broad ruffles, neatly plaited. Whether or not Tommy apprehended that the superior habiliments of his competitor for the favor of Miss Rachel, would prove too great a snare for her—but when, after sundry ablutions, he at last re-appeared, it was evident that he had been unusually careful in the adornment of his "outward man." He was clad in a new suit of homespun of the latest pattern and cut—his fiery locks combed slickly down, and holding in his hand a bright spotted silk handkerchief, which bore his name in legible characters in one corner, which was carefully turned up to view. Tommy King had certainly never been "in better fix," and so thought Master Billy, as he eyed him from head to foot.

The rivals, however, set off in good fellowship, riding briskly forward, until arrived at the place where preaching was to be held. This was about four miles distant, at the house of one of the settlers, near the entrance to that part of the high road leading to St. Mary's, called the Dark Entry, from the gloomy shade thrown across it, for some distance, by towering and closely phalanxed pines, which lined the way on either hand. Here our equestrians dismounted, and having secured their "critters" to the branches of a tree, they adjusted their dresses and prepared to enter the house, simultaneously raising a hand to their heads as they removed their hats, to discover if all was as it should be on their upper stories. Their first impulse, on seating themselves, was to gaze around the little assemblage in search of the object of their mutual regard—but she was no where visible, and Master Billy began mentally to calculate the unprofitable wear and tear of his broad cloth, while Tommy King looked ruefully at his silk handkerchief and new homespun, regretting that they could not be seen by Miss Rachel before they had lost their first blush.

When the meeting broke up, Tommy King and Watson separated. As the latter was riding along, he fell into a train of musing, the subject of which, as may be readily imagined, was Rachel Elliot. But he was suddenly aroused from his meditation by the appearance of a noble buck, which bounded across his way. He followed the antlered monarch of the forest with his eyes until it was lost to his sight by the intervening woods, and at the same moment, emerging from a grove of young pines, the object of his most secret thoughts, in all her innocence and beauty, stood before him. She was alone, and not an eye save his beheld her, and not an ear but her's would hear the soft confession which trembled upon his tongue. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost. Dismounting from his horse, he drew the bridle on his arm, and joined her, determining that that hour should decide his fate. After walking beside her for some time without speaking, he at last began—

"You must find it quite lonesome, now Miss Jane is married and gone."

"Yes," she replied, "I do miss her mightily."

"Suppose you follow her example then."

"Well, may-be I may, some of these odd days."

"Well, remember, whenever you have a mind, I'm your man."

Totally unprepared for this speech, she did not reply—and Master Billy, bearing in mind the old saying, that "silence gives consent," gallantly seized both her hands. Confounded and provoked, she jerked them away, exclaiming—

"You must be crazy, I expect. Do you think I'm sich a dratted fool as to have you? You're old enough to be my daddy."

"Well," said Master Billy, with admirable nonchalance, preparing to mount his horse, "It's no sich great affront that you should lose your manners so. It's mighty well, Miss Rachel, but I'll take my particular oath that you may go further and fare worse. I wish you well, marm." And bowing, he rode off, snapping his fingers and singing,

"'Twas the nineteenth day of October, O,
I greased my wagon in order, O,
I greased my wagon in order, O,
To start for the head of Saluda, O,
With a long tum todily, &c."

A few weeks after he was seen on the road to North Carolina, leaving Tommy King master of the field, who in a very short time contrived to draw out the long cherished secret of Rachel's heart, and was united to her in the silken bands of matrimony, by a justice of the peace from the city of St. Mary's.

PENCILLED PASSAGES:

Chosen for the Messenger, from "Pericles and Aspasia," by Park Benjamin.

Names, that lie upon the ground, are not easily set on fire by the torch of envy, but those quickly catch it, which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity. Every one that passes is ready to give them a shake and a rip; for, there are few either so busy or so idle as not to lend a hand at undoing.

The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and passed over.

It has been wisely said, that Virtue hath only to be seen to be beloved: but unwisely, that Vice hath only to be seen to be hated. Certain it is that the more habituated we are to the contemplation of a pure and placid life, the more do we delight in it. I wish it were equally so that every glance at Vice loosened a feather from her plumage, and that on a nearer approach and more steadfast observation she grew hideous.

Until we have seen some one grow old, our existence seems stationary. When we feel certain of having seen it (which is not early,) the earth begins a little to loosen from us.

A beautiful mouth is always eloquent.

They who tell us that love and grief are without fancy and invention, never knew invention and fancy never felt grief and love.

The thorns that pierce most deep are prest
Only the closer to the breast:
To dwell on them is now relief,
And tears alone are balm to grief!

Happy are those who have retained throughout life their infantine simplicity, which nurses a tractable idol in an unsuspecting bosom, is assured it knows and heeds the voice addressing it, and shuts it up again with a throb of joy, and keeps it warm.

Discretion is the sure sign of that presence of mind without which valor strikes untimely and impotently.

The remembrance of past days that were happy, increases the gloominess of those that are not, and intercepts the benefits of those that would be.

To call idlers and stragglers to us, and to sit among them and regale on their wonder, is the selfishness of an indigent and ill-appointed mind.

The happy never say, and never hear said, "farewell."

HUMBUGS OF NEW YORK;

A Remonstrance against Popular Delusion, whether in Philosophy, Science, or Religion, by David M. Reese, M. D. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 267: 1838. New York—John S. Taylor & Co: Boston—Weeks, Jordan & Co.

Seldom in this age of chimeras has it fallen to our lot to peruse a more clever production than this. It is entitled "Humbugs of New York," not because other cities are exempt from the thrall of imposture, but that being the emporium of the union, she naturally concentrates all forms of chicanery, and affords a tangible location to its Will-o'-Wispiness. In it the Doctor has explored every refuge of delusion, and with mighty power has he purged them. He grapples with animal magnetism, and overthrows its pretensions; strips phrenology of its ensnaring charms and develops its frailty; beards the monstrosities of all ultraism, and testing them by the infallibility of Holy Writ, they

Have melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

In all this we laud him, and if the gratitude of the community is not due for an exposition at once so lucid and pungent, we know not when one may lay claim to the obligation. True, the auxiliary causes of the success of humbuggery receive but little notice, but much is done, and we patiently await a more philosophical investigation of these. Meanwhile, in our own turn, we would briefly notice some popular ultraisms.

The tendency of the age is after novelty. Our social union, essentially new in its principles, seems in its own success to have contaminated every participant with mischievous aspirations after novelties in all things else. In religion, we find men disdaining the worship of their fathers, and in search of new light re-

morselessly deserting tried paths of salvation. Some impiously reject Christ's mediatorial offices, and essay to scale the high wall of Heaven. Others, involving trivial points in controversy, arouse embittering strife with those pernicious distinctions so dissonant to the conciliatory inculcations of Jesus. Others yet, deposing Omnipotence for the God of Scripture, substitute some ideality of their own imagination. While amid all, Satan stands chuckling at his own prosperity. In science, we have seen the same principle delude the understanding of the wise to the belief of statements the most illusive. Witness the Royal Society's investigations to account for the fact of water accumulating no weight by the immersion of a fish. Or, more recently, the success of Sir John Herschel's telescope. But with what measure can we mete the triumphs of art? or how enumerate the labor-saving machines invented in futile effort to satisfy the cravings of an insatiable fashion? And has not one of those non-descript Germans a most ingenious apparatus, by the united simultaneous pressure and soporific influence of which a limb may be amputated without sensation of pain? In commerce too, we have seen the same principle, under the disguise of an enterprising spirit, reject tried models of safety, reckless of property and life—if so be a few moments of comparatively valueless time saved the result. And worse than all, in common intercourse, so fastidious is the age, "that filial piety must hide herself in a closet, if she be minded to dam her father's linen." To eat according to the requirements of nature—is no longer reputable; we must live and move and have our being in accordance with empiricism, for the efficient operation of whose laws health conventions assemble, and advocates of reform

Rave, madden, and recite throughout the land.

To gull and be gulled, is the prerogative of the age, and humbuggery the talisman of wealth and fame.

But secondary causes influence. All quackery originates in the passion of self aggrandizement, and is fostered by the irresistible propensity to try something new; but ultraism springs from the prevalent disposition to select some individual and exclusive object of benevolence. As the eye, becoming concave from the habitual contemplation of distant objects, and *vice versa*, is incapacitated for the proper discharge of its functions, so our reformers, accustoming themselves to contemplate some solitary evil, distort their judgments and are incapacitated to estimate relative proportions. Again, the unfortunate are alone miserable; the adversities of a neighbor are "as the small dust of the balance;" for by the continual brooding exercised over their calamities, they expand to an intolerable magnitude. Thus, to the varying forms of fanaticism incongruous aspects belong. To one, intemperance is the *primum mobile* of evil; to another, slavery looms up till its horrors fill immensity; to another, Catholicism is the prolific breeder of all mischief; while to some jaundiced-eyed divine, the adjudication of man's "ability or inability," partial or total, and innate depravity, is alone necessary. Each rides his own hobby—each against the *origo mali*.

Of the first, Massachusetts furnishes a lamentable example, when, instead of punishing overt acts, she legislates on tendencies, and enacts penal laws over

sumptuary matters; forgetful that while men may be drawn by the silken cord of persuasion whither you will, they do not now succumb to the rod of moral coercion; be it of adamant and swayed with force never so terrific. Let her abolish her "fifteen gallon law," levy penalties against drunkenness, and she may confidently entrust the triumph of temperance to the sound morality of her pilgrim soil.

Of the second, the impolicy of abolitionists affords melancholy proof. Yet, did propriety sanction the omission, the phosporic nature of the theme would deter from its discussion. So irritable indeed is the community on this subject, that he who has courage candidly to treat of it, incurs danger from the sensitiveness of one, and the rashness of the other party. If he side with the South, a storm of vituperation assails from the North. If he remain neutral, the South regards with jealousy, and the North upbraids with pusillanimity—so that the sense of espionage which haunts his mind, shackles its emotions, and render its operations pusillanimous indeed.

But if such be his emotions, and such his position, those of the philanthropic abolitionist are assimilated only to those of him who extends a flaming brand over a powder magazine, fearful lest stern necessity impel its application. Aware, however, of the general efficacy of milder, over vehement means, for the eradication of error, the designs of the American Colonization Society had, with ourselves, ever claimed preference over the short-sightedness of "present abolition" theories. By the designs of the American Colonization Society, we mean those intentions and transactions, which by the removal of the surplus black population, were paving the way for the ultimate complete emancipation of slaves, when their gentle flow of benevolence was dammed by the ultraism of "abolition." A theory going beyond the light of Holy Truth and asserting the theoretical fact, "that slavery is incompatible with our institutions," knows not of its practical falsity. Fools! and wise only in their own conceit! Is it not true, that the magnetic needle points ever to the poles? But if a bar of steel lie contiguous, how is it?

In colonization, then, we discern the operation of slow, but efficacious laws in the removal of evil. In the ultra notions of immediate emancipation lies a pregnant germ of mischief, and its bloom is to be dreaded more than the mountaineer dreads the projection of the avalanche which overhangs his cot. The operation of the one is like the operation of natural laws in the removal and different disposition of continents. The sudden relaxation of integral parts, would scatter far devastation and death; the gradual exchanges of particles precludes such fatality, and yet secures the accumulation of renovated land. The scheme, moreover, was suggested in the wisdom of these considerations, has been prosecuted with most laudable energy, and is still characterised by the beneficence of those principles which shed glory over its proposal. And allege not, that it is a temporising policy—that the fetters of slavery may be inseparably rivetted. It is a temporising policy, but because time must be granted to that which imperatively demands it. In a word, the one is the fierce blustering of the wind; the other, the potency of the sun, as exerted on the traveller's cloak. Besides, the plan of colonization was dictated in full reference to

the individual case, uninfluenced by those foreign and unanalogous. The wildness of "anti-slavery" had its origin in the enthusiasm of a disordered mind, inflamed by youthful perusal of the narrative of British legislation in dissimilar circumstances. Not pausing to weigh diversities, the notion entered his brain, thus fevered, that he could assist the prolongation of notes, which had only reached his across the distracting extent of intervening seas. The thought grew fixed, and with every diurnal revolution, more and more excited his throbbing pulses—till raising a feeble standard, with the shout of "liberty to the captive," he formed around him a motley throng of champions. Obligated to array these against the piety and talent of the land, the first encounter showed their impotency and compelled him to resort to another expedient—an appeal to the sympathies of our nature. And no sooner did the alarm of "persecution" resound from off the battlements, than recruits thronged from every nook. These took up the cry, and "persecution" summoned more from off high places—from off the plains. Disciplined by continual skirmishes and drill, they have made a stand against the better cause.

Nor is the success of the gathering word at all singular. In what emergency was it ever known to fail? It is a charm to conjure up saint or devil with, and is susceptible of familiar and apt illustration. The case we offer is that of a notable impostor, and a no less celebrated school-master, in Massachusetts. The former had talked many into large subscriptions to a proposed charity, when it was discovered that his leading motto was, "charity begins at home." Exposure followed. The latter had abused an orphan child entrusted to his care, and brought a suit against certain editors who exposed him, in which laying damages to the tune of ten thousand dollars, he recovered one-tenth—arguing a previous worthless character, or great criminality in the matter subsequent. Yet, no sooner did these worthies, as if they had held mutual condolence, certainly in tacit sympathy, unite on a tale of "persecution," than the one escaped unscathed, and the other flourished with the luxuriance of the bay-tree. How true a verification of the remark of a venerable clergyman, that the present may be a talking, but not a reflecting age, and any braggadocio may talk it into conceit of himself and his projects!

From these things, then, we clearly infer the causes which attracted the smiles of the community on the infatuation of abolitionism.

1. The enthusiasm of one, imparting itself to a people previously impregnated with its sense.
2. The apt use made of the lever of "persecution," adjusted and inclined to their hand, by those who clearly understanding the local fallacy of their ideas, were blind to the sure tendency of human sympathies.
3. To adopt their own style of crimination, it required not the professional eye of the traitor-peddler Judas, to perceive the expense of one plan and the comparative cheapness of the other.

Economy is an important item in the calculations of your ultra-reformer; and it matters not, if now the other plan is likely to prove the most costly, it was unforeseen, and they are involved. But we do not judge motives. Let it suffice to say, had they not proved recreant to their trust, we might now contemplate with

no ordinary satisfaction a gem, twin to that which adorns the coronet of ocean's queen, conspicuous in the diadem of our own renown, dark indeed, but resplendent with the dignity of virtue. Now the philanthropist trembles at the foreboding disasters to be apprehended from the unqualified release of thousands of the lawless and ignorant. Little less terrific indeed, does it appear, than did the irruption of the Khans, led by the very "scourge of God," to the defenceless Romans. And the alternatives may at last be the dissolution of the union, the retention of slavery, or the utter extermination of the Americo-African race, and then, even these magicians may be constrained to draw the sword against the monsters their own spells have raised.

But let us not expect an issue so awful. Prepared for any event, let us hope that "ultra-abolitionism" is merely a hobby-horse—accoutred, though it be with side-saddles, for the convenience of hobby-riders. Surely intelligent men will perceive their folly, ere it be too late. Meanwhile, let them be shown with all candor, from the truth of Scripture itself, and in the light of reason, that slavery is not the most atrocious evil under the sun. Teach them the folly of ostracising expediency, and the equal absurdity of regarding the calumnies of the English, the very engrafters of the obnoxious system. Show them the injustice of branding the Southron with opprobrious epithets. Inculcate the necessity of forbearance, of meekness, of charity. Kindly advise the ejection of the beam from the eye of the North, that they may skillfully extract the mote that dims the vision of the South; in short, to think more and talk less. Do this, and a restraint may be imposed on their recklessness—but attempt not to debar free discussion. For if you restrain liberty here, you establish a precedent dangerous to yourselves, and supply a dexterous enemy with a convenient weapon of defence. Truth is omnipotent against error.

Our limits forbid more detail. Instances of like disrespect, however, for whatever is venerable, exist, and might be cited, but the tendency is illustrated. To such an extent has it been carried that many prescient individuals have sighed for a return of the dark ages, that a season might be given for the repose of turbulence; that thought might be regenerated and re-directed; that the valueless might be lost in the grave of oblivion, and the valuable be rescued from the destruction that menaces it.

We turn now to an exhibition of ultraism, omitted by our shrewd author. Our reference is to peace societies. Some of their notions, it is true, are too ludicrous to be more than ephemeral, while others are more or less permanent, according to their plausibility. Singular they all are; for it is passing strange, that principles so fundamentally fallacious, should be so extensively professed. An example of their practical application is furnished in the instance of the quaker, who taking no part in action, yet loth to see a boarder on deck, coolly lifted him over the side into the sea, observing, "Friend! thee has no business here!" And as the Roman reticulated walls, contrary to every acknowledged law of architecture, were held together only by the goodness of cement, the beauty of design has hitherto supported these fallacies with power as strange. The statement of some dogmas is their refutation, though others are more dangerous. For, if

public sentiment unites in pronouncing war in no case justifiable, there is an end of our liberties. While if it is asserted that the injunction, "resist not evil," prohibits the establishment of an *alibi*, in criminal accusation, we need not fear the result. Interpret every thought of Scripture as literally, and the extreme convenience of one system of revenge obviates the necessity of "resisting evil;" to heap coals of fire on the head of an enemy is surely sufficient. The truth is, peace societies, however reluctant the confession, are and must be in advance of the age. It is indispensable for their success, that you substitute some equivalent to compel the respect our armies and navies now enforce—that you eradicate the spirit which prompts man "to seek the bubble, reputation, in the cannon's mouth." If so, it will at once be said, that peace societies are not to be enrolled, till the occasion for them has ceased. Just so, there is never need of a peace society; for when their object is attainable, they become mere nominal agents, and till that time their formation is preposterous.

The sound discrimination of Cicero decided long ago that self defence is a duty of our nature. *Est hæc, non scripta, sed nata, lex; quam non didicimus, accepimus, legimus, reurmem naturâ ipsâ arripuimus, hausimus, expressimus; ad quam non docti, sed facti, non instituti, sed imbuti sumus; ut, si vita nostra in aliquas insidias, si in vim, si in tela aut lationum aut inimicorum, incidisset, omnis honesta ratio esset expedienda salutis. Hoc et ratio doctis, et necessitas barbaris, et mos gentibus, et feris natura ipsa, præscripsit, ut omnem semper vim, quacumque ope possent, a corpore, a capite, a vitâ suâ propulsarent.* And the wisdom of successive ages confirms, while Scripture sanctions the verdict. The laws of nature are ever synonymous with her God's. Again, as we have demonstrated, the justice of defensive war has overthrown one column of the theory, so we are confident that these corporations legislate against the fore-ordinations of God, by proposing an unattainable end. "I will overturn—I will overturn, saith my God, till he whose right it is shall reign over the nations." And the attitude of nations assures us these revolutions are to be achieved in blood. God has not, in all probability, yet expended the "phials of his wrath," and war may be necessary to relieve the repletion of a guilty, overburdened earth. Offences must come, though woe is denounced against them by whom they come—and will come too, till the millennium, "foretold by prophets and by poets sung," shall expand its portals for the diffusion of "peace on earth, and good will to man," perfect and triumphant. Yet let us rely confidently on the Father of all Mercies for the continual peace of our own beloved country, as for every other kindness vouchsafed, as to Him shall seem good. And if war comes, let us not murmur at His dispensations, but seek the alleviation of its miseries, the exhibition of humanity.

Allowing this ultraism to be harmless, other forms of humbuggery, more pernicious, undoubtedly prevail. Dazzled by the reflected lustre of our past history, we see not the clouds which hover in the political skies, and are unmindful that our country, strong as are her foundations, may yet experience blasts to try the solidity of the superstructure. It is by no means certain, that improvement has advanced with the Amazonian strides of innovation in that amicable relation so indispensable. Nor can we be assured, that we may not transmit dis-

grace to futurity, which would cause a blush to suffuse the brow, had we ability to peruse the subsequent records of time. We now, indeed, possess an antidote in the eloquence of truth. If knowledge is power, it is only legislative—eloquence is its executive authority. Let us rightly exert its influences, and ever

One great clime, in full and free defiance
Shall rear her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic.

Or if, in the annihilating encroachments of time, America shall be compelled to abide the decline of her greatness, thus shall the Eagle of her prowess, that rose indeed stained with the carnage of revolution, alight not amid clouds and darkness, but fold an unsullied pinion, conscious of accomplished good, amid the effulgence of that bright bow of promise which shall gild the evening horizon of her glory. Thus too, securing the honor of our country, may we best promote that of our God.

* * *

CHARACTER OF MEDEA ;

(Drawn from the tragedy of "*Medea*," by Euripides, with remarks on this play.)

— Sweet love, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Shakespeare.

There is no more delightful occupation for the mind, than holding communion with the spirits of the dead, through their immortal works. At such times, the soul feels a glowing rapture, which kindles into the pure empyrean of poesy; the heart is affected and its emotions gush out in spontaneous flow. The productions of taste and genius never cease their peculiar effect on the character of thought; they weave themselves insensibly with our style of thinking; * give tone to our present and ensure dignity to our future conceptions. Nor is their influence on morals in any way inconsiderable. The higher capacities of our nature are charmed and gratified by such high and noble objects presented to their enjoyment; scorning the gross sensualities of vice, they seek a more congenial clime, where the flowers and fragrance of virtue for ever bloom and the divinity of the soul beams with never-fading lustre. In this point of view classical literature assumes the grand and important function of a teacher of ethics; the study of ancient authors becomes a subordinate agency in conforming the character to the christian standard of education; the moral influence of the sentiments of such writers, seconded by our reverence for venerable antiquity, and combined with all the fascinations of genius, in its most attractive coloring, operates in the youthful mind as an element of instruction of in-

* "Abundant studia in mores. Studies, have an influence and operation upon the manners of those that are conversant in them."—*Bacon.*

"Books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company does to our behavior and conversation; without either loading our memories or making us even sensible of the change."

Swift's letter to a young clergyman.

calculable force. That this power works silently, as an undercurrent, lessens not its worth and vitality; its quiet progress but gives fuller scope to its operation, by disarming the perverse and froward of all suspicion of what bears so auspiciously on the tenor of their character.

It is surprising that the champions of their favorite classics have dwelt so little, if at all, on the powerful moral efficacy of the study of the master-spirits of the ancients; indeed, an unjust prejudice has long pervaded the public mind upon this subject.

English youth were long habituated to the indiscriminate perusal of the Latin authors; the licentious plays of Terence,* or the voluptuous songs of Catullus, and the seducing mellifluous odes of Anacreon, were the favorite themes which engaged the raw and undisciplined mind; as a consequence, a stream of moral pollution poured its pestilent tide over manners and enlightened taste. No wonder, then, that many good and well-meaning people should have imbibed a mistaken prejudice against classical literature in general—no wonder, that they should have anathematized all the learning of the ancients, as the offspring of the Evil One, and designed as "gins and snares" to entrap the unwary youth. Nor even as yet has the echo of such sentiments died away upon the public ear.

To expect that the productions of antiquity that have survived the waste of time, would be, each and all, unalloyed with the defilement of vice, is equally as reasonable, as the expectation of finding all the models of English literature wholly pure and unexceptionable. Yet such is not the case. Would we, therefore, sweep under one indiscriminate ban of proscription, the whole encyclopedia of English taste, genius and erudition? Shall we banish from our shelves the chaste lucubrations of an Addison or the ethical tomes of a Johnson, or the godlike poesy of a Milton, because, forsooth, some vile cotemporaries, by their writings or otherwise, have cast a stigma on the age in which they flourished? A judicious mind will discriminate, nor wantonly confound virtue with vice. We would treat the Latin and Greek classics precisely as we treat our own; the plea of antiquity never does consecrate immorality in our eyes; no, though recorded in the annals of inspiration. We are not of that class who bow implicitly at the footstool of custom or age. With Bacon, we hold,— "Antiquity deserveth that reverence, that men should make a stand thereupon, and discover the best way; but when the discovery is well taken, then to make progression." Again: "These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves."

Let the student, then, spurn the licentious or immoral effusions of the ancients—no matter under what cover of authority they may be recommended—no matter what their attractions of taste or elegance, still let the caution of the poet ring in his ear:

Qui legis flores, et humi nascentia fragra
Frigidus, O Pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.

* Whately's *Elements of Rhetoric*, p. 237.

Lord Bacon complains in his time, that "the modern looseness or negligence hath taken no due regard to the choice of school-masters and tutors."

But while we deprecate an indiscriminate perusal, we assert the moral bearing of the classics, peculiarly so called, to be of the most enlightened order. Who can read or hear the dulcet harmonies of Virgil, arrayed in all the graceful gorgeousness of sentiment and language, without feeling his soul elevated, and imbibing in its hidden depths, the fire, the majesty, the divinity of his godlike genius? What youth has not glowed with rapture over the magic and virtuous page of a Cicero or Seneca, and felt his admiration of patriotism, public spirit, and self-devotion, nourished and invigorated? Does the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" awaken no throb of divine energy, no latent vein of virtuous emotion, no godlike aspiration of fame, no ecstasy of thought in the human soul? Do the lyric odes of a Horace, that master of manners, fall passionless on the ear, or the stinging satire of a Juvenal lash triumphant vice in vain? Has Pindar's lyre swept from its strings no genial music for moralist or christian, when now, in symphonious strain, it sings of truth, and now bursts, in a stream of thoughtful melody, on the delighted ear?

Hail! ye mighty masters of the lay!
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood and informed my youth:
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe—
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wand'rings guide.
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony and peace and innocence abide.

Beattie's Minstrel.

Having sufficiently vindicated the true classics from the base imputation of demoralizing the mind, we shall proceed more directly to consider the play of "Medea," as the best exemplification of our remarks, that we can present to the reader. The three great lights of the Grecian drama, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, combine within the compass of their works a system of pure morality, which it would be difficult to equal in all the hundred tomes of scholastic theology. These ethical precepts are conveyed in language of the utmost dignity and simplicity—the genuine characteristic of majestic thought; they are produced without effort, and as naturally, they strike the mind with an air of graceful propriety and with all the force of impressive truth. The remarks of those celebrated masters are founded on the justest views of human nature; they carry their researches into the deepest fountains of the soul; they scrutinize with accuracy the caste and complexion of character, and by a single stroke, present to the imagination a finished portrait.

Nothing could be more noble than the design of the ancient theatre. There the people were taught more impressively the truths of morality and religion, than in the sanctuary of their gods; and so beneficial was reckoned the influence of the stage to good manners and conduct, that the sage Socrates, honored by his presence the representations of the tragic muse. But an Athenian audience, in the days of Socrates, attached quite a different notion to the object of histrionic exhibitions from what prevails among their modern admirers. At that time, the great facts of national history—the description of manners and customs, the high-wrought fictions of mythology, the life of heroes con-

secrated in their country's memory by acts of valor, patriotism, virtue, and wisdom; the affecting and virtuous incidents of female biography—these, and such as these, constituted the main subjects of the Grecian drama—while moral truths, robed in all the witchery of genius, and set off by the persuasive eloquence of style and argument, were the constant themes on which the muse Melpomene delighted to expatiate.

The stage, therefore, in its proper use, became a teacher of commanding authority.

The celebrated writers, before mentioned, carried the dramatic performance to its highest perfection, and consecrated their genius to the task of enriching its representations with their sublimest effusions. Not one pleaded the cause of vice or arrayed the "monster" in the fascinating charms that belong only to the brow of virtue. Amongst writers so equal in the highest endowments of intellect, it would be difficult to assign the palm of superiority. Æschylus excels in wild sublimity of thought and terrific imagery—Sophocles flows, like a honied stream, murmuring on the ear with seraphic harmony—Euripides is shrouded in grace and majesty, charming by the pathos of his sentiment, and unfolding at every step the moral grandeur of his muse.

The "Medea" of the latter author, is confessedly a wonderful production; it abounds in masterly strokes of genius—not general effusions of fancy or brilliant passages, solitary in the waste. On the contrary, the play is highly marked and characteristic—preserving an uniformly elevated caste of thought, set off, not unfrequently, by the most splendid drapery of imagination. The muse of Euripides seems to have indulged its widest scope of pathos; the poet colored his scenes with the sad hues of his own reflections. It was chiefly on this account, that Cicero admired the bard of Salamis most of all the tragedians; and he occupied the last moments of his life in perusing his favorite "Medea," as if no preparation was more suitable for the unknown realities of eternity.

The affecting sublimity of Medea's story was evidently adapted to the poet's singular caste of mind; and in the execution of the task, he awaked in his behalf the popular belief and tradition of the age. Hence there are many who have doubted of the existence of such a personage as Medea, and represent the current opinion as founded only on the fictions of poetry. They ground their belief on the strange and unaccountable reports of Medea's life—such as, her fiery chariot of dragons, [page 39,] her reputed skill in magic, and in short, the whole air of mystery which rests over her fate. That the history has been much embellished by the license of fancy—farther, that large additions may have been made to her eventful fortunes—cannot, in truth and reason, be denied—but the actual existence of the very person herself, appears to us unquestionable. For, no character is celebrated with more *eclat* in the ancient writers; none is so involved in a narrative of facts, whose truth it would be deemed folly to question. Nor was the popular belief of her powers of enchantment at all to be wondered at. In ages rude and ignorant, an uncommon knowledge of simples and medicinal herbs, (or what in modern times is termed chemistry,) excited universally the opinion of magic and divination; the secrets of nature were little explored, and therefore, when displayed to view, they were well calculated to

raise in the vulgar, the most servile admiration. Such has been the sway of science, in all barbarous climes—nor did men, so artful as the Druids and Egyptian priests, neglect so prime an agent for fastening on the minds of the people the blindest devotion to their horrid mysteries.

Medea's character was a strange compound of the extremes of human vice and virtue. With a soul touchingly alive to the finest sympathies of nature; and a fascinating carriage, in which grace and majesty were wildly blended, she won on all who approached her, by the ease of her manners, her insinuating address, and the radiant charms of her beauty. The high intelligence of her mind beamed in every look and word—nor would it be easy to match her endowments by those of the most celebrated females of antiquity. But it is her moral character that we intend to delineate—and its great defect, doubtless, was the unsettled basis on which it was grounded. She possessed no principle of such binding and incontrovertible authority, that by its decisions *alone* she was willing to test her actions. She searched for other standards—that of interest, or of pleasure or passion. Her penetration was unrivalled—and while, therefore, she could not but perceive the true moral grounds of human agency, she yet blindly pursued the compassing of her ends, by any means, fair or foul:

——Video meliora proboque
Sed deteriora sequor.

But it was not without the sharpest pangs of remorse, that she violated the dictates of nature and conscience. Her soul was not yet indurated by the bleak mercy of an unfeeling world. She was not yet an adept in the artifices and unblushing effrontery of crime. At the mercy of every gust of passion, she was hurried into wild excesses, of which her better judgment bitterly repented; and it was only after she had experienced a variety of injuries, that she rushed forward to that pitch of crime and infamy that defied law and scorned contrition. We imagine to ourselves that her dark, mysterious character, would have offered a fit subject of delineation to the scrutinizing genius of Byron.* His muse delighted in the wild turmoil of guilt—in the fearful desperation of Gulnare!† Nor do we hazard much in saying that he would have executed this task with a masterly felicity, unsurpassed by any effort of antiquity.

We now approach the most remarkable event in the life of Medea—the source of her woes—and which exhibits in the strongest light, the poetic and ungovernable bias of her mind. She was enamored of the Argonautic hero. Her love knew no bounds; it was

* The traits in Byron's character, alluded to above, are thus happily sketched by Pollok:

All passions of all men—
The wild and tame—the gentle and severe;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared by man,
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves,
Then smiling looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
Dark, sullen, proud.

† Vid. Corsair.

madness—the phrenzy of wild and resistless passion—it had engrossed every thought, every feeling, every wish—it swayed the whole current of her soul.

Vulnus alit venis et cæco carpitur igni.

For Jason's sake, she had plunged into a dread abyss, from which there seemed no escape. She had employed the superior powers of her intellect in devising means of successful villainy. For his sake, she had deserted her native country and royal family—had inflicted merciless pangs on her aged father, and robbed him of a darling son, by a cruel murder. She had endured the complicated hardships of a tedious voyage, without a sigh or murmur, and finally, wreaked the most signal vengeance on all the enemies of her husband. After this frightful career, she was living at Corinth in the bosom of her family—not in tranquil repose—for, what magical association of home could calm that wild and ruffled breast? what dreams of the past but haunted her with the ghost of murdered innocence and joy? and what firm reliance could she place on the inconstant affections of her husband? Hitherto she had been subservient to his interest and advanced his fortunes; but now, in his native land, surrounded by the flower of beauty and wealth, would he not seek another marriage? Would he not disown a foreigner—a barbarian? The very thought was madness. Thus Medea tormented her soul with sad bodings of her fate, and when, at length, her worst fears were realized, she abandoned herself wholly to the fierce ravings of passion and inconsolable anguish. It is at this point of our heroine's history, that the drama opens.

The nurse of Medea bewails in a pathetic strain the evils which had flowed from the voyage of Jason in quest of the golden fleece. She hints at the numberless favors the hero had received at the hands of her mistress, and the ancient ties of love which had united them so closely; but

——All is variance now
And sad distress.

The dearest objects of affection were spurned, that Jason might fill the nuptial couch of the princess of Corinth. She paints, in most affecting colors, the state of the forlorn Medea:

Didst Medea brook
This base dishonor; on his oaths she calls,—
Recalls their plighted hands, the firmest pledge
Of mutual faith; and calls the gods to witness
What a requital she from Jason finds.
Of food regardless, and in sorrow sunk,
She lies, and melts in tears each tedious hour
Since first she knew her lord had injured her;
Nor lifts her eye, nor lifts her face from the earth;
Deaf to her friends' entreaties as a rock,
Or billow of the sea; save when she turns
Her snowy neck, and to herself bewails
Her father and her country, and her house,
Which she betrayed to follow this base man.

She will not stop short of any crime. Her own innocent offspring, just in "the morn and liquid dew of life," shall fall victims to her wrath; or, perchance, in the dead of night, she will steal into the palace and imbrue her hands in the blood of Jason's bride.

Medea sat solitary in her apartment, brooding, like a dark spirit, over the series of her misfortunes. Her

breast heaved with conflicting passion. She conceived a horrid design—but maternal fondness arrested the hellish scheme. She was a mother—a devoted mother—yet she struggled to break from the endearing ties of nature. Her blighted hopes rise, like spectres, to her imagination.

O! that the ethereal lightning on this head
Would fall! Why longer should I wish to live?
Unhappy me! Death would be welcome now,
And kindly free me from this hated life.

Revenge! revenge! Might she but behold her inconstant husband, writhing in bitter anguish and remorse, she would mock her own sensibilities, and plunge into the deepest pit of guilt! Even then she would be content.

Ah, me! ah, me! what mighty wrongs I bear—
Wrongs that demand my tears and loud laments!
O might I one day see him and his bride
Rent piece-meal in their house, who, unprovok'd,
Have dared to wrong me thus!

The affectionate nurse, foreseeing the impending train of evils, hurries Medea's children from her presence.

The dark, enigmatical character of the enchantress, (for in this light, we are, henceforth, to view Medea,) is touched by the poet with consummate art. The melting fondness of woman is finely contrasted with the fiery outbursts of wrath. Medea has not yet appeared on the scene. Her doleful exclamations echo along the walls of the theatre—inspiring the audience with sympathy and terror—but the deep workings of passion on her countenance are hid behind the intervening canvass. Imagination beholds her—the poet disappears from our thought—the fiction of drama is forgotten—Medea alone, the wild, agonized, yet proud, vindictive Medea, rises to our view.

O all you gods of Heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold my heart.

Remember thee?

Ay, thou wretch, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records
That youth and observation copied there;
And my revenge—all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter; yes, by Heaven,
O most pernicious wretch!
O villain, villain, smiling, cursed villain! *Shakespeare.*

Thus, inflexibly bent on revenging her wrongs, the enchantress plays her part with astonishing skill. She summons to her aid all the resources of sophistry and art; and in the deep solitude of her own bosom, she forms the most horrid purpose that ever entered into mortal conception. With a view to its execution, her address to the chorus is studiously framed in the most pathetic and insinuating terms. For the first time, now, she appears openly on the stage, with composed demeanor. She artfully begins her speech with a studied exordium, as if amid the storms which encompassed her happiness, she had sought refuge within the calm shades of philosophy. But soon quitting her disguised character, she breaks forth into mournful strains:

For me, I sink
Beneath this unexpected weight of ill
Which falls upon me; all the joys of life,
And all its glory have I lost, my friends,
And death is now my wish; for he, in whom
My heart had treasured all its boast and pride,
Proves faithless and the basest of mankind.

She enters from this hint into an ingenious enumeration of the "trials and wrongs of women;" and after inveighing indignantly against man's inconstancy, stops short, with the passionate exclamation:

But to thee, these words
Have not the force I feel in them; for thine
This country, thine a father's house, the wealth
That brightens life, the sweet society
Of friends is thine. I am an outcast wretch;
I have no mother, brother, kinsman here,
To shelter me from this calamity.

By her insidious eloquence, Medea wins over the chorus to her cause; without unfolding her purpose, she imposes silence on them, as to the means employed in crushing in one ruin, her husband, his bride, and bride's father, the king of Corinth.

A woman timid else,
When injured in her nuptial bed;
Feels her soul swell with rage that calls for blood.

The dialogue between Creon, the king, and Medea, is conducted with consummate hypocrisy on her part. The monarch imperiously orders her to leave the country; he enjoys no repose within the proximity of an enchantress,

So famed for knowledge, versed
In dangerous science.

Medea gives vent to an uncontrolled burst of anguish.

Ah, me! unhappy, me! now must I sink—
Lost, lost.

Assuming more composure, she deplores in pathetic language, the hard fortunes her skill in magic art had inflicted on her destiny. She reasons with Creon; shows the fallacy of his apprehensions; acknowledges the justice of his sway, and invokes the blessing of Heaven upon the match of his daughter. She implores leave to remain in the land, and promises to bury her plaints and sorrows in the silence of her own breast. Creon had grown gray-headed in cunning. His suspicions were not easily lulled. He surmises too well—"Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep." He, therefore, iterates his command more peremptorily. Medea is in despair. She falls down upon her knees. The king still remains obstinately firm. The fair suppliant, seeing all her endeavors futile, artfully shifts her ground. She protests all due submission to his kingly fiat—as for her own fate, she was utterly reckless—but, her dearly beloved children, outcasts on the sea of life's troubles; and she burst into a flood of tears:

Have pity on them; thou hast children—thou
Be sure must feel a father's tenderness:
One day, indulge me this, one single day,
To recollect my thoughts, to plan my course,
And make some poor provision for my sons.

Creon was vanquished by this appeal.

One single day, if so thy needs require,
I will indulge thee; in that little space
Thou wilt not do the horrid deeds I dread.

Poor Creon! little was he dreaming of the deadly blight which was soon to fall upon the harvests of his hopes and loves. Little was dreaming the happy bride, the spouse of Jason, when decked in gorgeous plumes and all the pomp of Eastern attire, just stepping forth into life's most glowing scenes, her countless graces unfolding like the opening rose—that so soon the avenger's hand should pluck away her peace, and with the hues of death, overshadow her bloom!

Medea, on the king's departure, breaks out in a strain of fiendish exultation. She vows the direst vengeance:

Think'st thou I would cringe,
And fawn upon this man, but with some view
Of interest or design? I would not else
Have oped my lips to him, or touch'd his hand:

Like the wily serpent, when sure of its prey, her eyes sparkle with joy, as fancy feasts on the writhings of her victims. But how will she consummate her fell intent?

Shall I with flames destroy this bridal house?
Or in the dead of night, when all are laid
In deep repose, enter with silent step,
And plunge into their breasts the piercing sword?

No—she discards both suggestions. By her own magic arts and specious wiles, she will effect her deadly purpose:

Be it so—
And they are dead. What city will receive me?
What land will shelter me? What faithful house
Open its hospitable gates, my life
Protecting?

She paused for reflection. No asylum presents itself to her heated imagination. She feels alone in the world; yet, the tide of her wrongs rushing in floods of memory over her soul, Medea wildly invokes the gods of Hell, and swears at their shrine, implacable vengeance, though at the cost of her own life.

— Rouse thee, Medea! wake
Thy deepest science; meditate, devise,
Call forth thy terrible power: the contest now
Demands a daring spirit; dost thou feel
Thy sufferings? vindicate thy glorious birth.*

With what startling and picturesque effect the poet has represented his heroine, torn with fiercest passion, the reader of the original can only adequately conceive. Euripides has put forth all his powers, and carried his searching glance through the blackest shade of the enchantress' bosom; he sketched with a bold and daring pencil, and yet the delicate tints and shadows are blended harmoniously with the sterner features of his like-

* This imprecation is strikingly analogous, in spirit, to that of Lady Macbeth.

"Come, come you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose," &c.

ness. Medea stands out in bold relief, as a monster of darkest dye, yet by a certain ineffable charm of the poet's style, she still retains a wild, fearful majesty—a refined grace of feeling and conception—the passions—the aspect—the frailty of woman.

Medea, in the first interview with her faithless husband, sustains her composure, with wonderful self-control. To the flimsy sophistry,* by which Jason sought to justify his conduct, she returns a response, calm, for the most part, yet envenomed by the most cutting reproaches:

Not fortitude
Nor virtuous confidence is this, to look
On a friend's face after such injuries;
But shamelessness, the foulest, worst disease
That blackens in the breast.

She expresses a fierce joy at the opportunity offered her of casting into his teeth, the vileness of his ingratitude. With ingenious enumeration, she recounts the thousand favors of life and death, that she had bestowed, at her own peril, on his unworthy head. She recalls to his mind, with startling force, her fair and royal prospects, that she had blighted for his sake:

Ah me, how am I fallen from all my hopes!
Now which way shall I turn me? Shall I go
Back to my country and my father's house?
These I betrayed for thee.

The mother of his children—she had guided their infant steps, and watched with maternal solicitude, their budding promise—

And for all these bounties to thee,
O thou most vile of men, hast thou betrayed me,
And in new nuptials lightly placed thy joys.†

Jason's proffered wealth, Medea scouts with indignation;‡ her proud spirit disdains dependence.

Get thee gone; too long thy ling'ring here,
Enamor'd as thou art of thy new bride.
Wed her; but, be the gods propitious to me,
I tell thee thou wilt dearly rue these nuptials.

**** The enchantress now unravels her hellish plot of revenge. One of her train, shall entreat from

* Milton, who was an accomplished scholar, has evidently paraphrased the concluding sentiment of Jason's second speech, in those well-known lines:

"O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature," &c. &c. *Paradise Lost.*

† Poets, who copy from nature and truth, very often agree both in thought and imagery.

Medea exclaims:

"O Jove, why hast thou given us certain proof
To know adulterate gold, but stamp'd no mark,
Where it is needed most, on man's base metal?"

Shakespeare complains also:

"There is no art
To know the mind's construction by the face."

{ ——"Give not me; the gifts
Of a bad man can bring no good with them."

So Shakespeare:

"To the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor; when givers prove unkind."

Jason, the favor of another interview. In his presence she will protest all obedience to his will, and with gentle and insinuating appeals calm his ruffled temper. She will make but one request, that her children may not rove with their mother into comfortless exile, but, in the smiles of their father's fortune, grow up to a brightening manhood.

—— I will send them
To this new bride with presents in their hands,
To win them leave to stay not exiled hence;
A fine-wrought robe, a gold-entwined wreath
To bind her tresses; in these ornaments
If she array her, instant shall she perish,
And all that touch her: with such potent spells
These presents will I charm.

And now Medea's soul is convulsed with agony. Her dark intent involves the death of her sons—and with all a mother's tenderness, her affections gush forth in frantic violence. How shall she bathe her hands in the blood of her darling babes? How behold their innocent forms racked with mortal pain? Will nature bear the deed? With desperate energy she pushes from her thoughts the insinuating suggestions of love and mercy.

Let me not be deemed
A poor, low-thoughted, tame and timid thing.

Yes—true, her own anguish shall be great—yet greater still the anguish of the false Jason,—his soul shall bleed with remorse—a healing balm to her own wounds!

There was my weakness, when my father's house
I left, persuaded by the soothing words
Of this false Grecian, who, with the just gods,
Shall feel my vengeance; he no more shall see
His sons by me alive.

On the re-entrance of Jason, Medea plays her part with all the beseeching fervor of the lowliest suppliant. She retracts her rash expressions, and entreats him, by the memory of their past love, to regard her with an eye of favor and forgiveness.

Calm reason hath resum'd
Its station in my heart; much have I blamed
And chid myself; why wayward as thou art,
Thus have I schooled me; why wilt thou give way
To madness? Why this anger?

She should have furthered his counsels and decked his nuptial couch with her own hands—

—— Rejoicing that thy royal bride
Regarded thee thus fondly.

She calls her children forth to share in the smiles and embrace of their father, and, darkly boding their fate, with impassioned eloquence gives utterance to the sad current of her feelings:

Ah me! the thought of some concealed ill
Comes o'er my heart. Will you, my sons, live long
To stretch your dear hands thus? Unhappy me,
These eyes have lately learnt to weep, this heart
To know what fear is; time hath soften'd me.

Jason assures Medea of his interest in her behalf, and, with paternal warmth, clasps his sons in his arms.

But why is this?

Why stands the moist tear trembling in thine eye?
Why is thy pale cheek turned aside, as if
Thou didst receive my words unwillingly?

With sugared sophistry, Medea palliates woman's frailty—she begs Jason to intercede with his bride, in favor of her children, at least—

Myself will send her
Presents, whose beauteous lustre far outshines
Whate'er of radiance human eyes have seen;
A fine-wrought robe, a gold-entwined crown
My sons shall bear. Of my attendant train,
Go one, and quickly bring these ornaments.
Not in one instance shall thy bride be blessed,
But in a thousand.

Go then, my sons, the royal house is nigh—
Entreat, beseech your father's new-won wife,
My mistress, that you may not from this land
Be forced to fly—present these ornaments;
And, mark me, give them to no hands but her's.

The children have executed the task assigned them, and Medea waits the result in an agony of doubt and impatience. At this interval, the ebbs and flows of the tides of her mysterious soul are depicted by the poet in the most harrowing expression. Her character glows into life. The awful pathos and sublimity of Medea's sentiments strike terror to the heart. The passionate gush of her feelings stir up the fountains of sympathy. We pity, while we condemn. We weep over the sad wreck of this noble mind, containing in itself the elements of so much moral greatness, and enriched with all the treasures of thought and imagination!

Medea fondly gazes upon her sons. She was a loving mother, and with a mother's bitter pang, she descants upon her blasted hopes:

To another land
I go a fugitive! delight in you
Ere I enjoy, ere I behold you blest,
Ere I prepare you wives, ere I adorn
Your bridal bed, and hold the nuptial torch.
In vain I nurtured you, my sons; in vain
I labor'd and consumed myself with cares;
In vain, I bore a mother's painful throes.

With touching address, she paints the bright scenes of happiness that had glenned afar to fancy's eye. Embosomed amid the shades of retirement, she had hoped to find repose in the eve of life—she had fondly deemed that her children's love would have soothed her cares, and their tears moistened the green sod that hallowed her grave!

Now that pleasing thought
Is vanished.

* Medea says:

—— Presents with the gods
Have power; and no persuasive words can charm
The hearts of men, like gold.

So Shakspeare:

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

† How like the pathos of Shakspeare:

Farewell!
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Conscious of her cruel plot, Medea rebukes the innocent wiles of her darling boys :

Alas, alas ! why are your eyes,
My sons, fix'd fondly on me ? Why that smile ?
'Tis your last smile. Ah me, what shall I do ?
My heart sinks in me. When I see my sons,
Ye females, when I view their cheerful looks,
I cannot. No. Ye former purposes,
Farewell !

Her pride, swelling with wrongs remembered, scorns
the soft suggestions of love :

Why this tenderness ?
Can I then wish to be their jest, their scorn,
Leaving my foes unpunished ? I must dare
The deed.

But a mother's bosom again relents. Affection pleads
with her revengeful soul :

Ah me ! ah me !
Do not, my soul, do not attempt this deed :
No, wretch ; forbear to touch them ; spare thy sons ;
There shall they live with me and be thy joy.

Desperate, at length, with conflicting passion, Medea
swears a dreadful oath :

By the powers of vengeance, in the realms
Beneath, this shall not be ; since they must die,
(For die they must) by me, who gave them life,
Death shall be given ; this is my fixed resolve,
Incapable of change.

Yet once more, before the fatal deed, the mother in-
dulges the native feelings of her heart :

Give me, my sons,
Give me your hands ; embrace me ! O that hand,
How dear to me, how very dear those lips,
That form, that noble aspect of my sons !
Blessed may you be ; but *there* ; your father *here*
Hath rest each blessing. O the sweet embrace !
How soft their touch, how fragrant is their breath !
Go, go, my sons.

During this time, a sad tragedy has been consummated
elsewhere. The hasty arrival of a messenger, bears
the tidings to the enchantress, and with malignant joy
she begs a minute description of the horrible scene. In
the recital which follows, the poet has combined every
circumstance of terror and sublimity. His language is
thrilling. His pathos overpowering. His imagery ter-
rific. His numbers, solemn as the grave. We are
awed—the blood runs cold in our veins. The bride of
Jason had joyfully received the poisoned robe and
crown.

The various-tinctured robe
She took and put it on ; then on her head
She placed the golden crown, and with nice care
Composed her tresses at the radiant mirror,
And smiled upon the lifeless image there ;
Then rising from her seat with dainty step
Travers'd the chamber, with the splendid gifts
Delighted, and full oft with head erect
Cast on the mirrors her admiring eyes.
A sight of horror follow'd ; from her cheeks
The roses fled ; her trembling limbs with pain
Support her staggering steps to reach her seat,
Ere on the floor she sunk.

The palace resounds with the piercing screams of the
tortured princess. Starting from her seat, she flies, all
on fire, tossing her burning locks, and struggling to tear
the envenomed crown from its fixed grasp.

No more the liquid lustre of those eyes ;
Those blooming cheeks no more retain'd their grace ;
But from her head, blood mixed with fire flow'd down,
And, like the tear that dews the pine, her flesh,
Melted in putrid drops, consumed beneath
The rankling venom ;—dreadful sight !

In the meantime, Creon, her aged father, had entered
the chamber—rushing forward with paternal eagerness,
he clasped the corpse of his daughter in his arms :

O my child !
O my unhappy child ! what cruel god
Hath thus destroyed thee ? Who my feeble age
Hath bow'd, deprived of thee, down to the tomb ?

Pausing in his sad laments, he tried to extricate him-
self from the tangles of the scorching robe :

His struggles now
Were dreadful—
If he essay'd his strength
With greater efforts, from his bones it rent
His aged flesh ; till faint and motionless
He lay and breathed out his unhappy life,
Worn out and wasted with his illa. In death
They lie—the daughter and the hoary father
Together stretch'd—a sight that calls for tears.

Medea listens to this tale of horror, with fiendish com-
placency. Thus far, she has tasted the sweetness of
revenge, and now, with desperate phrenzy, she girds
up her resolution for the final, fatal act.

For this short day, remember not thy sons !
Hereafter mourn at leisure.

With sword in hand, she seeks her sons—their feeble
voice is heard from within, in tones of affright.

1st Son. What shall I do ? How fly my mother's hands ?
2nd Son. I know not—dearest brother, we shall die.

The chorus, though Medea's party, melt in compassion.

Heard you the cry ? Heard you the children's voice ?
Thou wretch, art thou of iron or of rock,
That thou wilt kill thy sons, whom thou brought'st forth,
With thine own hands.

But the interference is too late—Medea, with blinded
fury, had wreaked her vengeance—her sons lay mur-
dered before her. Mounted in the air on a fiery car,
drawn by dragons,* the enchantress scoffs at the tears
of the agonized Jason.

Call me a tigress, then ; or, if thou wilt,
A Scylla, howling 'gainst the Tuscan shore ;
I, as is right, have taught thy heart to bleed.

Jason's infuriated curses, Medea reviles with bitter
sarcasm.

Medea.—What god will hear thee, or what fury,
Thou perjur'd, base betrayer of the rights
Of hospitality ?

Jason.—Away, away,
Thou pest abhorr'd ; thou murderer of thy sons.

Medea.—Go to thy house ! go, and entomb thy wife.

Jason.—I go, deprived, alas ! of both my sons.

Medea.—This grief be thine e'en to thy latest age.

Jason.—O ! my dear sons !

Medea.—Ay, to their mother dear,
But not to thee.

Jason.—And wherefore did'st thou kill them ?

Medea.—To rend thy heart.

* See Ovid's Medea. Delphin, p. 260.

Thus ends this noble drama. The outlines we have sketched, are necessarily imperfect; for, in the summary delineation of character, its nicer shades of feeling and sentiment, must, in part or altogether, disappear from view. Prominent characteristics alone, can be exhibited to advantage. It is a profound remark of Lord Bacon, "that for the expression of affections, passions, corruptions and customs, we are beholden to poets, more than to the philosopher's works; and for wit and eloquence, not much less than to orators' harangues." Whoever, therefore, would acquire a just notion of a poet's characters, must study them in the poet's language; by this means only, can the poet's vigor of thought be transfused into his own. An expression fully realized—the force of a compound epithet analyzed into its simples, will often impart a more thorough knowledge of character, than can be derived from the whole work of a translator, however felicitous its execution.* The contented reader of mere translations, knows not the feast of thought he neglects in the original. The philosophy of language, the progress of reason, the caste of national thought and religion†—all these topics, so interesting to the inquiring mind, can never be investigated to such advantage as in the phrases and usages of the ancient poets and orators. Nor is it difficult to assign the reason. Language, like every other science, is progressive. In rude society, speech is necessarily restricted to the expression of few objects of thought. As manners improve, language becomes more artificial; its foundations are enlarged; laws, morality, custom, ceremonies, civil or religious, exert a wonderful influence on its structure. Foreign conquests, and extended acquaintance with distant nations, contribute materially to the same result. Hence the history of language is essentially connected with the history of civilization and national refinement.‡ The antiquary, in his researches into the origin of words, throws light on the progress of the human mind. The complicated formation of language, with all its appendages of imagery and polish, is reduced to system, and observed to be the necessary result of the laws of thought.

* Sir James McIntosh has strikingly illustrated this observation, in his remarks on Cicero's definition of Fortitude—"virtus pugnans pro aquitate." The remains of the original sense of *virtus*, manhood, give a beauty and force to these expressions, which cannot be preserved in our language. The Greek *Αρετή* and the German *Tugend*, originally denoted strength, afterwards courage, and at last, virtue. But the happy derivation of *virtus* from *vir*, gives an energy to the phrase of Cicero, which illustrates the use of etymology in the hands of a skilful writer.

† The religious belief of the old Saxons may be derived, in part, from the meaning of their names of Deity. How few are aware of the force of those two words—Lord God. The word "God," is pure Anglo-Saxon, and means "good"—it was applied to the Supreme Being, as emphatically a "good Being." Lord is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon—"heaf," bread; hence our word "loaf;" and "lord," to supply. The ancient English noblemen were accustomed to keep a continual open house, where all their vassals and all strangers had liberty to enter, and eat as much as they would—and hence those noblemen had the honorable title of "Lords," i. e. dispensers of bread. Thus, the words "Lord God," contain in themselves a body of sound divinity.

‡ But trace the progress of English language and civilization, to be convinced of this truth. Their improvements go hand in hand.

A comparison, too, of languages, is often the only evidence of the affinity of nations—the oriental tongues are perceived to bear a striking resemblance to each other—and hence, the inference is natural, that the people of the east are branches of the same family. The relationship of the eastern and western nations, is as necessarily concluded, from an inspection and collation of their several modes of speech. The deduction, therefore, of the common origin of mankind, may be drawn from the mere observation of language. The remark of Bacon, is extremely *à propos*—"Industrious persons, by an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, tradition, &c., do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time."

The Grecian language, the noblest legacy the ancients have bequeathed us, is peculiarly interwoven with the customs and institutions of the Greeks—that subtle people delighted in enlarging and refining their speech on the basis of their rites and ceremonies, civil or religious—they disdained to mix foreign allusions with so divine an invention—the *language of the gods*. The poets and orators recited their splendid productions before the assembled auditory of Greece. How natural, then, that they should make continual references to those venerable manners and institutions of their ancestors, which all held in religious veneration. What an ingenious topic of persuasion to descant on the usages, triumphs and glory of the past. The force and propriety of such allusions can be duly estimated by those only who are conversant with the original text. The essence or spirit of style and thought, like subtle gases, is of so volatile a nature, as to evaporate in the very act of transferring from language to language. Hence, the mere reader of translations will often be disappointed in his expectations of Grecian literature. He will read the most glowing passages of ancient poetry and eloquence, without emotion; he will merge the hidden and peculiar meaning of sentences and phrases into a general sense, corresponding to his own usage. Epithets of character, which, in the original, were pregnant with fulness will seem poor and meager;—and the reader, perhaps, discontented with classical taste and learning, will seek in the amusement of novels, histories and second rate productions of his own country, that delight and interest, which he sought, in vain, in communion with the master-spirits of antiquity.

Among the Grecian tragedians, Euripides is chiefly celebrated for that *naïveté* of expression, which it is impossible to transfuse into our own language. The simplicity of the poet's thoughts,* is remarkable; though there is nothing more elaborately curious than the structure of his words and the sweetness of his melody.† The admirer of ancient tragedy, will find in the "Medea" of this bard, that familiar and easy dignity of speech, which should characterise the stage. What

* Euripides abounds in much of what the ancient critics termed *λαλίας*, tenui oratione et scripturâ levi.

† Euripides was excessively slow in composing; on this account he was reproached by a malevolent poet, as stupid—observing at the same time that he had written one hundred verses in three days, while Euripides had written only three. True, says the poet, but there is this difference between your poetry and mine—yours will expire in three days, but mine shall live for ages to come.

Theophrastus is amongst prose writers, is Euripides among poets—chaste, natural, unaffected.

The songs of the chorus, are exceedingly beautiful—often sublime; take, for example, the following strophes and antistrophes, on the occasion of the poisoned vestments being sent to Jason's bride.

STRO. I.

Hope that thy sons shall live, is now
No more—e'en now to death they go.
This gorgeous prize
Shall she receive with pride;
But ruin to th' unhappy bride
In its refulgent circle lies.
Soon as her hands this crown shall place
Her golden-tressed brows to grace,
She goes, array'd for death,
To the dark shades beneath!

ANTIS. I.

The glittering robe's ambrosial ray,
Its tempting lustre shall display;
Her tresses bright
Bound with this radiant gold,
Her nuptial pomp the bride shall hold,
Solemniz'd in the realms of night.
Entangled in this net of fate,
Misery and ruin on her wait;
Nor hath she pow'r to fly
Her ruthless destiny.

STRO. II.

Where, hapless husband, are the joys
That crown thy nuptial state?
Thy wish to kings to be allied,
Blind as thou art to fate,
With dreadful deeds thy sons destroys,
And down the dreary road,
To Pluto's dark abode,
Conducts thy sorrow-wedded bride.

ANTIS. II.

Nor less for thee, unhappy dame,
My heart with pity bleeds;
By thee in gore thy sons shall roll,
Whilst prompt to horrid deeds,
Vindictive of the unhallow'd flame
Which to a foreign bed
Thy perjured husband led,
Wild passions swell thy stormy soul.

Before we bring these remarks to a close, it may not be amiss to inquire briefly into the causes which have tended to obscure the merits of ancient tragedy. These causes, generally, may be resolved into the following: The limited cultivation of the higher classics—the ignorance of Grecian fashions and domestic manners—the simplicity of the ancient drama—and, lastly, the difference of taste and genius prevailing among modern nations. In the ensuing remarks, we propose to show the operation of these several causes.

I. *The limited culture of classical literature.*

Lord Bacon observes, "the opinion of plenty is amongst the causes of want, and the great quantity of books maketh a show rather of superfluity than lack; which surcharge, nevertheless, is not to be remedied by making no more books, but by making more good books, which, as the serpent of Moses, might devour the serpents of the enchanters." And, truly, were we to judge of the attainments of smatterers by their dis-

play of classical learning, we should form the most unbounded estimate of the improvement of the age; but, unhappily, knowledge, in depth, has not equalled, in any due proportion, its wide diffusion of surface. Laborious inquiry is by no means a characteristic of this period of the world—the solid and century-earned stores of toiling master-spirits, are not at all relished amongst a people too ambitious to use the slow and sure means of climbing the summit of perfection. Our acquisitions of mind are made as fast as our fortunes. We travel over the storied pages of antiquity with all the velocity of a steam-car—all is life—all is bustle.

Instant ardent Tyril; pars ducere muros,
Molirique arcem, et manibus subvolvere saxa,
Pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco.*

Some choice spirits, indeed, there are, who have consecrated their talents on the altar of ancient learning—who minister, with delight, at the inner shrines of the temple of antiquity, and like faithful priests, repair and renovate the ravages of time—amid shades and hallowed groves, they revolve the oracles of genius—they frequent, with more than pilgrim devotion, the venerable sepulchres of the poets, orators, and philosophers, and enjoy, in their own divine aspirations, the richest meed of fame. But how rare, such devoted masters! Few of our noble youth learn fully to appreciate the classic models of grace and beauty. The higher branches of ancient lore are almost wholly neglected; and if, by chance, a young man should imbibe a taste for these ennobling pursuits, during a collegiate term, he either loses the charm amid the whirl and vortex of business, or, poring over his law and medical books, neglects the classical study, as incompatible with his profession.

Grecian tragedies, therefore, the most elaborate productions of Grecian genius, have received but poor attention from such inconstant votaries of the ancient Muses. Those divine dramas are left to be cared for by learned professors in the solitude of their closets; their mysteries, in vulgar opinion, as incomprehensible as those of Ceres to the ancient world. All the strength, all the grace, all the pathos, all the sentiment, all the character, every thing, in short, valuable in style or thought, is sacrificed willingly at the shrine of interest, short-lived pleasure, narrow views, or superficial attainment.†

II. *The ignorance of Grecian fashions and domestic manners.*

"Tragedy," says Dr. Blair, "is a direct imitation of human manners and actions. For it does not, like the

* The Syracusans freed the unfortunate Greeks they had captured in war, on their repeating, each, a few verses of the tragedies of Euripides.

Query.—Would our bustling countrymen ever consent to liberate their prisoners of war, for such a ransom?

† A national university would prove a signal blessing to these United States, in which the whole cycle of ancient literature would be thoroughly explored. Let such an institution be founded with endowments befitting the splendor of our national resources, and who could estimate its potent influence on letters and the perpetuity of our government? Cambridge and Oxford, (the latter founded by Alfred the Great,) have been for centuries the guardians of English freedom. The centre of the union would be the most desirable location for such an university, and its students should be distributed equally from among the several states.

epic poem, exhibit characters by the narration and description of the poet—but the poet disappears, and the personages themselves are set before us, acting and speaking what is suitable to their characters.”

If, therefore, manners and customs shift in every age, we might expect *a priori* that dramatic writings would be often obscure, often unintelligible, after the lapse of centuries. What is thus presumable, has actually occurred. We have, in numerous passages, lost the proper key to the interpretation of the tragedians. Domestic and household manners are never the suitable subject of history, and hence they gradually fall into oblivion. The wave of conquest buries every vestige below its depths.

Owing to the continual fluctuation of manners and customs, the tragic poets are the least understood, of all the Grecian writers; the interest, therefore, which the reader, conversant with a different set of habits of life, would otherwise feel, is much impaired. Even the fashions of Shakspeare's time have altered to such a degree as to render difficult of comprehension some of his finest passages.

III. *The simplicity of the ancient drama.*

The plays of the Greeks, we have had occasion to observe, were designed to impart lessons of wisdom and morality to the people.* And, on this account, they received the approbation of the wisest philosophers. Whoever considers attentively the character of ancient mind, will remark, that it was peculiarly fond of the chaste and simple styles. All the classic models, though unadorned in expression, yet abound in all the majesty of genius—all the sublimest flights of fancy. This fondness for simplicity, the Attics carried to excess, in every department of literature. Tragedy, therefore, was modelled, in all its parts, according to the standard of popular taste; the lessons of wisdom and ethics, were clothed in the chastest attire; the plot of the drama itself was wonderfully destitute of incident. The primary end, to which all the action referred, was neither remote nor attained by artificial surprises or a labyrinth of turns; from beginning to end, you see the catastrophe; yet the magic wand of the poet, like the caduceus of Mercury, holds you spell-bound to his page. The incidents in the play of Medea, are consummated in the course of a few hours; nothing is more simple than the plot throughout; yet, the gifted mind of Euripides, has wrought up one of the noblest productions of the human intellect.

The striking peculiarity of Attic genius, alluded to, in connection with the revolution of modern taste, sufficiently account for the depreciation of the ancient drama. The question of the relative merits of the modern and ancient stage, we do not mean here to discuss:

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites
Et vitula tu dignus et hic.—*Ecl. iii.*

But that public taste has undergone a decided change,

* Yet Solon held a contrary opinion as to their effect. He went to witness a new tragedy of Thespis; after the play was ended, Solon ran to the actor, and roughly asked, if he were not ashamed to speak so many lies before so great an auditory? Thespis answered, “It was no shame to act or say such things in jest.” Solon, striking the ground hard with his staff, replied, “But, in a short time, we who approve this kind of jest, shall use it in earnest, in our contracts and transactions.”

it would be vain to deny; a drama now on the ancient model, would not be tolerated by a theatrical audience. The sentiment of Euripides—the soft murmurings of the Attic Bee,* the wild melody of Æschylus, have no great charms for modern ears. There must be plots and underplots—uncertainty of catastrophe—novelty—surprises—bustle and love—shiftings of scenes and protracted periods of years. All these are constituents of the modern drama.

We have thus briefly noticed a few causes that have tended to obscure the intrinsic merits of the Grecian drama. The subject is full of interest, and might be pursued at length—but our limits forbid;—we have only to exhort our fellow-students to enter the rich fields of classical science, and reap the glorious harvests stretching out illimitably before them. The prize to be won is noble—in all ages, the emulation of choicest spirits. To fathom the depths of souls lit up by the purest ray of thought—to soar with them in their longings after immortality, to the calm Elysium of contemplation, is surely no mean employment of angelic minds.

And have not Grecian classics a special claim on the attention of American youth? Were not their authors freemen, and their thoughts beating high with the fervor of liberty? Were not Sophocles and Æschylus patriot soldiers in the battles of Greece against the proud invader? Was not their language that of the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ? Surely we should reverence and study so valuable a memorial of the past—embodying the breathing thoughts of heroes—the vehicle of indignant rebukes of tyranny—and connected, in its history, with the first dawns of liberty, and the proudest epochs of the ancient world.

Chapel Hill, May 31, 1839.

* Sophocles, so called from the honied sweetness of his Muse.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Mr. WHITE :

The character of Washington is only now beginning to be thoroughly appreciated by Europeans—or, at any rate, by Englishmen. In the last October number of the *Edinburgh Review*, a brilliant writer, said to be Lord Brougham, closes a series of masterly sketches of the prominent men of the reigns of the two last Georges, by a highly wrought, yet discriminating, eulogy, in which he styles him the “greatest man of our own, or of any age;—the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed!” In the fulness of patriotic pride and filial reverence, his countrymen have always entertained this opinion; but, we believe, Lord Brougham is the first distinguished Englishman who has come up to the American standard, in his estimate of the character of Washington.

The following tribute is from a different, but scarcely less distinguished, source. It is from the pen of the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, England. Mr. Jay is, perhaps, the most distinguished minister of the gospel, among the Dissenters in Great Britain. His writings

are read and appreciated by every denomination of Christians, and few men have ever been the honored instruments of more extensive good. The verses have never appeared in print on either side of the Atlantic.

B.

LINES,

Written impromptu, on seeing the picture of Washington's villa
at Mount Vernon.

BY REV. WM. JAY, BATH, ENGLAND.

There dwelt the Man, the flow'r of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew,
But in a righteous cause to Freedom true.
There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er fought for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Caesar's name—
There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart.
And O! Columbin, by thy sons caress'd,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he bless'd,
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other Chiefs, the means himself to raise.
But *there* retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a Crown.

SONNETS.

INDOLENCE.—(BY PARK BENJAMIN.)

I.

There is no type of indolence like this:—
A ship in harbor, not a signal flying,
The wave unstirr'd about her huge sides lying,
No breeze her drooping pennant-flag to kiss,
Or move the smallest rope that hangs aloft:
Sailors recumbent, listless, stretched around
Upon the polished deck or canvass—soft
To his tough limbs that scarce has ever found
A bed more tender, since his mother's knee
The stripling left to tempt the changeful sea.
Some are asleep, some whistle, try to sing,
Some gape, and wonder when the ship will sail,
Some "damn" the calm and wish it was a gale;
But every lubber there is lazy as a king.

II.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning,
With a large fox-hound of a slumberous eye,
And a slim gun go slowly lounging by—
About to give the feathered bipeds warning
That probably they may be shot hereafter—
Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter.
For, though I am no lover of the sport
Of harmless murder, yet it is to me
About the laziest sight on earth, to see
A corpulent person, breathing with a snort,
Go on a shooting-frolic all alone:
For well I know that when he's out of town,
He and his dog and gun will all lie down,
And undestructive sleep, till game and light are flown.

COMBE ON PHRENOLOGY.

[All our readers are probably not aware that the distinguished GEORGE COMBE, of *Edinburgh*, the first living Professor of Phrenology, is now on a visit to this country—and that his lectures on that interesting subject have attracted, and are still attracting brilliant crowds of admirers in New York. We are aware that there are hundreds of intelligent persons, in whose minds the very name of phrenology is associated with something like empiricism and imposture. The violent opposition, however, which it has already encountered, and is destined still to encounter, may, we think, be easily accounted for, without any disparagement of its claims to be ranked as a true science. All new systems and discoveries, even in those branches of human knowledge which do not concern the moral feelings or affect the passions,—such for example as the mathematics or mechanical philosophy,—are always slow in making their way to general favor and acceptance; and this doubtless arises in a great degree from the prejudices of education and attachment to old opinions. The material philosophy of Newton, it is said, had flourished for thirty years, before the learned doctors of the University of Cambridge condescended to embrace it; and, in our own country, it is well recollected, that the experiments of Fulton to illustrate the application of steam power to the purposes of navigation, were long regarded as the efforts of a crack-brained enthusiast. If in such instances, it has been found hard to beat down human prejudice and error, how much more difficult is it, when the discovery relates to moral, metaphysical or religious truth. A system which teaches that the feelings, propensities and capacities of our nature, may be inferred from cerebral development, or be determined by external and visible conformation, is at once revolting to all those who desire to appear better and wiser than they are—or who are conscious of some secret frailties, or lurking dispositions, which they would gladly conceal from mortal eye. In like manner, we know that there is a natural repugnance in the heart to the revealed truths of religion, because they present an humbling and mortifying view of man's nature, and exact from him a purity of thought and life beyond his unregenerate capacities; but as this innate aversion to the holy requirements of christianity, does not prove that christianity is false, neither does the common and natural dislike which is felt towards phrenology diminish its just claims to fair and candid inquiry as well as the fearless assent of the mind upon conviction. We know some excellent and pious persons, however, whose antipathies are so strong on the subject that they will not even examine it, and this, in most cases, arises from a vague conception that the science is some how or other allied to materialism. We have no doubt, ourselves, that this is a gross misapprehension of the nature and tendency of the system; and this opinion cannot need stronger confirmation than in the fact, that phrenology numbers among its disciples some of the firmest believers in the christian religion. Other persons there are, who, without supposing that any connexion exists with materialism, turn from the discoveries of Gall and Spurzheim with ridicule and con-

tempt; but ridicule and contempt are no longer relied upon as arguments in the investigation of truth. Systems must stand or fall by their own merits, after the tests of philosophy, reason, and truth are applied to them—and not till then. We acknowledge there is one stumbling block in the path of phrenology, which has hitherto obstructed its march to public favor, and that is the blundering ignorance and quackery of many of its professors. With a few weeks preparatory study only, these strolling lecturers, whose exclusive object is gain, have imposed upon the public by false representations of character, deduced from a superficial view of the external organs; whereas the chief excellence of the science consists in its beautiful classification of mental phenomena, surpassing in that respect all the metaphysical systems of preceding ages.

We have said thus much on the subject, by way of introducing to our readers the first lecture of Mr. Combe, which we propose to follow up by the remainder as soon as they reach us; and we feel fully persuaded that we cannot offer any thing more acceptable to the readers of the *Messenger*. Even if they fail to convince—of one thing there can be no doubt—that those who read them attentively will have their prejudices against the science greatly subdued, and will not hesitate to accord to Mr. Combe the possession of great powers of mind applied to the illustration of a new and most interesting branch of human knowledge. We take this occasion to say, that we transfer these lectures to our own pages from the "*New Yorker*," published in the city of New York, and conducted with distinguished ability by HORACE GREELY and PARK BENJAMIN, Esqrs.]

Ed. So. Lit. Messenger.

LECTURE I.

When a young man, I paid much attention to the prevailing theories of mental philosophy, frequently meeting a number of friends for the purpose of discussing the opinions of various metaphysical authors, hoping to obtain some practical views of human nature which would be serviceable in my intercourse with society and in the pursuit of my professional avocations. But all my study proved fruitless of beneficial results, and I ceased to pay attention to the metaphysicians. Hoping to obtain some more satisfactory notions of the mental functions from the physiologists, I attended the lectures of Dr. Barclay. All parts of the body were beautifully described, and their uses clearly explained, till he came to the brain; then was all dark and confused. He took that most important organ, cut it up in slices like a ham, confessing his ignorance of its functions and intimate structure. The physiologists satisfied me no better than the metaphysicians.

From the 49th No. of the *Edinburgh Review*, I received my first information concerning the doctrines of Phrenology. Led away by the boldness of that piece of criticism, I regarded its doctrines as absurd, and its founders as charlatans. For twelve months ensuing I paid no attention to the subject; indeed, such was the unfavorable impression made on my mind by the *Review*, that when Dr. Spurzheim came to Edinburgh, I neglected to attend his first course of lectures, and should probably not have attended him at all, but for a fortunate circumstance. Coming out of court one day,

my friend Mr. Brownlee invited me to attend a dissection of a brain, to be performed in his house by Dr. Spurzheim. I availed myself of this opportunity of comparing the method of Gall and Spurzheim with that I had seen practised by Dr. Barclay. Dr. Spurzheim did not slice it, but began at the *medulla oblongata*, and gradually unfolded the brain by following its structure. In ten minutes he demonstrated his anatomical views, and completely refuted the reviewer's assertions.

I immediately commenced to attend the lectures of Dr. Spurzheim; and, independently of his physiological views, I found the explanation he gave of mental manifestations to be greatly superior to any with which I was acquainted. This was a great point gained, and I determined to pursue the study by an appeal to nature. Accordingly I purchased books, and sent to London for a large quantity of casts. They arrived in three large puncheons; and when taken out, they covered nearly the whole of my sitting-room floor. But when I saw them there, seemingly all alike, my heart sank within me, and I would gladly have stuck them into some hole to get rid of them. However, my friends heard of my collection, and I soon had a great many to visit me—some to examine, and some to quiz. I took a couple of them up to examine them, and soon found that heads apparently alike were in reality very dissimilar. This encouraged me. I pursued my examinations, both of the casts and of the heads of living persons, and gradually became firmly convinced of the truth of the new science. The meetings at my room, to hear my explanations, became more and more numerous, and in 1819 I was prevailed on to take a room and give public lectures. Thus, without the slightest intention on my part, I became a lecturer on Phrenology three years after first attending to the subject.

Of this narrative I wish to make two applications: 1. I desire to show you, that in taking up the phrenological doctrines, I was not led away by enthusiasm. 2. I wish to impress on your minds that it is not by attending a course of lectures, that you can become fully acquainted with Phrenology. I deem it impossible to make you so acquainted in a hundred lectures. I come here, not to wage war upon your opinions, but to invite your attention to an important subject; not to convince you of the truth of all the details of Phrenology, but to show you how to study and observe for yourselves. I admire not the mental character of those who have too great facility of belief; and Phrenology asks nothing but fair play, and candid, scrutinizing investigation.

Phrenology means the philosophy of the human mind, as manifested through the medium of the brain. This philosophy, as you know, has been opposed with great violence; and the opposition has not yet ceased. In being so opposed, however, it merely shares the fate of all new truths. "In every society," says Professor Playfair, "there are some who think themselves interested to maintain things in the condition wherein they have found them. * * * Even in matters purely intellectual, and in which the abstract truths of arithmetic and geometry seem alone concerned, the prejudices, the selfishness, or the vanity of those who pursue them, not unfrequently combine to resist improvement, and often engage no inconsiderable degree of talent in drawing back instead of pushing forward the machine of science. The introduction of methods entirely new, must often

change the relative place of men engaged in scientific pursuits, and must oblige many, after descending from the stations they formerly occupied, to take a lower position in the scale of intellectual improvement. The enmity of such men, if they be not animated by a spirit of real candor and the love of truth, is likely to be directed against methods by which their vanity is mortified and their importance lessened." *Dissertation*, part II, p. 27.

It is well known that Harvey was treated with great contumely, and lost much of his practice, on account of his momentous discovery of the circulation of the blood. Professor Playfair, speaking of Newton's discovery of the composition of light, says: "Though the discovery had every thing to recommend it which can arise from what is great, new and singular; though it was not a theory or system of opinions, but the generalization of facts made known by experiments; and though it was brought forward in a most simple and unpretending form, a host of enemies appeared, each eager to obtain the unfortunate preëminence of being the first to attack conclusions which the unanimous voice of posterity was to confirm."

But the most striking instance, perhaps, of reckless and unprincipled opposition to newly discovered facts, was the opposition made to Galileo's discovery of the satellites of Jupiter. This discovery was made simply from Galileo's having invented a telescope, by which bodies invisible to the naked eye were brought into view. One who violently opposed him he invited to look through the telescope, and see for himself. "No," said his adversary; "should I look through the telescope, I might perhaps see them; and then how could I maintain the view I now maintain?" This well illustrates the course pursued by the opponents of Phrenology. The truths of our science are sufficiently obvious; but many fiercely vituperate, yet refuse to look through the telescope.

Formerly Phrenology was much opposed by the religious portion of the community. In this country I have not witnessed much of this. Wherever the religious man places himself in opposition to natural truth, it is deeply to be regretted. All truth is from the same eternal source, whether it be the truth of Philosophy or the truth of Revelation. It is impossible to destroy a fact—it remains forever; and in opposing it, religious men will always be ultimately found in the wrong position. That is, in God's name they will be found to have opposed God's truth, and to have set variance between His word and works.

I recollect that in my youth I was taught to repeat the catechism of Dr. Watts, in which is this question—"How do you know you have a soul?"—which is thus answered—"Because there is something in me that thinks and feels, which the body cannot do." We are not conscious of the operation of the brain; but numerous facts with which we become acquainted by means of observation, prove that without its agency we can neither think nor feel—that it is in short the organ of mind. In support of this proposition, I may remark:

1. If the brain be not the organ of mind, its uses are unknown;
2. It is better protected and better supplied with blood than any other part of the body;
3. The nerves of the senses are all connected with

the brain: it is the recipient of all their transmissions;

4. The nerves of motion and the nerves of sensation are all connected with the brain: it is indeed the fountain of impulse and the reservoir of sensation;

5. Certain substances, as opium or ardent spirits, disturb mental manifestations by operating on the brain;

6. Fainting is a temporary loss of consciousness, occasioned by recession of blood from the brain.

But we have still more direct evidence. Richerand attended a woman whose brain had been laid bare. One day he pressed upon it a little more forcibly than usual, and the patient became silent and unconscious in the midst of a sentence. On removing his hand, consciousness immediately returned. As no pain was felt, he repeated the experiment several times, and always with the same result. Similar cases are related by many other writers. Sir Astley Cooper relates one of a seaman who had his skull fractured and brain compressed by a fall. For thirteen months he remained totally unconscious. On Sir Astley raising the skull, consciousness immediately returned. The last thing the man recollected was the object of his attention at the time of his fall.

But it may be asked how pressure on one part suspends all mental manifestations, if, as Phrenologists say, the brain consists of numerous organs? Let it be recollected that the brain is composed of a pulpy mass, having numerous blood vessels ramifying in its substance, and is enclosed in membranous sacs, the pia mater and the dura mater. It may be likened to an India rubber bag filled with fluid. Now it is a law of hydrostatics, that pressure made on one part of a fluid affects all parts alike; consequently, when pressure is made on one part of the brain, all are equally affected.

"But," say objectors, "how is it that the brain does not manifest structural derangement after death, when the individual has been afflicted with insanity?" This question was more confidently asked some years ago than now, more accurate investigations have shown that in the great majority of cases such derangement is demonstrable; and if it be not always the case, this is not more remarkable than what takes place in other parts where there may be derangement or destruction of function without the anatomist being able to discover organic change. Thus some poisons destroy life, without any structural alteration being visible in any part of the body.

Again, to show that the mind is independent of the body, it is said that the mind often fully manifests its faculties to the last moment of life, even in lingering disease. This is not true. It is important to distinguish between functional and organic derangement and simple weakness. Suppose I cut the muscles of my arm across, there would be organic derangement, completely incapacitating me from using my limb. Suppose I should bandage my arm tightly and keep it motionless for six months; at the end of that time I should be able to move it in the usual manner, but not with the usual force; the structure would remain the same, but the size and power would be greatly diminished. So when the brain is but secondarily affected, the mode of manifestation may remain unchanged to the end of some fatal malady, but the energy will be greatly lessened.

Thus, in disease of the lungs, the brain merely suffers, like other parts, sympathetically and from badly exaggerated blood. At the commencement of the disease, the mind may act with its usual vigor. During the second month the patient thinks but little on subjects requiring mental energy; during the third month he chooses novels or light reading; during the fourth he prefers newspaper paragraphs, as requiring little continuous attention; and afterwards he ceases to read altogether, and does little more than answer simple questions; yet, because he answers these questions correctly, his mental manifestations are said to be unimpaired. No mistake can be greater.

Again, when a part is actively exercised, blood rushes to it with rapidity; and if the brain be the organ of mind, there should be to it a rush of blood during mental action; and this is found to be the fact, as many writers testify. Dr. Pierquin observed a patient in one of the hospitals of Montpellier, part of whose skull had been removed. In dreamless sleep the brain lay motionless within the cranium; when she was agitated by dreams, the brain was agitated and protruded; in dreams reported by herself to be vivid, the brain was more protruded, and still more so when she was awake and engaged in active thought or sprightly conversation.

Every act of the will, every flight of the imagination, every glow of affection, every effort of the understanding, is, in fact, manifested by means of the brain. And this proposition is acknowledged by the greatest anatomists. "We cannot doubt," says Dr. Cullen, "that the operations of our intellect *always* depend upon certain motions taking place in the brain." Dr. Gregory remarks that "although memory, imagination and judgment appear to be so purely mental as to have no connection with the body, yet certain diseases which obstruct them prove that a certain state of the brain is necessary to their proper exercise, and that the brain is the primary organ of the internal powers." Blumenbach, Magendie, Arnott, nay, even the Edinburgh Review, in the 94th number, as well as numerous other authorities, give like testimony.

It is worthy of observation, that the general notion of the mind's independence of the body is quite modern, the offspring in fact of philosophical theories sprung up chiefly since the days of Locke. Shakspeare and the older writers frequently speak of the brain as implying the mental functions; and, to the present day, the notions of the vulgar are more in accordance with nature than those of polite scholars of the old school. Thus a stupid person is called a numbscull, a thick head, or said to be addle-pated—badly furnished in the upper story: while a talented person is said to be strong-headed, long-headed—to have plenty of brains; a madman is said to be wrong in the head—touched in the noddle.

We find, then, that reason, fact, the testimony of the best physiologists, and vulgar notions, all testify that the brain is the organ of mind.

And what does this proposition imply? Clearly that the state of the brain must greatly influence the mental manifestations, and that the perfection of those manifestations will depend on the perfection of the organ. How important, then, does the study of the brain become!

I beg to state that in Edinburgh my Phrenological course occupied fifty lectures of one hour each. Your time will not permit this. I therefore limit my lectures to sixteen. As in sixteen hours, however, I should be unable to do justice to the subject, I must beg your attendance on two hours of each evening. But, inasmuch as two hours continuous attention would be fatiguing, I shall always pause for five minutes at the end of the first hour. And I hope you will stand up during that time and disengage your attention from the subject. In this way you will be greatly relieved, and be enabled to bear the two hours' exertion much better than would at first appear likely.

I hope you will attend faithfully to the observations which form the introduction to my course. You will hereafter find that they have a most important practical bearing on the subject of education.

We next come to the question—Does the mind in *every act* employ the whole brain, or are separate faculties of the mind connected with distinct portions of the brain as their respective organs? Is the brain single or multiplex?

That it is multiplex may be proved by a number of considerations. Analogy would lead us to this conclusion. Thus, in all ascertained instances, different functions are never performed by the same organ. We have, for instance, a distinct organ for each sense, and it appears to me clear, that to feel puffed up with pride, and to feel great deference for others, are manifestations of functions as distinct as those of smelling and hearing. Some parts appear to have several functions, but on analyzing them each function is found to be performed by its peculiar organ: thus, the tongue moves, feels and tastes; but then it contains a nerve of motion, a nerve of feeling and a nerve of taste; and it may be deprived of any one of those functions, without the other two being impaired. But the most interesting example of distinct functions being dependent on distinct organs, is furnished by the spinal marrow. This is composed of two double columns—the anterior being appropriated to motion, the posterior to sensation. This, Sir Charles Bell clearly proved in the following manner: he cut an anterior nerve at its root in an ass, and the parts through which it ramified lost the power of motion, though feeling remained unimpaired. He cut a posterior nerve in another, and the parts through which it ramified lost the power of feeling, but retained that of motion. Their distinctness is now universally acknowledged—and here I would make an important observation: it has been objected to Phrenology, that to the organs of the brain we cannot assign distinct boundaries; that we are unable to take a brain and isolate the organs with the dissecting-knife, showing precisely where one ends and another begins. But, mark, this objection holds equally against the distinct functions of the different parts of the spinal marrow: that one part is appropriated to nerves of sensation, and another to nerves of motion, no one doubts; and yet to point out the precise boundaries of the distinct nervous columns is absolutely impossible.

Different faculties of the mind appear in succession: thus, affection for the parents or nurse appears before veneration, or the sense of justice, and the power of perceiving color and form before the reasoning power.

I am told by mothers, that children manifest fear when two or three months old. If the brain be a single organ, these powers should be simultaneously developed; but this is not so, and the only true explanation seems to be, that the mind is composed of different organs, which come to maturity at different times. Dr. Johnson, indeed, remarked that the doctrine of a variety of organs was absurd, "for," said he, "the man who can walk east can certainly walk west." But it may be remarked, that walking east and walking west are but walking—the exercise of a single function; whereas perceiving color, and reasoning, are quite distinct operations.

Again, genius is always partial, which it ought not to be if the organs of the mind were single. I have seen it maintained, in one of your periodicals, that genius is always the result of an accidental exciting cause. Thus, Newton was made a philosopher by the fall of an apple, and Byron became a great poet because he was lashed by the reviewers and condemned as a poetaster. But like causes produce like effects, and how happens it that so many millions, before Newton, had seen apples fall without ever thinking of any thing but picking them up and eating them? And if a lashing be sufficient to produce a great poet, why are not great poets more numerous? Indeed, if critical flagellation had been sufficient, I should by this time have become a great poet myself.

Dreaming can be rationally explained by Phrenology alone. Were the brain a single organ, then would all its faculties be asleep or awake together, and consequently dreaming be impossible. But this is not so. Cautiousness alone is sometimes awake: then are conjured up all fearful thoughts, and the dreams are of "hydras and chimeras dire." On the other hand, a number of the intellectual faculties may be awake and the sentiments asleep: then we may have a vision of friends long dead, but totally free from that awe or fear which their presence would inspire were not the feelings dormant.

Were not the brain a congeries of organs, partial idiocy could not occur; yet, that it does occur we well know. Here is the cast of an idiot whose intellectual faculties were externally small, but whose self-esteem was large; and notwithstanding his utter imbecility, he had a very comfortable opinion of his own importance. I knew an idiot on the banks of the Clyde who could play on one or two musical instruments, yet in other respects he was so utterly imbecile that he had to be supported by the parish. Now if the brain were a single organ this would be the same as if a man had the power of walking east without having the power of walking west.

Indeed, that the brain must consist of a congeries of organs, is maintained by distinguished physiologists otherwise opposed to Phrenology; as Fodéré, and Sir Charles Bell. Such considerations as I have stated, have impressed men, in all ages, with belief in the brain's multiplex character; and particular portions of the head have been assigned to distinct faculties, from the time of Aristotle. This drawing represents a head published at Venice in 1552, by Ludovico Dolci. Now what is the difference between such an arrangement and the system of Gall? Simply this:—Gall discovered the seat of the various faculties. These older writers considered *modes* of activity as simple faculties, and lo-

cated them according to a fancied propriety. Here in the front they placed *common sense*, because it seemed the most appropriate place for receiving information from the eyes, nose, and taste. *Fancy* they placed on the sides of the head, because it has such great facility in flying off in a tangent. *Reflection* they placed at the back of the head, because, in reflecting, men throw the mind back on itself. *Memory* they placed in the cerebellum, because they thought it formed a nice little store-house for the safe and snug keeping of ideas till they were needed. This, you will observe, was making man, not observing him.

The brain, then, is not a single organ, but each particular function is manifested by a particular portion of the brain.

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES;

NO. VI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TREE ARTICLES."

May, "the delicate-footed May," has come in upon us once more. She is suggestive of beautiful associations, and hence, chiefly, is she delightful to us, in this Northern clime of ours. For to us her sunny smiles are few, while her cloudy skies and rainy days are many. Now you, my dear green-pea-eating editor, are enjoying, all this month, the most delicious and truly May-like weather; while our trees, in leaf as they are, it is true, have not, as I write, attained a tithe of that fulness and richness which yours have for weeks displayed. Oh! how beautiful are your Southern woods in May! Why are you not all poets or painters, under their inspiration? The green is so rich,—the tints so varied! The oaks put forth their new foliage of the same hue with that which fell a few months before, from their branches,—thus seemingly arraying themselves in their cast-off autumn garments: yet how softened is that sombre hue by the thick down which covers every folded leaf! And how slowly do they unroll themselves, as if they feared that the winds of heaven would breathe on them too roughly! and then with what dignity do the elder and larger of these noble trees stretch out their huge branches;—with what stateliness do they receive the warm greetings of the Spring, as she flies gaily to meet them, imprinting kisses on their tender leaves, and making, the while, the younger saplings dance, and tremble with joy, at the salutation! The chesnut oak,—that rare and curious tree; how light and fresh is the tint of its foliage,—and how saucily does it flaunt its new bravery in the presence of the fine old chesnuts, which are more slowly awakening into life! Is it not adding insult to injury,—after having stolen the shape of their leaves,—to boast of being in greater beauty, at an earlier period of the Spring, which gives beauty to all, in turn? Boast, as this imitative oak may boast, of being mistaken by the careless observer for the veritable chesnut, the ripening acorn soon dispels the illusion, and shows it for what it really is: for the true fruitage (emblem of modest worth,) hides itself, you know, in a thick and impenetrable coat, as it grows to maturity.

And see the silver birch; with every pointed leaf dancing gaily on its slender stem, before the approach of musical May! and the dogwood, so full of white flowers, tinged so delicately with pink,—and so profuse in their growth as quite to usurp the place of leaves, of which it has but few! And the tulip-tree, towering above all the rest like a giant,—its immense arms swaying about in the cool breeze, and seeming to be “coming the grand” over the whole green populace below! But the Fringe-tree! at this season, the very queen of all the wood! None of your Southern trees can compare with her, as I have seen her, in May, in the woods of old Fairfax! Yet, queenly as she is, she is withal most modest: (a rare trait in queens,—which I commend to the imitation of the fair Victoria!) How gracefully hangs that drooping drapery upon her faultless form,—presenting her to our eyes, as the beautiful bride of the forest,—the Rosalind of trees!

Yes,—your woods are more various, more beautiful, more fraught with delicate and tender associations than our Northern forests. Yet ours have rich beauty, too: many of your oaks grow abundantly with us,—and then there are our maples, our elms, and sycamores,—all of which we have communed upon in the pages of the Messenger, in years past;—but over them all there is a melancholy shade thrown by the pine,—whose deep and dark foliage, and whose tall straight trunks, give a solemn grandeur to the northern forest. The winds, as they play through the branches, send a thrill of awe to the heart of the listener, as he starts at the shrill treble, or the deep diapason of this magic music. For the woods are Nature’s organ, with its million stops;—the winds of heaven are the players, as they swell the deep bass among the mighty pines, or delicately touch the smaller trees in *soprano*; making such sweet music as melts the sternest heart into mute adoration. The thousand birds and the myriads of humming insects, which ever throng the woods’ deep shades, are the choir, and so the woodlands are ever vocal, ever tuneful.

But I am writing another “tree article,”—which is what I did not sit down to do. Return we to “May,” once more!

May is gardening-month. Every body of taste enough to love flowers, and who has a nook of ground big enough to display that taste, carefully cultivates it now. How much aristocracy one sees, at times, in a garden: for this weed may grow there as well as elsewhere; and one can judge of the character of a person, and often of his rank, by the standard presented by a flower-garden. Flowers, though not aristocrats, themselves, are at least, never vulgar: and a poor man may evince as delicate a taste as a rich one, in cultivating them; though the former, may not have the means of displaying it to the same extent. They take the wild flowers from the heath, the sides of the river-rocks, the depths of the woods, and the banks of the streams, because they are free to them and to all. Nature is profuse and indiscriminating in these rich gifts. She will make the modest violet bloom as sweetly in the poor man’s garden-nook, as in the midst of her own rich and wide domain; and the lily or the primrose outvies many a rare exotic in the hot-house or conservatory of the rich man, who values these because they are far-

fetched and his! But the simple flower smells sweeter, and its fragrance reaches farther; it is enjoyed, as the exotic is not, by the passer-by, and is better, because it is more natural, and does far more good!

I remember seeing a vulgar taste most strikingly and somewhat amusingly displayed, in the arrangement of a garden, in one of the beautiful country towns, from which I have dated some of my communications to you. On the brow of a gently sloping eminence, a well-to-do kind of person had set up the frame of an old barn, which he soon cobbled up into the shape of a very decent habitation, and which, as he viewed it, was the perfection of house-building. The lot of land he had chosen had the advantages of a rich soil, and a most favorable location. Along the front, or street side of it, there towered a line of gigantic sycamores, and wide, branching elms, and from these to the summit of the hill,—on the very apex of which the house was built, all was green meadow and arable. The view in front comprehended the wide sweep of one of our most lovely rivers, and, yet more distantly, the blue line of the ocean, which formed nearly one half of the horizon. In the rear, there were delightful prospects of deeply wooded hills, and sunny fields of rich and waving grain, or broad expanses of pasture land filled with browsing cattle. So much had nature done for the *locale*. See how the new-comer had improved upon all this!

First, he painted his house pea-green; a color contrasting oddly enough with that of the rich grass and beautiful trees, that grew luxuriantly around it. Then he made a straight gravel walk from the front-door to the main road, upon each side of which, all the way down that beautiful slope, he planted a row of—yellow sun-flowers! How their broad faces flamed at mid-day, while the fiery orb whose name they bore, was blazing in the midst of the summer solstice! “What a taste!” exclaimed every one who passed, as he involuntarily wiped from his brow the perspiration, which a single glance at this odd parterre had excited.

There certainly is no great sentiment in a “Sun-flower.” It is not this flaring weed, but the “Heliotrope,” which furnishes Moore with the beautiful simile;

“As the Sunflower turns on her goal, when he sets,
The same look which she turned, when he rose!”

The only relics of “May games,” once so popular, which we, in America, have preserved, are “Going a Maying,” on the first morning in the month, and, in some of our cities, “May-balls.” The weather is so precarious, generally, in this country, about that day, that the first of these amusements is more likely to fail than to succeed. It was so, in this part of the country, this year,—cold, easterly winds prevailing on that day, almost universally. Had it not been so, the school-children of Boston would have enjoyed a most rare and antique mode of welcoming in that morning. The great flag-staff on “The Common,” was converted the night before, into a real old-fashioned “May-pole,”—and the children were to have been carried thither to dance around it as their English ancestors were wont to do, years bygone, in the fatherland. But “May balls” are within-door amusements, and these, this year, were very joyously attended in certain places within our ken.

“May games,” used to be celebrated in England, very generally. The city of London clung to them

long, and with praiseworthy tenacity; but in vain. They have now become almost entirely obsolete in "the old country." That quaint chronicler, old Stowe, says,—*"On May day, in the morning, the citizens used to walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savor of sweet flowers;"* and he gives an account of a ride of "bluff King Hal," with Queen Catharine, and many lords and ladies, from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, on a Maying expedition; and so he goes on:—"Every parish, and sometimes two or three parishes, joining together, had their Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices for pastime, all the day long; and, towards evening, they had stage-plays, and bon-fires in the streets." They used to elect a "King and Queen of May," whose duty it was to preside over the sports. They called the King, "Robin Hood," after the merry archer of Sherwood Forest, and the Queen was called "Maid Marian," after Robin's faithful mistress.

I shall close this number, as usual, with such appropriate poetical extracts, as may recur to my recollection: for the poets of all times and ages have ever found in May a fruitful source of inspiration.

Thomas Watson, (1581) a fine old poet, whose sonnets Steevens prefers to Shakspeare's! says, in one of them,—

"When May is in his prime, and youthful spring
Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with flowers,
And time of year reviveth every thing,
And lovely nature smiles, and nothing lours," &c. &c.

And thus Shakspeare:—

"As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a bower of roses made,
Beasts did leap, and flowers did spring,
Streams did flow, and birds did sing,
Every thing did banish moan," &c. &c.

And Spenser:

"Fresh May, the herald of Love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armor richly are displayed,
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colors gorgeously arrayed," &c. &c.

And Drummond, apostrophising May, says,

"———thou 'turn'st' with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers!
Thy zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers,"

And poor Bampfylde; (1778)—

"What time the young and flowery-kirtled May
Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn,
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn."

And Charlotte Smith, (1784,) thus sweetly welcomes in this gentle month:

"Again the wood, and long-withdrawing vale,
In many a tint of tender green are dressed,
Where the young leaves, unfolding, scarce conceal
Beneath their early shade the half-formed nest

• Return'st.

Of finch or woodlark; and the primrose pale,
And lavish cowslip, wildly scattered round,
Give their sweet spirits to the sighing gale!
Ah! welcome! season of delight!" &c. &c.

Anna Seward treats the same subject in the same vein:—

"Now young-eyed May, on gentle breezes borne,
Mid the deep woodlands, hills, and vales, and bowers,
Unfolds her leaves, her blossoms, and her flowers,
Pouring their soft luxuriance on the morn;" &c.

Samuel Daniel, (1562,) thus celebrated the month of May:

"Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours:
One bird reports unto another
In the fall of silver showers;
Whilst the earth, (our common mother,)
Hath her bosom deckt with flowers;
Whilst the greatest torch of Heaven
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap," &c. &c.

Unmatchable Herrick, (1590,) gives "Virgins going a Maying" this invitation:

Get up, get up, for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn!
See, how Aurora throws her faire
Fresh quilted colors through the aire!
Get up! get up! and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree!
Each flower has crept, and bowed toward the east
Above an hour since.

* * * * *
"Rise! and put on your foliage! and be seen
To come forth like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora! take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire!
Fear not! The leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you!
Besides,—the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls unceapt!
Come and receive them," &c. &c. &c.

I wish I could copy out the whole of this gem of gems for you; but I know my limits.

Warton foreshadowed our May when he said, so prettily,

"With dalliance rude young zephyr wooes
Coy May!" &c.

Cunningham, (1730,) sends

"To beds of state, sweet balmy sleep,
(Tis where thou'st seldom been!)
May's vigil, whilst the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

"Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promised May," &c. &c.

The "Shoemaker-poet," sweet Bloomfield, says—

"A promise, too, my Lucy made,
(And shall my heart its claim resign?)
That ere May-flowers again should fade,
Her heart and hand should both be mine.
Hark'ye, Lucy, this is May!
Love shall crown our holiday!"

Wordsworth, writing in Spring time, has the following :

" And all the earth is gay :
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And, with the heart of May,
Doth every beast keep holiday !"

And John Keats, that fine souled boy, thus enumerates some of the choicest attendants of this charming month :

" Each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows,
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves !"

" L. E. L." thus addresses the dawning of the month we are celebrating :

" 'Tis May again ! Another May !
Looking as if it meant to stay !
So many are its thousand flowers !
So glorious are its sunny hours !
So green its earth ! So blue its sky !
As made for Hope's eternity !"

But I have run to the end of my tether for this month, and shutting up my memory, and all my books, must even make an end, here, notwithstanding the abundance "more matter for a May-morning," (as Fabian says,) which is spread out before me. I will resume my pen in June, be sure.

J. F. O.

New York, May 31st, 1839.

TRANSLATION.

Mr. White,—Below is a translation of some French verses contained in your March number. The gentleman who sent the original, suggested, that this version should be made by some "competent hand." I have no pretensions to competency, but having made it for my own amusement, I send it, to be inserted in the Messenger, should you consider it worthy of an insertion.

D.

ON THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Translated from the French of Col. Vaublanc.

There is then on this earthly sphere,
One land from vain ambition free,
Whose rulers, with parental care,
Are proud the people's men to be.

In which no slave of grovelling heart
Crouches amidst a tyrant's train,
And hated is the treach'rous art
That rivets the usurper's chain.

Under a safeguard firm and true,
Those precious equal rights are found,
Which once the spring of nature knew,
When man was first in union bound.

And there's no ear of magistrate,
Corrupted by a flatt'rer's word :
Let but a subject touch the state,
The speaker's with attention heard.

Nations, that on victory base
Your best, your highest, only claim,
See here a purer source of praise,—
Behold this novel people's fame.

Its perfect freedom's early dawn,
By blood and license ne'er was stain'd ;
Without a sword 'gainst brother drawn,
Its simple grandeur it hath gain'd.

By honest means, an honest end
Its steady purpose still to seek,
Nor e'er its limits to extend
By trampling on its neighbors weak.

Devotion to their country's weal,
'Mongst us, alas ! forgotten long,
Can e'en 'gainst death their pure hearts steel,
In high, heroic feeling strong.

Than Athens or than Sparta brave,
More skill'd its citizens to bless ;
It breaks the fetters of the slave,
Nor of religious freedom less.

From suffrage free, yet fix'd by laws,
The magistrate his pow'r derives,
While by a wise, just equipoise,
Each in his special duty lives.

The son that would his father's fame
Enjoy, his worth must emulate ;
For if he lose his honest name,
He sinks at once to low estate.

Enlighten'd vigilance the soul
Is of unrelaxing virtues,
And temper'd by a wise control,
Those laws severe, that check abuse.

O'er that authority it gives,
It watches still with anxious care ;
The meanest citizen that lives,
Of harsh oppression has no fear.

Source of all pow'r legitimate,
O people ! that all others slight,
People oppress'd in ev'ry state,
Come, know thy dignity and right.

That right commencing with thy breath,
In spite of art to force allied,
Thou'lt yield but to the pow'r of death,
That ends alike all good beside.

O nation ! worthy highest fame,
Preserve those rights sublime—
Forever be thy bliss the same,
Nor cease thy laws except with time.

Hallow'd forever be the name,
Of that bold chief, that patriot sage—
Grave on thy heart their lasting fame,
As grav'd it is on hist'ry's page.

By courage, still by prudence, steer'd,
One did thy freedom's foes subdue;
Where'er the other's voice is heard,
The hearts of friends are knit to you.

The hand that chain'd the lightning's flash,
Secure amidst the thunder's roar,
Breaks of a king in anger rash,
The sparkling chain his country wore.

Lo! a repentance late and mean,
From fear, restor'd thy lost repose;
When on thy great and trying scene,
A host of dauntless heroes rose.

Away the policy that brings
Cabal and faction in its train!
Know, that from union only springs
A strength, that breaks with union's chain.

Then to corrupted Europe leave
Insidious treach'ry's art,
Nor let thy virtue e'er believe,
She'll thrive by acting vice's part.

Ambition's bold and grasping hand
Must reach at conquests ever new,
But thou, a people good and grand,
Hurt none but those who strike at you.

By dint of courage, high and bold,
Thou won'st thy priceless liberty,
Then let its use all ages hold,
The honor of humanity.

Let thy example us inflame
To emulate thy glorious deeds;
The world to thee should temples frame,
As onward freedom's march proceeds.

Americans! I can but feel
These sentiments within my heart,
Since age's frosts my blood congeal,
Else now with you I'd take my part.

FLATTERY.

If you wish to make use of a man, ascertain the measure of his susceptibility to flattery; for all that you can raise him in self-estimation will be at your disposal. Convince any man that you can teach him to play on two fiddles, equally well, at the same time, and he will promise that one shall be played mainly for your advantage.

Rev. W. Colton, U. S. Navy.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF VIRGINIA, IN 1617.

[We derive the subjoined interesting historical paper from so high a source, that we do not hesitate to vouch its authenticity. It appears that it was carefully transcribed from the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, and is entitled in Casley's catalogue of those MSS., "John Rolfe's Relation of the State of Virginia, 17th Century." The remark in the tract itself, "the estate of this colony, as it remained in *May last*, when Sir Thomas Dale left the same," proves that it must have been written within a year after May, 1616—as the governor left the colony and returned to England at that time; and the expression, "both *here* and in Virginia," establishes the fact that the paper was written in England. Rolfe, the narrator, had been married to the celebrated Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, a few years before. She and her husband accompanied Sir Thomas Dale on his return to England, and arrived in Plymouth on the 12th June, 1616. This interesting and extraordinary woman, it will be remembered, died at Gravesend, when on the eve of embarking for Virginia. The narrative itself, independent of the fact that it sustains and corroborates most of the accounts which have been preserved of the early state of the colony, will be read with interest, as the production of Mr. Rolfe, the chosen partner of her who has been emphatically styled the guardian angel of the colony, and the ancestor of some of the most respectable and distinguished families of Virginia. We give the tract *verbatim et literatim*.]

Ed. So. Lit. Messenger.

TO THE KING'S MOST SACRED MA'TIE. *May it please your Highness:*

There have been of late divulged many impressions, judicially and truly penned; partlie to take away the ignominie, scandalls and maledictions wherewith this action hath ben branded, and partlie to satisfie all, (especially the best) with the manner of the late proceedings and the prosperitie likely to ensue. How happily and plentifully the good blessings of God have fallen upon the people and colony since the last impression, faithfully written by a gent. of good merit, Mr. Ralph Hamor,* (some tyme an actuall member in the Plantation, even then departing when the foundacoun and ground worke was new laid of their now thrift and happines,) of the earthie and worldly man is scarcely believed, but of heaven-lie minds they are most easilie discerned, for they daily attend and marke how those blessings, (though sometimes restrayned for a tyme,) in the end, are poured upon the servants of the Lord. Shall your Ma'tie, with pietie and pittie—with pietie, being zealous for God's glory, and with pittie, (mourning the defects,) vouchsafe to reade thus much of the estate of this colony, as it remained in *May last*, when Sir Thomas Dale left the same, I shall deeme my selfe most happie in

* The work referred to, of which there is a copy in the Library of the British Museum, was published at London in 1613, and is entitled, "A True Discourse of the present Estate of Virginia, and the success of the affairs there till the 18th June, 1614; together with a relation of the several English towns and forts, the assured hopes of that country, and the peace concluded with the Indians; the christening of Powhatan's daughter, and her marriage with an Englishman. Written by Ralph Hamor, the younger, late Secretary in that Colony."

your gracious acceptance, and most readilie offer to your approved judgment, whether this cause, so much despised and disgraced, doe not wrongfully suffer many imputacions.

First, to meete with an objection commonly used amongst many men, who search truthe no farther then by common reports, namely, how is it possible Virginia can now be so good, so fertile a countrey, so plentifully stored with food and other commodities? Is it not the same still it was when men pined with famine? Can the earth now bring forth such a plentiful increase? Were there not governors, men and meanes to have wrought this heretofore? And can it now, on the suddaine, be so fruitfull? Surely, say they, these are rather bates to catch and intrapp more men into woe and miserie, then otherwise can be imagined. These, with many as frivolous, I have heard instigated, and even reproachfullie spoken against Virginia. To answere whom, (the most parte of them incredulous worldlings—such as believe not, unless they feele the goodnes of the Lord sensible to touch them,) though it be not much materiall, yet let them know, 'tis true, Virginia is the same it was, I meane for the goodnes of the seate, and fertileness of the land, and will no doubt so contynue to the world's end,—a countrey as worthy good report, as can be declared by the pen of the best writer. A countrey spacious and wide, capable of many hundred thousands of inhabitants. For the soil most fertile to plant in, for ayre fresh and temperate, somewhat hotter in summer, and not altogether so cold in winter as in England, yet so agreeable it is to our constitutions, that now 'tis more rare to heare of a man's death then in England amongst so many people as are there resident. For water, most wholesome and verie plentifull, and for sayre navigable rivers and good barbour, no countrey in christendom, in so small a circuite, is so well stored. For matter fit for buildings and fortifications, and for building of shipping, with everie thing thereto apperteyning, I may boldly avouch scarce anie or no countrey knowne to man is of itself more abundantly furnished. Theis things (may some say,) are of great consequence toward the settling of a plantation, but where are the beasts and cattle to feede and cloth the people? I confesse this is a mayne want; yet some there are already, as neate cattle, horses, mares and goates, which are carefullie preserved for increase. The number whereof, hereafter shalbe sett downe in a particular note by themselves. There are also great store of hoggs, both wild and tame, and poultrie great plentie, which every man, if they will, themselves may keepe. But the greatest want of all is least thought on, and that is good and sufficient men, as well of birth and qualitie, to command soldiers, to march, discover and defend the countrey from invasions, as also artificers, laborers, and husbandmen, with

whom, were the colony well provided, then might tryall be made what lyeth hidden in the wombe of the ground. The land might yearlie abound with corne and other provisions for man's sustentation—buildings, fortifications and shipping might be reared, wrought and framed—commodities of divers kinds might be yearly reaped and sought after, and many things (God's blessing contynuing,) might come with ease to establish a firme and perfect common weale. But to come again to the matter, from which I have a little strayed, and to give a more full answere to the objectors, may you please to take notice, that the beginning of this plantation was governed by a president and counsell, aristocratically. The president yearlie chosen out of the counsell, which consisted of twelve persons. This government lasted about two years, in which tyme such envie, dissensions and jarres were daily sowne amongst them, that they choaked the seed and blasted the fruits of all men's labors. If one were well disposed and gave good advisement to proceed in the business—others, out of the malice of their hearts, would contradict, interdict, withstand and dash all. Some rung out and sent home too loud praises of the riches and fertileness of the country, before they assayed to plant, to reape or search the same; others said nothing, nor did any thing thereunto; all would be *keisers*, none inferior to other. Some drew forward, more backward—the vulgar sort looked for supplie out of England—neglected husbandry—some wrote—some said there was want of food, yet sought for none—others that would have sought could not be suffered; in which confusion much confusion yearlie befell them, and in this government happened all the miserie. Afterward a more absolute government was graunted, monarchially, wherein it still contynueth, and although for some few years it stood at a stay, especially in the manuring and tilling of ground, yet men spent not their tyme idely nor unprofitably, for they were daily employed in palazadoing and building of townes, impaling grounds and other needful businesses, which is now both beneficiall to keepe the cattle from ranging, and preserve the corne safe from their spoile. Being thus fitted and prepared to sow corne, and to plant other seeds and fruits in all the places of our habitations,—one thing, notwithstanding, much troubled our governor, namely, enmitie with the Indians; for, however well we could defend ourselves, townes and seates from any assaulte of the natives, yet our cattle and corne lay too open to their courtesies, and too subject to their mercies: whereupon a peace was concluded, which still continueth so firme, that our people yearely plant and reape quietly, and travell in the woods a fowling and a hunting as freely and securely from feare of danger or treacheries as in England. The great blessings of God have followed this peace, and it, next under him, hath

bredd our plentie—everie man sitting under his fig tree in safety, gathering and reaping the fruits of their labors with much joy and comfort. But a question may be demanded what these fruits are—for such as the countrey affordeth naturally (for varietie and goodnes) are comparable to the best in christendom, (growing wild as they doe,)—I pass them over, other discourses having largely manifested them to the view of the world. But for the people's present labors they have Indian wheate, called maye in the West Indies, pease and beanes, English wheate, peas, barley, turnips, cabbages, pumpions, West Indian and others, carretts, pars-nips, and such like, besides hearbs and flowers, all of our English seede, both for pleasure and for the kitchen, so good, so fruitful, so pleasant and profitable, as the best made ground in England can yield. And that your Ma'tie may know what two men's labor, with spade and shalve only, can manure in one year, fiftie pounds in money was offered for their cropp, which they refused to take; for hempe and flax, none better in England or Holland—silkwormes, some of ther labors, and tast of other good and vendible commodities were now brought home. Likewise tobacco, (though an esteemed weed,) very commodious, which there thriveth so well, that no doubt but after a little more triall and expense in the curing thereof, it will compare with the best in the West Indies. For fish and fowle, deere and other beasts, reports and writings have rather been too sparing then prodigall. About two years since, Sir Thomas Dale, (whose worth and name, in concluding this peace, and managing the affairs of this colony, will out, last the standing of this plantation,) found out two seasons in the year to catch fish, namely, the spring and the fall. He himself tooke no small paines in the tryall, and at one hall with a scryne caught five thousand three hundred of them, as bigg as codd. The least of the residue or kind of salmon trout, two foote long; yet durst he not adventure on the mayne skull for breaking his nett. Likewise, two men with axes and such like weapons, have taken and kild neere the shoare and brought home fortie as great as codd in two or three howers space, so that now there is not so great plentie of victualls in anie one of the forenamed kind yearlie with small paines to be gotten in any part of England amongst so few people as are there resident. And, whereas, heretofore we were constrayned yearely to go to the Indians and intreate them to sell us corne, which made them esteeme verie basely of us—now the case is altered; they seeke to us—come to our townes, sell their skins from their shoulders, which is their best garments, to buy corne—yea, some of their pettie kings have this last yeare borrowed four or five hundred bushells of wheate, for payment whereof, this harvest they have mortgaged their whole countries, some of them not

much less in quantitie then a shire in England. By this meanes plentie and prosperitie dwelleth amongst them, and the feare and danger of famine is clean taken away, wherewith the action hath a long time suffered injurious defamations.

Now that your highnes may with the more ease understand in what condition the colony standeth, I have briefly sett downe the manner of all men's several employments, the number of them, and the several places of their aboad, which places or seates are all our owne ground, not so much by conquest, which the Indians hold a just and lawfull title, but purchased of them freely, and they verie willingly selling it.

The places which are now possessed and inhabited are sixe.

1. Henrico and the lymtus	} Members belonging to ym Bermuda Towne, a place so called there, by reason of the strength of the si- tuation, were it indiffer- ently fortified.
2. Bermuda Nether	
3. West and Sherley	
4. James Towne	
5. Requeshtan	
6. Dales-Gift	

The generall mayne body of the planters are divided into

1. Officers.
2. Laborers.
3. Farmors.

The officers have the charge and care as well over the farmors as laborers generallie—that they watch and ward for their preservacions; and that both the one and the other's busines may be daily followed to the performance of those employments, which from the one are required, and the other by covenant are bound unto. These officers are bound to maintayne themselves and families with food and rayment by their owne and their servants' industrie.

The laborers are of two sorts. Some employed onely in the generall works, who are fedd and clothed out of the store—others, specially artificers, as smiths, carpenters, shoemakers, taylors, tanners, &c., doe worke in their professions for the colony, and maintayne themselves with food and apparrell, having time lymitted them to till and manure their ground.

The farmors live at most ease—yet by their good endeavours bring yearlie much plentie to the plantation. They are bound by covenant, both for themselves and servants, to maintaine your Ma'tie's right and title in that kingdom, against all foreigne and domestique enemies. To watch and ward in the townes where they are resident. To do thirty-one dayes service for the colony, when they shalbe called thereunto—yet not at all tymes, but when their owne busines can best spare them. To maintayne themselves and families with food and rayment—and every farmor to pay yearlie into the magazine, for himself and every man servant, two barrells and a half a piece of their best Indian wheate, which amounteth to twelve bushells and a halfe of English measure.

Thus briefly have I sett downe every man's particular imployment and manner of living; albeit, lest the people—who generallie are bent to covett after gaine, especially having tasted of the sweete of their labors—should spend too much of their tyme and labor in planting tobacco, knowne to them to be verie vendible in England, and so neglect their tillage of corne, and fall into want thereof, it is provided for—by the providence and care of Sir Thomas Dale—that no farmor or other—who must maintayne themselves—shall plant any tobacco, unles he shall yearly manure, set and maintayne for himself and every man servant two acres of ground with corne, which doing they may plant as much tobacco as they will, els all their tobacco shalbe forfeite to the colony—by which meanes the magazin shall yearly be sure to receive their rent of corne; to maintayne those who are fedd thereout, being but a few, and manie others, if need be; they themselves will be well stored to keepe their families with overplus, and reape tobacco enough to buy clothes and such other necessities as are needeful for themselves and houshold. For an easie laborer will keepe and tend two acres of corne, and cure a good store of tobacco—being yet the principall commoditie the colony for the present yieldeth. For which, as for other commodities, the councell and company for Virginia have already sent a ship thither, furnished with all manner of clothing, houshold stuff and such necessities, to establish a magazin there, which the people shall buy at easie rates for their commodities—they selling them at such prices that the adventurers may be no losers. This magazin shalbe yearelie supplied to furnish them, if they will endeavor, by their labor, to maintayne it—which wilbe much beneficiall to the planters and adventurers, by interchanging their commodities, and will add much encouragement to them and others to persevere and follow the action with a constant resolution to uphold the same.

The people which inhabite the said six severall places are disposed as followeth:

At Henrico, and in the precincte, (which is seated on the north side of the river, ninety odd myles from the mouth thereof, and within fifteen or sixteen myles of the falls or head of that river, being our furthest habitation within the land,) are thirty-eight men and boyes, whereof twenty-two are farmors, the rest officers and others, all whom maintayne themselves with food and apparrell. Of this towne one capten Smaley hath the command in the absence of capten James Davis. Mr. Wm. Wickham minister there, who, in his life and doctrine, give good examples and godly instructions to the people.

At Bermuda Nether Hundred, (seated on the south side of the river, crossing it and going by land, five myles lower then Henrico by water,) are one hundred and nineteen—which seate con-

teyneth a good circuite of ground—the river running round, so that a pale running cross a neck of land from one parte of the river to the other, maketh it a peninsula. The houses and dwellings of the people are sett round about by the river, and all along the pale, so farr distant one from the other, that upon anie alarme, they can succor and second one the other. These people are injoynd by a charter, (being incorporated to the Bermuda towne, which is made a corporacoun,) to effect and performe such duties and services whereunto they are bound for a certain tyme, and then to have their freedome. This corporacoun admitt no farmors, unles they procure of the governor some of the colony men to be their servants, for whom (being no members of the corporacoun,) they are to pay rent corne as other farmors of this kind—these are about seventeen. Others also comprehended in the said number of one hundred and nineteen there, are resident, who labor generallie for the colonie; amongst whom some make pitch and tarr, potashes, charcole and other works, and are maintayned by the magazin—but are not of the corporacoun. At this place (for the most part) liveth capten Peacldley, deputy marshal and deputy governor. Mr. Alexander Whitaker, (sonne to the reverend and famous divine, Dr. Whitaker,) a good divine, hath the ministerial charge here.

At West and Sherley Hundred (seated on the north side of the river, lower then the Bermudas three or four myles,) are twenty-five, commanded by capten Maddeson—who are imployed onely in planting and curing tobacco,—with the profit thereof to clothe themselves and all those who labor about the generall business.

At James Towne (seated on the north side of the river, from West and Sherley Hundred lower down about thirty-seven myles,) are fifty, under the command of lieutenant Sharpe, in the absence of capten Francis West, Esq., brother to the right ho'ble the Lo. Lawarre,—whereof thirty-one are farmors; all theis maintayne themselves with food and rayment. Mr. Richard Burd minister there—a verie good preacher.

At Kekuoughtan (being not farr from the mouth of the river, thirty-seven miles below James Towne on the same side,) are twenty—whereof eleven are farmors; all those also maintayne themselves as the former. Capten George Webb commander. Mr. Wm. Mays minister there.

At Dales-Gift (being upon the sea, neere unto Cape Charles, about thirty myles from Kekuoughtan,) are seventeen, under the command of one lieutenant Cradock; all these are fedd and maintayned by the colony. Their labor is to make salt and catch fish at the two seasons aforementioned.

So the number of officers and laborers are two hundred and five. The farmors 81; besides woe-

men and children, in everie place some—which in all amounteth to three hundred and fifty-one persons—a small number to advance so great a worke.

Theis severall places are not thus weakly man'd, as capable of no greater number, (for they will maintayne many hundreds more,)—but because no one can be forsaken without losse and detriment to all. If then so few people, thus united, ordered and governed, doe live so happily, every one partaking of the others labor, can keepe in possession so much ground as will feed a far greater number in the same or better condition; and seeing too, too many poore farmore in England worke all the yeare, rising early and going to bed late, live penuriously, and much adoe to pay their landlord's rent, besides a daily karking and caring to feed themselves and families, what happiness might they enjoy in Virginia, were men sensible of theis things, where they may have ground for nothing, more than they can manure; reape more fruits and profits with half the labor, void of many cares and vexacions, and for their rent a matter of small or no moment, I leave to your singular judgment and consideracoun, nothing doubting, but He (who, by his infinite goodnes, with so small means, hath settled these poore and weake beginnings so happily,) will animate, stirr up and encourage manie others cheerefully to undertake this worke, and will assuredly add a daily strength to uphold and maintayne what he hath already begun.

Seeing then this languishing action is now brought to this forwardness and strength, no person but is provided for, either by their owne or others labors, to subsist themselves for food, and to be able to rayse commodities for clothing and other necessities, envy it selfe, poisoned with the venom of aspes, cannot wound it.

Now, to drawe to a conclusion of this my poore oblacon, I would crave your Highnes' patience a little longer—and that you would turne your heart to a more heavenly meditacoun, wherein much joy and comfort is to be reaped and found, of all such as shall truly, sincerely and unfeynedly seeke to advance the honor of God, and to propagate his gospell. There is no small hope by pietie, clemencie, curtesie and civill demeanor, (by which meanes some are wonne to us already,) to convert and bring to the knowledge and true worship of Jesus Christ thousands of poore, wretched and misbelieving people, on whose faces a good christian cannot looke without sorrow, pittie and compassion, seing they beare the image of our Heavnelie Creator, and we and they come from one and the same mould, especially we knowing that they, merely through ignorance of God and Christ, doe run headlong, yea, with joy, into destruction and perpetuall damnation,—for which knowledge we are the more bound and indebted to Almighty

God, (for what were we before the gospell of Christ shined amongst us?) and cannot better express our duties and thankfulness for so great mercies, then by using such meanes to them, as it pleased him to lend unto others to bring our forefathers and us into the waies of trueth,—it is much to be mourned and lamented how lightlie the workes of God are now a days generallie regarded, and less sought after; but the worke of the world, as though they were eternall, hungered for, and thirsted after with insatiable greedines. But should we well consider, examine and search into ourselves, what we were, and now are, there can be no heart, (if not hardened as the nether mill stone,) but would even break itself to pieces, and distribute to manie poore soules some parte thereof, to purge them from their lees of synne, and to sette them in the right pathes of holines and righteousness, to serve the King of Heaven; by which meanes and God's holy assistance, no doubt they will soone be brought to abandon their old superstitions and idolatries, wherein they have been nursed and trayned from their infancies, and our greatest adversaries shall not taunt us with this reproach, "Whom of you have you wonne to christianitie?" What a crowne of glorie shalbe sett upon their heads who shall faithfullie labor herein, I leave to the enjoying of them, who shall endeavour unfeynedly to meritt the same. Finallie, as Caleb and Joshua in the verie heate of grudgings, murmurings, and assemblies of the children of Israell, stood stoutlie for the Lord's cause, commending the goodnes of the land they discovered, to the faces of their oppressors, and the easines to obtain it even to the perill of their lives, so many right ho'ble and worthie personages, *both here and in Virginia*, (whom generallie the most parte withdrew themselves, that the action was almost sunck downe in forgetfulnes,) have mightilie upheld this christian cause—for God, even our owne God, did helpe them. For neither evill reports, nor slanders, nor murmurings, nor backbitings of others, nor any disaster, did once dismay or hinder them from upholding thereof with their good reports, encouragements, and meanes yearelie sent to the planters, to nourish life and being in this zealous worke. I beseech God to raise up many more such, so zealous for God's glory, to forward the same—we have tasted of some fruits thereof. There are no great nor strong castles, nor men like the sons of Anack, to hinder our quiet possession of that land. God's hand hath been mightie in the preservacoun thereof hitherto; what need we then to feare, but to goe up at once as a peculiar people, marked and chosen by the finger of God, to possess it, for undoubtedly he is with us. And as for murmurers, slanderers and backsliders, a due porcoun shalbe given them for their reward. So the blessings of Caleb and Joshua shall fall upon all those that constantly

persevere to the end. Thus, craving your gracious pardon for my rude boldness, beseeching God to send you the fulness of his blessings in this world and in the world to come, I rest,

Your highness' most faithful and loyal subject,
JOHN ROLF.

The number of neate cattle, horses and goates, which were alive in Virginia at Sir Thomas Dale's departure thence :

Cowes,	} 83	} in all	} 144.
Heifers,			
Cow calves,			
Steeres,			
Bulles,	41		
	20		

Memorand: 20 of the cowes were great with calfe at his departure.

Horses,	3	} in all	} 6.
Mares,	3		

Goates	} male and female, in all	} 216.
and Kidds,		

Hoggs, wild and tame, not to be nombred.
Poultry, great plenty.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

BY GODFREY UNDERWOOD.

Thy vow is in Heaven! the words thou hast spoken,
Have sprung from thy heart to be never repealed;
But as tender a tie has forever been broken
As that which thy trusting devotion has sealed:
Though Fancy her gayest of colors is weaving,
To picture thy future with visions of bliss,—
I know thou dost think of the home thou art leaving,
And bright though another, thou sighest for this.

I would not o'ershadow thy pathway of roses;
And fain would I suffer and sorrow alone,
Lest the grief that the harp of my spirit discloses,
Should wake into sadness the chords of thine own:
But the heart cannot stifle its throbbings of anguish;
The floods of the spirit will gush from their cell;
In the shade of my brow thy bright flow'rs may languish,
But gloom it must wear, as I bid thee farewell.

I have watch'd the young bloom of thy beauties awaken,
As wakes the gay life of the clustering vine,
And thought, when the temple of home should be shaken
Thy graces would mantle its mouldering shrine;
But another has come—and the hours are winging
Their flight to the goal that must doom us to part,
Yet I know that thy tenderest fibres are clinging,
Still firmly and fond, to thy place in my heart.

My heart was a fountain—and 'neath it there flourished
A flower bedewed with its tenderest flow;
My heart was an altar—and on it was nourished
A flame, that no love but a daughter's can know:
But the flower and flame to another are given,
And in his horizon new glories may shine;
Yet, blind to the star that has dawned in his heaven,
I know but, a Pleiad has fallen from mine.

Farewell! and when joy is alive in thy bowers,
And pleasure is gilding thy cup to the brim;
When life's verdure is crowned with the sunniest flowers
Then, double thy rapture by sharing with him;
But, oh! should thy moments in sorrow be numbered,
And waters of bitterness over thee flow—
Remember the breast where thine infancy slumbered,
And turn to that bosom the tide of thy woe.

God's blessing go with thee—the hand of another
Is leading thee forth from the home of thy youth;
But time's teachings will show thee the love of a mother,
Is matchless in fervor—unrival'd in truth.
God grant that the tears from my heart's fountain well-
ing,
May freshen the bloom of life's pathway, to thee;
Another's! my heart is with agony swelling—
Be as faithful to him as thou hast been to me.

THE COPY-BOOK—NO. VII.

Letter from Col. John Banister, describing the entry of the British under Arnold and Phillips, into Petersburg—copied from the original; never before published.

Richmond, 16th May, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR:

Notwithstanding I have written four letters to you, since I have had the pleasure of one from you, I cannot forbear to acquaint you of the late very distressing scenes that have taken place, at and near Petersburg. We were not, as I wrote you, visited by Arnold, in his first expedition into the country, but General Phillips, coming to Portsmouth with a reinforcement, enabled them to come up the river, with about 2,500, at a time when the militia were all discharged to about 1000. On Wednesday, the 24th, they approached Petersburg, by the way of my White-Hall plantation, (a) where they halted in the heat of the day, and refreshed; then proceeded at about two o'clock, to advance in two columns—one by the old road, leading to the church, (b) the other along the lane and across the ravine at Miller's old mill; here they received a fire from Captain House of Bak. (c) county, at the head of forty militia, which was supposed to do execution, but only a Jauger (d) was known by us to have been killed. Capt. House continued to retreat and fire, until he came to Taylor's mill, where he joined Col. Dick, at the head of 300 picked militia, who kept up a constant fire, and prevented their taking the heights for upwards of half an hour, but attaining these, they, with cannon and three times the force, dislodged Dick from his ground, but, notwithstanding, he made a regular and steady retreat through Blandford, and formed behind a battalion posted at Bollingbrook warehouse, (e) their right extending to Mrs. Bolling's gate, (f) their left to the

(a) In the county of Prince George, a few miles from Petersburg.

(b) Blandford Church.

(c) Brunswick.

(d) German soldier.

(e) Where now stands the City Point Rail-Road depot.

(f) At the foot of the hill in front of Bollingbrook house.

warehouse, their front the morass, opposite to the warehouse, terminating at Blandford bridge, (g) which Dick had taken up as his infantry crossed. This was our last resistance. The enemy advanced in front, their infantry and German Riflemen; against these, our battalion kept up a steady and constant fire, until they were ordered to retreat, which was not until four pieces of cannon from the hill, between Dr. Black's and Mrs. Bolling's, flanked them effectually; they then retreated in order, along the causeway, by the river to Pocahontas bridge, which they took up; but ascending the hill to gain the Heights, by T. Shore's house, (h) the enemy played their cannon with such skill, that they killed and wounded ten of our men. All of the wounded are since dead. Our cannon was served well from Baker's, (i) but the enemy's extreme caution, has prevented our getting an account of their killed and wounded; the former though, it is clear, was not less than fourteen. The latter were sent down the river in their gun-boats. By the way, these gun-boats are of infinite use to the enemy; bringing them up in force to the shallowest landing. They carry from fifty to eighty men. After our militia had gained the hill, they retreated towards Chesterfield court house, where they halted the next day. This little affair shows plainly the militia will fight, and proves that if we had force to have occupied the Heights, they would not with that force have entered the town. In consequence of this action, I was obliged to abandon my house, leaving all to the mercy of the enemy. The enemy, the next day, ordered the inhabitants to move out the tobacco, or the warehouses should be consumed with it. By the exertions of the people, the tobacco was removed, and by the soldiery burnt, and the houses spared, except Cedar-Point, (j) which was put in flames by a soldier without order. The day after this business, the whole army crossed the Appomattox, and then after burning the bridge,* proceeded to Osborne's, (k) and having there destroyed the shipping to a great amount in value and number, and shipped off the tobacco, they marched on to Manchester, where, on Richmond-hill, we remained with a superior force, (I mean to the detachment sent for this purpose,) quiet spectators of the destruction of all the warehouses and tobacco, with several dwelling-houses adjoining. They marched that evening to Osborne's, and on Tuesday, the 31st, they embarked at the Hundred, (l) and sailed down the river, as far as Burwell's, (m) where upon the arrival of an advice-boat, they all stood up the river, and arrived in the night of last Thursday, again in Petersburg, and I was again obliged to retreat, leaving them in possession of all my estate. They have not as yet burned my mills, but have taken all the bread and flour, to the amount of £800, or £1000—eleven of my best negroes the first time, and now I expect they will get the rest. Your man I sent to Amelia. I believe he is yet safe. Your fa-

(g) This bridge was at that time, a little nearer to the river than at present.

(h) Violet Bank.

(i) German Baker's.

(j) On old Street.

(k) In the county of Chesterfield, on the James river.

(l) Bermuda Hundred.

(m) Burwell's Ferry.

* Pocahontas Bridge.

† Archer's Hill.

ther received the following protection from General Phillips:

"It is Major General Phillips' positive orders, that no part of the property of Col. Theodorick Bland, receive any injury from his Majesty's Troops.

J. W. NOBLE,

Aid de Camp, Major G. Phillips.

April 25th, 1781.

"Major General Phillips is very happy to show this favor, on account of Col. Bland Junior's many civilities to the troops of convention, (n) at Charlottesville."

The troops still continue at Petersburg, and expect Lord Cornwallis from Halifax, where the van of his army, under Tarleton, is arrived.

It is very clear, without naval aid the enemy will be possessed of the lower country, as the people are tired of the war, and come to the field most reluctantly. This added to our exhausted finances, and bad councils, with a powerful enemy in the country, are prognostics of no favorable complexion. In my last, I touched largely upon the conduct of our Eastern friends, in this day of peril, compared with our conduct to them, in their day of trial. Greene is in South Carolina, but how employed, we are not informed. Before you receive this, it is probable the enemy will have penetrated to Fredericksburg, and have destroyed all the tobacco in their route. I beg to hear if we are to expect any assistance from the eastern confederates, or our allies. If you write, Geo. Nickolson, who is in Philadelphia, will give a ready conveyance to the letter. Jack, who is the only one of my family with me, joins in affectionate regards to Mrs. Bland, and Bob, with your sincere friend,

J. BANISTER.

I begged you, in my last, to send the newspapers.

(n) Burgoyne's army captured at Saratoga.

SONG.

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU.

How cold are they who say that Love
Must first be planted in the heart,
And cultured by the hand of Time,
To make its leaves and blossoms start!
No! 'tis a plant that springs at once
Up to its full and perfect form;
Unlike the willow or the oak,
It bends not, breaks not in the storm.

How cold are they who say that Love
Must, like the diamond in the mine,
Be sought with care and polished well
Ere we can see its beauties shine!
No! in the soul's blue Heaven it springs,
With beams that Age can never mar,—
Complete, eternal, brilliant, pure,
As Evening's first, rejoicing star!

P. BENJAMIN.

A LEAF

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.

BY J. N. REYNOLDS.

Visit to the Volcano of Antuco, in 37° South latitude. Inexhaustible magazine of combustibles, contained in the Andes; Tremendous effects of volcanic action in that region; Return to Los Angeles.

On November 12th, having succeeded in procuring a guide, as well as fresh horses from the neighborhood of Antuco—one of the border villages of the province of Concepcion, Chili—and provisions for five days, we started for the volcano, which is situated among the Cordilleras, and from whence we were only twenty-five miles distant. The road, stony and irregular, wound for most of the way along the banks of the La Laja, sweeping chiefly through a narrow valley, which afforded few attractive spots for cultivation. The precipices on either side are high and frowning, and the traveller, at each step of his progress, beholds some new and picturesque feature of the volcano opening on his view. Within nine miles of Antuco, we passed an old castle, built in 1810, as an outpost for defence against the mountain Indians, but now in a state of utter dilapidation.

No pen can do justice to the scenery upon which we were now entering. Westward, the valley gradually sank into and was lost in the plain at the base of the mountain; while to the East, the eye grew weary of scaling the stupendous eminences towering one above another, until their summits were "swathed in the stooping clouds."

At five o'clock, P. M., we were within a league and a half of the base of the volcano. Here we found quarters for the night, in a little fortress, commanding an important pass on the road of Pinchera, the mountain robber, and occupied by thirty-six men. Such were the advantages combined in this post, that even with this handful of soldiers, we might, in case of attack, have set the mountaineers at defiance, however superior in point of numbers. The latter part of the evening was not very pleasant, and the higher parts of the mountain being obscured, our prospect was more circumscribed, though still interesting. In ascending the stream, we had observed for the space of several leagues, both on elevated positions and in the water, immense quantities of rounded stones of volcanic origin, which we knew could not have been projected from the active volcano of Antuco. We had therefore looked carefully, as we advanced, for the evidence of some extinguished crater. On reaching the fort just mentioned, we had discovered that the spot on which it was built, and the land for some distance around, constituted the site of a once glowing abyss, which had long ceased to burn.

The river La Laja, which bursts down from its source with astonishing rapidity, and rushes through a channel of decomposed lava, across the base of the present volcano, seems to divide the old volcanic ruins into two nearly equal parts. On either side of the river, the walls of the ancient chasm yet remain—they are of immense height, and still form auxiliary portions of the main elevation.

The hollows between these gigantic fragments, are covered to a considerable depth with cinders, ashes, and calcined rocks, the surface of which, is slowly crumbling into soil, and becoming capable of vegetation. From east to west the base of the volcano must have been at least fourteen miles in extent. The massive materials grouped within this interval, constitute what may be termed secondary mountains—smooth externally, and clothed with a coarse grass. The sides of the crater, have doubtless, at some remote period, fallen in and smothered the subterranean fire; while the river first making its way over, has afterward worn a deep channel through the wreck. We examined carefully the dismembered ruins, ascended all their elevations, penetrated their lowest depths, and found that from the bed of the stream to the loftiest pinnacle, all are composed of the various products of volcanic action tumbled together in the greatest imaginable confusion. While standing on a commanding point of the scorched and vitrified pile, we noticed, still farther in the recesses of the mountain, the mouth of an immense cave. Its position was near the base of the principal ridge and most elevated part of the Andes in Chili—save only the Peak of Descobozado. The opening seemed to be situated about one thousand feet above the source of a mountain stream, tributary to the La Laja, which it joined near the fort in a leap of at least two hundred feet over a perpendicular precipice. From the bottom of this steep, the white foam continually sprang, falling like a shower of snow on the dark foliage of a grove of cedars which overhung the banks of the river.

On the thirteenth of November, we had prepared for an ascent of the volcano; but, as it commenced raining, and thick clouds were veering about the summit, we were compelled to defer our expedition. Unwilling to lose the time, however, we set off for the base of the main ridge; determined, if possible, to reach and enter the cavern we had descried on the preceding day.

Our route lay eastward, along the margin of an impetuous torrent, which dashed downward at an angle of at least twenty-five degrees. Substances which had, like those already adverted to, manifestly been subjected to the action of fervent heat, strewed our path in the same singular disorder. Rocks, from one to a thousand tons in weight, lay piled in heaps, probably as they had alit after being ejected by the convulsive throes of the laboring mountain. In other places, immense hills of *Tufes* rose before us. All that we saw indicated the eruptions to have been of ancient date. In some spots considerable soil, vegetation, and even several species of trees of large growth, such as the roln, coyque meu, &c., had sprang up from the midst of desolation.

After toiling on for more than a league, we reached the base of the main ridge, when a scene was presented, on which a connoisseur in volcanoes would certainly have luxuriated. At the head of a stream, formed by the numerous little rivulets, which dash, mingling and foaming, down the sides of the acclivity, is an area of perhaps one hundred acres, perfectly level, without timber, destitute of shrubs or large stones, and covered with grass. Here, evidently, had once been the funnel of a crater. On three sides, the walls of the abyss were still standing, composed of hornblende rock: In many parts, they towered almost perpendicularly, to

the height of five thousand feet, and were partially calcined and cracked in all directions; the fissures, generally, however, running parallel with the sides. These openings, doubtless, had once been subsidiary outlets to the fire and steam generated below. Immense shelving pieces of the rocks and mountain, which have been detached since the falling of the volcano and filling up of the main crater, lie strewn in picturesque masses around. One of these we ascended, climbing from stone to stone, for about one thousand feet to the mouth of the cave. This we found was divided into two apertures, which had, probably, in other days, acted as safety-valves to the mighty engine below. They were smooth and black as the chimney of a furnace, and descended so suddenly to the northeast, that although we had provided ourselves with torches and every thing necessary for the purpose, we found it impossible to enter them. It was now late in the afternoon, and as the rain began to fall in torrents, we hurried back to the fort. The wind was from the north, which, it may be here mentioned, invariably brings foul weather in Chili, where the northern and southern are almost the only winds known to blow.

It has been matter of inquiry, whether volcanos are most active during storms, or if they be in any manner affected by them. As our position was at the foot of one, at this period, probably, the most active on the globe, we enjoyed a good opportunity of making observations in reference to this subject, and accordingly had watched nearly all the preceding night, in order to ascertain the truth. The weather at that time was unsettled. The wind was gentle, and we remarked that the clouds were darker and heavier around the summit of the mountain, than about other peaks of even greater altitude, forming a curious contrast to the stream of fire issuing from its crater. As night gathered, the wind began to blow powerfully from the north, and a scene occurred which can never be erased from our memory. A violent conflict of the elements, witnessed from an elevated position among the Andes, is terrific and even awful. Perhaps, in this instance, there was something in the loneliness of our situation, which added to the natural grandeur of the spectacle.

The wind swept with exceeding violence up the valley of Antuco, from the point where the eminences subside entirely, and the country expands into a vast plain. Below, the rain continued to rush down in sheeted floods, while upon the mountain, the tempest expended itself in drifting snow and hail. During the greater part of the night, lightning issued in one tireless flash, from a cloud that seemed to gather, concentrate, and repose, on the apex of the volcano. The peals of thunder were fierce and deafening, as they reverberated along those everlasting colonnades of rock—"the masonry of God"—whose spiral capitals were probably surrounded by the blue ether, far above the region of storms.

"The sky is changed—and such a change! Oh! night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wond'rous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue."

At intervals, the flames of the volcano might be seen, though generally they were veiled by the drifting snow. Meanwhile, the falls of the descending torrents, which were swoln by the rains and rising every moment, bearded the mountain with foam, while the roar of their dashing waters served as an interlude at each pause in the loud sport of the elements.

On the morning of Sunday the 16th, the storm in the valley had in some degree abated. The thunder and lightning had ceased, but the snow still fell and drifted on the most lofty elevations. The day was unfavorable for our projected attempt, and from other considerations, we felt disposed to rest. In the night the water had run under and over us, nor were we able during the day, to accomplish the drying of our clothes. As may be supposed, the increased flood of water in the La Laja, pouring itself through a narrow channel, together with the falls near the fort which were doubled in volume, kept the valley in a continual foam.

Monday the 18th, brought us a clear sunrise, with a southerly wind. The smoke and fire from the volcano, seemed to rise from a mountain of snow, the recent heavy fall having completely enveloped it in a white and dazzling mantle, so that all we could hope to accomplish, was an excursion about its base to examine the escoria or lava, and visit the lake which forms the source of the river La Laja.

At the very moment we were ready to depart, the sentinel reported that he saw four of Pinchera's men, in the pass along which we intended to travel, evidently spies, reconnoitering to ascertain the practicability of passing the fort. They were seen but for an instant, according to the sentinel's account, and some doubts existed in our minds as to the reality of their appearance. The little fortress, however, was put in a condition for defence, and ammunition served out. As it stopped our proceedings, suspicion was with us equivalent to the actual knowledge of danger; and it was clear, that if it could not be removed, the object of our journey would be defeated. We, therefore, proposed to the officer, to take one soldier and proceed on horseback to reconnoitre.

Having arrived at the point proposed, about a league from the fort, we perceived the tracks of horses, and in one or two places among the bushes, the extinguished remains of small fires; but both bore evident marks of not being of very recent date. It seemed, therefore, certain that if persons had been seen in this direction during the morning, they must have been on foot, and if so, not very likely to hazard an attack alone and unsupported.

We passed the remainder of the day on the escoria, at the foot of the volcano. Here, all around us was new, curious, and interesting. The first eruptions from this summit, must have been of a vast and terrific character. The river passes between banks of decomposed lava and over a bed of escoria, which latter, making in upon the opposite mountain, has raised the stream far above its original channel. The lower lava is more solid and may be compared to massive pot metal. In some places it forms a wall sixty feet high, upon the banks of the river, and in a few instances along the shore, where it appears to have been cooled by the water, presents a side surface as smooth and regular as that of an artificial embankment.

So much has the La Laja been elevated in two places by these eruptions, as to form in each instance, a beautiful cascade, the spray of which is almost constantly spanned by the rainbow.

In the later overflowings of the vast caldron, the liquid lava appears to have made its way not only over but through the old formation, literally melting a passage through the solid mass. At one point it seems to have urged its course by an undercurrent from the crater to the very banks of the river, a distance of at least two leagues, where it appears to have emerged for the first time, and is piled up in shelving flakes, thin, but of immense superficial magnitude. The lava has descended in two currents, one on the north, the other on the northwest side of the mountain, and both passing into the river. One of these streams flowed along the windings of a valley, and the space between them is occupied by volcanic remains; but of so ancient and decayed a character that all traces of layers marking distinct eruptions are lost in one confused mass of burnt materials, belonging to some older volcano, from the ruins of which, the existing one has uplifted its burning crest. While engaged in making these observations and obtaining specimens for our collections, at the base of the mountain, we took the precaution to have our horses kept near us, and a servant so stationed as most effectively to guard against surprise. In the evening we returned to the fort.

On the 17th of November, we again started with the purpose of visiting the lake to the north of the volcano, the weather being still too inclement for our meditated ascent. We proceeded on our former track until we reached the farthest point attained on the previous day. Beyond this, the beds of lava were, in extent, more enormous than any we had before seen; and we felt how difficult it was to imagine, how impossible adequately to describe, the tremendous commotions that must have shaken and rent the solid walls of that gigantic furnace, when the fused volumes leapt in blazing cataracts from its summit.

As the river, as well as the range of mountains to the north, assumed a more easterly direction, the space between the mountain and the former was decreased, and the channel of lava became more narrow and massive in proportion. In one place, the river descended for almost half a mile upon an inclined plane of escoria, at an angle of more than thirty degrees. The stream, here, is most impetuous, flinging up as it flies a perpetual cloud of spray. On arriving on the northern side of the lake, at the head of the pass, our guide positively refused to accompany us farther. He said we had now passed the worst portion of the road—that within a short distance we should see the Pampas of Buenos Ayres—that the road was level and sandy—and that only one elevation, which was also a slight one, lay between us and the Pincheras. If we fell in with an advanced party, retreat would be out of the question, as we were already more than four leagues from the fort.

Having procured fresh horses from the neighborhood of Antuco—animals raised among the mountains, and which had given proof of their excellence in rough places the day before—we felt little apprehension, although alone, in journeying onward.

If we had before been deeply interested in examining the layers of lava, in drawing conclusions from their

position of the order of time in which they had been formed, and in contemplating the enormous power necessary for their production and ejection; here the imagination itself appeared unable to conceive the magnitude of the operations which had occasioned the ruin we beheld. To suppose one side of a mountain composed of solid rock, suddenly torn off by an explosion, would hardly account for the mass of heterogeneous material which lay around. The quantity of lava was not by any means so large as in the two channels already mentioned; but rocks of vast size, split asunder, and which had, apparently, been flung from their foundations like pebbles from a sling, were scattered thickly about us—some partly melted and partly calcined. We noticed one crag more than one hundred feet in length and twenty in diameter, which, from the depth to which it had indented the spot where it fell, must have been hurled high into the air from its original position. In the vicinity and upon the edge of the lake, the rocks also appear to have been affected by fire—in some parts, fragments having been blown off, and in others, the summits partially calcined. They presented as beautiful a structure of basaltic columns as can be imagined; being all perpendicular, five-sided, and generally about two feet in diameter. In the water, which was singularly transparent, the ends appeared as regular and well jointed as if they had been hewed and placed by the hand of the artist. Unquestionably, they are in their primitive position. The lake, which is exceedingly beautiful, spreads from northwest to southeast, round the base of the volcano, while an arm of its waters stretches away toward the north to a considerable distance.

To us, it seemed certain that this sheet of water had been accumulated in consequence of the lava running against the mountain on the other side, and choking the channel of the river; or, as it may be more appropriately termed here, the huge torrent of the hills. The arm or inlet which runs up to the north, and a similar one which branches out in a southeasterly direction, have probably been the beds of tributary streams. According to tradition, the lake has no bottom. We had no means of fathoming it, and could only estimate its depth by comparison. From the surface of the lake to the point where the river ceases to flow on lava, we found the distance to be one league and a half. In addition to the several perpendicular falls and angular descents already designated, the general current is very rapid in its downward course. By taking the mean declination of the stream, from the superficies of the lake to the place where the lava terminated, and then the side of the angle, with certain allowances, for the depth of the lake, we arrived at the conclusion that it could not be less than one hundred fathoms or six hundred feet in the deepest part. This may appear incredible, nevertheless we hazard the opinion, leaving it for future and better judges to correct or confirm it. While we speak of the lava as being six hundred feet in thickness, it is proper to remark that the volcano in the part referred to, is exceedingly steep, and that the fiery matter thrown from its summit has been forced down into a narrow channel, where the lake is formed.

In the afternoon we retraced our steps for more than two leagues to the point whence we proposed commencing our ascent of the volcano. The day was

again unpropitious, and the sky darkened by heavy masses of tumultuous clouds; but having finished our excursions about the base, we were resolved, if possible, to survey the wonders of the mountain itself. We saw no indication of a path, and continued to toil upward, from one eminence to another, without any settled route, as inclination or opinion suggested. It was our design to make our way about a league with horses, after which we knew we should be compelled to ascend on foot and without a guide, as no native had been known to venture beyond the point alluded to. At six o'clock in the evening, having passed places where a single false step of our horses would have precipitated them and us hundreds of feet below, we arrived at the spot where we intended to pass the night, and whence we were to start on our unassisted toil on the morrow. We had now gone too far to retreat, although the lowering aspect of the skies promised little for the coming morning, and still less for the comforts of the night. After securing our horses near us with lassos, and making a rude bed of our saddle gear, we retired to rest at an early hour, under such protection as was afforded by a large shelving rock. If a cloud be visible in this vicinity, it will invariably be seen hovering about the crown of the volcano. The immense volume of steam constantly ascending and rarifying the atmosphere, seems to be the cause of attraction. The rain soon began to gush down plentifully and fast. At midnight it was succeeded by a snow and hail storm, which continued till morning. The crater, as if it acknowledged a secret sympathy with the elements, was more active than it had been during the day, discharging, at short intervals, gushes of smoke and fire, with explosions like those of heavy artillery.

In the morning every thing about us was swathed in snow, and our prospect very limited. Indeed it was with great difficulty, and not a little apprehension, that we managed to descend; the wind being so powerful that we only kept our seat in the saddle by great exertion. We passed the greater part of the day at the fortress; but seeing no indication of fine weather, and the late snow being an effectual bar to the prosecution of our adventurous journey for the present, while, above all, we were totally destitute of provisions, we returned late the same evening to Antuco. We found the town restored to a state of comparative quiet; two or three families now venturing to remain in their own houses during the night. With one of these we took up our lodging.

Previous to our departure from Los Angeles, we had despatched a servant to Concepcion on business. On our arrival at Antuco, we found that he had arrived there the evening preceding. He was the bearer of two letters, forwarded by the British Consul, from the governor of Valparaiso—one written in his official capacity, and the other a friendly private communication, recommending us to the protection of General Prieto, in our southern excursion, under whatever circumstances we might be placed. In these letters it was announced that they were given at the solicitation of Mr. Hogan, the American consul general. The English consul sent us also a file of British papers—which, though a year old, were the latest received. They contained news for us, and served to enliven the few days we were necessitated to remain inactive at Antuco.

On the 19th, it rained during the entire day in the town, and snowed heavily on the Cordilleras. The 20th was still worse—and in the night the snow fell so as not only to cover the lofty summits, but also the low hills. Sunday, the 21st, brought us a clear morning. The wind blew from the south, and our hope of climbing the mountain once more revived, though we were aware the toil would be much increased by the accumulated masses of new fallen snow. During the last two days we had witnessed the performance of a funeral ceremony, which, so conducted, is a spectacle which must always appear singular, and even disgusting to a foreigner.

It is the custom of Chili, when a child dies, under the age of seven years, instead the sorrow usually and naturally felt at such times, to make the bereavement an occasion of merriment—in short, to give a feast and a dance. An infant, but a few months old, had died in one of the little mountain huts, and, for some reason, the house we occupied was selected for the performance of these, as it seemed to us, unnatural rites. Much preparation was made as the day advanced—one bringing bread, others a few chickens, and each guest contributing something throughout the circle of friends. In the afternoon the little corpse was brought in, dressed up more like a living subject for a May ball, than a tenant for the grave. It was seated erect in a chair, which was placed on a table at one end of the room. The hands were crossed, tied together with a ribbon—and held between them a little bunch of flowers. Over the head was suspended a piece of muslin, which extended from the chair to the ceiling, and being brought forward, fell in folds like a curtain. Around the brow was twined a wreath of flowers, and an arch of the same compassed the front of the table. Various other ornaments of a simple character were also distributed about the body. In the evening there had assembled, from rock and dell, not less than sixty persons, of all ages—and for at least one night and the following day they apparently forgot all sorrow, in their cheerful and favorite dance, with its accompaniments of the song and the guitar. With the conclusion of the feasting and dancing, they seemed to consider the last offices due to the dead were finished, for not a relative attended the deceased child to the place of interment, nor was there observed throughout, what would be considered in other countries the least show of decorum or solemnity.

On Tuesday, the 23d of November, the weather being fine, and our limited time precluding longer delay, we set forth on the second attempt to scale the mountain—and after taking dinner at the fort, arrived by four o'clock, P. M., at the place where we had slept a few nights previous. On this occasion we brought no guide, as we found them timid and useless—and only a single attendant to take charge of the horses. As the afternoon was favorable, we were enabled to ride a mile beyond the point where we had dismounted on our former excursion. Leaving our steeds to the care of the servant, we set out on foot to ascertain, if possible, what route it would be most judicious to pursue in the morning. The snow in some places was of great thickness, and as the day had been very warm, we sunk to a considerable depth in plunging through it.

At night we slept by our horses, on the W.S.W. side of the mountain. There was a constant discharge

of flame and smoke from the mouth of the crater, accompanied by occasional convulsions of the earth during the whole night.

By four o'clock the following morning we had commenced our difficult and fatiguing journey; now clambering over rough piles of lava, and floundering through the deep snow which had drifted between them. Our thermometer stood at 53° at starting. It soon fell to 49° ; the snow became more compact at 44° ; at 39° the whole surface of the lava was covered with it, and sufficiently hard to support our weight; while at 30° , the lowest point registered in our ascent, it became slippery. As the sun rose, without a vapor to dim his brightness, our view of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres to the east, became at once interesting and extended, until the horizon closed the view, as if resting in the distance on the bosom of a waveless sea. The range of mountains to the north and south, with the exception of a few towering points, now appeared below us. The lake, also, was in view eastward of the volcano, and seemed to encircle its base with a belt of azure; while the whole tract of country toward Concepcion lay spread out beneath us, girdled by its maritime ridge, which resembled a dark, narrow line, skirting the western horizon. The valley of Antuco, dwindled to an inconsiderable ravine, seemed immediately at our feet; while the river looked no larger than a meadow rivulet from the height at which we now surveyed it. The difficulties of the ascent multiplied at every step, and we were compelled frequently to cling with our hands to the projecting rocks, and thus draw ourselves up from point to point. The last three thousand feet of the acclivity must have formed an angle, varying from forty to sixty degrees, with the horizon. The volcano continued very active, "letting off its steam" at intervals of about five minutes, and discharging vast quantities of stones and ashes, which sometimes came rolling by us down the steep with great velocity. With cautious steps we at length climbed so near the summit as to be amid the suffocating vapors emitted from the fissures in the rock, and amongst the loose unstable fragments forming the apex and mouth of the principal crater. At each outburst of the volcano we were enveloped in smoke, and as we advanced still higher, the heat became insufferable. For the last fifteen hundred feet the surface was destitute of snow, and the stones, too hot to be touched by the hand, crisped the soles of our shoes as we pressed them. It may be believed, that we could have cooked our breakfast upon the crags near the fissures whence the heat escaped, when it is averred, that one end of a staff was charred, while the other was held in the hand. The frequent and evidently increasing discharges of flame, smoke, and ignited missiles from the burning abyss, together with the hoarse grumbling, which seemed to rise as from the bowels of the earth, forbade our remaining longer in our present position. Added to this, at the height we had attained, respiration was difficult from the rarity of the atmosphere, and this inconvenience was much increased by the heat and smoke; so that our cheeks grew pale and our lips blue, accompanied by faintness and sickness.

Having made such observations as we deemed interesting and important, we erected, at the highest point attained, very near the edge of the crater, a pole brought with us for the purpose, and planted the Ame-

rican colors, between the spot where the smoke issued from the rents in the rocks, and the main summit. At this place the thermometer, which had once fallen as low as 30° in our ascent, when held aloft in the hand rose to 115° ; while the stones discharged from the chief opening flew far over our heads, and were some of them picked up in our descent, still too hot to be touched with impunity. One of these we took with us as a memento. The exact width of the crater we had no means of ascertaining, as the mouth of it was constantly sending forth dense columns of bituminous vapor. We estimated the height of the volcano at ten thousand feet above the level of the river; and the distance we had climbed at least three leagues.

The sun shone with unshadowed splendor, and the day being comparatively calm, the snow wasted rapidly. Ere we had descended a mile, it became too soft to bear us, and we sank to our knees, often deeper, at every step. Owing to the steepness of the declivity, we sometimes fell, and were for a moment submerged in the drifts. Our route downward being somewhat more westerly than that by which we had mounted, we had an opportunity of examining a new crater which had burst out and emitted large quantities of lava from the side of the mountain—probably during the last considerable eruption, in the year 1820. This crater has discharged its current of lava into the circuitous channel already described as communicating with the river. As it was now fireless and cold, we entered and surveyed the chasm on all sides. It seemed to have been broken through an almost solid rock, and inclined toward the mouth of the great tunnel. The sluice through which the fused lava had been poured, looked as fresh, and nearly as smooth and regular as if formed by the chisel of the mason. The portion of scorching fluid forced from this crater must have been comparatively small, it having flowed only for the space of a mile over the anterior layer.

On reaching our horses, we resolved, although much fatigued, to hasten on to Antuco that night, our provisions, as well as the provender of our steeds, being exhausted. It was very late when we arrived. The little village was wrapped in the mournful quiet of desertion, scarcely an individual being found in the houses; so that, wearied and hungry though we were, it was impossible to obtain any refreshment until morning. We learned, next day, that the frequent explosions so much resembling the sound of artillery, which we had heard while ascending the volcano, had been mistaken by the affrighted villagers for the din of conflict. Imagining that Pinchera and his gang had attacked the little fortress, and knowing that, should it be taken, they must if found, be devoted to pillage and outrage, they had fled to the mountains for concealment. The accounts we brought restored confidence, and during the day many of the inhabitants returned to their homes and occupations.

During three days after our arrival at Antuco we were confined to our apartments. The dazzling whiteness of the snow, rendered still more intensely brilliant by the reflected sunbeams, had made us partially blind. Our eyes, much swollen, became excruciatingly painful. Our lips blistered, and the skin peeled from our faces, as though from the effect of scalding. On recovering from this attack, we returned to Los Angeles, where

General Prieto was about to hold a conference with some Arancanian chiefs, from whom we hoped for leave to cross the Bio Bio and visit their country.

Perhaps no country on the globe contains a larger quantity of nitrous, sulphurous, and bituminous substances than South America; and the number of active and partially extinguished volcanos in this portion of the Cordilleras, is probably not exceeded in any part of the southern hemisphere. Molina says there are fourteen, in a constant state of eruption; but this estimate is exaggerated; there not being, we think, more than seven in a state of activity within the range of mountains bounding Chili to the east. The expired volcanos are, however, almost innumerable, and there are many which are only active at distant intervals. From natural causes, the fiery element must ever abound in this region. The materials which feed it are, apparently, inexhaustible. Sulphur and sal ammoniac in vast quantities, are here found, and furnish a magazine of fuel, which it would take ages on ages to consume.

The greatest eruption of which there is any record, occurred in 1760. The volcano of Peteroa formed for itself a new crater, and so immense was the discharge of lava and ashes on this occasion, that the valleys for leagues around were filled up, and the whole country in the vicinity buried, as it were, beneath the boiling and burning masses. The waters of the river Zingoraca rose far above their level, and the channel of the Lontere was dammed by the fragments of a mountain, one side of which was blown off by a tremendous explosion. Volcanos, worthy to be called such, are only to be found in the Andes. There is only a single small one apart from the mountains; Molina says two, and calls the volcano of Villacauca one of them; but, as will be shown hereafter, this is a mistake. The latter may be seen from a great distance, perhaps one hundred and fifty miles, and is much more than fourteen miles in circumference. It rises out of the main side of the Andes to a great elevation, and the lake at its base is the source of several rivers.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Mr. White: I furnish, according to promise, the little gem for your "Messenger," for the present month, from the pen of that sweet writer, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. It has never, I believe, appeared in print before, and was written by that lady, in my album in the summer of 1836. During a short tour "down east," on my return, I called upon Mrs. S. at her residence in Hartford and spent a most delightful morning in her company—the recollection of which can never pass away from my memory. The lines, it will be perceived, have reference to that romantic portion of Pennsylvania, whose beauties, and whose tragic recollections inspired the "Gertrude" of Campbell and the "Zin-sendorff" of Mrs. Sigourney.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. C. McC.

WYOMING.

Fair beauty, hast thou, classic dell!
Of winding stream, and mountain swell,—
And storied legend-stern and high,
Of ancient border chivalry,
And ashes of the brave that sleep,
In hallow'd urn 'mid foliage deep.

Wyoming!—oft the traveller's eye
Doth scan thy charms with ecstasy,
For the full tide of minstrel-song
Hath flowed thine echoing haunts along,
And martyr-courage, bold and free,
Bequeath'd its laurel crown to thee.

Hartford, Conn., August 8, 1836.

J. N. REYNOLDS.

[The readers of the Messenger have been furnished from time to time, for several years past, with notices of the preparation made for and the objects proposed to be attained by the South Sea Exploring Expedition. The vessels, composing the squadron, have long since sailed on their mission. As to the causes which separated Mr. Reynolds from an enterprise, called into existence by his own efforts, they are now pretty well understood, and need no comments at our hands. The present may not, however, be an unfitting occasion to give place to the following documents, so highly honorable to Mr. Reynolds, together with the comments made by the *New York* and *Ohio* press on the same. We give them a place, because they belong to the history of that enterprise, and as an act of justice to its author, without intending ourselves to depart from that strictly neutral ground in political controversy, which we have endeavored heretofore to maintain. We are not certain that the department did not do Mr. Reynolds a favor, under all circumstances, in withholding from him a position, which by common consent of the whole country, he had so nobly won. Without, however, saying more on our part, we give place to the paper alluded to, which has lain since August last, in our drawer.]

Ed. So. Lit. Messenger.

[From the New York Enquirer.]

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

In publishing the following communication from the Western members of Congress to the President, touching the position of Mr. Reynolds in the *Exploring Expedition*, we cannot omit to say, that whatever may be the final course of the Department in regard to that gentleman, nothing can deprive him of the merit that attaches to the originator, the defender, and the successful advocate of this important measure. The miserable imbecility, the dogged and asinine obstinacy of Mr. Secretary Dickerson, and his inveterate hostility to the expedition, Mr. Reynolds has kept before the public—adhering with the most laudable perseverance to its original objects, and resolved that they should be duly consummated. *But the sailing of the Expedition is the triumph of Mr. Reynolds.* To him the people will ascribe all the credit; and if Mr. Reynolds should be deprived by the administration of the place which belongs to him in the expedition, the people will look to him as its author and successful champion, and to him all the glory of it will ultimately revert. Nothing can deprive Mr. Reynolds of this honor, or this consolation.

By refusing him any participation in its labors, the administration may weaken and cripple the enterprise, but they can neither crush nor injure Mr. Reynolds.

We annex the communication to which we have referred above:

[COPY.]

To His Excellency the President of the United States:

The undersigned, members of Congress from the West, beg leave once more, very respectfully, though earnestly, to call the attention of the administration to the claims of J. N. Reynolds, Esq. to a prominent place in the *Exploring Expedition*. This measure was early and warmly supported by the West. It was originated and first called to the attention of Congress by one of

her own sons. She still continues to feel an interest, and still indulges the hope that it may be so equipped as not to disappoint the just expectations of the country; she still hopes to see it depart in skilful and experienced hands, unshorn of its naval or scientific strength. Congress has made repeated appropriations, which leave no doubt of the hold the expedition has upon the science, the intelligence, and pride of the nation.

The whole Ohio delegation, as well as many other members of the House, immediately after the passage of the law authorizing the measure, addressed communications to the late Executive. After congratulating him on account of the interest he took in directing the Expedition to be fitted out in a manner worthy "our great republic," they proceeded to call his attention to the claims of one, who had done so much in calling public attention to the importance of the enterprise, and in urging its adoption by Congress. The friends of the measure knew the important part Mr. Reynolds had acted, and they were influenced not more by a sense of justice than a desire for the success of the enterprise, in asking for Mr. Reynolds a prominent position in it. The commercial interests of the United States in the seas to be visited, are well known to the Executive; they are immense, and still susceptible of great extension. In asking that Mr. Reynolds be placed at the head of the Civil Department attached to the Expedition, was only asking in other words that he should receive the appointment of Commercial Agent. Until recently, many of us had supposed that station had been assigned to him; that he ought to have it, and be authorized to write the official account of the Expedition, we have never doubted. That he is eminently qualified to perform these duties, under the sanction and regulations of the Department, cannot be doubted; that he has abundantly earned the distinction, which they would confer upon him, will admit of as little question.

Mr. Reynolds has uttered no complaints to his friends, and it has not been until since the passage of the last Bill of Appropriations, that they became aware of the actual position the Secretary of the Navy had assigned him; and not even then, till the discussions in the House seemed to leave some doubt whether he was to accompany the Expedition in any capacity, had led to direct inquiries upon the subject. Any officer conversant with the history of this Expedition, and knowing the relation Mr. Reynolds has maintained to it both in and out of Congress, who should object to his participating largely in its labors, would, from that fact, in the opinion of the undersigned, be himself unfit to command; and the interests of the Expedition, and the honor of the country would, in all probability, be best consulted by his dismissal, and the supplying of his place by one of more just, liberal, and enlarged views.

The undersigned have learned with deep regret, that Mr. Reynolds, the originator, the indomitable advocate, who has for so long a time persevered against every discouragement, whose knowledge upon the subject has been so fully appreciated by committees and members of Congress, and has enlisted so large a share of public feeling throughout the country—has received from the Department, the meager, unmeaning appointment of "Corresponding Secretary to the Commander,"—to perform such duty on the Expedition as the justice or caprice of the commander might direct; while the names and duties of all others composing the scientific corps, as well as juniors in command, were conspicuously named in the general instructions for the guidance of the Expedition, were thus recognized by the Department in a document to be preserved in all coming time: but in that list, and in that document, the name of J. N. Reynolds, we learn, is no where to be found; that no duties were assigned him by the Secretary; in a word, that the action of the Department, whether intended or not, would go to show that Mr. Reynolds was not recognized by government, or known in the enterprise except only so far as he had an order in the form of an

appointment from the Secretary, directing him to report to the commander for duty.

The undersigned forbear further comment upon this subject, and content themselves by protesting in the name of their constituents, the people of the West, as well as in their own names, against the continuance of such obvious injustice to their fellow-citizen, who has, in their opinion, earned far different treatment at the hands of the Government. They are aware that many difficulties have thus far attended the fitting out of the Expedition. Upon these difficulties they feel no disposition to dwell. It is enough for them to call the attention of the President to the subject in a spirit of frankness and kindness, feeling assured that their communication will be received in the same spirit—and that the President will at once give such directions as will be satisfactory to all the parties concerned.

Very respectfully, &c.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1838.

This communication we copy from the *Cincinnati Republican*, an administration journal, which informs us that it was addressed to the President by nearly all the delegates in Congress from the North-western States, *without distinction of party*. This unusual unanimity of men, differing in political opinion, in urging the claims of Mr. REYNOLDS in this matter upon the Government is highly honorable to him—for it has been won by no truckling to power, and no sacrifice of principle. It is merely the testimony of his own fellow-citizens—of the men among whom he has been born and educated, and who know him best,—to his character, his capacity, and the claims which they justly consider him to possess in connection with this Expedition.

We copy from the *Cincinnati Republican*, (administration,) its comments on the above communication:

"This appeal or remonstrance, for it is a little of both, was sent to the President early in May last: but its publication has been withheld until the present moment, in the hope that justice would have been done Mr. Reynolds. But we learn that it is determined that Mr. Reynolds shall not accompany the Expedition, and the communication, though signed by a majority of the delegates in Congress from the West, who are friendly to the administration, has not received the courtesy of a notice from the President.

"When we take into consideration the uniform support the Expedition has always received from the West, and especially from the Ohio delegation, who took an interest in the enterprise, from the fact that it had been originated and successfully prosecuted, by a native of Ohio, the conduct of the Executive seems almost unaccountable. Here are the wishes of the almost entire delegation of the North-western States, strongly and manfully expressed. On what ground of petty jealousy are the demands of this letter denied? Was it to gratify a secretary notoriously opposed to the Expedition from the moment it was projected, and whose ground of hostility to Mr. Reynolds was mainly owing to the fact, that he had again and again defeated him before Congress? We can assign no other reason for the conduct of the President in this case.

"Of the arrangements which have given dissatisfaction, the appointment of Lieut. Wilkes to the command, over the heads of his seniors and superiors in every respect, is not the least reprehensible. Why was he selected? Was it because he was ready to do the bidding of an incompetent Secretary? This is no party measure. Strong men on both sides have been and are its supporters. The country at large bears the expense, and has a right to ask why matters have been thus managed? The people of Ohio have a voice in the matter, and a right to inquire if injustice has been done to one of her citizens—the author of the measure—who has by his researches and publications, fixed mile stones and guide boards for those to carry on the Expedition who have now got possession of it—without the magnanimity to

do justice to its projector. The conduct of the managers of this affair towards Mr. Reynolds, will find no response from honorable men. They may do him wrong, but cannot put him down; for, going or staying, his triumph has been complete. The spirit which his labors has awakened will not sleep, for whatever is done in this Expedition, or by others, which may, and no doubt will follow, for the extension and security of commerce and the acquisition of scientific knowledge, the country will not forget to whom it has been mainly owing."

WILLIS vs. PAULDING.

[Many of our readers having expressed a strong desire to see the piquant article from the pen of Mr. Willis on the works of Mr. Paulding transferred to our pages, we have determined to insert it. We do so, however, reluctantly, because we cannot approve the spirit in which the article appears to have been written,—nor can we subscribe to the justice of that criticism, which, on account of a few blemishes, would sentence all the labors of a popular and voluminous writer to condemnation. As an offset to Mr. Willis's caustic animadversions, we subjoin the brief but able reply of Mr. Webb of the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer in vindication of Mr. Paulding's writings.]—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

[From the "Corsair."]

PAULDING THE AUTHOR DISINTERRED.

Paulding's works in twelve volumes. Harper & Brothers.

We sympathized with the very warmest of Mr. Paulding's friends in rejoicing at his promotion to the Secretaryship. We had long pitied, with the same sympathy, the position of an old man, who, with no time or energies left, to try a new career, had discovered, within sight of the grave, that he had mistaken his vocation—who, having been ticketed for immortality by a few officious and injudicious friends, had worn out his label and walked unrecognised at sixty—who, in short, was the subject of one of those long-lived literary humbugs, which sometimes die with a fortunate man, but which Mr. Paulding is so unfortunate as to have outlived. He has stepped, however, from this crumbling pedestal, and we rejoice that another was at hand—that he had no undignified descent—that his grey hairs still enjoy the *digito monstrari*—and that his long practised English, tho' poor "woof and web," for an author's style, does *very well indeed* for letters to refractory lieutenants and peccant commodores.

We consider Mr. Paulding, the author, as dead. If there were more than one event in his life, Mr. Secretary Paulding might himself write his posthumous memoirs. Quite dead and forgotten! We defy his fondest survivor to quote a line of him. We challenge proof of idea ever borrow'd of him—of phrase or sentence ever plagiarised or gone astray one inch from his twelve mortal volumes. We would almost wager that, (the Dutch vocabulary of christian names apart) Mr. Secretary Paulding himself could not, on sudden demand, tell the substance of any chapter in the works of Paulding the author. So complete a submersion in Lethe has never before occurred in America. He will have one line and one distinction in history—the *first forgotten*! He has not died without "his little peculiarity" after all.

Our object, of course, is not to review an obsolete and voluminous collection of "works." We have read them, however. We record it as a literary curiosity that we have read them. Some fifteen years ago (before and after) the defunct was a paraphrasiat for the city

papers, and the city papers in those days, blew the trumpet before him with a vengeance. We read his "works" to know "what the devil was in the wind." They had one merit—open them any where, novel or satire, travels or essays, the first sentence you fall upon let you completely into his style. There was no variation. One eternal canal of low humor dwelling on disgusting objects with disgusting words, ran through them all. He was what the English call "nasty" in every thing he undertook. His works lie by us at this moment, sent us for review. We will open the uppermost at random. *Salmagundi—Second Series!* Well, come! this is in his best style. Here is some of his cleaner humor.

"Dear Mr. Evergreen,—

"I have got my beau again, I tried the prescription only once, and sure enough as you predicted, he came back yesterday, and brought me a most beautiful nose-gay. Poor Miss Pipkins looks as if she had lost her sweetheart, and I am so happy, you can't think.

"Adieu, dear Mr. Evergreen,

"ETHELINDE.

"P. S. I intend to send you some bride-cake to dream upon."

"To Anthony Evergreen, present.

"Dear Tony,—Quiz my wig if I haven't done the business—popped the prescription—entirely without the blunt you know—dad wouldn't come down—troubled with the *shorts*—quite at sea—devil a harbor my boy—popped the prescription—bills paid—plenty of the real stuff—tailor be hanged—gig afloat—clear the streets—d—ee if I spare a single piggy in all Broadway. Off to pop the question to Ethelinde.

"Yours, Tony—exquisite Tony,

"RANDIE DANDY."

There's humor? That is what poor Paulding, dead and gone, called humor! It was his best vein. Humor with him was to talk of pigs. "Piggy" was the funniest diminutive, the wittiest thing in the world. We have looked through half a volume to find a page without pig in it. It is pig all over. "Pig," "egg," "gutter," "gander," "grab," "gouge,"—we take the words as they catch our eye in turning over. We shall not do justice to the *great forgotten*, however, without trying him on an elegant theme. In his novel of *Koningsmarke*, there occurs a dissertation on *gentlemanly manners*!

"And here we will observe that the best possible test of a gentleman is his behavior at a dinner, breakfast, or supper table, in a hotel or steamboat. It is there that his pretensions are put to the touchstone, and that fine clothes fail to hide from observation the clown that lurks beneath them. If we find him *snatching at every dish within his reach; filling his plate with fish, flesh, and fowl; eating as if his last, or rather his first meal, were come; and at the same time looking about with his eyes as wide open as his mouth, to see what next to devour—not velvet-cloth coat, dandy pantaloons, or corset dire*, will suffice to place him in the rank of a gentleman. Were we to express our idea of a well-bred man in one word, we would say, he was a gentleman, even in his eating; nor would we hesitate to place any man in that class, who, being *fond of soft eggs*, should be able to eat them *boiled hard*, without grumbling. We remember, for we delight to remember every thing connected with that gay, good-humored, sprightly old gentleman, Deidrich Knickerbocker, that he always superintended *his eggs* himself, by a stop watch, and more than once came near to *scalding his fingers* in his haste to rescue his favorites from the boiling element, ere the fatal crisis was passed.

"This diversity of taste extends to almost every enjoyment and luxury of life, more especially to books, in the composition of which, notwithstanding so many appearances to the contrary, we will venture to say, that almost as much reason is necessary, as in the *roasting or boiling of eggs*. Some readers like what are call-

ed hard studies, as some would like *hard eggs*; while others luxuriate in raw sentiment, and *melting, drivelling, ropy softness*."

Poor Paulding! He thought he had an idea of a gentleman!

Our object, as we said before, is not to review the works of the *dead-alive Secretary*, though they were sent us that we might do so. We have taken him up to speculate upon the curious subject of literary humbug. How in the name of wonder did these twelve volumes of flat, pointless, and essentially vulgar stuff ever find printer, publisher, puffer, and reader! Paulding's works were known in America from the time the author first wrote for the newspapers till he ceased writing for them—say from 1786 to 1830. At that period they suddenly dropped out of all recollection, and will be a "curiosity in literature" for the future D'Israeli of our country—but let us put down a fact or two for the basis of his speculations.

Every lion has his jackal. Paulding was Washington Irving's.

Those who have lived in "literary circles," so called, know very well, how, on the appearance of any man of genius, there gathers about him a knot of patronisers, who by dint of talking of his works, praising him to his face, giving him advice and ferreting out the origin of his play, poem, or tale, grow to fancy, at last, that he is their own production—found, fostered, moulded, and sustained entirely by their own penetration, skill, counsel, and generosity. Washington Irving grew up in such a circle. He was as modest as he was gifted, and after writing that which will live forever, it never occurred to his retiring mind that there could be any objection to his friends' taking as much of his merit to themselves as they pleased. They had suggested the idea. It was *their* family story. They had read it in manuscript. "He is our Washington Irving."

Having made one author, entirely by themselves, and he well on his way to immortality, this same creative circle undertook another. Mr. Paulding had furnished the alloy to Irving's gold in *Salmagundi*, and they fancied that if the fusion could be continued a while, he might *pass*, alone. He had one advantage, too, which Irving had not,—he could circulate himself,—in the newspapers. At it they went—hammer and trumpet.

The one rule was, *never separate their names*. Irving and Paulding! *Irving and Paulding!* IRVING AND PAULDING! Every old maid on the Hudson took the slogan like an echo. Every newspaper Siamesed the words. Every blow of the hammer and blast of the bellows at the blacksmith's shop on the Hudson, (which was the centre of this manufactory of authors,) rung out "Irving and Paulding!" Irving had consented to write in the same book with him. All the newspapers echoed the union. The public took it for granted they were linked for immortality. Who were the principal American authors? "Irving and Paulding!" Who wrote *Salmagundi*? "Irving and Paulding!" Who wrote the *Sketch-book*? "Irving and Paulding!" The words stuck together, from constant repetition, like the names of a mercantile firm. There was no separating them. As you say, "Day and Martin's" daughter or son, it was "Irving and Paulding's" new book. He hung on to good Geoffrey's skirts like a shadow. As well as he could, he imitated his style. He followed in the same vein of subjects. He was witty in Dutch names. He floundered after his gay humor in what he called satire. He thought it was Irving-like to say sly things on every page about "piggy," illustrate every thing by pigs—make his humor in short, consist of nothing but the transfer of the choice nomenclature of the sty and kitchen to polite novels. Oh, well-forgotten Paulding!

The echo, however, did not reach John Bull's ears. John Bull cried out for "Irving," but the jackal strained his ears in vain for the appendage. Hence the only original book Paulding ever wrote—"John Bull in America." He hates the English with an emphasis!

Secretary and all he hates John Bull. Original, did we call the book? It is the most faithful collection of jokes on foreigners, from the American newspapers, ever made. They are strung together with very original malice, very original misstatements, VERY original wholesale abuse, and that is all that *ever was* original in this most bilious author. Any file of Mississippi or Kentucky papers will give you the entire staple of the book.

We are glad that our great and beloved author, Washington Irving, has at last followed the example of Peter Schlemihl, and *sold his shadow*. We were well nigh sure at one time, that "P." would have been the initial on the foot-stone of his grave. The unlucky Schlemihl, however, could not have been more astonished when the devil rolled up his shadow to pocket it, than must have been the modest Geoffrey at the marvellous alacrity with which his dissextered twin sunk into oblivion. Out he went like a candle snuff—one day Paulding and Irving—the next, Paulding the ship-chandler. One day half an author at least—the next, a patient old gentleman cyphering his way to a secretaryship. There he sits—all honor to his new dignity! But it will be a mortifying remembrance to his fame *founders* on the Hudson, that, let him drag out the bilious remainder of his life how he will, they themselves must acknowledge that the "*Secretary* stood alone!"

WEBB vs. WILLIS.

[From the New-York "Courier & Enquirer."]

The Hon. James K. Paulding.—In glancing our eye cursorily, a day or two ago, over the pages of the various hebdominals which have of late become so numerous in this city, our attention was arrested by a leading article in "The Corsair," headed "Paulding the author disinterred." The title exciting our curiosity, and promising something more congenial to our taste, than the wonted compound of love-sick stories and lack-a-daisical remarks, we were led to read it, and were sorry to find it, a malignant attempt to wound the literary reputation of a gifted man, who most deservedly fills a high place among the successful authors of the country, and whose writings have besides the rare merit of being conspicuous for American feelings and attachment to American institutions.

It is for this reason only, that we deem it incumbent on us to notice the article in question; for we do not believe that Mr. Paulding himself, or any of his personal connexions—whom this writer has also thought it becoming to disparage—will treat it with aught but silent contempt. We do not believe that Mr. Paulding's literary reputation will suffer an iota in public estimation from an assault, made evidently, under vindictive feeling, and supported by assertions so unfounded, that they carry with them their own refutation.

Of the spirit, which predominates throughout this pretended criticism, we will give but a few proofs. The most extensive iron works in this part of the Union—and the proprietors of which are descendants of one of our oldest and most respectable families—are called "the blacksmith's shop on the Hudson." Mr. Paulding is sunk into a "ship chandler" whilst filling the office of Navy Agent at this port, and because in one of his novels, Mr. Paulding, in rebuking the scramble which takes place at meals on board our steamboats, says, it is the test of a gentleman to refrain from joining in it, his critic exclaims, "Poor Paulding! he thought he had an idea of a gentleman!" We have no doubt the ideas of the two materially differ on the true constituents of gentility, and as little, that Mr. Paulding, sternly aristocratic as he is in his feelings and habits of life—maugre all his republicanism, and bad as the company is into which he has now fallen—will laugh at the thought of receiving a lesson on gentility from "The Corsair."

In endeavoring to reconcile the great celebrity which

Mr. Paulding's works have attained, with the low estimate this critic would affix to them, he asserts that this celebrity is to be attributed to the friends of Mr. Paulding ever attaching his name to that of Mr. Irving. "Who wrote the sketch book?" it is asked, and the answer given is "Irving and Paulding." Such answer was never given, and the whole assumption is entirely gratuitous. The names of Mr. Irving and Mr. Paulding were never used in association as authors, except in regard to the *Salmagundi*, and then justly.

With the same view, the critic assumes that Mr. Paulding's works have none of them been republished in Europe, and with the same justice. We have ourselves seen his *Westward Ho!* translated into French, and his *Dutchman's Fireside*, into German; indeed we believe we are not going too far in asserting, that all his works that were susceptible of it, have been translated into most of the modern languages. We say susceptible, because some of them being solely calculated to awaken national feelings and national pride among his countrymen, could not be appreciated, if understood, by foreigners.

Lastly, it is asserted, that Mr. Paulding in everything he undertook, is what the English call "nasty." We do not exactly know what precise meaning the English attach to this word, other than that which it bears here, but we think we can divine the meaning the writer would affix to the word "nice," and thence infer that he would give to the opposite extreme. For instance he would apply the term "nice" to the author who could imagine such fanciful titles for his productions as

"Pencilings by the Road Side," and "A L'Abri, or the Tent Pitched," or one so full of meaning as "Lines from Under a Bridge," and so affecting as "The Heart Overtasked"—to one who interlards his language with ridiculous French, such as *apropos des bottles* (*Vide Corsair*), who never hopes to excite a patriotic throb, or aims to instruct—who seeks to rebuke no weakness, correct no vice, but who revels on the cut of a coat, or the ottomans of a lady's boudoir, and delights in the soft shade of a glen. That Mr. Paulding is the very reverse of all this, we willingly admit; and for that very reason believe, that his works will endure, among his countrymen, long after those of his pretended resurrectionist have served the purpose for which they seem most apt—the papillottes of ladies' chambermaids.

EDITORS.

Some editors cast themselves so far beyond those courtesies which obtain between well-bred men, that they find in their very position an exemption from responsibility. No man who has clean apparel himself, will return the mud-balls with which he may be assailed by one who has taken up his stand in the ditch.

Anon.

MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

When in the year 1819, it was first announced to the American public, by the editor of the *Raleigh Register*, that the people of Mecklenburg in North Carolina, had actually declared themselves independent of Great Britain, in May, 1775, the fact was deemed highly improbable by many, and among others by Mr. Jefferson, because, according to the best contemporary accounts, independence had not yet become the aim, or even the wish of the colonies; and because, also, it was thought that an act so much in advance of public opinion, would scarcely have escaped notice and honorable mention, when their early suggestion came to be subsequently adopted.

Mr. Jefferson, having in his correspondence with his friend Mr. Adams, expressed the opinion, that the paper published as the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," was not genuine, the legislature of North Carolina, soon after the publication of that correspondence, authorized the governor of the State to collect and publish evidence to establish its authenticity. This was accordingly done; and it appeared by the document thus given to the public, that resolutions of the character alleged, had been adopted by the people of Mecklenburg, in May, 1775, that the copy which had been published had been found, in manuscript, among the papers of General Davie, and that their authenticity was confirmed by the recollections of several respectable contemporary witnesses.

Before the publication of this testimony, there had been a very prevalent tradition in North Carolina, that some resolutions had been adopted in Mecklenburg in 1775, of an unusually bold character, and the proclamation of the royal Governor, which had been preserved in Almon's *Remembrancer*, expressly referred to those resolutions, among various other "seditious and treasonable acts," in the Province of North Carolina. While the Governor's pamphlet proved the tradition to have been well founded, it did not entirely remove the difficulty. The close coincidence between some passages in the Mecklenburg paper and the declaration of national independence of the 4th of July, 1776, was too remarkable to be attributed to accident, and some were therefore inclined to doubt the genuineness of the particular resolutions, rather than believe that Mr. Jefferson had been guilty of a plagiarism from a paper, of such humble pretensions, or being guilty, should have escaped detection by his contemporaries. On the other hand, the latter alternative was eagerly seized by Mr. Jefferson's enemies, and their wishes, no doubt, contributed to bias their judgments, and inclined them to the belief that the paper was genuine, and that Mr. Jefferson had been its copyist. This question is now put to rest—thanks to the antiquarian researches of Mr. Peter Force of Washington. He has been fortunate enough to procure a newspaper, printed in 1775, which contains a copy of the Mecklenburg resolutions, and which have a claim to authenticity, that the written copy found among the papers of

General Davie cannot boast, however supported by the distant and fallible recollections of the best intentioned witnesses.

To enable the reader to see the disagreement between the two copies, they are here placed in juxtaposition. The printed copy is dated May 31, and is published in a paper dated July 12, 1775; and the written copy, May 20.

CHARLOTTE TOWN, MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

May, 31, 1775.

20th of May, 1775.

This day the committee met, and passed the following resolves:

WHEREAS, by an address presented to his majesty, by both Houses of Parliament, in February last, the American colonies are declared to be in a state of actual rebellion, we conceive that all laws and commissions confirmed by, or derived from, the authority of the King or Parliament, are annulled and vacated, and the former civil constitution of these colonies, for the present, wholly suspended. To provide in some degree for the exigencies of this county, in the present alarming period, we deem it proper and necessary to pass the following resolves, viz:

1. That all commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the crown, to be exercised in these colonies, are null and void, and the constitution of each particular colony, wholly suspended.

2. That the provincial congress of each province, under the direction of the great continental congress, is invested with all the legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces; and that no other legislative and executive power does or can exist, at this time, in any of these colonies.

3. As all former laws are now wholly suspended in this province, and the congress have not yet provided others, we judge it necessary, for the better preservation of good order, to form certain rules and regulations for the internal government of this county, until laws shall be provided for us by congress.

4. That the inhabitants of this county do meet on a certain day appointed by this committee, and, having formed themselves into nine companies, viz. eight in the county and one in the town of Charlotte, do choose a colonel and other military officers, who shall hold and exercise their several powers by virtue of this choice, and independent of the crown of Great Britain and former constitution of this province.

That whosoever directly or indirectly abets, or in any way, form, or manner, countenances the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this county, to America, and to the inherent and unalienable rights of man.

That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connection, contract, or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington.

That we do hereby declare ourselves, a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of the Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other, our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

That as we acknowledge the existence and control of no law nor legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt as a rule of life, all, each, and every of our former laws; wherein, nevertheless, the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities, or authority therein.

That it is further decreed, that all, each, and every military officer in this county, is hereby reinstated in his former command and authority, he acting conformably to these regulations. And that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz. a justice of the peace, in the character of a committee-man, to issue process, hear, and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws; and to preserve peace, union, and harmony in said county; and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in this province.

The production of a printed copy of these resolutions, in a paper published six weeks after they were passed, thus furnishing that highest testimony of their existence which the skeptical called for, and which has so well justified a part of their doubts, may be considered now to have established the following points, beyond room for cavil or doubt.

First. The people of the county of Mecklenburg in North Carolina, did, as early as May, 1775, pass patriotic resolutions, which showed then a determined spirit of resistance to oppression, and which procured for them the honor of being denounced as traitors by a royal governor.

Secondly. They were not so much in advance of their countrymen in the other provinces and in their own, as the resolutions previously published seemed to imply; for they do not speak of dis-

solving the political bands, which had connected them with the British government, but merely propose a temporary or provisional government so long as they were declared in a state of rebellion. Both in the preamble and in the three first resolutions, they regard the British authority as merely "suspended," not annihilated. The last resolution, is merely a consummation of their purpose previously declared.

Thirdly and lastly. This genuine copy completely acquits Mr. Jefferson of the improbable charge of plagiarism, which party-zealots first industriously propagated, and careless reasoners too readily admitted. It does not contain a single expression or phrase which is to be found in the declaration of independence, adopted by Congress. The spurious copy contained several, which are here printed in italics, and which from the first, led many to doubt its authenticity.

The questions to which these Mecklenburg resolutions have given rise, and which may be ascribed partly to the interest with which we view whatsoever is in any way connected with the revolution, and partly to the avidity with which party-vindictiveness finds aliment in every thing, may thus be considered to be permanently settled. *Requiescat in pace.*

INVESTIGATOR.

ADDRESS TO MY LYRE, IN REPROOF FOR ITS LONG SILENCE.

By the late Miss Margaret Davidson.*

Awake once more! inactive Lyre,
From this cold sleep of thine;
Behold! the weeds are twining round,
Where precious flowers should twine!

While thou art sleeping idly here,
Thy garland is unbound;
And thy sweet chords, so tuneful once,
Divested of their sound.

Unstrung is every golden wire,
Forgot each witching strain;
Could I but rouse thee now, my Lyre,
I'd wake those notes again.

Thou'st slept for many a weary day,
And many a weary night;
Perchance thy slitting dreams were gay,
And laden with delight.

* We have inserted, heretofore, several beautiful articles from the pen of this young lady and her talented sister. The above sweet lines were written by her at the age of thirteen—some three years before her death. Every new production of this child of song that comes before us, is well calculated to deepen our admiration of her wonderful and rich gifts, and our sorrow that her "Lyre" was so soon crushed forever, and that, with the voice of its music around her, she should have passed down so early to the grave.—[*Ed. S. Lit. Messen.*]

And thou hast only slept to gain
New themes for melody—
To pour them forth in one full strain
Of melting harmony.

I will not chide thee then, my Lyre,
Though broken and unstrung;
I will not chide thee, though thy strains
Have long been left unsung!

But I will bind thy loosen'd string,
And twine for thee a wreath
Whose balmy perfume shall arise
Like angels' fragrant breath.

And I will strike thy silent chords,
So wildly and so gay
That thou shalt lure a sorrowing heart
From all its cares away.

And thou shalt cheer the brow of grief,
And light the eye of woe,
And cause the frozen tide of joy
In rippling waves to flow.

And thou shalt warm a mother's heart,
With all a mother's fire,
And then thou wilt be blessed indeed—
Arouse thee, oh! my Lyre.

Remember, that I chide thee not,
For all thy past neglect;
Remember, that thy form shall be
With *freshest* garlands decked.

A wave from Lethe's silent stream,
O'er all the past shall flow;
And thou shalt pour thy sweetest strains
To nobler purpose now.

For thou shalt cheer a kindly heart,
Which sorrow oft hath wrung,
And thou shalt never, never more
Be broken and unstrung.

SONNET—TO MY SISTERS.

Sweet sisters—ye are far away, and night
Has closed around us—dark and chill and damp,
And sullen with dull clouds. All by my lamp
Alone I sit, and in its tapering light,
Feel a calm sympathy with common things,
Which in the sun-bright day I've seldom found.
A few small well-known books are scattered round,
Silent companions of my wanderings—
Silent, and yet how eloquent! Alone
I may not call myself, while these are near:
Still less, when thinking of my sisters dear,—
My fancy hears the sweet familiar tone
Of merry voices, as amid your glee,
Ye check the laugh sometimes, and talk awhile of me.

C. F. C.

May, 1839.

DR. BIRD'S NEW NOVEL.

The Adventures of Robin Day; by the author of "Calavar," "Nick of the Woods," &c. in two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1830.

The advancement and perfection of our moral nature, is the great and ultimate object to be attained by science, art, philosophy, poetry, labor, recreation, or whatever principle has action and influence upon it. To him who is guided by this truth, the world and all its existences will assume a new and deeper interest. He does not view it only as a great mart for traffic, gain and secular labor, or a splendid arena, fitted up for one continual gala-day of empty pleasure—it is not only a theatre in which we are to weep and laugh and toil and die, with no thought going out beyond its local and temporal things. He is a pilgrim here, it is true, and the glory of this universe is gliding and passing away from his vision, and he gazes upon orbs of beauty that are to hold their festival above his grave as they now do above the sepulchres of ancient and peopled and forgotten generations. He soon passes through this sphere of earth—lit up with all its loveliness, and hung with varied hues, and breathing music from its bowers, it rolls swiftly on—and time weaves unceasingly his allotment of days; and, ere he is aware, the leaves are withering around him, and the great shadows of eternity fall upon his path. But, pilgrim as he is, it is for a high and important purpose that he is placed here, and every object that he sees, and every principle that stirs around and within him, has a lesson for his soul—an influence of good or of evil. He is a pupil here—he is in the vestibule of the temple, and may pause and learn its elementary and preparatory teachings, although curtains of light, and draperies of splendor, shut out the glory and the mysteries beyond.

We say, then, that to him who apprehends and bears about a living consciousness of this truth, the world and its objects assume a new and a deeper interest. He is awake to the true ends of life—to the dignity of his nature—and he throws off the fetters that bind down the soul of the wealth-seeker and the grovelling to earth and its low and perishing pursuits. The great waters and the lofty mountains are not only common and familiar objects—they have a connection with the soul—they are emblems of its inherent grandeur and of the fulness and depth of its aspirations; and the stars appear not as they do to the distant and indifferent, twinkling orbs set to beautify and adorn, but radiant suns which kindle where they shine, and enlighten and vivify worlds and systems of wonder and beauty inexpressible. If such an one be true to his convictions, he will look to it anxiously and closely, and seek out and cultivate those influences which tend to strengthen and purify the faculties that are to go with him beyond the tomb and live forever.

Among these influences, literature occupies a prominent and important station. For, it is the medium of communication for thought and passion—it gives the power of utterance to wisdom and truth—contains the maxims of philosophy and the sacred precepts of religion—embodies the beautiful, and unfolds the treasures of fact and imagination. In all ages its way has been acknowledged, and the soul of the universal humanity is

moved and thrilled by it. It has an innate charm and authority, which cause its impulses to be felt wherever it acts and in whatever form it lives. Go back as far as history will carry you, or to the limits within which the dim light of tradition falls, and you will find a literature—rude and marred with ignorance and error although it may be—lingering around the shrines of Isis, or chanted by the Scalds to the stern measures of the Runic rhyme. Look where you will, there is scarce a nation or a tribe without it, and although it may be held and wielded in the hands of the few, it pervades and controls the many. Its kindling spirit is all around you. The great memories of the past which you cherish so fondly, are all hallowed by it, and it dwells, like the vital principle, in the varied operations of the present. The earth is vocal with it, and the air filled with its breathings.

This great element of the moral and intellectual world may be employed as the means of much good or of deep and lasting evil. It may speak for virtue—it may speak for Heaven—and man will feel its appeals going down into his heart like angels' voices—or it may spread abroad the blight and pollution of vice and crime and every sin. It may strengthen the tottering dynasties of tyrants, and rivet fast the bands of old superstition—or it may peal out with a trumpet-tone from the altars of the free, and speak for the just and the true. It may soar aloft

"Above the Aonian mount—"

and bask in celestial light, with a Milton, or tarnish its wings and breathe out the obscene wit of a Rabelais or a Sterne. It may shed abroad the demonstrations of the Eternal Spirit, and uphold the ark of religion and virtue, with Paley and Locke, or give utterance to the impieties, sophistries, and sarcasms of a Voltaire. According as he who possesses the rich gift of talent employs the boon—according as its influences of good or evil are nourished and propagated—so will be its results.

That literature which does not exercise and rightly develop the intellectual and moral faculties, but which tends to enervate or pervert them, illy compensates, by the refinement which it bestows, for the injury it inflicts, and is worse, far worse, than primeval and uncultivated ignorance itself. "An application to any study," says Bolingbroke, using an expression of Tillotson, "that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men or better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness." He who is striving to cultivate moral excellence in himself or to diffuse it abroad, will feel the truth of this remark, and will be disposed to ask of each production as it issues from the press—"cui bono?" He will anxiously scrutinize the tendencies of the literature of the age and nation, and behold in its good or evil influences—in its principles of virtue or its propensities to vice—the triumph or the defeat of his labors and his hopes.

But, we would remark further, that man is not confined to any one mode in his endeavors after moral excellence. His course must be upward—but he need not always take the steep and rugged way. He may gaze upon the glory and beauty of the landscape around him—refresh himself where the clear fountain gushes in the shade, or pause to pluck the flower that blooms and sheds its fragrance in the mossy clefts. As we

pause occasionally to unbrace the sinews and rest the weary muscles of the physical frame,—so we may, at times, relax the mind from its stern bent and rigorous study, and let it find recreation and delight in things of a lighter or gayer nature. The principle of literature need not always be employed in the more important modes of philosophy, reflection, and fact—music may come with its gentle harmonies, and poetry with its bright imaginings, and fiction with its charms and amusement. In the language of another—"Man was made for relaxation as truly as for labor; and by a law of his nature, which has not received the attention which it deserves, he finds perhaps no relaxation so restorative, as that in which he reverts to his childhood, seems to forget his wisdom, leaves the imagination to exultate itself by sportive inventions, talks of amusing incongruities in conduct and events, smiles at the innocent eccentricities and odd mistakes of those whom he most esteems, allows himself in arch allusions or kind-hearted satire, and transports himself into a world of ludicrous combinations. We have said, that on these occasions the mind seems to put off its wisdom; but the truth is, that in a pure mind, wisdom retreats, if we may so say, to its centre, and there unseen keeps guard over this transient folly, draws delicate lines which are never to be passed in the freest moments, and, like a judicious parent watching the sports of childhood, preserves a stainless innocence of soul in the very exuberance of gaiety."

We cannot hold with some, then, that the reading of novels is never justifiable, and that it is altogether a wrong and injurious practice. It may be so used as to have its indirect, if not direct influences, in making us "better men and better citizens." This it may do even when we view novel-reading only as a source of relaxation and amusement. But works of fiction may also prove means of instruction. They often contain faithful and powerful delineations of character, and hold up to the mind's eye a mirror reflecting the experience of the past. Many valuable morals may also be derived from their pages, and truth and wisdom may be imparted to us as well—perhaps much more vividly—in the incidents of a tale, as in the brevity of a maxim or the stern simplicity of an essay. In what form more familiar and attractive, will you convey such lessons to the hearts of the young and unreflecting? The novelist can touch the deep chords of human passion, and show us what follies and what virtues dwell in the hidden soul. He may call up the great events of history, in the garb of romance, and we behold the scenes and actors of the past time before us, with all the attendant circumstances of manners and customs, dress and character, and we gain a minute and lasting knowledge of that which otherwise we should never have learned, or only passed by in the ponderous and obsolete tomes of records and chronicles. You say that novel-reading has been and is the source of much evil, and that it has shed poisoning and blighting influences. This is true; but do you not see that you may bring the same objection, with equal force, against all literature? We grant that novel-reading has created evil and even melancholy effects, but so have all branches of literature, misemployed and perverted. It is the *abuse* not the *use* of novel-reading which we reprobate. It is calculated for our times of relaxation, and should not be allowed to

occupy those moments which we ought to devote to superior and more important affairs. When novel-reading becomes an all absorbing passion—when business is neglected and duty left unperformed—when the merchant forgets his desk and the clerk the counter—when the mistress leaves her household affairs to take care of themselves, and the maid follows her example in the kitchen—when the student throws by too long his Euclid and his Livy—in short, whenever we *abuse* this privilege, then it is that works of fiction become productive of many and grievous evils. But this is the fault of those who do thus, and not of the works themselves.

Again, because we find some authors devoting their time and their talents in diffusing erroneous and immoral teachings through this medium, are we to condemn all novels in the mass? Are we to say that every work of fiction shall share the fate of Don-Quixotte's books of chivalry, or go forth to the world with the seal of reprobation stamped upon them by the wise and the good? We ask, may not novels, as a means of relaxation and of instruction, fulfil a good office and exist as an important and beneficial branch of literature? If so, condemn not the *use* of these works because of the *abuse*. We believe that they may be the means of much instruction and good, and we repeat the idea which we have already expressed, that even viewed as sources of amusement only, they may indirectly, if not directly, have their share of influence in making us "better men and better citizens."

We have made these remarks not because they were particularly called for, nor because they are new, nor yet because they are more appropriate to our present subject than to any other; for the matter last named, they belong as much to any other column of the Messenger as to this. But we have a novel—an American novel—before us, and we deem what we have said by way of introduction, not inappropriate or useless, inasmuch as there are many who are, doubtless, anxious to see the literature of our country flourish and deepen in its growth, and who are cheered at the prospect which opens to us, and yet, who are opposed to the reading and writing of works of fiction. We respectfully ask all such to consider why they are thus opposed, and we trust that it may be that they will also discover the importance and the uses of this department of letters. We trust, moreover, that our native authors while they emulate the excellences, will avoid the evil ways of the old-world novelists. We hope that they will discard every kind of skepticism, transcendentalism, all clothing of vice by the aid of sophistry in the robes of virtue, and all sickly sentimentalism and fashionable affectation. There are themes enough without the aid of these—native and glorious themes. There are records that tell of our battles, and holy memories that linger by our stream-sides, and chronicles of mighty deeds; and there are scenes for the graphic pencil beneath all our blue, free skies, and in our dark and ancient forests. No—there is no lack of themes here—themes for the novelist, that will stir the heart and quicken the pulses and call out high thoughts of virtue. Let every branch that runs into the common stream of our literature, flow pure and blessed as the live fountains that gush from their thousand sources around us.

There was one who took this course, and gained a name that did honor to his country, and won green lau-

rels wherever he ventured—whether upon the blue ocean-wave, or among the red dwellers of the forest, or in the broad prairies of the west. But he has descended from the proud station which he occupied, and we fear that it will be long ere we shall look again upon the like of Cooper in his early and palmy days. But there are many who have sprung up, and from whom we may hope much; and among the foremost of these is the author of the volumes now before us. Dr. Bird has already obtained a brilliant reputation, and we presume that his name will give rapid currency and secure an extensive reading to the present work. How well he merits this reputation, we are, from circumstances, unable to judge, but we venture to say, that the decision of the public is a just one, and that his honors are well won and worn. We hope that his talents will be employed, as a novelist, not only in building up his own good fame by writing well, but in purifying and perfecting this department of our national literature. But we turn to the work before us.

This book is well-named "*Adventures of Robin Day*," and the motto chosen for the title-page most appropriate. It is, indeed, a record

"Of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes ' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history."

These words will apply, almost literally, to the up-rising, down-falling, progress, &c. of the hero Sammy September, *alias* Robin Rusty, *alias* Sy Tough, *alias* Robin Day, *alias* Juan Aubrey. The grand feature of the work is *incident*—absorbing and exciting incident—from the beginning to the end. Scarcely does the hero emerge from one difficulty, before he is entangled in another, and when he escapes from the meshes of a second we find him struggling in the bogs of a third, and so on until the consummation. The plot is an interesting one; the origin of Robin being wrapped in mystery, which is, of itself, a prime ingredient of interest, and one calculated to lead him who sits down and commences a book, to continue reading until the plot is unravelled at the *dénouement*. The plot of this work will develop itself, and a general idea be formed of it in the following compendium.

Robin Day, who tells his own story, and considers himself as one of the race of *unlucky dogs*, came ashore with the wreck of a schooner, one wild night in the month of September, 1796, upon the coast of New Jersey, and was picked up "a puny little bantling of some twelve or fifteen months old, half famished and half drowned, the only living creature, save two ducks that were soaking in a coop, and a broken-backed cat in the fore-castle, that escaped." The disaster occurred in the neighborhood of Barnegat, and suspicions were entertained that it was less the effect of wave and tempest, than of the schemes of land-pirates or wreckers, who lived upon the coast, and were frequently accused of decoying vessels to destruction by setting up false lights. It was rumored, moreover, in this particular instance, that the crew of the schooner had met with foul play from the wreckers;—at any rate, they had all disappeared but our hero, who, from the fact that he was thrown ashore among a class of people whose interest it was

to keep transactions of this kind dark, never clearly ascertained all the minute circumstances of the case. Who were his parents was a mystery, as nobody cared or took the trouble to inquire.

The earliest recollections of Robin are of a miserable hut by the sea-side, an old hag clad in a sailor's hat and jacket—"a very Semiramis among land-pirates," and a life of famine, beating, and misery. Here he at first obtained the name of Sammy September, and afterwards that of Robin Rusty. After seven years of thralldom, under the barbarity of this bel-dam and her son Ikey, he was rescued from their clutches by the hand of a skipper named Duck, the owner of the shallop "*Jumping Jenny*," who interfered one day in his favor, and after resorting in vain to mild means, at length bore him off per force. But this change was from bad to worse, and, regarded by his deliverer as a portion of his goods and chattels, he now led a most degraded life of servitude and bondage. On board of the *Jumping Jenny*, the freight of which vessel was wood, oysters, fish, and sundries, and at times the plunder of the wreckers, carried to New York and other places, our hero, in the capacity of ship's cook, suffered, starved, and smarted under kicks and blows, and grew up in abject ignorance, until his thirteenth year, when, he tells us, that he "was a wretched little stunted thing, to appearance not more than nine year's old, a picture of raggedness, emaciation and misery, a creature with no more knowledge, intelligence or spirit than a ferryman's horse, or a sick ape; which latter animal, I have often been told, I much more resembled at that time than a human child. In fact, the brutality of my skipper had made me almost an idiot: it had killed my spirit and stupified my mind; and such was the gross darkness in which I had been suffered to grow up, that I was ignorant even of the existence of the Great Being, the refuge of the orphan, and the avenger of his wrongs. I had never even heard his name, except in the execrations, with which my tormentor coupled it a thousand times a day."

But a new era dawned upon the life of Robin. One summer's day, having cast anchor near a wharf of a large city in New Jersey, he was set to work at plucking the feathers from the back of a luckless and venerable gander, which had been murdered for the purpose of the skipper's dinner. While perched upon the bowsprit engaged in this operation, he attracted the attention of some frolicsome lads, assembled on the neighboring wharf, and in a batteau hard by, who presently saluted him with occasional volleys of pebbles and oyster-shells. In the course of this pleasant amusement, one of the urchins succeeded in cutting the forehead of Robin with a shell, but, in his effort to do so, lost his balance and was precipitated into the river. From this danger he was rescued by our generous hero, but at the expense of the gander, and a torn jacket, shirt and back. For thus losing his master's dinner, he was dragged, kicked and severely beaten with a rope's end; but was rescued in the midst of this brutality by the father of the boy whose life he had saved, who carried him to his house, dressed his wounds, and washed and clothed him. As to skipper Duck, he was first laid in a common jail, then mulcted in a heavy fine, imprisoned for a month, and finally keel-hauled, tarred and feathered, and sent out of town.

Robin's friend and deliverer was a Doctor Howard, whose humanity and zeal in his behalf were strongly exerted. Every effort was made by this amiable and philanthropic man to ascertain the particulars of the shipwreck and the parentage of the poor orphan, but they were of but little avail. As to master Day, being now ensconced in good quarters, he troubled his head but little about these matters, and, from his dullness and stupidity and grovelling desires, he bid fair to have dwelt in the kitchen all his days, for his patron having toiled in vain to awaken his dormant faculties, resigned him to the congenial office of scullion and turnspit. But from this state he was aroused, however, by the efforts of nature and the exertions of master Tommy, the lad whom he rescued from a watery grave, and the only son of Doctor Howard. This youth, who was, in reality, amiable and generous, although full of the boyish love of fun and mischief, contracted a strong affection for our young "ship's cook," and from being his playmate assumed the office of instructor, and taught him to read ere the doctor was aware that the first step had been taken upon the ladder of learning. From this, he was transferred to the doctor's study, and thence to the school, and by a melancholy event which soon after occurred, he acquired the place of a son in the affections of his patron. This event was the disappearance of Tommy, who was supposed to have been drowned while engaged in swimming, and whose body could not be recovered. Doctor Howard had but one other child, a weak and sickly daughter, and this blow, therefore, rendered him almost literally childless. In short, by the affection of his benefactor and his wife, our hero became a spoiled child, and while she lived, which was not long, "even Tommy himself had not been more effectually humored to the top of his bent." The name Rusty was now exchanged for that of Day, and Robin entered upon a school-boy career. Our hero's description of the youthful male portion of the last generation, is by no means a flattering, but we believe a perfectly just one. He tells us that "they were all sons of Ishmael, at war with themselves and every body else; and firmly persuaded, that, as courage was by far the highest and noblest of all human attributes, so strife and battle were the most delightful of human enjoyments." Robin Day's associates were remarkably pugnacious, and "fight," "flog," and "lick," were terms, and their practical definitions circumstances, of daily and hourly occurrence. Among these young heroes, on account of his callousness and indifference to blows—a quality acquired under the rough tuition of the skipper—our friend obtained the nickname of "Sy Tough," and finally becomes the Julius Caesar of the school. The only successful competitor with "Sy," was one master Richard or "Dick" Dare, quite an important and prominent character throughout the remainder of this adventurous history. This lad, the son of a revolutionary officer, was a hero from top to toe, whose heart delighted in nothing so much as a regular battle, and whose mind was filled with visions of drums, trumpets, banners and soldiery. Between the martial Dick and the tough Sy, a spirit of generous rivalry existed; for, although they were continually fighting, neither obtained the palm of victory.

Under two such renowned and valiant leaders, the school was converted into a perfect *Champs de Mars*—

the spirit of rebellion against the tyrant-rule of pedagogues broke forth, and, as master after master was "licked" and driven out, the sacred retreat of study and discipline, became, ere long, an abode of anarchy, and the theatre of a mimic French revolution. But, at length, the young desperadoes encountered their match, in the person of a gigantic Irishman by the name of M'Goggin, who professed to teach nothing but "reading, writing, 'rithmetic, and dacent manners," and who, therefore, our hero presumes, was obtained solely for the purpose of testing the efficacy of the *brutum fulmen*. The effect of the administration of professor M'Goggin was such, that he over-awed even the redoubtable Dicky Dare himself, chilled the hearts of the lesser rebels, and, to the great amazement of all the town, actually made his scholars to be, for five whole days, "the best behaved boys that were ever seen in a school-room." But an insurrection at length broke out against the government of the Kilkenny "tacher," which ripened into a Kilkenny row, and ended with a Kilkenny triumph. The rebels were routed, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and the reign of despotism established.

The prominent part which our hero assumed in these exploits, grieved and distressed his benefactor, and finally resulted in a promise of amendment, a withdrawal from school, a doffing of the school-boy garb, a donning of boots and neckcloth, and a commencement of the study of medicine. The influence of the doctor's daughter, Nanna, who had recovered her health, and now in her fifteenth year was fast blooming into beautiful womanhood, it would seem, had some effect in leading our hero to this determination. To this being, the affections of her father were fast knitting with increasing strength, and, as was natural, towards Robin they were becoming somewhat less warm. But, in spite of love and good resolutions, the spirit of mischief would move and break out. Our hero joined a conspiracy, plotted and carried on by the indefatigable Dicky, or, as he was termed, General Dare, against the strong-fisted tyrant M'Goggin. We will not enter into the details concerning this adventure. Suffice it to say, that the scheme was carried out in such a manner that professor M'G. was left for dead. This unfortunate result, as may well be conceived, produced terror and dismay in the bosoms of the young conspirators. In grief and agitation, Robin is informed by doctor Howard, that M'Goggin is fatally injured—is ordered to fly—and provided with a horse, a letter containing money directed to Philadelphia, a sum for his own use, and a string of beads taken from his neck by mother Moll at the time of the wreck of the schooner, he leaves his home, his patron, and Nanna, and with all the energy which horse, rein and spur can give, enters for the first time "upon the world." In the course of his swift flight, with the fear of constable and *posse comitatus* urging him on, he encounters his old comrade Dicky, flying also for dear life, and, provided with fifty dollars and a sorrel nag, going to fight the battles of our country, at that time engaged in the last war with Great Britain. Upon the road they fall into an encounter with a robber, the consequence of which is, that the desperado is conquered by the General, but their horses take flight and Dicky and Robin part company. In the next "scrape" in which master Day is involved, we find him accused by this very robber of

having aided in plundering him, and of having stolen from him the horse upon which he rode. From this trouble, Robin escapes by a window, wanders through the woods, in the rain, and finally arrives at the city of Philadelphia. Here, at the outset, his adventures are numerous and comical enough, and as he describes a nuisance, under which we think it quite probable our good brethren of Philadelphia and strangers visiting their city, suffer at the present day, we give the description of his entry in his own words.

"Having got over my first amazement at the sight of such a prodigious number of houses and people, and emerged from a species of dejection which held me for a moment at the thought of my insignificance and almost nonentity among such a multitude of men, I began to enjoy greater ease and contentment of mind than I had known for several days. My very insignificance, it appeared to me, was my best protection; for "sure," thought I, "among so many people, I shall be in little danger of my pursuers, the constables and deputy-sheriffs, who might hunt for me in such a city for weeks in vain."

With this encouraging reflection, my natural spirits returned at length, to such a degree, that instead of jumping into the gutter, to make room for every body that passed, as I had modestly done at first, I elbowed my way along like others, endeavoring to assume, as far as I could, the air of ease, and the step of busy haste, which seemed to characterize the citizens.

In this I succeeded to my wish, and had just begun to conceal myself almost a citizen, and to fancy that every body else so considered me, when my equanimity received a blow from the wheelbarrow of a black porter; who, coming up from behind, whistling Yankee Doodle with a vigor that drowned the creaking of his wheel, tumbled me into a lot of pottery arranged along the pavement; whereby, though I received no greater injury than a rent or two in my coat, great damage was done among the merchandise.

This accident, which might have moved the concern of any rational being, its cause, the negro, did not seem in the least to regard, but went on his way, whistling as before; which incensing me, I started up, intending to chastise him for his impudent assault, with a staff I had cut in the woods, and still retained. But here I was doomed to a disappointment, the dealer in washbowls and pattipans seizing me by the collar, and declaring I should not leave him until I had paid for the damage I had done, which he estimated at two or three dollars, though he afterwards abated his demand to one. I would have remonstrated upon the injustice of making me pay for a mischief evidently caused by the negro; but my merchant only grew angry, and declared he would carry me to the nearest justice; which was an alternative so frightful to me, who had such terror of, and such occasion to keep at a distance from, all limbs of the law, that I consented to satisfy his demand, and handed him a five-dollar bill accordingly. But this being a New Jersey note, which, he affirmed, was, like the bills of all New Jersey banks, at a discount, he refused to receive it, unless I allowed him an additional half-dollar by way of premium; and I was about yielding to his demand, when a decent looking man stepped forward, invelhed against the roguery of the fellow for endeavoring, as he said, to take advantage of my youth and ignorance, swore that New Jersey bank-bills were never at a discount, but always at a par, and ended by giving the fellow a dollar bill of some Philadelphia bank, and handing me four others as change; which being done, he clapped my Jersey note into his own pocket, and walked off, to escape the thanks with which I, charmed with his politeness and liberality, was disposed to overwhelm him.

This occurrence gave me a high idea of the generosity and kindness of Philadelphians to strangers; which was only abated by my discovering, as I did about five minutes afterwards, that the four bills given me by the good-natured stranger, were counterfeited, and my liberal gentleman a rascally swindler, who had rescued my youth and ignorance from the jaws of the pottery merchant, only to enjoy a huger bite of them himself.

Having accomplished this adventure, I proceeded onward, intending to hunt my way to some respectable hotel, without asking assistance of any one to direct me; a measure that I thought was needless, and which I had, besides, the greater

aversion to, as it would be to acknowledge myself a stranger; and I considered that the fewer who knew *that*, the less would be my danger of discovery.

I had not well got over the anger I had been thrown into by the assault of the porter, when it was my fate to encounter another blackamoor, a strapping catterdewallion, who had upon his shoulder an axe and beetle, with a brace of iron wedges suspended by a string, which he clinked together as he went, crying at intervals, "Wood! wood! split wood!" with a very nasal twang, and a melodious snap quite inimitable. This vagabond, who seemed as deeply engaged in the enjoyment of his music as the porter had been, I very naturally expected would get out of the way, as he passed me; instead of doing which, he stalked against me, as if entirely ignorant of my presence, or quite indifferent to it; and I was, in a twinkling, laid upon my back by his maul, which struck me on the head, while his two wedges, at the same time, beat such a tattoo on my breast, that I thought, during the instant of contact, they would have drummed my heart out. I leaped up, greatly exasperated, and snatched at my stick to beat the villain; who, perceiving my design, which was made the more manifest by some abusive epithet I let fly at him, paused a moment, and regarding me with extreme astonishment and contempt, exclaimed—"Guy! guess the younker's a fool! Git out of my way, will you?" And with these words, and the addition of his usual twanging note, "Wood! wood! split wood!" he passed on, leaving me covered with rage and mortification; which were the greater for my not having dared to beat him; for, in truth, while he spoke, he laid hold of his beetle as if resolved to requite any attack I should presume to attempt, by making a wedge of me, and driving me through the pavement.

In two minutes more, I encountered a similar accident; a third negro running against me with a violence that pitched me into a cellar; where was a cooper making cedar barrels or churns, one of which I had the satisfaction to demolish, just as he had completed his task of putting its different parts together. And here again I expected to be met with a claim for damages; but my cooper was a good-natured fellow; and having eyed me a moment with surprise, while I was dragging my leg from amid the ruins of his work, he said, as if giving me friendly counsel—"You've kicked the barrel to pieces this time, my fine fellow; take care, the next, you don't kick the bucket." Which piece of wit—for a piece of wit, I believe, he considered it—having passed his lips, he burst into a haw-haw of approbation at his own smartness; and I curing him in my heart for his insensibility to my pangs—for I had broken my shin by the accident—and mad with vexation and a vengeful desire to punish the author of my misfortunes, clambered up to the street again, but only to find the victorious rascal had vanished away.

These three several assaults led me to further observation of the deportment of the colored gentlemen of Philadelphia; and I was soon convinced that they were, next to the pigs, the true aristocracy of the town, or, at least, of the streets thereof. I perceived that all passers-by of white complexion and genteel appearance, of all ages and both sexes, gave the way to their wable brethren, stepping reverentially aside, to let them pass; and that, if they did not, the chance was that the sable brethren would revenge the slight by jostling them into the gutter or any open packing-box that lay convenient. I observed also, that there was nothing to be gained by the sufferer remonstrating, in such cases; except a deal of insolent and abusive language, which the lords of the *trottoir* had always ready at command, by way of convincing the complainant that they were as good as himself, if not a great deal better. The insolence of the black republicans was to me astonishing, though not more so than the general submissiveness with which I found it endured. I saw one fellow, a porter with a wheelbarrow, execute, upon a well dressed lady, the same feat that his comrade had lately performed upon me; that is, he knocked her down with his carriage, though not upon a pile of pottery; and the only apology the villain made was a great horse-laugh, and a giggling cry of "Couln't help it, Missus, 'pon wudder honor!" Nor did I find a single one of the many persons who witnessed the aggression, and helped the lady to her feet, who was disposed to resent it, further than by declaring, "the colored people were growing too insolent;" except, indeed, myself; who being, by this time, boiling over with indignation, saluted the grinning baboon with a thwack of my staff over the shins, which had the effect of surprising him into a very singular leap or dodge, that carried him

head-foremost into his own barrow; the back of which giving way under the blow, he went shooting over the wheel, like a ship at a launch, rushing down her rollers into the dock, ploughing his way with his nose over the bricks, in a manner that was astonishing to behold. For this salutation, it is highly probable, I should have received in return a furious drubbing from the incensed gentleman, had not a shopkeeper who stood at his door, surveying the spectacle, advised me to retreat before the negro had recovered his feet; assuring me that he (the blacky) would have me immediately taken up and carried before a magistrate; by whom I would be heavily fined for the liberty I had taken.

The name of magistrate was sufficient to put me on my best behavior; and I left the place, accordingly, without delay. But I was still so much enraged at the insolence of these black gentry, having never before been accustomed to see any that were not very polite and humble in their carriage, that I could not resist an impulse, which now seized me, to provide in advance a suitable punishment—that is, of a character that should not endanger myself—for the next one I should happen to meet. Perceiving a tobacconist's shop at my elbow, I entered it, and bought some Scotch snuff, and a box to hold it; and it was here that I made the discovery of my four bank-notes being counterfeit, the tobacconist refusing to receive them, and even showing some inclination to detain me and send for an officer to inquire how I had got them; until I appeased his distrust by producing one of my Jersey bills, and relating how I had been imposed upon. This man I found to be as facetious as the cooper. Upon my demanding if he had any very strong snuff, he replied, with a grin—"he had some so strong the box wouldn't hold it;" and when I told him of my mishap with the pottery, he declared that "that was the only way of taking pot-luck uninvited." He consoled me for the imposition practised upon me with the four notes, by saying that, "whatever we might think of them, they were undoubtedly counterfeit—which he supposed, in plain English, meant fit for the counter." In short, this happy personage astounded me by a multitude of quibbles, which he produced as a hen does her eggs, with a furious cackle after each; and then dismissed me with my box of snuff, which, its violence setting me sneezing as I left the door, he declared was, nevertheless, "not to be sneezed at."

I had not walked twenty steps, before I beheld a black fellow approaching, dressed like a dandy, though of the shabby genteel order, his hat cocked smartly on the side of his head, a rattan in his hand, with which he thwacked his boots at every second step, with a swaggering gait, and a look that said as plainly as if labelled in show-bill letters on his nose, which was the broadest part of his countenance, "Get out of my way, white man!"—an injunction very dutifully observed by every well dressed white man who met him.

As for me, who was not at all disposed to yield him such indulgence, but was, on the contrary, eager for the encounter, I loosened the cover of my snuff-box, as if to regale me with a pinch; and, pretending to look over my shoulder, as if ignorant of his approach, continued to advance in the middle of the walk, until the gentleman, scandalized at my presumption, and resolved to punish it, suddenly came in contact with me in such a way, and with such violence, as must have prostrated me, had I not prepared myself for the assault. I took advantage of the concussion to tap the bottom of my snuff-box, from which the contents immediately flew into the rascal's face, filling eyes, nose, mouth and lungs; from which last there presently issued a most terrific yell of surprise and anguish, that was followed by a volley of shrieks and execrations without number, the fellow dancing about, in the agony of pain and blindness, in a manner highly consolatory to my insulted feelings. I crowned my triumph by exclaiming, as if with rage and indignation at my loss, "Hang you, you rascal, you've spilled my snuff!" With which reproach, that served the purpose of both explanation, and apology for the accident, to the persons who came crowding round the negro, I immediately took my departure, turning into another street, and walking away with all the unconcern imaginable."

After meeting with several repulses in his endeavors to procure accommodations at some of the hotels, he finally obtains quarters at a chop-house, whence, having appeased his appetite, he sets out in order to find the dwelling of Mr. Bloodmoney; the gentleman to whom

his patron's letter, containing the remittance, was addressed, and from whom he expected to receive direction as to his future destination. Instead of Mr. Bloodmoney, he encounters a sharper, who passes himself off as Mr. B.—opens the letter—coolly pockets the hundred dollars enclosed—directs him to write to doctor Howard for five-hundred more—orders and eats a supper at his expense, and leaves him to return to his lodgings. Here he finds his wallet opened and robbed of his clothing, and, as an answer to his complaint, is obliged to treat to a gallon of gin and turned neck and heels out of doors. In this exigency, he again comes in contact with the pseudo Mr. Bloodmoney, whom Robin supposes all the while to be the veritable gentleman himself. He is invited by his friend, who, by the by, is quite maritime in his manners, into an elegantly furnished dwelling, where the scoundrel, under ingenious pretence, attempts a most audacious robbery. In the midst of feasting and revelry, they are surprised by the appearance of a young lady walking in her sleep, and whom the robber insults by a kiss. Awaking in alarm, she is defended from his assaults by Robin. At this juncture, they are interrupted by the entrance of the true Mr. Bloodmoney, in whose house they are, and three or four negroes, by whom they are knocked down and secured, and Robin ascertains that the real name of his companion, is Captain Brown, alias the redoubtable desperado Helicat. From this dilemma he is extricated by the gratitude of the young lady—a lovely Spaniard—and after plumping into a water-hogshead, dodging the watchmen, and running through the rain, he finds himself in the suburbs of the city—with the pleasant reflection, that, (although really innocent of the offence of the night,) added to his former trouble—the death of M'Goggin—his character is now marked with the stain of burglary.

Through mud and rain, cheerless, and a part of the time hatless, first in the boot of a coach from which he is pitched into a brook, and then inside of the coach itself, our hero at length arrives at Wilmington in Delaware. He has now formed the philosophical resolution, that since he was so egregiously duped by Captain Brown, he would never again be hoaxed by any man, and determines to act upon the principle of considering every man a rogue until he is proved to be honest. He found Wilmington in an uproar—filled with drumming and firing and the pomp of preparation, and excited by the tidings that the British had landed at the head of the Elk or some other water of the Chesapeake. He here resolves to join a band of volunteers or any other armed force that might offer; but his martial career is nearly crushed in the bud by another incident, which is nothing less than the arrival of Mr. John Dabs, a constable from the town in which doctor Howard resided, and who pounces upon him with an "I've got you, by jingo!" It appears, however, that John Dabs had not arrested him for the purpose of conveying him back to the clutches of the law—but to restore him to his patron. He informs him that M'Goggin had recovered from his injury, had been bought off by doctor Howard from making a complaint against him, and sent away by the trustees. Upon this result the good doctor had offered a reward for his recovery, and incited Mr. Dabs thereby to set out in pursuit. But cunning Robin, now grown worldly-wise

and philosophical, had no notion of being nabbed by this, as he conceived, artfully-contrived story to decoy him to the terrors of the prison or the gallows, and, therefore, by a stratagem, effects his escape once more. Alas for his philosophy!—Dabs' story was true.

On trudged Robin, in pursuit of war, glory and Dicky Dare, towards the scene of action; in the course of which journey he fell in with the following valiant troop, which might have marched well into the field side by side with Falstaff's ragged regiment, or the redoubtable forces of the renowned General Van Poffenburgh.

I was awakened by sounds the most agreeable, at that time, that could fall upon my ears; they were bursts of military music, the roll of a distant drum, that accompanied a fife, breathing out the spirit-stirring notes of Yankee Doodle.

"Bravo!" said I, kindling with joy and enthusiasm; "I shall now be a volunteer; and Mr. John Dabs, and cowardly villagers, and barking dogs, and their crazy masters, may all go to the ———" it is no matter to whom.

I followed the sounds; and by and by, I caught sight of the martial band from which they proceeded, consisting of no more than ten or twelve persons in all, whose odd appearance and equipments, struck me with amazement. Their dresses were by no means military, no two being decked precisely alike; some had long coats, some jackets, and some neither jacket nor coat; but most of them had scarfs, or what were meant for scarfs, of all imaginable hues, red, yellow, green, blue—tied about their loins, and a few had even additional ones wrapped round their hats. Their arms were as various as their accoutrements—each man having a hanger at his side, and a belt stuck full of pistols, besides guns; of which there seemed a plentiful variety, some marching with one on each shoulder, like so many Robinson Crusoes. As for their march I never saw any thing so disorderly, every man stalking along as best pleased himself, and all swearing, talking, whistling, singing in a manner wonderful to observe. Their officers—and I almost doubted, at first, whether they had any—seemed to be but two in number, and were distinguishable only by being more obstreperous than their followers; at least, the man who marched at their head swore with a louder voice and greater volubility than any one else; except a second worthy personage, who carried a banner of a very odd appearance, which, indeed, I afterwards found was an old red flannel petticoat, and seemed to aim at rivalry in profanity with the other.

I immediately saw, or thought I saw, that this, instead of being a band of regular soldiers, or disciplined volunteers, was a company of mere militiamen got together in a hurry, and stuffed with Dutch courage for the occasion, having quaffed, along with the gallantry that swims in the bottle, a deal of the folly and perverseness that lie at the bottom. This was a great disappointment to me, as I should have preferred to unite my fate with some company of soldiers in handsome uniform; but I thought it was not much matter with what corps I began my campaign, seeing I should soon, as I hoped, transfer my services to another—to that, whichever it might be, honored by the presence of my friend Dicky Dare.

And now I observed, as I drew nigh, that my redoubtable warriors, who were three-fourths of them, at least, in a very soldierly condition, and the other fourth hastening to become so by frequent and open application to sundry gourds, canteens, and black bottles, that were circulating among them, had taken as good care of the main chance in the second particular as the first, being quite as well provided with meat as with liquor. There was scarce a man of them that had not in his hand, or upon his back, something wherewithal to meet the exigencies of hunger; some bore fowls, some little pigs, some sheep, and one tall fellow was staggering under a hind quarter of beef, that looked like a gate of Gaza on his shoulders. Even the magnificent captain himself was as well burthened as any of his men, having a garland of young chickens hung round his neck, and a bundle of screaming guinea-fowls hanging from his sash—which sash, by the way, bore to my eyes a prodigious resemblance to a woman's shawl, or some other article of female apparel. And, indeed, the same might be said of the brilliant girdles and hatbands that adorned the persons of the others,

who seemed to me to have borrowed largely of their wives and daughters, to complete their equipments.

Into this warlike and respectable company Robin enters, and finds, after awhile, that it is a corps of foraging *British* sailors, and that he was actually in arms against his own countrymen! There is no relief, however, for poor Robin Day, and he continues with the enemy through the attack on Havre de Grace, and until the attempt on Craney island. In the meantime, in order that he may avoid the fate of a prisoner of war, and possess greater facilities for escape, he continues, as a choice of evils, in the capacity of a volunteer. During this service, an interesting incident occurs, which is no less than the discovery of doctor Howard's son, Tommy—supposed to have been drowned—employed in the same vile, menial office which himself had formerly filled, in the same "Jumping Jenny," and under the self-same skipper Duck. It appears, that Tommy, while swimming, had been stolen by the skipper, in revenge for the punishment which that worthy had received at the hands of his father. Tommy was now an ignorant and degraded being—Robin Rusty, "ship's cook" of the *Jumping Jenny*, *reditus*;—but he was still his old playmate, and the son of his benefactor, and Robin resolved to use his endeavors in rescuing him from his servile and cruel bondage. One attempt failing, he digested another, and in the meantime drew up a letter to his patron, which he designed to send by Tommy, containing an account of this discovery, and of his adventures since he had left his house. Tommy was not rescued at this time, however, and Robin escapes alone from the British in the attack on Craney island. Here he meets with Dicky Dare, beaming with all the glory of victory and regimentals. Dicky receives him as a traitor, but, from considerations of old friendship, liberates him and leaves him to take to his heels. Running from the peril of lead or hemp, our hero encounters another old acquaintance—no less a personage than his quondam friend, Captain Brown!

Repugnant to his feelings as an association with this individual was, circumstances obliged Robin to accept of his company, and together they hatched up a precious scheme of fraud and deception. The captain, who, it appears, was the self-same highwayman that attacked Robin and Dicky in their flight upon the supposed death of M'Goggin, proposed to our hero that he should disguise himself and turn Indian magian, and set up for a wonderful and mysterious physician. The articles of medicine to be used by the magian were only two, namely—some particles of tobacco rolled up in bits of clay in the shape of boluses, called "*Mermaid's Eggs*," and some road-side sand, y'cleped "*Holy sand of the Ganges*." Robin was not to use a word of English, and the gibberish substituted consisted of but two phrases, viz—"Holly-golly-wow," and "*Sammy-ram-ram*." Brown was to be the conductor, director and orator of the affair. To this arrangement Robin consented, and they carried on the plan with some success. Indeed, in one or two instances, from some fortunate juncture of circumstances, they really do good and effect a cure. Their adventures in this way are various and whimsical—but end rather seriously for "*Chowder Chow*," the assumed name of Mr. Robin Day, who, at the house of Mr. Feverage, a Virginia planter, finds

himself again trapped by the rascality of Brown—deserted, and actually sold for a slave. But, finally, he makes his escape once more.

The encounter this time, is with General Dicky Dare, to whose confidence and friendship Robin is restored, and, equipping himself with a horse, rifle, hunting frock, &c., he sets out with the valorous Dicky, to wage war against the Creeks. In the course of their journey, they stumble upon a company of men, banded and marching for the same purpose, and bearing the ferocious title of the "Bloody Volunteers." Over those who are not seared away by their approach, (among the fugitives was their captain,) Dicky is appointed commander, and at the head of his troop presses on for the scene of action. We will not pause to recount the conflicts, triumphs, defeats and adventures, through bush, brake and brier, in this Indian war. Robin Day is again brought in contact with captain Brown, who, acting in his behalf, is tied up with him by the Indians, for torture—is saved therefrom with him by the occurrence of a tornado, and is again, by an accident, separated from him. Emerging from this adventure, he once more meets the Bloody Volunteers, with Dicky still at their head, although thinned in numbers and worn by famine, fatigue and strife. Having ventured within the dominions of the king of Spain, they are surprised by a troop, declared prisoners of his majesty, and marched off to Pensacola.

Here we are introduced to the *Intendente*, or military governor of the town, colonel Aubrey; and Robin is surprised by meeting, in the person of the colonel's daughter, with Isabel, the young lady whom he had defended from the attack of Brown in the house of Mr. Bloodmoney. The address of Isabel, saves our hero from the disgrace of an exposure of the situation which he occupied on the night of the burglary. Robin Day and Dicky Dare are getting along very smoothly, when lo! who should enter upon the scene but Mr. Skipper Duck, and after him, captain Brown. The plot thickens. It appears that this captain Brown, according to his account of the matter, and also Duck, some years before, had been engaged in aiding the flight of a brother of Col. Aubrey, who was guilty of a conspiracy against the government. The vessel in which they sailed, the Sally-Ann, foundered; and Aubrey's brother, in endeavoring to save the life of the child, perished. Brown, after telling an ingenious story, is secured as a prisoner, and Robin, falling under the suspicions of Aubrey, is arrested also. Brown and the Skipper escape from the fort by night, together with a company of negroes, Spaniards, and the remnant of the Bloody Volunteers, who had been deluded by Brown—forcing off with them Robin Day, and embarking in the *Jumping Jenny*.

Brown now hoists the black flag, and appears in his true character of captain Helicat—a cruel, daring and blood-thirsty pirate. A course of murder and villainy is powerfully described, and the excesses and tender mercies of piracy on the high seas, darkly and terribly exposed. The latter part of the work is of absorbing interest, and displays the skill of the author in working up the materials of incident, and in giving to the whole the force of dramatic effect. In the course of events, the *Querida*, a vessel containing, among others, Isabel Aubrey, falls into the hands of Brown. Robin, who

had been employed as doctor to the robber-crew, madened to desperation by this circumstance, forms the almost hopeless scheme of rescuing her from the hands of the pirate-captain. He succeeds. Drugging the crew with a narcotic, as he did formerly the family of Mr. FEVERAGE when he eloped from slavery, they escape by means of the jolly-boat. They are rescued from the power of the savage Brown, but are alone on the wide, deep sea. As a very natural consequence, despite their situation, Robin discovers that he has fallen in love with Isabel, who evinces a reciprocity of feeling—but this love changes into a love of another nature, on account of the circumstance which is described below.

After these preliminary expressions, she gave me an account of the events that had followed, and some that preceded, my flight from Pensacola.

As soon (after the *Intendant* had sent me off to the fortress,) as his angry reproaches had allowed Isabel an opportunity to speak in my defence, she acquainted him with those particulars of my story which I had related to her, explaining the true nature of my connection with Helicat in the burglary; and by and by Captain Dicky, who presently made his appearance, and was called upon to speak on the subject, confirmed the account, by telling my whole story up to the point of my capture by the Indians, with which I had made him well acquainted: and, as he did me the honor to say, that "although he considered me a very big goose, and especially too big an one for a soldier, yet he would stand sponsor for my honor and integrity against the whole world," Colonel Aubrey was at last brought to believe his opinion had done me injustice; to repair which, he despatched a messenger to bring me from the fort to his house again. The messenger arrived just fifteen minutes too late; but he discovered the flight of the prisoners, and gave the alarm; the forts were ordered to fire upon us, to bring us to; which falling, the *Querida* was hastily despatched after us, and, as has been seen, to no other purpose than to witness at a distance the murderous attack upon the *Moro*, which she was not able to prevent.

My flight with Brown, (which none but the warm-hearted Isabel could believe involuntary,) and, worse than all, the act of piracy that so immediately succeeded it, had the natural effect of destroying every favorable impression in my behalf that had been made in Colonel Aubrey's mind; and the attempt of Isabel to advocate my cause only excited him to deeper indignation at the unworthy perversity of the maid, who could bestow her regard upon a wretch so degraded and abandoned as I. And in this feeling, a week after, he placed her in the *Querida*, now ready for her voyage to the Havana, under the care of the reverend padre, to be consigned to a convent, until sufficiently punished for, or cured of, her romantic fancy.

I expressed my surprise that Colonel Aubrey, with all his anger, should have been willing to expose her in a vessel so insufficiently armed, with the full knowledge that a pirate like Helicat was now raging the gulf; but she replied, that was an apprehension that had never entered his mind. No one doubted but that the desperado had hastened to join the outlaws at Barrataria Bay, and was, therefore, for the time at least, out of harm's way; and, besides, the *Querida* was considered very well armed and manned; and, being also a fast vessel, she might have beaten the corsair off, or escaped by superior sailing, had her crew been soon enough aware of the character of the *Viper*.

These explanations, with many a vow repeated over and over again, with a fervor and tenderness which our desolate situation both prompted and excused, occupied us through half the night; during which our little bark skimmed her way easily and safely along the sea; when, on a sudden, a gust swept over us, whipped the mast out of its step, and blew it with the sail entirely away; by which calamity we were doubtless saved from being instantly capsize, though we were left without any other assistance than the oars to help us along.

To the oars therefore I betook me, as soon as the gust had passed by; and I plied them diligently until morning; at which period I looked eagerly around, to see if the *Viper* was yet in sight; but she had vanished with her prize. I then looked as eagerly for the long-boat; but no long-boat was to be seen: the

little jolly-boat and ourselves were the only objects that broke the wide-spread monotony and solitude of the sea.

My heart sunk; but I concealed my fears from Isabel, and plied the oars again, although well nigh exhausted, until another gust swept the waves; by which I suffered the further misfortune of losing one of the oars, which was broken in my unskilful hands. Even the greatness of this calamity I disguised from Isabel, by assuring her I could use the remaining oar as a skull, and get along nearly as fast with it as with two. But my pride, or tender solicitude to keep Isabel from alarm, could hold me no longer against a discovery I now made; which was, that with all my pains to gather into the boat everything I could think of that could be serviceable to us on our voyage, I had forgotten the greatest necessary of all: bread and meat there were in abundance; but, ah me! not a single drop of water.

"But we shall soon find the long-boat," said Isabel, with equal simplicity and confidence in my nautical abilities; "and then we shall have water enough."

Alas! I had now given up all hope of finding the long-boat; my only trust was that Providence would direct some vessel in our way, that should pick us up. And with this forlorn expectation I was obliged to acquaint Isabel, when, long after mid-day, she began to express wonder at the non-appearance of the long-boat, asking me if I did not think we should find it.

Upon being made aware of our truly unhappy situation, she became greatly agitated and terrified; now throwing herself into my arms and telling me she would die with me, now dropping upon her knees and offering such wild and piteous supplications to Heaven as drew the tears from my eyes; and then springing to me again, and striving to comfort me with assurances that she was not afraid, that she was not thirsty, and would not be, and then again returning to her prayers. I did, and said, all I could to re-assure her; and, by and by, she recovered her composure somewhat; and to fortify her spirits still further, she drew from her bosom a rosary, which she began to tell, like a good Catholic; and doubtless would have continued to do so, until she had gone through the whole circle of beads, had I not been suddenly impelled to interrupt her.

I have already observed that I was struck, in the portrait of the Spanish gentleman, the brother of Colonel Aubrey, with a rosary worn round his neck, because of a resemblance which I saw, or fancied, in the beads to those which my patron Dr. Howard had obtained from Mother Moll, and preserved for me with great care, thinking they might, at some period, contribute to unravel the mystery of my birth and parentage. The beads which I now saw in the hands of Isabel, were identical with those in the portrait—and they were, as I could see, identical with my own; save that the great central bead, or cross, in Isabel's rosary, was richly studded with gold and gems, of which the cross in mine was destitute; although there were cavities on its surface in which such might have once existed.

The coincidence was remarkable, as the beads were of a singular kind of wood, and of strange fashion and carving; and it was to me so much the greater and more interesting, as to my awakened fancy it seemed to foreshadow a connection in reality between my fate and that of the beautiful being to whom I had just sworn eternal attachment. My brain teemed with sudden recollections of the foundered schooner and the mysterious fate of her exiled passengers; and moved by an irresistible impulse, I caught the rosary from Isabel's hands, exclaiming, as well as my great agitation would permit me—"These beads, Isabel!—they belonged to the original of the picture—your father's brother, who was lost in that schooner of which Brown was the mate—and of which Colonel Aubrey spoke with Brown?"

"Yes," replied Isabel, surprised out of both devotion and fear by the interruption, the question, and, above all, by my disturbed looks.

"And there was a fellow to it?" I cried—"another similar rosary, of the same strange wood, and fashioning?"

"Yes," said she, with a sigh; "it was on the neck of little Juan." How my heart leaped at the words! "They were holy beads from Jerusalem, consecrated on the Sepulchre of our Lord; and—but if you are not a Christian—that is, not a Catholic—you will smile at such things: but we held them as a kind of talismans, because of their being consecrated on the Tomb of the Redeemer. But, alas! they have proved no talismans to us yet!"

"And you will know that other, its fellow?" I cried, sumbling for the beads, which I had long since tied round my neck for safety, because my patron Dr. Howard had so earnestly charged me to preserve them; though I held them myself in so little estimation that it was seldom I ever thought of them: "You will know it!" I cried, loosening the string, and putting the beads into her hand: "the jewels are gone; but are not the beads the same?"

At the sight of them, Isabel's agitation became nearly as great as my own; she gave me a look full of wild inquiry, and then taking her own rosary into her hand, she faltered out, "There is a way to prove whether they are fellows;" and with that, twisting the cross of the latter between her fingers, she showed me, what I should never before have dreamed, that it consisted of two pieces that screwed together in the centre, so as to make a little box, and that each piece contained, within the box, a little miniature, the one a likeness of Colonel Aubrey's brother, as he was represented in the portrait, the other the semblance of a young and beautiful woman, somewhat resembling, as I thought, the dear Isabel herself.

"If this," said Isabel, placing my own between her trembling fingers, "if this be, indeed, the fellow, it must contain the same portraits."

As she spoke, the cross, which, from the ingenuity of its construction, neither I nor any one else had ever supposed to be any thing but solid wood, parted in twain, and disclosed the same pair of visages concealed in the little box.

"*Dies mio!*" cried Isabel, starting up wildly; "how came you by this rosary?"

I could scarcely articulate a reply: "Seventeen years ago, a vessel from the West Indies was wrecked on the coast of New Jersey; and I, a helpless infant, the only living thing on board, was taken from it by wreckers."

"And?" cried Isabel eagerly--

"And this rosary was upon my neck!--Oh, my dear Isabel, it must be so! Nature herself stirred up the affection that warms our bosoms. It must be so: that wreck--I can see it all now, and can almost prove it--that wreck could have been no other than the fatal schooner; and I, dearest Isabel, I am the little Juan you spoke of, and your cousin."

"My cousin? O my God!" cried Isabel, "if it be so, you are my own brother! We were twin-born together!"

"How?" I cried, confounded by her words, "and Colonel Aubrey, your father?"

"My father in name and affection only," said Isabel, "the father of my infancy and childhood, whom I have never called by any other name, who is, however, in reality, but my uncle, my father's brother. My father—and your father, if you be Juan—perished in that dreadful schooner, the Sally Ann."

"Yes!" I cried, struck by a sudden recollection: "here is the very name scratched upon the cross; though by whom scratched I know not. Dr. Howard always thought it must be the name of my mother. And now, too," I added, "I can understand the expressions of Duck, which I thought the mere ravings of delirium, that he could reward my humanity, and make my fortune by the same act that should obtain him vengeance on Brown; for it is certain—it was proved by Brown's own admissions before Colonel Aubrey, when ignorant that Duck was in Pensacola, and confirmed by his direct confession to me afterwards, in the fort—that Duck was actually on board the Sally Ann, and had been his accomplice in a deed of villainy hitherto unsuspected; for, Isabel, I know enough to convince me that our father, instead of being drowned by the foundering of the schooner, was murdered by her crew, and Brown at their head, for his money."

"Yes," said Isabel; "and so thought my father—my uncle I can scarce call him—and he was resolved, upon the arrival of a brig of war attached to the station, and therefore under his command, but then absent on a cruise, to despatch her to Barrataria in pursuit of Brown, with orders to spare no means to ensure his capture, that his brother's death might be fully avenged. But how is this, my brother—my heart tells me I must call you so!" said Isabel, anxiously: "how is it the schooner could have come ashore, and you in it, and yet my uncle who had instituted inquiries in America, should hear nothing of it?"

That, I said, was easily accounted for; and informed her that the knowledge of the wreck was for a period of eleven or twelve years confined to the wreckers themselves; and that,

at the end of that time, Dr. Howard had in vain labored among my jealous preservers to learn even so much as her name, or the period of the wreck; which latter he could only guess at by forming his own conclusions as to my age, and coupling with them the fact he had learned, that I was an infant too young to speak, when I came ashore.

In short, strange and wondrous as the circumstances all seemed, and imperfect as they were in the chain of connection, they bore with them such convincing evidence of my identity, that neither Isabel nor I could longer doubt we were brother and sister, the twin-born offspring of parents long since passed away to the world of death. We wept and embraced, and exchanged, by a natural transition, the fervor of lovers for the affection of brother and sister, which a romantic casuistry has pronounced to be the purest and heavenliest of all the bonds that connect the hearts of man and woman.

I learned from Isabel, what I had in part been informed of—that my father, with his younger brother, the present Intendant, had emigrated from South Carolina in the war of the Revolution, being loyalists, whom the fall of British power, in the colonies reduced to ruin. They had entered the Spanish service in Cuba; where the elder brother acquired rank in the army, and rose to wealth by espousing a Spanish heiress, my mother and Isabel's; but, in an unfortunate moment, was drawn into some treasonable project or conspiracy to subvert the Spanish power in the island. The conspiracy was discovered, and my father escaped from the officers appointed to arrest him, only through the instrumentality of the younger brother; who, faithful throughout to the government he served, yet ardently attached to my father, procured him the means of flight in the fatal schooner. One boat carried to her my father and little Juan—myself—with a single attendant, and such valuables as he had time to collect; another following with my mother and sister, was intercepted, and my father was compelled by extreme peril to set sail alone. Neither my father, nor the schooner, nor any of her crew were ever heard of afterwards, until Brown's sudden appearance in Pensacola. Grief for her husband's fate, which had been followed by the confiscation of his estates, drove my mother to the tomb. Isabel, a portionless orphan, was adopted by her uncle; whose own wife (for he also had married in the island,) died in a few years, leaving him childless; and who, partly by purchase, and partly through the bounty of the government which could thus reward his own long and faithful services, had effected the recovery of a great part of his brother's estates; which, with his own, were destined to swell the dowry, or inheritance, of his adopted daughter.

This discovery, brought about by a means so simple, and at a time so perilous, had the happiest effect on the spirits of Isabel, who declared, with pious fervor, that the Providence which had in so extraordinary a manner brought us together and revealed the secret of our relationship, could not have done so only to let us perish in each other's arms on the broad deep; and her confidence restored me in part to mine.

Isabel and Day are rescued from the jolly-boat by an American schooner, which is taken by the pirates; but not until Isabel and the captain's wife are concealed among the ballast of the crippled and burning vessel. The pirates are pursued by the armed brig Vengador, and in the midst of a storm both vessels are driven upon a reef of rocks. From this situation the two parties escape to the land, where, after a conflict in which colonel Aubrey and Dicky Dare are engaged among the forces against them, the pirates are defeated. In this struggle Brown is wounded, as also, Robin Day.

Our hero wakes to sense, to behold around him his kind patron, doctor Howard, colonel Aubrey, Isabel, Nanna, Dicky Dare and master Tommy. It appears that the Vengador had set out in pursuit of the pirate ship, taking with her Aubrey, Dicky Dare and Tommy. The reports of the pirate's guns, engaged with the American schooner, drew her to the scene of conflict. Isabel and the captain's wife were rescued by the Vengador's boat from the vessel, and the result of the pur-

suit of Brown and his crew has been seen. After the conflict, the wounded were put into the hands of an American physician, doctor Howard, who had visited the island for the benefit of his sick daughter, Nanna. Brown and Skipper Duck firmly established the identity of Robin Day with little Juan Aubrey. Brown survived his wounds but three days, and confessed before he died, the truth concerning the father of our hero. Tempted by Aubrey's wealth, and obtaining the aid of the crew of the Sally Ann, they murdered him and his attendants in the night, scuttled the vessel, took boat and reached the land. Although Brown wished to save Juan, the scheme was objected to by the others, and the utmost favor granted the infant, was to be left to the mercy of the waters. The schooner was bored, yet did not go down, but went ashore with the child in the manner mentioned in the commencement of the story.

Skipper Duck, who was captured on board the Viper, corroborated nearly all of Brown's story, and died in consequence of a gangrene received from a scourging given him by Brown.

Tommy's claims were also settled, and he was clasped once more to the fond and hoping hearts of a father and a sister. The letter which, it will be remembered, our hero wrote while among the British, and which he had deposited in a post-office during his adventures as Chowder Chow, cleared up his character to his patron; although the health of his beloved Nanna was so much affected, that it was found necessary to take a voyage to the island of Cuba.

In conclusion;—Robin marries Nanna, Dicky is wedded to glory and cut to pieces in Mexico; Tommy, recovering from his mental torpor, becomes a midshipman, and the adventures of Robin Day wind up with the peace and felicity of Juan Aubrey.

Our readers, we repeat, will form a general idea of the work from this compendium. We do not discover from it any particular power which the author possesses in nice delineations of character—there is no great depth of thought evinced, no peculiar beauty of language, or remarkable degree of taste. We do not say that doctor Bird is not capable of these things; it is very probable that he purposely discards and sacrifices them for some prime object; we are speaking now only of the book before us. We cannot think, moreover, that it is filled with the most profitable food which a novel is capable of affording. But, whatever may be its errors of omission and commission, it is, nevertheless, an interesting, and a well conducted tale. It is full, as we have before said, of absorbing incident, and, on the whole, will at least preserve, if not add to, the laurels already brightening around the name of its popular and deserving author.

VIRTUE.

Virtue may be misrepresented, persecuted, consigned to the grave—but the righteous wake not more assuredly to the reality of their hopes than this to an immortal remembrance.—[anon.

THE BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

November came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear—
And the glittering garland of brown and red,
Which he wreath'd for awhile round the forest's head,
With sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare, and gray.

Then the houseless grasshopper told his woes,
And the humming bird sent forth a wail for the rose;
And the spider, that weaver of cunning so deep,
Roll'd himself up, like a ball, to sleep;
And the cricket, his merry horn laid by,
On the shelf, with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon, voices were heard at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime:
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-winged jay—
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,
"I am tired to death of this hum-drum tree;
I'll go—if 'tis only the world to see."

"Will you go?" ask'd the robin, "my only love?"
And a tender strain, from the leafless grove,
Responded—"Wherever your lot is cast,
'Mid summer-skies, or the northern blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer,
Though dear is our nest, in this thicket here."

The oriole told, with a flashing eye,
How his little ones shrank from the frosty sky,—
How his mate, with an ague, had shaken the bed,
And lost her fine voice by a cold in her head,—
And their oldest daughter, an invalid grown,
No health in this terrible climate had known.

"I am ready to go," said the plump young wren,
From the hateful homes of these northern men;
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue—
I'm afraid I have caught the consumption too;
And then I've no confidence left, I own,
In the doctors out of the southern zone."

Then up went the thrush, with a trumpet call;
And the martens came forth from their box on the wall,
And the owl peep'd from his secret bower,
And the swallows conven'd on the old church-tower;
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud—
Chattering and flying, from tree to cloud.

"The dahlia is dead on her throne," said they;
"And we saw the butterfly cold as clay;—
Not a berry is found on the russet plains—
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains—
Every worm has hid,—shall we longer stay,
To be wasted with famine? Away!—away!"

But what a strange clamor on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds broke!
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators started to hear
Their own true echo, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off, thro' the fathomless depths of air,—
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright?
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight?
Who guideth their caravan's trackless way,
By the star at night, and the cloud by day?

Some spread o'er the waters a daring wing,
In the isles of the southern sea to sing;
Or where the minaret towering high,
Pierces the gold of the western sky;
Or amid the harem's haunts of fear,
Their lodges to build, and their nurslings rear.

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in, to its vistas green;
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree,
Thrill at the burst of their revelry;
And the bulbul starts 'mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray!
But when they are wak'd by the touch of Spring,
We shall see you again, with your glancing wing,—
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise.

Hartford, Conn., May, 1839.

UNCLE PETE AND THE BEAR.

By the author of the original "Jack Downing" Letters.

Among the different sections of this widely extended and variegated country, I question whether any portion of equal extent can exhibit more richness of landscape, or more wildness, beauty and grandeur of scenery, than the state of Maine. The western prairies are beautiful and grand; but their beauty and grandeur are like the ocean in a calm summer's day, with its smooth, unruffled bosom, and its long rolling swell; while much of the scenery of Maine resembles the same ocean when lashed into fury by the raging storm, and dashing and breaking its foamy waves into rugged hills and mountains.

Go with me to a somewhat central spot in Maine, inland from the ocean near a hundred miles. Here we stand upon the broad, bare back of a rough granite mountain. It extends north and west of us in broken ridges for several miles. Now and then you behold the trunk of a dry pine, which has been felled by the fire, and stretched upon the gray rock, like the straggling hairs upon the bald head of an old man. And here and there you see patches of low shrubbery bending beneath the weight of thick clusters of the blue whortleberry. Look away to the north, and your eye rests for half a dozen miles on a level tract of rich forest. Then rises abruptly a cone-like mountain, throwing its peaked summit far into the clouds, and standing, like a sentinel on duty, to overlook the country for many miles round. In the distance beyond, both to the right hand and the left, you see mountain after mountain, with their round shaggy tops, swelling and rolling, height above height, till they are lost among the misty clouds, or rest in

softened lines against the clear blue sky. Now turn your eye to the eastward; look down almost beneath our feet, and behold one of the most beautiful sheets of water to be found in the world. It washes the base of the rough granite mountain on which we stand, spreading out in a circular basin of three or four miles in diameter, then passing a narrow frith on the eastern side, of less than a quarter of a mile, it widens again and stretches away between ridges of highlands, some six or seven miles farther to the eastward. It is now a calm summer's day, and the bright basin on which we are looking is reflecting from its smooth glassy surface the dark forest trees on the swelling shore, the huge cliff on the promontory's height, and the broad sides of the mountains that fill up the back ground. So calm and still is the beautiful lake, that a fairy might float on its bosom in the half shell of a humming-bird's egg, without danger of foundering at sea or wetting her wings. But let the edying winds begin to move round these old hills and mountains, and they brush down upon the lake with such power that in a half hour's time its white capped waves are rolling and dashing like a mimic ocean; and the hardy lumberman, in his light batteau, pulls for the nearest shore, to avoid being drenched or drowned in the foaming surge.

The name of this beautiful collection of water is Sebec Pond, and the spot where we are now standing, at the head of this pond, is about fifteen miles from Moosehead Lake. Turn and look away a little to the left, and you will see the Wilson stream, a lovely little river, winding its bright way among the trees near the base of the opposite ledgy hills, gliding gently across the interval, and carrying its silent waters into the deep basin before us. Deep it truly is, corresponding with the high and broken hills around it; for I have been told that in some parts of this pond the bottom has never been reached, although lines have been let down to the distance of several hundred feet.

You observe a few acres of cultivated land on the interval between the Wilson stream and the base of the granite mountain on which we are standing; and there, close by the margin of the river, you see a small, low house. In that house there lives, and has lived for some ten years past, an old man by the name of Peter Brawn. He is often designated in that vicinity by the familiar appellation of Uncle Pete. Nothing, however, could be more appropriate than his true name, so accurately and forcibly does the sign represent the thing signified; for a more vigorous, athletic, and *bravory* old man, you will not find one in a thousand. He must be over seventy years of age, for his long thin locks are silvery white, and though he has one or two children in their minority still with him, he has numerous sons and daughters who have reached the middle age of life, and gone abroad into the world with families of their own. The old man is full six feet in height, and stands as straight as an arrow. He is neither decidedly fleshy, nor lean; but stout, bony and muscular. From his natural constitution and habits of life he evidently possesses great strength, and is capable of enduring great hardships. He has for many years been a sort of pioneer to the frontier settlers in the interior of Maine, always keeping a little in advance of them, preferring to live alone in the woods, where, unshackled by the restraints of society or the statute, he can feel that he is

—'monarch of all he surveys,'
And—'lord of the fowl and the brute.'

I am told, that before taking up his residence in this wild spot, he had several times pitched his tent in the wilderness, and tarried for a few years, till civilization and settlements overtook him, and thickened around him, to such a degree as to become inconvenient and troublesome, when he would 'pull up stakes' and push farther into the woods. The place where he now resides is an unincorporated township of wild land, and being somewhat difficult of access, except by coming up the pond from Sebec, a distance of about a dozen miles, uncle Pete has lived for something like ten years in a condition of tolerably satisfactory independence. He raises some provisions on his cultivated acres, and procures some game from the woods; and when these sources fail, he takes his hook and line and goes out to some of the ponds or streams in the neighborhood, and returns with a load of trout and other varieties of the finny tribe. For calico, tea, and tobacco, and other 'boughten' articles of use or luxury, he goes now and then to Sebec with a canoe load of singles and clapboards, which are his regular articles of export. But civilized life is again treading upon the heels of uncle Pete. The towns around him are becoming thickly settled, and though there is but one other family on the township with him, yet the visits of proprietors and proprietors' agents are becoming so frequent, and they cast such scrutinizing glances upon sundry pine stumps which they occasionally find on the premises, that uncle Pete grows restless and uneasy. He feels that he is rather crowded upon, and sometimes talks of 'selling out.'

It was in the autumn of 1836, that I first visited this wild spot, and first saw or heard any thing of uncle Pete. Stopping at the house of an old man, another pioneer of the frontier settlers, some six or eight miles from this spot, I heard the old man remark, while conversing with another, "Well, uncle Pete's had a squabble with a bear lately, haint he?" I at once felt a curiosity to learn the history of this 'squabble,' and accordingly made some inquiries, in answer to which I learnt the general outline of the story, and subsequently obtained the details and the filling up from uncle Pete himself.

It was a bright and a calm summer's morning; the quiet pond was sleeping in the sunshine, harmless and beautiful; and every surrounding object in nature looked lovely and inviting. There is something in the effect of a fine landscape, viewed under favorable circumstances, which may be compared to music—it 'hath charms to soothe the savage breast.' Even uncle Pete felt its influence, as he sat on a little bench by the side of his cottage, yawning and looking listlessly across the still waters, and following the outline of forest tree, and hill top, and mountain, that hung below the watery horizon, as well defined, as clear and distinct, and even with more softness than those which were towering above. While he gazed, he was seized with a desire for an aquatic excursion. He called his youngest boy, a lad about a dozen years old, and told him to get the hooks and lines, and they would go round the point to the mouth of Ship-pond stream, and try for trout. The apparatus was soon in readiness, and they jumped into his little log canoe and paddled off upon the lake.

"We had n't got but a little ways round the pint,"

said uncle Pete, "and I was setting in the stern, paddling along at a moderate jog, and little Pete was setting in the bow; and by and by he called out to me, and says he, 'O, father, what great black critter is that swimming off here towards us?' I looked round towards the shore, and there was the tarnaest great overgrown bear that ever I seed in all my life, swimming right towards us. If he had been weighed, I believe he would a weighed every pound of four hundred."

I never examined uncle Pete's head phrenologically, and cannot say whether his organ of marvellousness was of extra size or not. The reader must, therefore, be content with such evidence as we have with regard to the weight of the bear; and that rests solely on uncle Pete's word and judgment. He always stood to it the bear would weigh four hundred pounds.

"And the tarnal critter," said uncle Pete, "was pulling right towards us as fast as he could swim. I'd been so careless in coming away, that I only took one small paddle with me, and that was n't a very good one, and the old canoe was rather heavy; so I found, do the best I could, the bear would swim faster than I could paddle. But I thought I could keep him off well enough if he should set out to meddle with us, so I turned the boat and paddled a little towards him. I thought that would make him turn and go off. But the old savage kept swimming right towards us, and come up close to the side of the canoe, and begun to open his mouth, and show a great ugly set of teeth as ever you see. He come up so near that I hit him a lick over the head with the paddle and split it in two. At that he come right at the boat fairer than ever, and put his paw right up on to one side of it. I sprung into the middle of the boat, and bore on 'tother side of it, for I knew if I did n't, he would upset us in a minute; and I thought I should n't like very well to have a grapple with him in the water. So while I was keeping the balance of the boat, the rascally old varmin pokes up 'tother paw and begins to crawl up. I could n't go to fight him off, for then we should all go into the water together. So I had to hold still and see the great black nigger crawl clear up into the boat. He got in pretty near the stern, and I stood about in the middle. As soon as he got fairly in, he looked round to me, and then he rared right up on to his hind legs and walked towards me as straight as a man. He was as tall as I was, and looked as big as a clever young ox. I stood facing of him, and while I was thinking how it was best to give battle to him, he marched straight up to me, and put one paw on my right shoulder, and 'tother on my left. Thinks I, this is bein' a leetle bit too sociable for a stranger; and I was jest agoin to tell him, hands off, when his weight pressing against me made me step back a little, and my heel ketched against something in the boat, and I fell flat on my back in the bottom of the boat, and the old bear on top of me. By this time I begun to think matters was getting worse and worse, and it was time for me to begin to look about myself. I twisted one way and 'tother, and we begun to have considerable of a squabble; but the old bear had altogether the advantage of me, and I could n't seem to do much. I tried to get hold of my jack-knife, but I could n't get it out of my pocket, all I could do. The old bear did n't seem to be willing to wait to give me fair play at all; for in a minute I felt him trying to stick his huge tusks into

my forehead, jest as a boy digs his teeth into the side of a great apple. Thinks I, this 'll never do; something must be done pretty quick. I made a terrible twist, and drawed my legs up under him, and got so I could give a push with my feet, and my knees and hands, then all to once I fetched an everlasting spring, and how I did it I do n't know, but somehow or other the old bear went overboard, and plunged headforemost into the water. I was on my feet as quick as a steel trap. The old bear come up to the top of the water and snorted, and looked up at me a minute; but I believe I had fairly skeered him out of it. He turned about and swum for the shore, and I paddled for home. When I got to the house, I told my wife we'd have some potatoes for dinner, and let the fish go."

"I WENT TO GATHER FLOWERS."

Suggested by an engraving with the above motto, representing a female who had been gathering flowers, as coming unexpectedly upon old tombstones in a wood.

I.

"I went to gather flowers,"
So spake a lovely maid—
But why, amid those bowers,
Hangs down her drooping head?

II.

Swift flew the laughing hours,
As tripp'd that gladsome maid;
Why hath she dropped her flowers?
Why covers she her head?

III.

I mark what 'tis that causes
Her heart that sudden thrill;
I see why 'tis she pauses—
What thoughts her bosom fill:

IV.

Old graves are yawning on her
Beneath the flow'ry sward;
Green tombstones stare upon her
From out an old churchyard.

V.

A tale of dread they've told her,
Of beauty and its charms;
They've whisper'd Death would hold her
Within his mould'ring arms;

VI.

That after some bright hours—
And fast bright hours fly—
Some one might gather flowers
Where she in dust might lie.

VII.

Oh, how her teeth did chatter,
Oh how her frame was shook;
The tott'ring stones nod at her;
Look, gentle maidens, look!

VIII.

Go—gather not all flowers,
Though they should gaily bloom;
The sweetest breathe in bowers,
Too near, too near the tomb.

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NO. VII.

SONNET.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Lady, farewell! my heart no more to thee
Bends like the Parsee to the dawning Sun;
No more thy beauty lights the world for me,
Or tints with gold the moments as they run.
A cloud is on the landscape, and the beams
That made the valleys so divinely fair,
And scattered diamonds on the gliding streams,
And crowned the mountains in their azure air—
Are veiled forever!—Lady, fare thee well!
Sadly as one who longeth for a sound
To break the stillness of a deep profound,
I turn and strike my frail, poetic shell:—
Listen! it is the last; for thee alone
My heart no more shall wake its sorrowing tone.

CATALEPSY.*

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger:

Sir,—In reading, in a late number of your periodical, the interesting tale of "The Transfigured," I was reminded of a case which occurred in my practice some years since. In looking over some old papers, I have this day found my notes of the case, which I will attempt to write out; and though better suited to a medical journal than yours, I will send them to you, to dispose of as you think proper. I know that many of the facts will be disbelieved, but I pledge myself for their correctness, and the most improbable of them can be attested by a dozen living witnesses.

On the 12th of April, 1828, I was sent for in great haste, to visit Miss ****, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, whom I had seen the day before, in the town of my residence, quite well and very gay, having been at a party on the preceding night, as she probably had been on several successive nights before that. I found her in a state of entire insensibility, from which she could

* Some of our readers may suppose that this deeply interesting narrative is an ingenious fiction, contrived for their amusement; but we are happy to have it in our power to assure them, that its author is a gentleman of unimpeachable honor and veracity, and of high standing as a member of the medical profession. In a private letter received from him, he repeats the pledge contained in the narrative itself, that, if his statements are controverted, he is prepared to substantiate them by testimony of as high character as can be adduced in this country. Our readers, therefore, may fully rely upon the verity of the story, however curious and incomprehensible its details may appear to them. How little, indeed, after all the researches of philosophy, do we still know of the laws which regulate mind and its mysterious connection with matter.—[Ed. So. Lit. Mess.]

not be aroused by talking, shaking, or even pinching. The account which her intelligent parents gave of the attack was, that she arose in the morning apparently well, and while sitting in the window and employed in knitting, she became suddenly speechless and insensible.

Notwithstanding the use of active remedies, such as dividing the temporal artery, a cathartic, valerian, synapisms, &c., she remained in this state for twenty-four hours. When she revived, she talked incessantly of the parties to which she had been, and of the company. I left her in this state of vivacity; but on the next night I was sent for, with the information that another paroxysm was upon her. I remained with her during the night, attentively watching the symptoms, and using such remedies as they indicated. I soon discovered that she was affected with catalepsy, a disease, which, though not of frequent occurrence, I had before seen.

In spite of medicine and consultations, the disease continued in various forms, the paroxysms returning at various intervals, till the middle of May. Arteriotomy, cupping, blistering the head and spine, tartar emetic ointment, and all the most active internal remedies were employed, sometimes with apparent advantage, and often without any beneficial result. A physician, who was present during one of the paroxysms, divided the temporal artery with a lancet that he had used in vaccinating. It was the belief of the family that she had been vaccinated; but now a large vaccine pustule formed on the temple, from which we augured beneficial results. But in this we were disappointed, for the paroxysms became longer, more frequent and more violent. I recollected that she had suffered very much and was delirious, about twelve months before, from a diseased tooth, which a neighboring physician attempted to extract. I now proposed its extraction, which she resisted, and the family would not consent to coercion.

The form and duration of the paroxysms were constantly varying. Sometimes she would be taken with spasms and fall into a comatose state, which would continue from one to twelve hours. Sometimes her head would be drawn back upon the shoulders. I have often seen the body curved backwards, with the head and feet in contact, in the form of a hoop, in which state she would continue perfectly rigid and immoveable for more than an hour, without any appearance of respiration; yet arterial action continued. I have seen her, at other times, lie with her eyes open, and immoveably fixed upon the ceiling for several hours, with a countenance the most placid and serene, yet luminous, that I have ever beheld, and which many of her visitors pronounced unearthly and angelic; during all this time there was no apparent respiration. When the paroxysms were off, she would converse in the most volatile, sprightly and amusing style. Before this attack she had been considered rather taciturn, when compared with her sprightly, voluble and talented sisters. From the commencement of the disease she talked incessantly

during the intermission: at first her conversation ran upon light and common-place subjects, but as the disease advanced, her mind seemed to expand, and her conversation became not only interesting, but often eloquent and learned, on subjects which she had never been known to study. She had not even had access to books relating to them. Though I knew that I enjoyed the implicit confidence of this family, as a physician and friend, my mind was constantly kept in a state of tension: first, to find suitable remedies for the varying symptoms of the disease; next, to quiet the apprehensions of her anxious friends, whose intelligence and sagacity were not to be eluded by the ordinary and justifiable artifices, which the best and most pious physicians sometimes resort to for the benefit of their patients; but, above all, by the extraordinary shrewdness and discernment of my patient. I had not only to chime in with her notions in regard to the medical treatment of the disease, but had to accommodate myself to her various opinions on a variety of subjects—amatory, social, religious and political,—and often to discuss them with her. A bare assent to her opinions would not satisfy—a reason, and a plausible one, must be given. Had I betrayed gross ignorance on some of her favorite subjects, I should have lost, forever, the chance of discharging my duty to her as a physician. She would, probably, never have suffered me to approach her sick chamber. These discussions sometimes took place in the presence of intelligent persons. She would sometimes overwhelm me with confusion by her extravagant compliments for some opinion advanced, or some gallant expression uttered; at another time, she would keep me smarting and writhing under her keen invective and biting satire—and, suddenly, she would almost draw tears from myself and all present by her eloquent appeals—which were as suddenly removed by her corruscations of wit. All this occurring in the midst of a great variety of other professional engagements, which forbade my remaining at home for an hour in the twenty-four, kept me in a state of nervous excitability, which has not, to this day, worn off.

In about a fortnight after her first attack, while resting myself, after a most fatiguing ride, I received a note, written in a strange, mysterious and incoherent style, signed "Roberta Bruce." Not knowing a person of that name, nor the subject alluded to, I supposed it was a quiz, and threw it away or burnt it. Afterwards I learned that a messenger had come for me to visit Mr. —'s family; and it immediately occurred to me that the note was from my eccentric patient. I sent a prescription, and my suspicions were soon confirmed. The messenger brought me a note, of which the following is a copy, verbatim:

"We were all much delighted at the reception of your kind, interesting and affectionate letter. You spoke of the absence of Alecto, with joy inexpressible. I suppose you know to whom I allude. I might well say, as the sun softens and dissolves an icy rock upon the summit of the Appenines, so the impetuous passions of a married man are subdued by the voice of her he loves. Do write me how our interesting grasshoppers are, as report says I am enamored of one or all of them; but it must be a *lapsus linguae*. The heart, however, is in the right place. I expect this to be

viewed with the eye of affection, not that of a critic. When is Henry Clay to deliver his address at our sub-lunary village? You must excuse inaccuracies and bad writing, as I am blind, and cannot steady my hand. This horrible disease continues.

(Signed,)

ROBERTA BRUCE.

"P. S. Oh! that I was in Lapland, standing upon some immense iceberg, overhanging the Aurora Borealis, not a thought would then extend to the convent. Do ride down and bring me one mouthful of cheer. Did you ever hear of, read of, or see so horrible a disease?"

Being urged by the family to visit her, I did so forthwith. Her conversation soon explained the purport of this incoherent letter. I remained in attendance during the day and night—and soon after returning home, received from her the following rhapsody:

"Oh! my sweet friend, he exclaimed, since now I feel myself entitled thus to call you, well indeed might your nation have hailed you as sacred; and while the heart which now throbs with emotion, to which it has hitherto been a stranger, beats with the pulse of life, on the return of this day will make its offering to that glorious orb, to whose genial, nutritive beams this precious rose owes its existence. I would rather possess one beam of that genius which elevates your mind above all earthly distinctions, and those principles of integrity which breathe in your sentiments, and ennoble your soul, than all the honors ever conferred on man. Our meeting was attended with a new and touching interest—the sweet result of that perfect intelligence which now, for the first time, existed between us, and which stole its birth from that tender and delicious glance, which love first bestowed on me, reclining near the cypress cemetery. While my very soul followed this brilliant comet to her perihelion of sentiment and imagination, I had my eye on her mind-illuminated face, and said: Is expression then necessary for the conveyance of such profound, such exquisite feelings? May not a similarity of refined organization exist between souls, and produce that mutual intelligence which sets the necessity of cold verbal expressions at defiance? May not the sympathy of a kindred sensibility in the bosom of another, meet and enjoy those delicious feelings by which yours is warmed; and sinking beneath the inadequacy of language to give them birth, feel like you in silent and sacred emotion? Whether the tie which binds me at once to moral and physical good, is of a fragile texture and of transient existence, or whether it will become closely twined with the fibres of the heart, and, breaking, break it, time only can determine. To mine, therefore, I commit my fate: but while thus led by the hand of virtue, I inebriate at the living spring of bliss, while reeling through a wilderness of joy—all the life-giving spirit of spring, mellowed by the genial glow of summer, sheds its choicest treasure on the smiling hours which yesterday ushered in the most delightful of the season. The gray vapors of twilight were already stealing amidst the illumined clouds that floated in the atmosphere, the sun's golden beams no longer scattered around their rich refulgence, and the glow of retreating day was fading even from the horizon, where its parting glories faintly lingered—I arose earlier than usual; the disturbance of mind would not suffer me to

rest; I walked as though I scarcely touched the earth, and my spirit seemed to ascend with the lark, which soared over my head, to hail the splendor of the dewy dawn."

After my next visit I received from her the following note:

"FROM THE CONVENT.

"Roberta Bruce, Queen of Scotland, is again compelled to address the mimic of *****. She really feels it a condescension for the royal queen to stoop thus low; but confined as she is in a cloister, it is not to be wondered at. She commands you to send the letter last received, as convoys are coming from every quarter of the globe for the rare and sublime production, particularly from M. and K., who say they will stir Heaven and earth to obtain it. She frequently visits M. On the last visit, he emphatically said: 'What affectionate hand will spread flowers over my solitary grave; for haply, ere that period arrive, this trembling hand shall have placed the cypress over the tomb of her who loved me living, and would lament me dead.' She never will forget the day on which he first saw her in Scotland, delivering her farewell address to her sires and countrymen. He walked up and repeated thus—'May the eye that sees thee for the first time, wish that it may not be the last, and the ear that drinks thy languishing words grow thirsty as it quaffs them. I now crown my golden hours of bliss, and whatever may be my future destiny, I will at least rescue one beam of unalloyed felicity from its impending cloud; for, oh! royal queen, there is a prophetic something which incessantly whispers me, that in clouds and storms will the evening of my existence expire.' As she was walking from the castle she again hurried to look back, and caught a last view of the mountain of Innismon: it seemed to float like a vapor on the horizon. She took a long farewell of this much loved spot. Once it had risen to her gaze like the Pharos to her haven of enjoyment; for never until this sad moment had she beheld it but with transport. She has again visited the Adonis of Virginia. He adverted to his admiration of the fair queen, and observed, that 'Sweet was the memory of distant friends—like the mellow ray of the departing sun, it fell tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart.' She rises in the morning with the orient sunbeam of brightness, and slumbers with the western gale. You shall soon behold her absorbed amidst the monuments of past ages, deep in the study of languages, history and antiquities. I have just visited M., and will give you his own words: 'How delightful,' he exclaimed, 'to form this young and ductile mind, to mould it to your desires, to breathe inspiration into this lovely image of primeval innocence; to give soul to beauty, intelligence and simplicity; to watch the rising progress of your grateful efforts, and firmly clasp to your heart that perfection you have yourself created.' This was spoken with an energy and enthusiasm, as though he had himself experienced all the pleasures he now painted for her.

"With a glance of indescribable supplication, she released herself from that glowing fold which would have pressed her forever to a heart where she must inevitably have ruled unrivalled."

I shortly after received from her the following letter:

"FROM THE CONVENT.

"Roberta Bruce, Queen of Scotland, will now sit down to address the mimic of *****; but it is the last letter that he ever will receive from her hand, as she will so soon return to the land of her sires. She does not pretend to censure the quacks of Virginia for not affording relief, as they are ignorant of the constitution of a queen. She will now proceed to give him some of his own glowing words. 'Her fancy is sometimes dazzled by the brilliant flashes of native genius. Her heart is touched by the strokes of nature, or her soul elevated by sublimity of sentiment from a vivid fancy, susceptible feelings, and a cultivated mind, which are never so fully tasted as in the sweet sunset of the day; then the influence of sentiment is buoyant over passion—the soul, alive to the sublimest impression, expands in the region of pure and elevated meditation—the passions, slumbering in the soft repose of nature, leave the heart free to the reception of the purest, warmest, tenderest sentiment, when all is delicious melancholy, or pensive softness, when every vulgar wish is hushed, and a refined and indefinable rapture thrills with sweet vibration on every nerve. But, O! royal queen! I was led to believe, (fatal conviction,) that the virgin rose of the fair queen's affection, had already shed its sweetness on a former, happier lover; that the partiality I had flattered myself in having awakened, was either the result of intuitive coquetry, or, in the long absence of her heart's first object, a transient beam of that fire, which, once illumined, is so difficult to extinguish, and which was nourished by my resemblance to him who had first won her heart. What! I receive to my heart the faded spark, while another has basked in the vital flame. I, contentedly gather this after-bloom of tenderness, when another has inhaled the very essence of the nectarious blossom. I will, with a single effort, tear this late adored image from my heart, though that heart break with the effort, rather than feed on the remnant of those favors on which another has already feasted. Since human happiness, like every other feeling of the heart, loses its poignancy by reiteration, its fragrance with its bloom, let me not, while the first fallen dew of pleasure hangs fresh upon the flower of your existence, seize on the precious moments which hope rescued from the fangs of despondence. When I heard the fatal news, I felt like a being of some other sphere newly alighted on a distant orb.' She is like the rising of the golden morn when night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She resembleth the cypress in the garden. She may well say now, she rises in the morning with the orient sunbeam of brightness, and slumbers with the western gale."

She was true to her promise of not writing me another letter; but she continued to write on various subjects, and had her manuscripts locked up in her bureau. She would sometimes read them to me,—at other times she could not be prevailed on to do so. Towards the close of her disease they assumed a more literary character. I regret very much that I did not procure some of them, as they would have discovered the astonishing powers of her mind. The style of her last compositions, though somewhat turgid and occasionally too quaint, was considered very fine. She sometimes made me read them

to her. If, in doing so, I made the smallest mistake in a word, or in the pronunciation, or even emphasis, she would correct me, and would often discover the shrewdest critical acumen that I have ever witnessed. I frequently thought I discovered misapplication of words, or bad spelling, and would refer to the dictionary and other authorities on the subject, and invariably found her correct. If there was an unusual word, or one which could be spelt in different ways, she generally used it or spelt it in the obsolete way, as if to entrap persons disposed to criticise, and to enjoy the pleasure of confounding them. In a girl, who had scarcely left school, this critical accuracy would appear astonishing—but it is not half so much so as many other things connected with her disease, by which she gained an ascendancy not only over the servants, but over her brothers and sisters and parents, and even the neighbors, many of whom were impressed with a belief that she could divine events, and knew the secrets of their hearts. A few instances will suffice to show her gifts in this way. The family were always very cautious about imparting to her any unpleasant news, and I had particularly enjoined it upon them not to hold conversations on any such subject in her presence. During one of her long paroxysms of catalepsy, in which she was curved like a hoop, and apparently entirely insensible to every thing around her, news of the death of an aunt was received by letter: the family, I believe, were not apprised of her previous illness, as she resided far from them. Of course great care was taken to keep her from a knowledge of so distressing an event—and all who could not appear composed, were enjoined to keep from the room. So soon as the spasm left her, she called for her sister, and asked her if she knew that aunt H. was dead—and who had informed her. Her sister used the pious fraud of denying that such a calamity had occurred. She told her that it was useless to deny it, that she had seen her distinctly, and told them the very day of her death, &c.

There is, perhaps, no person who believed more firmly than myself in the aphorism, "*nil est in intellectu quod non prius fuit in sensu.*" I therefore instituted the strictest inquiry to discover whether there had been conversation in the room on that subject, while she appeared insensible, so that the sense of hearing might have conveyed the impression to the sensorium, while the other senses were locked up. I could by no means discover that this had been the case; yet my theory (but nothing else,) leads me to the belief that such must have been the case.

During her illness I was sent for, in consultation, in the case of a young gentleman, who had been long laboring under a diseased liver. My cataleptic patient took great interest in the case, and made daily inquiries about him. When I was sent for, she observed that it was too late: if I had been sent for at an earlier period of the disease, she could have instructed me how to cure it. But now, she said, she had taken a view of the hepatic system, and found it entirely disorganized, and he would inevitably die. Her prediction was soon verified. Immediately after the death of the young man, I went to see her, and was the first to communicate information of his death to the family. They, as usual, were cautious about saying any thing concerning it in her presence, and I know that I did not speak

of it in her room. Yet, soon after I went into her room, on reviving from one of her swoons, she told the family that Mr. J. was dead. Some of them denied it; but she repeated the assertion most emphatically, and, I think, shed tears. I know not how she could have come to this knowledge, unless the sense of hearing, as conjectured in the other case, was so acute, as to enable her, while the catalepsy was on her, to hear whispering in the passage, or in the opposite room. I do not believe that any person in existence, with the ordinary auditory faculties, could have heard it; yet, sooner than surrender the doctrine that all information is communicated by the senses, I must believe that the information was thus obtained.

About this time, while returning from a visit to a patient, I was invited to partake of a feast on the road side. While waiting for it to be served up, a most severe thundergust came on, and the rain fell so hastily, that it was impossible, though I rode at the top of my horse's speed, that I could reach a house about a quarter of a mile distant without getting wet; many of the company were completely drenched. So soon as I had dined, I visited my patient, and was informed by the family that she had been extremely ill, and that the paroxysms had been more violent than they had ever witnessed; that when the storm came on, she became greatly agitated, shrieked and hallooed, clapped her hands, and shouted, "Wallace! Wallace! see how he goes"—with various other exclamations, manifesting her alarm at the danger to which the person mentioned was exposed from the storm. She swooned away, and remained insensible for some time. When she spoke, she reverted to the subject of the storm which had then passed over, and declared that she had seen me exposed to it, and in great danger. The family tried to convince her that it was probably not the case, as I expected to remain at home to repose, after sitting up the previous night. She persisted in her opinion, and spoke of nothing else, when free from the spasms, which came on in rapid and alarming succession. So soon as I came into the room she seemed delighted to see me, and described the excruciating agony which she had suffered while Wallace was exposed to the storm. It may be well to remark here, that soon after she assumed the name of Roberta Bruce, she conferred on me that of Wallace. The accuracy of her accounts of the events of this day, her precision as to the time, shook my faith in the doctrine of the senses being the *sine qua non* to intelligence. But I ultimately accounted for it as I have done for similar things connected with dreams. As great dreamers are always dreaming, it is not strange that they should sometimes dream of actual occurrences. As she, about that time, was always apprehensive for me when absent, it is not strange that the terrors of a storm should have excited her vivid imagination to a perception of occurrences which in themselves were highly probable. As I had many patients, it was quite likely that I should be riding, and might be exposed to the storm; from which I should, of course, endeavor to escape by hard riding. As the distance was not more than five or six miles, and the storm extended to both places, it is not so remarkable that her agitation should have commenced at the precise time of my exposure.

I have selected these from a great variety of other

strange things, which were witnessed in the progress of this incomprehensible disease. If my solutions be not correct, let others find better. The facts are irrefragable, and can be established by the best testimony under oath.

Towards the middle of May, all the symptoms of the disease became milder; and some time in that month she came on a visit to my house, where I had for many days an opportunity of watching the changing phases of the disease. There was still an unnatural vivacity about her. She seemed, as she expressed it, "inebriating at the living spring of bliss, while reeling through a wilderness of joy." The case had excited great interest in the country, and visitors of all descriptions daily called to see her. Most of the physicians of the country, and some from a distance, saw her. Clergymen, lawyers, and judges were often with her, and were sometimes instructed, and always amused, unless something was said to draw from her that keen, biting sarcasm, which none who have felt can forget. I have seen her in conversation with many talented men of the various professions of this country, and her colloquial powers were such that she never for a moment hesitated for a word or an idea on any topic that was started; and I have never known her, in a single instance, defeated in discussing any subject. If she did not by her ingenuity turn the argument against her opponent, she would by her vivid flashes of wit, cast such ridicule upon him that he was soon discomfited. I have seen persons, who have smarted under her keen satire, on account of some peculiarity or some foible, hide their heads, or slip out of the way, to avoid her observation; she was certain to perceive it, and to subject them to the severest chastisement that tongue could inflict.

Unfortunately, during this period of high mental excitement, a ball was given, and she of course invited; for, what beau who hoped for future ease in society, would dare to withhold an invitation from one who could wither him into nihility by her sarcasm and wit, which she would not have hesitated to publish in the paper of the town? nor would the editor have dared to refuse publication. I used every argument, and worked every kind of traverse to counteract her intentions of attending the ball, but all in vain. She dressed herself in the gayest and most fantastic attire that she could procure, and in all the dignity and state of a queen,* went to the ball. She was an object of admiration, not only on account of the great notoriety which she had acquired, but the vivid scintillations of her wit, which seemed to enliven the whole assembly, and the ludicrous attitudes in which she placed some of the dandies and coquettes who were present. She indulged not only in dancing, but in the rich and savory viands that were offered—and on her return to my house she soon relapsed into her cataleptic state. Night after night have I watched by her bedside—often without sleeping a wink. Sometimes I would fear, much as I had become accustomed to the various changes of her disease, that life was almost extinct; and just as I thought my fears were about to be realized, she would revive, and entering into the most lively conversation, would keep me and the attendants convulsed with laughter.

* The excitement of preparing, dressing, &c. for the ball, had induced a return of this hallucination.

After spending a night in this way, she would sometimes rise in the morning, dress herself, and go into company as if well. Sometimes, in the midst of conversation, she would be seized with a cataleptic fit, and whether standing, sitting or reclining, she remained in the position which she occupied at the moment of attack. Her eyes were generally fixed immovably, with that peculiar expression which I have attempted to describe in the preceding part of the protracted history of this case—her respiration suspended, and her muscles rigid. The peculiar characteristics of catalepsy were strikingly manifested at this period of the disease: the limbs, though rigid, were moveable—you might bend the arm, extend it, place the hand to the chin, forehead, or any other part of the body, and there it would remain during the paroxysm—the whole body could be made to assume the appearance of statuary, of which it was the finest model I have ever seen.

These attacks were alternated with others which were convulsive, in which the body was contorted into a variety of shapes. The trains of ideas succeeding these two forms of the disease, were as separate and distinct as those of two different persons. For instance,—after recovering from a cataleptic fit, she would resume the discourse which she had been engaged in after a former attack, without seeming to perceive that there had been any interruption to it. Sometimes she would be seized in the midst of a sentence, which she would, after the attack, complete with grammatical accuracy. After the attack of convulsion, she would, in like manner, resume the train of conversation peculiar to that attack. And what is remarkable, you never could bring her in one frame of mind to a consciousness of what passed in the other. I have often heard her criticise with severity, and ridicule the ideas and expressions attributed to her under such circumstances.

After some abatement of the symptoms she was moved home, a distance of three or four miles. Here the disease returned very much as it had been at my house, and continued, in spite of all the remedies prescribed by myself and various other physicians, until the 22d of July. About a fortnight before that day she observed to me, that I had frequently proposed to extract a carious tooth of her's: that it had been revealed to her that if she would have it drawn on the 22d day of July, precisely at three o'clock, (I think that was the hour,) it would instantly relieve her; but that it would be dangerous to draw it at any other time. I could not possibly prevail on her to consent to an earlier period, and she often seemed alarmed lest I should attempt it forcibly, declaring that it would kill her. Before the arrival of the day, we determined to muffle the clock, the ticking of which, though in the room below her chamber, often alarmed her; and I directed the family to set it back, if any accident should prevent my arrival before the appointed hour. I, however, arrived before that hour; when I went into the room, she seemed agitated, but resolved to submit to the operation. When the hour arrived, she permitted me to examine the tooth, &c. When all was ready for the operation, she swooned off, and I extracted the tooth without difficulty. She laid a short time in the swoon, which terminated in a convulsion. So soon as she opened her eyes, she expressed great relief; looked more composed than I had before seen her—in

the course of an hour she called for her work, and from that time forward attended to it and her studies, as if they had never been disturbed. She never had any return of the disease that I heard of. She married a worthy gentleman four or five years since, and is the mother of one or two children.

I will only add one other remarkable circumstance to this extraordinary case, that physiologists, phrenologists, the disciples of animal magnetism, and others, may be better able to reconcile it to their various theories. Soon after she had resumed her usual occupations, she found the manuscripts which had been locked up in her bureau. She happened to take up first, one of the lighter production: after glancing at it, she ran off to her older sister, and told her that she had found some love letters of another sister, which were the rarest productions she had ever seen—and urged her to read and enjoy them with her. Of course she never was undeceived, and is to this day, no doubt, unconscious of having written them, as she is of every thing else that transpired in her cataleptic state.

M.

A STRAY LEAF

FROM A BACHELOR'S NOTE-BOOK.*

"I was only eighteen, Katrinah was one year my junior, and never had I met with such a laughing, romping, mischievous she-devil as that Dutchified English girl. Her father was an Englishman, as poor and as proud as a Spanish Don; but the business qualities of her German mother were of such a character as kept pinching Want at arm's length, though Poverty was a constant inmate of her dwelling. Katrinah had a superabundance of vivacity, but how she came by it, I never could guess; for her father was grave, and her mother was German. So it was, however. Nature is a little capricious sometimes, and occasionally plays as strange pranks as Dame Fortune herself.

I have been thinking, that at eighteen the imagination is apt to overbalance the judgment, and unless checked by chance or circumstance, plays the devil with one's wits. It was so in my case. I very foolishly fell in love. Katrinah's clear, musical voice, with melody in its every modulation, whether it were mocking the birds in the spring time, or ringing with wild laughter, became to me a joy,—and its tone haunted alike my sleeping and my waking moments. Without flattery, she might have been called a very pretty girl. I shall not describe her—for her sunshiny face, her dazzling blue eyes, and her rich red lips,—these can never be

put on paper. I told her one day that she was an angel, and she laughed at me for my folly. I deserved it. But whether she laughed with me or at me, it was the same music to me. I was infatuated, just as a great many striplings of eighteen are, when they dream every night of pretty faces and bright eyes. We grow older, and perhaps wiser—but the wisdom that comes with years is not happiness.

I must not moralize,—unless I want to be sad. I told Katrinah I loved her. She blushed a little, and turned away with a laugh. What thoughts passed in her mind I cannot tell. The next moment, I saw her in the topmost boughs of a cherry tree, plucking the blushing fruit and throwing it in the apron of a younger sister, who stood beneath her. She never looked lovelier. "I must win her or die," said I to myself, as I walked meditatively towards my home.

Poetry and love are Siamese twins. My passion betrayed me into rhyme. That night I paced my room till long after the ghostly hour of twelve, while my thoughts were as busy as a bee in selecting loving words, and arranging them in forms poetical. The result of my toil was some half dozen amatory stanzas, written in a stiff, positive copy hand, upon doubtful pink paper, folded in a love-letter style, and addressed to Katrinah. I felt very solemn as I impressed the seal with the image of a heart, stuck through with an arrow from the quiver of Dan Cupid,—for thus, thought I, thus, oh cruel Katrinah! have you impaled my heart; and no hand but yours can heal the wound. But the madrigal—here it is:

Unkind art thou, Katrinah!—yet
My love is still the same,
As fervent as when late we met—
For time may never tame
The flame that glows within my breast,
Nor hush this throbbing heart to rest,
While I can breathe thy name.
Thy name!—it is a magic word
By which the founts of love are stirred.

Thine image, dearest! is enshrined
Within my youthful heart,
And stamped so deeply on my mind
It never can depart!
I might, perchance, have loved thee less
But for that winning gentleness
So purely free from art—
'Twas that which won the heart that ne'er
Had worshipped aught that grovels here.

No image upon earth but thine
Had tempted me to kneel,
A worshipper at Beauty's shrine,
To breathe of what I feel.
I might have mingled in the dance,
And coldly met the warmest glance
That woman's eyes reveal,
For never could I bend the knee
To less than I behold in thee!

Thine is the beauty of the soul,
A something undefined,—
A loveliness which might control,
Or tame the sternest mind!
And what thou art, Katrinah! be—
From passion's taint and folly free—
Still gentle, artless, kind—
Seeming like one of heavenly birth,
Too brightly beautiful for earth.

* We select this sprightly article from the "Pittsburg Saturday Evening Visitor," with the charitable intent of putting our readers into a good humor, if perchance any thing in our pages should have inclined them to sadness. If they do not smile at the Bachelor-poet's Courtship, we have conceived altogether erroneously of our own organ of mirthfulness. By the way, the Visitor, from the taste and ability with which it is conducted, affords gratifying proof that the Muses are not without a pleasant dwelling place even amidst the din and smoke of the American Birmingham.—[Ed. Soc. Lit. Mess.]

The wing of Thought that broods o'er thee,
 Dear girl! may never fold;
 And though Life's path to me should be
 All desolate and cold,
 'Twill still be cheered by memory's light,
 For ever, with the spirit's sight,
 Thy form shall I behold
 Flit dim before me in the hush
 Of twilight, till sweet tears shall gush.

And though my love should be in vain,
 I cannot love thee less—
 Nor break in twain the silken chain
 Which thine own gentleness
 Hath woven round my youthful heart;
 Its links alone with life will part—
 Oh, dearest!—might I press
 My burning lip to thine, and tell
 My quenchless love!—'tis vain!—farewell!

"This," thought I as I passed along in the cool night air, and beneath the still and holy stars, to deposit my letter in the post-office, "this must reach her heart. It is not made of iron, nor of stone, nor of wood. It is flesh and blood; it can feel; it can throb; it can melt; and it will when she reads my poetry." Happy in this belief I turned homeward, and with a mind in some degree tranquillized, soon sought and found the land of dreams.

Two days had looked out upon the world, traced their eventful history upon the page of time, and gone down to the ocean of the past. I stood with a flushed brow and a beating heart in the presence of Katrinah. She was alone, and laughing yet. "Oh," she exclaimed as her roguish blue eyes looked laughingly into my face, "I thought you were dead. I received a copy of your will yester-mornin', for which papa had to pay a cent. How he did swear!—the naughty man! How could you forget to pay the postage? But then the joke was worth a flip."

"The joke," stammered I, coloring still more redly than before—"the joke, Katrinah,—I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, don't you?" replied she, half interrogatingly, half affirmatively. "Why isn't it a capital joke that you should think you are a poet, and isn't it a better one yet that you should fancy yourself in love?" and her clear laugh rang wildly out upon the air, startling the birds from their nests for half a mile round, and giving dame Echo a silvery tone which she repeated again and again as if reluctant to yield the gladsome melody. I was abashed. Can it be possible, thought I, that my poetry has not touched her heart. Oh dear! and I sighed audibly. "You didn't like my poetry, then?" at length I inquired, as soon as I could recover my wits sufficiently to speak.

"Like it!" echoed she, "certainly—it's capital for curl papers!"

I looked up. There was my poem sure enough—torn into strips, around which were twisted Katrinah's beautiful auburn locks. Just over her forehead I read, "desolate and cold;" while on her dexter temple, where the blue veins showed distinctly through the transparent skin, rested a fragment of my epistle, on which I could see nothing but the words "in vain." They are ominous, thought I, of my love.

"Katrinah," said I at length, with a hesitating voice. She has gone—but her laugh was flung back upon my

ear, mocking my hopes, and sounding, despite its merry tones, like the death dirge of my expectations.

I went home. Gradually as I walked I nursed my wrath, till I had brought it to a proper vigor. I thought of my crushed hopes—but such, said I, are the lot of humanity. I thought of my slighted love. This, philosophy, I deemed, might enable me to bear. I thought of my despised, tattered and twisted poem—and my anger grew apace. I reached my chamber, and with an energy that would have startled me an hour before, I threw my coat upon the bed, tore off my neckcloth, opened my shirt bosom, drank a glass of gin and water, and seized my pen. "I will be revenged," cried I. "The trollope!—the vixen!—the slut!—the—the—baggage!"—and I rattled off a round volley of titles, none of which could be considered complimentary; while some of them, which I write not here, were equivalent to an impeachment of her maidenly integrity. "I'll write a satire upon her"—and my hand was laid vindictively upon a quire of foolscap. I spoiled two sheets of it in scribbling the following execrable doggerel, which I considered at the time an amazing fine specimen of poetry. I was only eighteen, then—nor did I furnish the only instance in which authors have vastly over-rated their own productions.

Beware!—and never trust the smile
 That plays around Katrinah's lips;
 Its fascination may beguile,
 But he whose gaze doth linger, sips
 A fiery poison that will burn
 His soul to cinder!—foul deceit
 Lurks in Katrinah's smile—then turn,
 Or perish by the glance you meet!

Oh, never trust Katrinah's word!—
 The witching music of her voice,
 Sweet as the song of Eden's bird,
 With its beguiling note decoys
 From peace, and hope, and happiness,
 Till quiet is a thing forgot,—
 To wo, and want, and deep distress,
 To death, to hell,—oh trust it not!—

Oh never trust Katrinah's love!
 A deadly serpent lurks beneath
 Its shining veil—let that remove.
 And it will sting you to the death!
 Oh trust it not!—'twill turn to hate—
 'Twill shroud your soul with dark despair—
 Fly from it—ere it be too late—
 The fair coquette!—"as false as fair!"

Be free—nor bend your soul to her—
 Let not her spells be round you thrown;
 I'd rather meet the sepulchre,
 Than trust her love, her smile, her tone.
 Be free—and let thy spirit dare
 To rise above her winning arts,
 To break away from every snare
 She spreads to capture human hearts!

Anthony Thompson did not take the advice that I gave to myself in particular, and every body in general, in the above lines. He fell in love with Katrinah—and wooed and won the girl from whom I could obtain nothing more serious than a laugh. Katrinah did not poison him. She used my last poem as she did my first, only she kept it for her wedding day, as if reserving it for that very purpose. When I last saw her she laughed about it, and I had the good sense to laugh

with her. Why not? She was the mother of twelve interesting children, and I was a bachelor of forty-five. Circumstances alter cases. I was only eighteen when I wrote the doggrell, and Katrinah was but seventeen when she ridiculed my declaration of love. She was right, and I was a fool. I feel better now.

TO MISS ———

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Sing, lady, sing—
At morning and at noon—
Who would not listen long
To sweetest "Bonny Doon?"
Its soothing words do fling
Around the heart a spell,
Which all must feel who hear,
Although they may not tell.

Weep, lady, weep—
There's often bliss in tears,
Although the past be stored
With many weary years.
But joy may come at last,
When days have fled away:
The sun gleams sometimes bright,
E'en with its closing ray.

Pray, lady, pray—
There's virtue in thy prayer;
Each wish of thine to Heaven
The list'ning seraphs bear.
And as thy words are flowing
In sweetest accents free,
The sounds may rise above,
But keep thy *thoughts* for me.

Sunday, 26th May.

R. W. H.

CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL'S REMEMBRANCER.

We had intended before this to notice the Revolutionary diary of Christopher Marshall, edited by William Duane, jr., of Philadelphia, having experienced much pleasure in reading it. The following notice from the Knickerbocker, expresses so justly and appropriately our own views of the merits of the work, that we are saved the task of attempting, what has been already done, and well done, by another pen.

"CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL'S REMEMBRANCER.—Mr. CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL, whose ancestors came to America with WILLIAM PENN, resided in Philadelphia, from the age of thirty until his death, in 1797, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a member of the Society of Friends, but his devotion to the liberties and rights of the colonies procured his excommunication from a body which denied the lawfulness of defensive warfare. In his sixty-fourth year, he commenced a diary; and from five volumes of this "Remembrancer,"

covering the period from January, 1774, to September, 1781, the compiler of the work under notice, Mr. WILLIAM DUANE, Jr., has selected many new facts in relation to public affairs, and the progress of the revolution, with so much of the private history of the author as throws light upon the manners of the times.

"It is pleasant to trace the brief and fresh records of such eventful occurrences as the Battle of Bunker's Hill, Washington's passage of the Delaware, the burning, by the provincials, of the light-house at the entrance of Boston harbor, and the pulling up of the piles that were the marks of the shipping, etc. Here, an account from Boston informs us, that 'BURGOYNE is in a deep, settled melancholy, walking the streets frequently, with his arms folded across his breast, and talking to himself;' and again, that 'General GAGE is often out of his head, and that he and Admiral GREAVES have publicly quarrelled, so that he told Gage it was a cowardly action to burn Charlestown.' Then we have accounts of certain public rebukes, administered by the committee of safety at Philadelphia, to sundry citizens, for refusing to take continental money; with advertisements, calling upon 'the ladies' to come to the American manufactory, at the corner of Market and Ninth streets, and get cotton, wool, or flax, 'thus casting their mite into the treasury of the public good,' and exhibiting that distinguishing characteristic of an excellent woman, as given by the wisest of men: 'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh diligently with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hand holdeth the distaff.' There is a quiet, dry humor in some of our journalist's entries; such, for example, as the annexed, which sounds oddly enough, as recorded of a sober Friend: 'Took a walk down town, to see BENJ. BERTERON, who, last First Day, in a jovial humor, jumped over a man's shoulder, and broke his leg about the small.' What would our present neighbors of the drab city say, to see Friends jumping over one another's shoulders, and breaking their legs, 'in a jovial humor,' on Sunday! Another amusing incident is thus pithily recorded: 'Account came, that while Parson Stringer, with his eyes shut, was at prayer with Andrew Steward, in the dungeon of our prison, the said Steward took that opportunity to walk up stairs, go out at the several prison doors into the street, and without any ceremony, walked off with himself, without bidding Robinson, the prison-keeper, farewell, although he was sitting at the front door, on the step, when he passed him!' This looking out for his temporal safety while the worthy clergyman was attending to his spiritual welfare, is a striking proof of the condemned criminal's forecaste and presence of mind. Aside from the interest of many of its details, the little volume in question must prove valuable as a historical record, of convenient reference."

APHORISM BY HEINSE.

All constitutions are bad, if the government is not in the hands of the wisest; all the difference between a democracy and a monarchy is this—that in the former 500,000 and some odd fools may decide against 400,999 sensible people, and in the latter, one fool may ruin 999,999 philosophers, if they will let him.

EDUCATION.

BY A NATIVE VIRGINIAN.

To make a successful prosecution of an inquiry into the right method of education, we shall be compelled to enter upon a field of investigation entirely new to most of our readers; and on that account, it will require a considerable effort of attention to follow through, and to comprehend fully, all the arguments which may be advanced. But we hope this effort of attention will be exerted—because the subject we are about to enter upon, is one of vital importance, not only to the teacher and his pupil, but to the parent, and to all those who are endeavoring to improve themselves.

Education is not a thing of chance, to be conducted according to the crude notions of each individual. It is a science, based on philosophical principles, deduced from a consideration of the human mind, the subject of education.

Instead of amusing, therefore, with a few trite and general remarks on this hacknied theme, we have determined to go to the very bottom, and unfold the principles which should govern every one, both in the education of himself, (the most important,) and in the education of youth.

The main object of education is to develop, and to strengthen all the faculties of the mind.

The first question, then, which we have to determine is, *What are the faculties of the mind?* The second, *What are the best means of improving, or, (in words already used,) of unfolding and strengthening these faculties.*

Writers on the philosophy of the human mind have divided what they call the faculties into two divisions—the *intellectual* and the *moral faculties*. To this division we have no objection. The intellectual faculties, they say, are Perception, Attention, Conception, Memory, &c.

On this philosophy have been based all our systems of education. The elementary books of instruction—the course of studies projected in our schools and colleges, have been in reference to this subdivision of the mind into faculties. Such a study, we are told, is intended to improve the memory—such another, to improve the attention—and so on through all the faculties, as they understand them:—for it is a well known fact that education, in every country, is conducted in exact accordance to the opinions entertained as to the nature of the mind and the number of its faculties. Not only is education influenced by the speculations of the metaphysician, but *morality* also derives her practical lessons from the same source. Hence, an unsound philosophy makes an unsound scholar and an unsound man.

Now, we say, that the system of philosophy, which we have received into this country—taught in our colleges—held as infallible—as based on a correct idea of the constitution of the mind, and necessarily true in the nature of things; we say that this philosophy, this Scotch metaphysics, is entirely erroneous, founded on a limited view of the human mind—a mistaken idea as to what constitutes the original faculties; and has, consequently, been the cause of many errors in education, and the cause of much disastrous evil to the morals of our country.

Before we give the arguments which have led us to the conclusion just announced, we will point out the source whence those arguments have been drawn. When we deserted the philosophy of the schools, from a consciousness that it was unsound and pernicious, we were compelled to look at facts alone as our last resort in the search after truth. We were compelled to observe men as we saw them living and acting around us. We collected our materials from actual observation, and studied them. We consulted our own experience—and from these sources alone—observation and experience—we have endeavored to draw all our conclusions. We have carefully avoided, so far as it was possible, all *a priori* deductions from abstract theories—they are as unsafe in morals as in physical science. It is by a collection and observation of facts alone, that we can hope to arrive at truth. By following this humble way, the student of natural science is making most rapid and unparalleled advances—by neglecting it, the student of our moral and intellectual nature stands where he was more than two thousand years ago—involved in mystery, and bewildered in the mazes of abstract speculation.

As we proceed with this subject, we shall advance no opinion which cannot be illustrated by a living example, and the soundness of which cannot be attested by the experience and common sense of all.

Attention, Memory, Conception, &c., so far from being *primitive, innate* faculties of the mind, are nothing more than the different *modes* by which the capabilities manifest their activity. We can form no idea of the mind, except through its capabilities—just as we have an idea of the Deity by his attributes. All we know about the Almighty is, that he is an invisible being, possessed of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite goodness—separate from these attributes we have no idea of a God—they are, in truth, God with us. So with the mind—it is an invisible, immaterial thing, possessed of certain faculties or capabilities—which capabilities manifest greater or less activity by a greater or less degree of memory, attention, conception, &c. If the mind of any individual possesses an original faculty, strongly developed, it will manifest that superior strength or development by an *accurate perception*, a *retentive memory*, and a *distinct conception* of all the subjects which come within the scope of that faculty.

It is a common observation, that when a man possesses a strong and unconquerable propensity to any one pursuit in preference of all others, he has a *natural bent* for that pursuit, or, that he has a *genius* for that kind of occupation.

When this inclination is very strong, the mind manifests extraordinary *capability* on all those subjects which nourish and gratify that inclination. The man learns with astonishing rapidity every thing that has any connection with the natural inclination of his mind—he retains them longer—has a clearer insight into their nature—he even goes beyond the present acquired knowledge on the subject, and makes new discoveries of his own. All this too, without any previous education whatsoever. Take an example.

When James Ferguson, the celebrated astronomer, was about seven or eight years of age, he discovered an extraordinary talent for mechanical pursuits. The roof of the cottage having partly fallen in, his father, in order to raise it again, applied to it a beam, resting on

a prop in manner of a lever, and was thus enabled, with comparative ease, to produce what seemed to his son quite a stupendous effect. The circumstance set our young philosopher thinking; and, after awhile, it struck him that his father in using the beam, had applied his strength to its extremity, and this, he immediately concluded, was probably an important circumstance in the matter. He proceeded to verify his notion by experiment; and having made several levers, which he called bars, soon not only found that he was right in his conjecture, as to the importance of applying the moving force at the point most distant from the fulcrum, but discovered the rule or law of the machine, namely, that the effect of any weight made to bear upon it is exactly proportional to the distance of the point on which it rests from the fulcrum. From this he went on reasoning, until he discovered the principle of the pulley. The child had thus actually discovered two of the most important elementary truths in mechanics—the lever, and the wheel and axle; he afterwards hit upon others; and all the while, he had not only possessed neither book nor teacher to assist him, but was without any other tools than a turning lathe of his father's, and a little knife wherewith to fashion his blocks and wheels.

After the labors of the day, young Ferguson used to go at night to the fields, with a blanket about him, and a lighted candle; and there, laying himself down on his back, pursued for long hours his observations on the heavenly bodies.

A book was once given him, containing a description of a globe, without illustration by any figure—nevertheless, says Ferguson, I made a globe in three weeks, at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood; which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it; made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper, and graduated them; and was happy to find that by my globe, (which was the first I ever saw,) I could solve the problems.

He was confined to his bed for several months in consequence of the cruel treatment of his master. In order, says he, to amuse myself in this state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood, and it kept time pretty well. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours was the neck of a broken bottle.

A short time after this, he actually constructed a time-piece, or a watch moved by a string. His own account is very amusing. He accidentally saw the outside of an orrery, but had no opportunity of inspecting the machinery—he had, however, seen enough to set his ingenuity and contriving mind to work; and in a short time he succeeded in finishing an orrery of his own. In the course of his life he constructed, he tells us, six more, all unlike each other.

Here we have an individual, quite a child, without education, without experience, fixing his mind in the deepest attention on mechanical operations, making contrivances to repeat those operations, and so meditating on them as to discover the laws by which they are governed—and finally going on from one step of induction to another, until he discovered two of the most important laws of mechanical philosophy. All this too while a child of eight years old, without the help of book or teacher; and without knowing even that there was such a thing as mechanical philosophy.

Follow him in after life, you find his mind, under all circumstances, whether adverse or prosperous, ever bent on pursuits of a kindred nature to those above mentioned. Neither sickness nor poverty could divert his mind, for a moment, from its favorite occupations. When a poor shepherd in the fields, the stars and their mechanical operation were his themes of meditation. When laid on a bed of sickness by the cruelty of a master, his mind was busied on the complicated mechanism of a clock. Wherever he went, curious and complicated machinery seemed to be the only things that attracted his attention, or that afforded him any gratification.

He needed no detailed explanation—his mind perceived at once all the parts—and retained long afterwards, an accurate conception of the most complicated operations.

Now, we would ask, how can this extraordinary mental phenomenon be explained? Will any one pretend to say that it was mere accident that gave to Ferguson's mind the bent which it took, and produced the extraordinary development which it so early manifested? Such an explanation would be totally unsatisfactory to a reflecting mind. Does not sound philosophy teach us that there can be no *vera causa*, no *true cause*, unless it be adequate to the whole effect? Now, is the mere accidental circumstance of raising a falling house with a beam, a *true and adequate cause* for the peculiar character of Ferguson's mind? Would it not be more philosophical to say that the circumstance only discovered the previous existing state of mind, and was not the cause of that existing state?

Would any one say that the riots at Boston and the destruction of tea in Boston harbor was the *true cause* of the American Revolution? Would it not be a shameful discovery of ignorance even of the first principles of reasoning, to say that so trifling an accident was the cause of such tremendous effects? The riots at Boston and the destruction of tea in Boston harbor, only discovered the rebellious spirit already kindled up in the minds of the people by the oppressions of the mother country, and their determination no longer to submit to foreign tyranny. On no other principle can we explain the mental phenomenon now before us. Ferguson's mind had a strong bent or inclination to mechanical operations, or, (in other words) his mind possessed an extraordinary *capability* for mechanical investigations. We know nothing of the mind except through its *capabilities* for certain pursuits. And when we have discovered all the different capabilities of the mind, we have discovered the true nature of the mind itself.

Now, in the case of Ferguson. His capability, and consequently his inclination for mechanical philosophy, was so much greater than the rest, as, like Aaron's rod, to swallow them up and give a peculiar character to the whole mind.

Many other cases similar to that of Ferguson might be brought up to prove that there is such a thing as mechanical genius, or, in more philosophical language, that there is such a thing as a development of the mind, which leads the possessor irresistibly to the pursuit of the mechanic arts; and, where this development or capability is very great, even to original investigations and discoveries in mechanical philosophy.

By studying the characters of men remarkable for their great genius in one thing, and a deficiency in every

thing else, we may easily discover all the original innate capabilities of the mind.

Take an example of that great mathematical genius, Edmund Stone. His father was gardener to the Duke of Argyle, who, walking one day in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's *Principia* lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his own library, called some one to carry it back to its place. Upon this, Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own. "Your's?" replied the Duke. "Do you understand Geometry, Latin, and Newton?" "I know a little of them," replied the young man. The Duke was surprised; and having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young man. "But how," said the Duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?" Stone replied, "A servant taught me ten years since to read. Does one need to know more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?" The Duke's curiosity redoubled; he sat down on a bank, and requested a detail of the whole process by which he became so learned. "I first learned to read," said Stone: "the masons were then at work on your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compass, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learnt it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learnt geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books in these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary and learnt Latin. I understood, also, that there were good books of the same kind in French; I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my Lord, is what I have done: it seems to me that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

Here we see the capability of mathematical investigations so strongly developed as to give the possessor most remarkable success in their pursuit. He seems to have needed no assistance, no instruction, but marched through the most difficult and abstruse science with the strides of a giant. No delay cooled his ardor; no obstacle baffled him in his purpose. Was there a branch of mathematics he wished to know, he bought the book and learnt it. Was there a valuable mathematical work in a foreign language—he learnt the language. How like the *fiats* of Almighty, are the rapid and gigantic efforts of genius. "Let there be light, and there was light."

Take an example of genius in Painting. Benjamin West, when only six years old, was placed by his mother to take care of an infant while she was absent. After some time the child happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure he had never before experienced, and observing some paper on the table, together with some pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation and endeavored to delineate a portrait—although at this period he had never seen a picture nor an engraving. So soon as young West had an opportunity of indulging the natural bent of his mind, he was so enchanted as to forget his school hours. For several days he withdrew to a little garret, and devoted himself to painting,

without letting the family know what had become of him.

Is this accident? Is it the result of education? What education could there have been in this case? The boy had never seen a portrait in his life—not even an engraving. But, yet, with what enthusiasm did he behold the smiling countenance of the sleeping infant? What agitation seized his nerves? He snatched the first thing that came in his way, and, as if by inspiration, struck off a perfect likeness of the sleeping child. Was this the result of accident? Had not ten thousand nurses before, beheld the smiles that play over the illumined face of a beautiful infant, but did it ever create a genius for the *graphic art* in any other mind, save that of Benjamin West? The same cause must always, under similar circumstances, produce the same effects. It is utterly impossible to account for this remarkable development of mind, except on the principle which we have already mentioned. The mind of West possessed a strong, innate capability of delineating the forms of nature, and of relishing the beauty and harmony of symmetrical forms. The accident of nursing the child only served to show the previously existing capacity, and to waken it up to activity by the gratification which it afforded.

We might thus go on and bring numerous examples to prove to the satisfaction of any reflecting man, that the mind consists of certain original, innate capabilities or faculties—that these faculties are definite in their number and distinct in their character. We might prove that there is an original capability of mind which befits the possessor in an eminent degree for physical science, for music, for sculpture, poetry, and for abstract speculation. But the examples already adduced must suffice—time will not permit a further investigation.

Now we have discovered this great peculiarity in men who possess one or another of the *faculties* strongly marked—they have no need of instruction nor assistance from men or books—they seem to learn, as by inspiration, every thing that affords gratification to the peculiar propensity of their mind. If all men, therefore, were possessed of some faculty developed above all the rest, or if they possessed all the faculties strongly developed, they would have no need of assistance or instruction from others. But all men are not so gifted. It is but here and there that we find one who manifests an extraordinary talent for any pursuit. Men generally possess the faculties or capabilities of mind in an even degree, and slightly developed.

It is a wise provision of nature that it is so. Men who are endowed in an extraordinary manner with *one talent*, are generally unfit for any other pursuit in life. They take no interest in the ordinary affairs of society—are lost to all motives of prudence, or considerations of the useful—every thing is sacrificed to the indulgence of the one ruling passion. It is well, we say, that society is not made up of such men—but that it consists of those who have no very great capacity for one pursuit more than another—and who possess all the faculties in a moderate degree. For it is this even balance of the *faculties*, moderately developed, which constitutes the best state of mind for a prudent course and a sound judgment.

The investigation which we have just concluded, offers

many important hints in the management of education. We have seen, that a man who possesses a talent strongly developed, has a most extraordinary memory in every thing connected with that faculty—is capable of fixing his mind in the deepest attention upon subjects of his inquiry—in a word, possesses all those things which have been generally called faculties of the mind—perception, memory, attention, conception, &c. His thoughts, too, are more numerous, more profound and original.

When, therefore, we observe that the mere possession of a faculty without instruction, without help—nay, in spite of all opposition, gives such a decided advantage, is it not obvious that our main object should be to find out what are the faculties of the mind—and then by all judicious means to unfold and strengthen those faculties or capabilities?

If we can be successful in these two objects—the discovery and development of the capabilities of the mind—we shall have accomplished our purpose. Education, so far as the assistance of the instructor may be required, is complete. We care not whether three ideas have been communicated to the pupil during the process of his education, we have already seen, that if he is turned out with a mind waked up to inquiry, and with invigorated powers, he needs nothing more to secure eminent success in every department of knowledge. The mind will, afterwards, go on of its own accord, unabated in its ardor, with ever increasing powers—gathering wisdom from every source, and pleasure from every object—no subject so barren as not to yield instruction—no situation so dull as not to afford pleasure.

What has just been said, we have no doubt, will appear self-evident to reflecting men, whose minds are not trammelled by the systems of modern philosophy. But such men have no idea of the error which exists on this subject, and which is the cause of so many failures in education.

Is it not a matter of common remark, that men who have most pains bestowed upon their education, seldom come up to expectation; and that self-educated men are always the best scholars, the wisest men, and the ablest statesmen? What is the cause of this? Is there not an error somewhere? Can education be an evil rather than a good?

The truth is, that the object of education is entirely misunderstood. Even when it is well known, there is not one in five hundred who can accomplish it. An instructor may know, that to unfold the powers of the mind ought to be the object of his efforts, but he may not have the ability nor the skill to accomplish it. It is a much easier task to convey knowledge than to waken up and develop the sleeping, infant powers of the mind. Such a task requires more than ordinary patience and gentleness of temper—more than ordinary skill in the management of wayward youth—more than ordinary knowledge of all the workings and combinations of the mind, both intellectual and moral. Many a teacher is capable of giving valuable instruction on every science—who utterly fails in the more important part of his undertaking—the development of the powers or capabilities of the mind. Hence, whatever may be their theory, they all act as if they considered the mind a mere passive receiver, and that their business was to pour into it as much *matter-of-fact* information as possible.

The consequences have been ruinous. Young people go to school, to the colleges—aye, to the universities, too, and after a few years sojourn they come home finished scholars—have studied this science and that science—in fact, have glanced at all the sciences—but, in the meanwhile, the mind itself was never thought of. Its powers were never wakened up to inquiry, nor imbued with a love of knowledge. It was never taught to reduce its acquisitions to their original elements and make them a part of its own constitution—like the worm which feeds upon a plant, until it acquires the same color, and almost the same consistency of the plant itself. Oh! that this were the process of education—but far otherwise is the truth. What they learn is by the aid of the teacher *alone*, with but slight mental effort on their part. The pupil becomes a mere *intellectual baby*, carried along in the arms of his kind instructor. And, like all other babies, spoiled by too much nursing, he can do nothing, or will do nothing, without help. Who has not seen a great chubby boy drop down in the road and begin to bellow, whenever the nurse tries to make him walk for himself? Just so with the intellectual baby—so soon as he leaves the school and the teacher, his mind sinks down into inactivity; the knowledge he has acquired passes away; and finally the youth comes into life a sorry scholar, and a useless man. Such is the education acquired at most of our colleges—often have we seen a noble mind utterly rumbed by its process. If a youth makes himself a scholar, it is not by the aid of his education, but in spite of it. College education has become a by-word and a reproach. A diploma, so far from being a recommendation, is looked upon rather as an object of suspicion. It has become a common proverb, when a man knows nothing about a thing, to say that he knows as little about it as a graduate about Greek. If the education of colleges be so bad—what is the condition of our schools and academies?

Take the self-educated man, how different the process by which his character is formed—raised in poverty, perhaps, without a friend—a poor journeyman in a workshop—a ploughboy in the fields—or a herdsman on the lonely mountain top. Humble as he may be, he feels unearthly emotions in his bosom. His ear listens to a heavenly harmony that fills him with more than wonted rapture. He looks with a “peculiar eye” on the goings forth of nature. He holds communion with his own thoughts. He breathes a wish and feels a hope that he may rise above the common level of mankind, achieve honor for himself and glory for his country. In the spirit of poor Burns he can say:

I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An’ first could thresh the barn;—
E’en then a wish, (I mind its power,)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I for poor auld Scotland’s sake,
Some usefu’ plan, or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

When he can no longer resist these aspirations of his heart, he boldly determines to brave every difficulty, and venture forth in quest of knowledge and renown. But now comes the toil and the strife. Obstacles rise on every hand. His course becomes intricate and con-

fused. He finds no arm on which to lean—no kind mentor to guide him in the right path. He must grope in darkness, and grapple with difficulties, until he finds the right way for himself—and then he must climb the steep ascent of knowledge by his own unaided efforts. No companion to cheer his solitary way, nor point the beauties of the landscape. But these very difficulties make the man. With such a man, the mind is not a passive thing, but an active agent—all its powers are wakened up and made to put forth their utmost strength—they become vigorous by self-exertion—the mind feels the presence and the power of greatness—it travails in its own strength, and with a giant's bound leaps every obstacle.

Need we pursue this subject farther, in order to show that the object of education has been entirely misunderstood? After what has already been said, will it excite surprise when we declare that the business of an instructor is not to *teach* the scholar, but to learn him to *teach* himself?—not to *tote* him, but to *lead* him? Will it be called extravagance, when we say that the least aid a teacher gives to a scholar the better? It may then be asked, where is the use of a teacher? If the scholar is to do all for himself, surely it is an unnecessary expense to procure a teacher. We answer, that a teacher possessing the character just described, is of immense importance—his worth cannot be calculated. If he does nothing more than to force the scholar to rely on his own resources, and not on the help of others, he has done more than all your plodding, matter-of-fact teachers have done since the foundation of the world. Surely there can be no need of argument to prove this—it is the very principle on which all nature operates. Does not the mother lead her little *toddling* child into the floor—then gently withdraw the finger and leave the child to totter along for itself? Should it fall, does she not raise it to make another trial, until by repeated efforts, and repeated falls, it acquires strength in its limbs and confidence in its own powers?

Does not the mother-bird take out her newly fledged young upon her wing—then drop it in mid air to flutter and fly for itself? We repeat, therefore, that reason and nature tell us, that the main business of the instructor is to unfold the powers—to strengthen them by forcing the child to self-exertion—and to create a confidence in his own powers and resources by teaching the scholar to rely on no other aid save his own.

When this task is accomplished, there still remains an important part for the skilful teacher to perform. When the powers of the mind have been once awakened and kindled with an enthusiastic love of knowledge, the instructor must then act as a guide to his pupil—employ his powers upon useful subjects—restrain him from improper indulgences, and encourage him in the severe toil of mental labor. When a child has just learned to walk, the restless activity of his limbs is perpetually leading him into danger; he must be constantly watched to be kept out of danger. So when the mind is first properly developed, its restless curiosity becomes impetuous—it leads him to search for pleasure and gratification wherever it may be found, regardless of the consequences—then comes the interesting and responsible part of the teacher's duty—better not unfold and strengthen the powers of the mind than to do it for evil purposes—better not un-

fold them at all than to guide them improperly afterwards.

The teacher who understands the profession which he has undertaken, can communicate the elements of knowledge in the *shortest and the most effectual way*. And at the same time that he is communicating the imperishable principles of knowledge, he is strengthening the powers of the mind.

Let us illustrate this principle by an example. Take arithmetic—the most elementary branch of mathematics. As commonly taught, it is of very little practical advantage, and no improvement whatsoever to the mind. Scholars are made to commit certain rules to memory, and solve problems mechanically by these rules, without ever seeing the necessity or the reason of the rule. Ask them why they do a sum one way rather than another—their answer is, *the rule says so*. But why does the rule say so? Do you see no reason for it. *No, sir! the rule says I must work so and so, and the answer will come. But why, I don't know.*

Now what possible good can come of such instruction? When the young man quits his school, and forgets his rule, (as he must, for he saw no reason in it,) he can no longer cipher. He must then begin, after his youth has been squandered away, to make an arithmetic of his own, or be content to live in ignorance the balance of his days. What improvement has it been to his mind? He has committed the multiplication table to memory, and practised his fingers on the slate—and that is all. The reason of things were never dreamed of by him nor his teacher. The Automaton Chess Player can give as good a reason for the move which he makes on the board, as our hopeful scholar can give for his rule—although he has ciphered through and through the whole of Pike! Now, we ask, if this is not the way in which arithmetic is generally taught? It is much the easiest way—the pupil will make a much greater show of progress, and a greater parade at an examination, which is the main object (sorry to say) of most teachers.

Is arithmetic ever taught as a science, based upon reason and the necessity of things? Is not every thing communicated to the mind of the pupil, arbitrary and constrained? And is it not a consequence that young men spend years at arithmetic, and after all, are not able to solve a problem which varies a hair's breadth from some rule to which they have been accustomed?

How different is the course pursued by the skilful and the conscientious teacher. He does nothing for which he cannot give a reason perfectly satisfactory to the youngest mind. He begins with the pears and apples of the child—makes him add, subtract, multiply, and divide among his little brothers and sisters—the whole matter is brought down to his senses—he is made to see the reason of every process, and to give his full assent to every principle. The mathematical powers of the mind are thus unfolded—a habit of mathematical reasoning acquired. And the pupil is carried on, step by step, until he can solve the most difficult problems by the force of his own reasoning alone, without the help of any arbitrary rule. He knows no rules—he wants none. He would not confuse his mind with them. He has learned principles, simple and imperishable. He has cultivated his *faculty* of mathematical reasoning;

and you had just as well attempt to destroy the mind itself as his capability of mathematical calculations—for this capability is one of the constituent parts of the mind itself.

By this means not only the soundest knowledge is communicated; but it is communicated in the shortest time.

In every science there are a few fundamental principles; which, when stripped of all circumstances, become plain and almost self-evident truths. An active and vigorous mind can seize them at once. And a knowledge of these principles is all that such a mind requires—it can run out the details for itself whenever occasion may require. For instance, when the principle on which the multiplication table is formed, is once thoroughly understood by the scholar, the drudgery of committing the table to memory may be dispensed with—by practice he will soon be able to multiply all sums under twelve or fifteen without resorting to a table for the purpose—hence, when the mind has been first prepared and the seed or first elements of knowledge sown, the native powers of the mind acting on these elements will do the rest—just as the husbandman has only to prepare the soil, sow the seed, and leave the rest to nature.

Let us illustrate this important principle by another example. Music, as generally taught, is a worthless thing. The pupil is made to learn a few tunes mechanically on some instrument. The fingers and the musical memory are alone exercised. The reasoning powers of the mind have no part nor lot in the matter. The pupil never suspects that music is any thing more than a combination of sound produced by arbitrary rule. He is not aware that it is a perfect science, founded on the most abstruse principles of mathematics and natural philosophy. Now, if the same course were pursued in music as we have pointed out in arithmetic, he would be made to acquire important principles, and at the same time would receive a valuable exercise to the mind. He will not then go home and forget all that had been learned,—he will have learned principles which cannot be eradicated from the mind—because they become incorporated and form a part of the mind. Music will then become (as it ought to be,) one of the most important and profitable branches of education. Pleasure will become a handmaid to science—wisdom and the graces will be companions to each other, and will steal knowledge into the mind along the chords of melody.

Now every body will say that all this is very plain and reasonable; and surely must be easy to do. It is certainly a plain truth; but who has practised it? To practise it, the teacher himself must have a profound knowledge of the science he professes to teach, so as to know what are truly the fundamental principles of the science. He must be so thoroughly acquainted with the constitution of the mind, as to know what faculties are to be exercised for the reception of these principles. He must be so conscientious in the discharge of his duties, so ardently devoted to the public good, as to pursue the course which reason tells him is right, whether it be for his own private interest or not. He must have the moral courage to withstand the clamor and opposition of those who can neither understand nor appreciate his motives. He must have prepared himself to encounter difficulties both on the part

of the parent and the pupil. The severe exercise of mind which he requires, will be revolting to the badly taught and undisciplined mind of youth—the plain and unostentatious way which he pursues—the entire abandonment of all rewards and distinctions—all stimulants to rivalry and emulation—will be a cause of complaint to most parents, who love to see their children distinguished at an examination, and love to hear that they have studied a great many things, whether they know any thing about them or not.

Thus thoroughly furnished, and endowed withal with the patience of a Job, an instructor may indulge some hope of success, in that most arduous, responsible, and delicate task—the education of youth.

But, the teacher has not yet discharged all his duties, when he has unfolded the powers of the mind, and communicated the elements of all science. Many things are to be learned which cannot be found in books—many ideas and notions necessary for the ordinary affairs of life, are not to be found in any treatise—many precepts to be derived only from the lips of the living teacher. One imbued with wisdom and experience can communicate valuable information every moment of his life. Around the social hearth or the board, in the fields or by the way-side, he may instil into the mind, knowledge far more valuable than any which can be acquired by the study of logic, mathematics, Latin, or Greek. By apt illustration and pleasing incidents, he may reveal the secrets and the passions of the human heart—may excite and unfold the noble and the social virtues, and all those tender affections, which constitute the better and the only redeeming part of our fallen nature.

The most useful thing to a young pupil is to develop, and at the same time, purify his sentiments, inclinations, and passions. But this most extensive branch of our subject, must be deferred to another occasion.

The teacher can do more by his example than by all the motives which can be presented to the mind. Socrates kindled in the minds of his pupils the love of knowledge, more effectually by his example, than by all his precepts, wise and instructive as they were. Wherever he might be found, in the market place, in the street, or in the groves of Academus, the love of wisdom seemed to be his only animating spirit. Not even that termagant of a wife, Xantippe, could disturb his contemplative mind. His pupils caught the ardor and devotion of their master, and made themselves the most eminent men of Greece. Philosophers, and the warriors, the statesmen, orators, and poets of that day, and of succeeding ages, were the pupils and disciples of Socrates.

We are creatures of imitation and example, is omnipotent. What made Washington and Bonaparte so successful in their campaigns? their own example. On the eve of some great battle, when all was doubtful, and the fate of thousands suspended on that one event, did they then calmly harangue their armies on the importance of valor and the necessity of victory—then retire to the rear and send on their soldiers to brave danger alone, and to toil in the conflict without a leader? Did they not rather brace themselves up to the great occasion? With an eye darting unusual fire, with a bosom dilated by strong hope, they marched to the front rank, brandished their sword in mid air, and cried

come on, follow me to victory or to death. Was there a soldier who did not feel the electric influence of such example? Was there a soldier, who did not grasp his sword with double vigor, and swear, come life, come death, to follow his glorious leader? What could stand before such men, animated by such example? Even so triumphant success must inevitably crown the exertions of every pupil, who is animated by the example of a master, that leads the way in the search after knowledge—who shows by his life that he values wisdom above rubies—who mounts up before him, the hill of science, and beckons him to follow—who shows by his animation and his enthusiasm, that he indeed looks out on a glorious landscape—so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects, and melodious sound, on every side, that the harp of Orpheus were not more charming.

Would you have a scholar of a bold and original mind, he must have a master of the same character, as Philip, Alexander, Aristotle. Nothing but genius can elicit genius. If the master be a chamois hunter in the pursuit of knowledge, the pupil will become a chamois hunter also.

To the chamois hunter, a love of the chase has become a passion; though he were sure that he must be precipitated from some mountain crag, and that the snow must be his winding sheet, he would not exchange his pursuits for the wealth of India, or for the throne of a Russian Autocrat. Carried away by the excitement of the chase, he knows no danger. He crosses the snows, without thinking of the abysses which they may cover—he plunges in the most dangerous passes of the mountains—he climbs up, he leaps from rock to rock, without considering how he may return. The night often finds him in the heat of the pursuit. But he passes the night—not at the foot of a tree, nor in a cave covered with verdure, as does the hunter of the plain—but upon a naked rock, or upon a heap of rough stones, without a shelter. He is alone, without fire, without light; he puts a stone under his head, and is presently asleep, dreaming of the way the chamois has taken. He is awakened by the freshness of the morning air; he rises, pierced through with cold; he measures with his eye the precipices he must yet climb to reach the chamois—and again rushes forward to encounter new dangers.

Oh! that all instructors were like the chamois hunter—in whom the love of knowledge were such a passion, that they would not change its pleasures for the wealth of a kingdom, nor the throne of a monarch—who feared no danger, regarded no toil, no self-denial, which might help them on to the attainment of wisdom. Such examples of daring adventure in the fields of knowledge, would kindle in the minds of youth such a spirit of improvement, such an ardent devotion to the cause of learning, that would lead them to surpass every previous age of the world, in the extent and the value of their acquisitions—they would soon embrace in the wide scope of their expanded and ever expanding intellect, all science and all knowledge. They will then show to the world the great blessings of education—its superior excellence above all earthly things. They will then show their superiority to the self-educated man, who must shrink before them like the twinkling star that dies away in the heavens before the face of the rising sun.

The self-educated man must always labor under a disadvantage, when brought in comparison with the scholar, whose mind has been properly developed and trained from the beginning, by the hands of a skilful master. The difficulties the self-educated man had to encounter, the many errors he made in the outset, have given him a bold and independent mind, but one of limited information and contracted views. The two characters may not be unaptly compared to the two great rulers of the animal kingdom—the lion, king of beasts—the eagle, king of birds.

The walks of the lion are confined within a narrow compass—he never travels beyond the region in which he was born—the sun that rises in the morning finds him in the same spot when it goes down at night—he lives only on one kind of food. The luxuriant plants of a torrid clime in vain spread their delicacies before him—the blood and flesh of animals constitute his repast—when they fail, he is without resource. But, within the limited space where he lives, he is absolute master, and the terror of every thing that hath breath—when he lifts his voice in thunder, the earth trembles—the beasts of the field start with sudden affright and flee to their coverts.

So with the self-educated man—his knowledge is confined within a narrow space—but in that limit, he is master absolute, without a rival—upon his own ground, none dare oppose him—his word is law—he is the lion of his tribe—but only of his tribe—his authority, elsewhere, is not known—as a professional man, he feels the power of a giant in his own peculiar department—but beyond that, he is shorn of his strength and his glory; all is darkness and confusion—he is conscious that he has ventured beyond his safe depth, and feels the impotency of a stripling. He feels that he does not possess those resources, which can only be acquired by a thorough education—"that education, which," in the language of Milton, "fits a man to perform skilfully, justly, magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and of war."

The eagle is an animal that hath wings, expanded and vigorous—no climate can oppose him—no element can daunt his resolution—no region to which he does not penetrate. At one time, you find him in the frozen tracts of Iceland; at another, on the parched sands of Zahara—now you behold him on Alp or Andes, sitting amidst the thunders that leap from crag to crag—now he walks majestic on the barren shore, listening to the deep melody of the profound ocean. Again, you see him perched on some tall eminence, calm and unruffled, contemplating the scenes outspread before him, wood, vale, and lake, mountain high—then he mounts upward, above the clouds, takes the whole earth in one wide circuit, bends his course sun-ward, and kindles his undazzled eye at the full mid-day beam.

The thoroughly educated man, like the eagle, is confined to no region—dependant on no limited resource for the nourishment of his mind—for him the whole earth is filled with pleasure and stored with the treasures of knowledge—"he reads sermons in stones; books in the running brooks; and good in every thing." Like the eagle, he sits on some tall eminence, in awful solemnity; disencumbered from the press of near obstructions, he breathes in solitude above the host of ever-humming insects. Elevated above the murmur of

a thousand notes, many and idle, by which the soul is distracted, he can send his mind forth in deep meditation on the present, past, and future—he hath the power to commune with the invisible world, and hear the mighty stream of tendency uttering to his listening and intelligent ear, a distinct and sonorous voice, inaudible to the vast multitude, whose doom it is to run the giddy round of vain delight, or fret and labor on the plain below.

Let us exhort you to cultivate your minds with all diligence, that you may be thus elevated above the accidents of time and circumstances—that you may be thus imbued with a spirit which shall prepare you to sustain any destiny that may await you, adverse or prosperous. Imitate the example of those who have gone before you, and who have guided the destiny of nations by their wisdom and their valor—thoroughly imbue your hearts with their lofty and unfading patriotism—study the works which they have left behind as the imperishable monuments of human greatness—study them diligently—they are few—like green spots in a sandy desert, or stars amid the fitful clouds of a stormy night—study them day and night—they contain the sublimated wisdom of all ages—they contain a history of the remotest past, and a prophetic annunciation of the remotest future—tread along the steps of thought which they have reared, and you cannot fail to reach the sources of wisdom and the fountains of pathos.

When you have thus measured yourself severely with men of old—imbued your minds with their wisdom, and cultivated the affections of the heart by a participation in the feelings of your fellow-men—then will you need to have no fear when the evil day shall come upon us,—then will you be prepared to sustain the honor of your country—you will carry in your own bosom a rich treasure—an ever increasing source of joy and happiness. You will be lifted above the conflicting tumult of vulgar passions, and men raging in aimless commotion—you will have a fellow feeling of the mournful and the joyful, in the fate of all human beings—you can weep with those that weep; rejoice with those that rejoice. From your heart, as from a living fountain, will flow the streams of wisdom—then will you acquire the gift of communicating to men lofty emotions and glorious images in melodies and words, “that voluntary move harmonious numbers.”

THE ORIGIN OF THE MYRTLE.

“Eugenia, did’st thou note this budding flower?
See how it blossoms from that dry stiff branch,
And showers its incense on the doting winds:—
That opening flower is like our love, Eugenia,
Blooming from out our friendship. Once we smiled
To think we e’er should love, as now we do;
And when I brought that leafless, flowerless twig
And stuck it in thy garden, by thy roses,
And said in playful mood, ‘I plant this tree,
Emblem of friendship—calm as our’s shall be,’—
We little thought the beauteous flower of love
Would bloom within our hearts and bloom so soon.
And while we walked together, oft and long,

Fonder and fonder growing, as the Spring
Came balmily on and waked the sleeping buds
With whisperings from the South—and yet knew not
That it was love, yet feared, yet hoped it was,
That twig was putting forth a tender shoot,
As if to keep pace with our budding hearts.
And now upon this blessed morn, that I
Can call thee mine, friendship has bloomed in love.
My own, my loveliest—let us guard the tree
That hath been so propitious—and to love—
True love like our’s—let us here consecrate
Its future leaves and flowers. Dost thou weep,
Eugenia? Nay, brush off that trembling drop:
Ah, what hast thou to do with tears, my love?
Dost thou forebode aught that may mar our joy?”

“Nay, Hermion,” she replied, “I had a dream—
Only a dream—that love hath sometimes died,
And that its flower hath withered, while the hearts
From which it bloomed lived on—I dreamed that I
Had heard of broken vows and blighted hopes,
Born e’en from love’s sweet hours, as these from friend-
ship’s.

Dearest—’twas but a dream—forgive these tears—
In truth, I know not why they fell; I am
Too quickly, strangely moved. We’ll guard this tree,
And O if thou art true as I shall be,
The myrtle flowers shall see no more such tears.”

C. P. C

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

A TALE OF “BY GONE TIMES.”

It was a lovely evening, the last of the Indian summer, when, on a tour through the far west, in the fall of 18—, after a long and wearisome ride, I suddenly emerged from a dark oaken forest, through the immense body of which I had for many hours been slowly tracing my almost trackless way. Before me lay stretched in all its barren grandeur, as far as the eye could reach, a broad tract of country, on which it seemed as if for ages upon ages the iron hand of time had been working destruction—with nothing but here and there, a wandering buffalo, or a solitary deer, or a tall clump of majestic trees with their withering branches, to break its dull monotonous extent. The glorious sun had just sunk beneath the distant horizon; its last lingering beams tinging with their bright colors the airy clouds and the far off skies, and lighting up with double brilliancy the rainbow hues of the surrounding wood. The scene was truly sublime—and by an involuntary act, on a rising ground, I reined in my chafing steed, and looked around. I had been upon the broad bosom of the deep, when nothing but its blue waters were around me—I had gazed on its unbroken surface, when the winds and the waves were at rest, and had cast my eyes in vain for some other object, far away over its blue sheen;

from the tops of the loftiest mountains of the earth, I had beheld with admiration the wonderful works of nature—the twinkling stars and the flowery vale—but never had I seen before aught which could be compared to this; or been so awfully impressed with the mightiness and glory of him who rules the universe. Here, thought I, might the exile from his home and country, pass away his wearisome days, free from the hisses and scoffs of his oppressors—here might the lonely hermit offer up his prayers to Heaven and count his beads in peace; and here, might the sordid misanthrope, uncontaminated by the corrupting touch of his fellow-beings, drag out to his heart's content his miserable existence.

The shadows of night had far advanced—though now and then they were thrown back by the unveiling of the chaste moon and pearly star of even, as the light zephyr blew aside the fleecy clouds—when I was awakened from my reverie by the voice of my guide, who had been, as well as myself, for some time lost in meditation, and who was now calling to me, saying, that he feared, unless we hastened on to our place of destination, we should be considered by its inmate, unwelcome visitors.

“And is it possible,” I asked, “that there is indeed a lone being, who has shut himself out from the world, in this vast wild?”

He said there was some years ago a habitation, not far hence, where he could insure me a hospitable reception, unless the owner's torch was extinguished before we arrived. Concerning his history he could give me no information; but said, that when he last saw him, he bore about him marks of a nobler birth and a better life than that which he then led.

I said nothing more, but passed on, still wrapt in the contemplation of the surrounding scenery, and in thoughts of distant things, until my companion exclaimed, in the full ecstasy of joy, at the idea of reaching his journey's end, “We are in time; the light still burns”—and at the same time I heard the hoarse barking of a watch dog to my right. I turned and found myself at the entrance way to one of the loveliest cottages my eyes ever rested on.

The faithful animal ceased barking, and shortly after, the voice of a man, who now slowly advanced towards us, supporting with a staff his feeble frame, greeted my ear, asking who we were and what our purpose, to disturb him at this late hour.

I answered—we were benighted travellers, whose way lay through the trackless and almost boundless plain before us, and who, being much fatigued by our day's ride, craved shelter of him for the night, from the inclemency of the weather. For a while he bent upon us a scrutinizing glance, until having satisfied himself of the truth of my

assertion, he said, that though he could offer us but scanty fare, and a rough couch—being himself but ill provided with the comforts of life—yet such as he had, we were welcome to, and he felt happy in being able to confer on us so small a favor.

Accordingly we unsaddled our horses, and left them to browse, and followed our kind host into his humble dwelling, where we were soon seated by a cheering fire, making fair way with the coarse but wholesome food which the good old man placed before us. By the time we had finished eating, he had spread out a comely pallet of bear and buffalo skins, to which he pointed, saying, that knowing we were much jaded, he would no longer detain us from rest with farther questions concerning our travels, but for the present would bid us good night, hoping we would experience no inconvenience from such rough quarters.

I thanked him for his kindness, and ere long was lost in sweet dreams of my far home, and absent friends.

Scarce had the morning began to glimmer in the east, before I aroused my companion, and we caught and caparisoned our steeds, ready to start on our way, as soon as we could bid adieu to the old man, who had given us so hospitable a reception; nor was it long before he came out and inquired the cause of such early preparations. We answered, that having a long road and short day before us, we had determined to make as much of our limited time as possible, and, therefore, had concluded thus early to commence the journey.

He seemed to be much concerned, and said, that it was true he could make us no very tempting offer, but if we would consent to remain with him a day or two longer, he would consider us most welcome guests; by the end of which time he would not only suffer us to depart in peace, but insure us a more speedy trip; at the same moment turning to our horses, as much as to say they needed, perhaps, more than we did, a short respite from constant exertion.

Not unwillingly did I accept his invitation, for the lonely site of his humble dwelling, was well suited to my depressed spirits; and again I freed my gallant though wearied charger, and followed him to his fireside, glad of the chance of becoming better acquainted with one whose history seemed so completely enveloped in mystery. But my guide, who from his earliest infancy had been accustomed to toil and danger, and who would almost have considered it a crime to let such a morning pass without engaging in some active sport, with his rifle swung to his back and hunting knife and pistols braced to his side, mounted his horse, and in a few minutes might have been seen in the distance, in swift pursuit of the timid deer. In the mean time, mine host—while an

old servant, his only companion, was preparing our morning's repast—agreeably entertained me with an account of the settlement of the surrounding country, the depredations of the Indians, and their bloody border conflicts with the white man; for I found him, to my surprise, possessed of a vast fund of information, and an education which a prince might have envied. He told me, that many years had elapsed since his unlucky stars had led him to leave his native place, in the State of Virginia, and to settle at his present residence. He omitted to mention any of the secrets of his early life; but whenever he referred to those days, a cloud would settle over his brow, and a deep sigh would burst from his bosom, telling at once that there was something connected with those by gone times which rested heavily upon his soul. What that was, is the object of this tale to show.

Scarcely had the old negro placed a hot bear's-steak with some roots and other eatables, on the table; when I heard approaching the shrill whistle of my merry "Sancho," and on looking out, I perceived behind his saddle a noble buck, the result of his morning's excursion. Shortly afterwards he came in, and both of us with appetites not a little increased by the night's fast, did ample justice to the frugal board of our hospitable entertainer.

It was thus, in eating, sleeping, hunting and talking, that we passed our time, until the arrival of the third evening of our stay, when I told the good old gentleman that we should be compelled to leave him in the morning. As yet I had been unable, by any question, however artful, to draw from him a disclosure of the incidents of his life, which I felt so anxious to know. The evening was mild, and he had been seated for some time on a rough bench, at the foot of an old but majestic oak, seemingly in deep thought; and it was evident from the contraction of his brow, and the flashings of his keen gray eye, that something was passing within his mind, which caused many a bitter pang to shoot, burning, through his frame; but again his countenance would clear up, and it was impossible to discover beneath its serene and benevolent expression, the storm that was raging within. It was in one of these moments, that he looked up and called me to him; and seating me by his side, asked, in a tone slightly touched with melancholy, if I was "George Hastings, the son of Henry Hastings, formerly of L— in the State of Virginia." I told him I was—and he arose, incapable of utterance, and clasped me in his arms, while the big tear-drop rolled down his time-worn cheeks, and his breast heaved with emotion. I feared I had touched a chord which vibrated to his heart, and caused the waters of anguish, which had been for years pent up in his bosom, to overflow, and I was about to beg for forgiveness, when he suddenly stopped his

tears, and once more collected himself, saying, he hoped I would excuse his childish conduct; for he found it impossible to control his feelings on learning that I was the son of his earliest and kindest friend. And looking me full in the face, to trace therein, as I supposed, the likeness of my father, a dark shade might have been seen to come again over his features, and tears to start afresh in his eyes—but he suppressed his emotions, and, after a slight pause, continued:

"Henry Hastings," and for a moment his whole soul seemed absorbed in thoughts of things, which came up to his recollection like a dream, and his very frame shook with the intensity of his feelings. I sat motionless, for never before had I observed the full force of mental suffering.

"Henry Hastings," he continued, as if forgetful of my presence—"thou wert indeed a true and faithful friend. How often have I turned, in the bitterness of my grief, to those halcyon days, when the night went not, and the morning came not, without bearing witness to a friendship reciprocated by hearts, free from the withering touch of selfishness and uncontaminated by a less heavenly feeling! Yes—how often do I turn to them as the bright spots in the wide waste of my life, and wish, vainly wish, that thy words had not been thrown away to the idle winds."

Then turning to me, he said, "George, I knew him from his childhood. In after years 'we lived and loved together,' and together roamed through 'many a changing scene.' The buffeting and storms of life we alike encountered—and after the clouds were blown aside, revelled in the sweet sunshine of the soul. Open, frank and generous, he had that within him, which few men possess; but if possessed, causes life to pass away as smoothly as a sunbeam glides over the blue sheen of the sparkling waters. Those were happy, happy days—but they are gone—and where is he, the companion of my youth? And what am I?" and again he sunk into a deep reverie.

I was unable to speak, for my feelings stifled my utterance. He remained in that situation, apparently unconscious of any thing around him, until finally all outward appearance of inward care entirely vanished—and he commenced in a full, soft and sonorous voice, the following narrative:

"George, I know you were surprised at the deep emotions which overpowered me, when you answered my inquiry concerning your name and family. It was a shock indeed which my old frame has not suffered for many—many years. Why I was not struck with the name, at first, I cannot tell. Perhaps time had dealt too heavily with my decaying memory—or, being such an utter stranger, I took too little interest in you. But this evening, when the thoughts of other scenes and other days, crowded themselves upon me, that name was associated with them; and the

idea struck me that you were in some way connected with it. You have seen the result of the discovery, and, since then, I have determined to relate to you, the son of the only individual whom I ever called friend, what I would do to him, were he living and here present—the causes which have led me to seek this lone spot, free from the world and its cares. Your curiosity on this point has not escaped my notice. But I had long since determined never to disclose the secrets of my life, and therefore evaded all your questions relating to them; then I knew you not, nor did I expect ever again to see a member of your family.

"I will pass over the occurrences of my more childish days—for the relation of them would be as uninteresting to you, as tedious to myself,) and commence at that period which gave a coloring to every incident of my after life: I speak of the time when the frivolities of the boy, were to be thrown aside for the more lasting and arduous pursuits of the man—when the cup and ball, were to be dashed to the earth, and the staff of the philosopher taken up in their stead. It was no easy task to throw off my youthful sports and youthful companions; but, ambitious as I was and had always been, I did not hesitate, and it required but a moment's reflection to determine me to choose William and Mary College, as the place where I was to form my character—not only because it had been the '*alma mater*' of many of my country's deliverers, but because there, I knew, besides the many advantages which it held out in instruction, I could have an opportunity of entering the most refined circles* on this side the Atlantic—and thereby, at the same time that my mind was undergoing a thorough course of training, my body would acquire grace, ease, and dignity, and my manners by possibility might become highly accomplished. Whether I have ever had cause to repent that choice, you will perceive in the sequel.

"Your father had decided upon pursuing the same course—and at the same time we bade adieu to the homes of our sires, and set out for the ancient metropolis of the Old Dominion. The names of Henry Hastings and Charles McDonald, unless effaced by the destructive hand of time, may still be seen cut on the chimney piece in one of the rooms, on the southern side of the college, which we then occupied. Many a night did we see our taper flicker and die away in its socket; many an hour did we pass in searching out the secrets of philosophy, and the mighty principles of science—but at length the gay season commenced, and we found time to enjoy that intercourse which I had looked forward to with so much pleasure. But, alas, the day was now fast approaching which was to stamp upon me the seal of wretchedness.

"The spring season set in with all its flowery

* Williamsburg has always been celebrated for its good society—but more particularly so at the time here alluded to.

sweets—the modest violet opened its tender blossoms, and the wild honeysuckle and jessamine diffused their fragrant scents through the neighboring woods, and the beautiful rose bloomed over every walk; the merry song of the robin, and the wild strains of the thrush, echoed in the distant groves; and the melodious notes of the mocking-bird issued from each garden bower. The beauty of the land were here collected together—and the halls of pleasure thrown open for their reception. I entered eagerly into their sports—their presence acted upon my spirits like healing balsam to the painful and distracting wound,—it was necessary, it soon appeared to me, to my very existence. When languishing and melancholy, and worn out by a close application to my studies, the gay circles of beauty and fashion soon roused my heart from its drooping state, and ere long with buoyant spirits I fluttered in all the lightness of joy. I could then gaze upon the fairy forms around me, unmoved by any other emotion than that of friendship: towards each and all I felt the same, and even looked upon them as sisters. To have injured one, either by word or deed, would have destroyed my happiness forever—the stain would have acted upon my heart—spreading and increasing daily, in magnitude and blackness, and grown hourly more foul, until, at last, what was once as pure as the innocent child's, would have perished, leaving a dark cloud resting over the damned spot, pointing out to posterity its unhallowed site, and telling, in a manner more expressive than words, its unrighteous tale.

"But these feelings soon vanished. On a clear and lovely night—such as generally marks the commencement of May—when all appears doubly brilliant, by the bright stars, and the glowing, though mild and serene light of the chaste moon—I attended as usual one of the many parties given at this season of the year to the young, the gay, the light-hearted, and the thoughtless. I entered the hall, and looking around to see if I could recognize any familiar face, in the numerous assembly there collected, my eyes rested upon one, fair and beautiful, and it seemed that in years past I had seen the same countenance—where, or how, it matters not. 'Tis enough—and too much—to know, from that time she was the object of my thoughts by day, and the vision of my dreams by night. The stream of my affections was turned into a new channel, and conducted into a new reservoir.

"I *went*—the smile which played around her lip, the mild expression of her eye, and the sweetness of her voice, all made an indelible impression upon me. I *saw*—the tenderness of her manners which some blamed, as being coquetish. I *admired*—and *was conquered*! 'Twas enough—I was no longer the being I had been. That universal attachment which I had for all, was

gradually drawn off, and centred on this one object—that joy and delight which I formerly found in the society of others, I found no longer. It was only with her, that I felt contented and happy; and yet I was not—for, when with her, though my heart was full to overflowing, still I could not speak. Every other thought, but those pertaining to the burning passion within me, fled from my brain—until, finally, there came a gloom—a portentous gloom—and settled over me; and the mirthfulness of my heart was changed, like all things else, into the calmness of melancholy.

“Henry noticed this change—for it forced itself upon him—and vainly attempted to break the spell by which I was bound. In vain did he place before me, honor and fame, as the reward of exertion. In vain did he tell of the warrior’s laurels, or the statesman’s wreath—and depict the glory of immortality. The charm was too powerful for any thing human to dispel;—and his words passed—heard, but unheeded.”

Here he paused, and a smothered sigh broke from his bosom. At length in a milder tone he continued—

“Ellen Howard, might have been truly called transcendently beautiful—with an eye, dark and lustrous, and a form of the most perfect symmetry. In the light cotillon, or more stately minuet, she moved as a queen, in the midst of the graces, striking at once with admiration, the beholder, and afterwards chaining him to her side by the powers of her mind, which displayed themselves with such brilliancy, that she seemed to be a being of another world, sent on earth only for the purpose of showing its vain creatures how frail and imperfect they are when compared to the things of Heaven. Alas! she has long since passed away, but her image still dwells with me—and at times methinks I can see her, with her white robes, and airy curls, as she appeared to me on the night when I first beheld her.

“The close of the college session was now rapidly approaching—and for the last time, as the sun sunk to rest beneath the western skies, on the evening of the 3d of July, I wended my way to her father’s dwelling. She was alone, gently reclining upon a sofa. Her head rested lightly on her lily white hand; and her beautiful eyes—their usual brightness being partially dimmed by a tear which had stolen unconsciously from its pure fount—shone with a mild lustre, and were fixed, in silent pensiveness, on the floor. It was evident from the soft sighs, which now and then slightly broke on the ear, that a melancholy sadness pervaded her soul. I approached, and seating myself by her side, declared in burning words the imperishable love that I bore her. She spoke not—but placing her hand within mine, rested her head innocently upon my bosom, and wept.

“For once in my life I was happy—the cloud vanished from my brow—the smile played around my lips—and my eyes again shone with their wonted lustre. But, alas! how short was the duration of my happiness; how soon were the bright hopes which cheered my youthful dreams to pass away forever—the cup of bliss was no sooner raised to my lips, than some mysterious power shattered it to atoms. The next morning found me, with a heavy heart, on the road to the home of my childhood—and though that home was once to me the sweetest place on earth, surrounded by my friends, and former associates—yet when again there, I soon became restless and discontented—the hours passed like days—and the days like months. I sighed for the arrival of the college course—I longed to see Ellen.”

And again he pressed his hand against his forehead—and again his feeble frame shook with the intensity of his feelings. But at length he continued:

“Yes! she was once my own—my beautiful Ellen—my plighted, my promised bride—on whom my every hope of happiness was centred. Indeed, I wished for any thing which might serve to drive away the negative state in which I existed—and soon was my wish gratified. News arrived, that the western tribes of Indians under a new leader, had broken from their forests, burning and destroying the border settlements, in the present states of Kentucky and Tennessee, and massacring the inhabitants. This called up my patriotism, and animated me with a double desire for distinction. And it was scarcely the work of a moment for me to raise a corps of volunteers—at the head of which I placed myself and marched off to assist in repelling the invaders. It would be useless to detail the many conflicts and hairbreadth escapes which we encountered; suffice it to say, that the final struggle at length came; when, unexpectedly, as I was marching through a dense wood, my whole company was surrounded. We fought bravely—and struggled manfully against their superior numbers—but every exertion proved in vain. As the last resort—driven to desperation—I turned to the faithful few, who as yet remained unscathed; and exhorted them to follow me. They did so,—we rushed among the thickest of our enemies—and at every stroke sent a foe from the earth forever. Their bodies lay heaped up around us, but their ranks continued to strengthen; till, finally, faint and weary, I saw my brave followers, one by one, cut down by my side. I despaired of life, and determined to die like a soldier. Seeing at a short distance, an Indian chief, who appeared to be the leader of the hostile band, at one bound I was by his side, with my sword descending over his head, when, pierced by a ball, my weapon dropped from my hand, and I fell nerveless at his feet. How long I remained

in that situation I know not; but on coming to my senses I found myself in a strange land, and heard their savage laughter ring in my ears, as they saw life returning in me. For they had applied their healing balms to my wounds in order to reserve me for a more cruel death. In about a month afterwards through the attention of Meona, the chief's daughter, I was entirely restored. Many laborious tasks were then, day after day, and month after month, imposed upon me, until, finally, the time came, which would have ended all my sufferings. Meona discovered the preparations for my funeral pyre, and urged me to fly while I was yet unfettered. But I was immovable, and declared my determination to remain, until she satisfied me that she feared nothing on her own account, that not a hair of her head would be touched—and that night, through her assistance, I effected my escape.

"But many days came and went, before the tall spires of L—— greeted my eyes. Twelve months had scarce elapsed, since, full of high hopes and ardent aspirations, at the head of a gallant band I had left it; yet hunger and disease, together with my uncouth habiliments, had worked such a change in my appearance, that no one knew me. The inhabitants were just throwing off their mourning robes; and I learnt, though I did not reveal my name, that an account of the unfortunate accident which has been mentioned, was soon spread through the country, causing many a scalding tear to flow from the eyes of the childless matron. And I moreover heard, that Ellen Howard who had remained for some time inconsolable for my loss, had at last yielded to the solicitations of her friends, and consented to give her hand in marriage to a young man of wealth, who had since my departure addressed her. George! I never knew until that moment how much I loved her. I had borne all my sufferings with patience—I had witnessed with a calm and steady eye, the anguish which, through my misfortune, I had caused; I had heard, unmoved, myself spoken of in a pitying tone as the 'poor unfortunate.' But this was more than I could bear. If Heaven's fiery bolt had fallen upon me, the shock could not have been more violent. The blood seemed to boil in my veins, and I thought my very heart would have burst with its unspeakable anguish. I waited not to speak to friend or foe, but, almost as swift as the winds, I flew over the space which separated us, and in a few days might have been seen, dashing, as fast as my noble steed could carry me, into the ancient metropolis. It was about dusk—and the mansion of Ellen Howard was already lighted up. I approached and entered it—and, oh God! what were my feelings, when, at the next instant, I saw the fatal ring placed upon her finger, and she pronounced another's! A deadening pang shot through me. My brain fired

and my head reeled, and I fell against a pillar at the entrance of the room. At this moment, I heard my name accidentally mentioned—I turned and saw a paleness like that of death come over the features of Ellen. 'Twas enough—I knew that it was still sacred with her. And reflecting upon the consequences which might result from a discovery of myself, I rushed from the house; the next day found me a lonely exile, wandering over the face of the earth, with every tie, that bound me to my fellow creatures, torn asunder—my fortunes shattered—my hopes blasted. I fled—the mere wreck of my former self—away from my home. Since then, Charles McDonald has never been heard of in Virginia. Concerning her who was 'the morning star of my memory,' I have since made many inquiries—and learnt, thank Heaven, that her life passed away like a summer flower in the midst of its own sweetness."

His voice died away—and as I looked upon his silvery locks and furrowed cheeks, I could scarce refrain from weeping through very sympathy.

We retired to rest—and the next morning I bade him an affectionate farewell, with his blessing on my head.

The winter's blast had passed on, and the gentle breath of spring swept softly by, when I found myself again—on my way home—at that lovely spot, the home of the wanderer; but its owner had been gathered to his fathers! and I stood by his grave, over which the wild violet unfolded its humble blossom, and dropped a tear to the memory of "THE VICTIM OF LOVE." T.

TO MARGARET.

"Daughter of the hand of snow, I was not [then] so mournful and blind—I was not so dark and forlorn." * * * Youth of the gloomy brow, raise the praise of the daughter of Barno, and give her name to the wind of the hills. * * Attend to the tale of Ossian, oh maid! for he remembers the days of his youth." "Why dost thou come, my love, to frighten and please my soul?"

My fair—my gentle cousin;

My meek and winsome lass—

At every time, in every clime,

Through which I've chanced to pass,
Since our adieu, thou hast been near:
Thy presence is a blessing here.

The blue lines of the mountains,

Which kiss the bending skies,
And the clouds around the mountains bound,
Less beauteous in mine eyes
Have grown; but in thy glance I see
A brightening smile reserved for me.

Our brook no longer prattles,

Adown its shining way,
Nor flowers, in ranks, upon its banks,
Rise at the wand of May,
As in the past; but at thy side,
I hear its blossom-bordered tide.

Thy blooming tree—thy bower,
So beautiful in Spring—
Beneath whose screen, of rustling green,
We used to sit and sing,
Is gone—yet, in my dreams of thee,
We sit beneath that blooming tree.

The "old house" is deserted,
And through its ancient halls,
Mid poisonous air, engendered there,
The noxious reptile crawls;
But, come! and I will breathe that air,
Nor feel the desolation there.

Oh! the happy, happy voices,
That cheered life's radiant dawn;
And the gladsome band, that, hand in hand,
Gambol'd upon the lawn,
Have ceased—but, in thy voice, appears
The melody of distant years.

Long in the past I linger,
When memory leads astray;
For wearily and drearily,
Trails off the present day.
Let in those memories to my soul—
The curtain is at thy control.

A prospect of the future
No consolation brings,
But doubt and fright,—for, horrid Night
There spreads her darkling wings.
She comes, she hovers round me now,
But, bless my being, here art thou.

Cheerless were earth, my cousin,
Without thy heavenly smile,
To light, to bless, my loneliness,
My terrors to beguile:
But with thy love, deep, pure and warm,
Life has its sunshine and its charm.

Middletown, Va.

G. B. W.

LETTER FROM MALTA.

Opera House at Malta; Sir Thomas Maitland; God save the King; Misunderstanding between the English Army and American naval officers, &c.

The Opera House in Valetta is, during the greater part of the year, the principal resort for amusement: it was erected in the time of the "Order," and is sufficiently large to contain some two hundred persons in the pit, and numbers upwards of seventy boxes. It is very much in the Roman style, of an oval form, and brilliantly lighted by a large French chandelier, which hangs from the centre of the ceiling. The pit, and third tier of boxes, are occupied by respectable citizens, while the second or dress circle, is solely for the "bon ton." Being patronised by the admirals of the station, the highest officers in government employ, and by the native nobility of the island, the house, during the winter, is very much crowded; and the company as mixed as can well be imagined; indeed, people from every

country, and voices of every language, are to be seen and heard during the carnival, within the walls of this building. That period of the year, when of all others this opera should be avoided by respectable females, is immediately after the arrival of the Mediterranean fleet. At this time, crowds of seamen come on shore from the different ships, with sufficient money to riot during the day in the numerous dram-shops of the city, and at night to seat themselves in the upper gallery with the women of the town. While here, having no taste for Rossini's music, and not understanding the language, they amuse themselves by cracking nuts, the shells of which they throw in all directions—by uttering oaths, and using such language as would be sufficient to corrupt the minds of children, and shock the ears of refinement. At no season, however, are the boxes better filled; and if by chance, a drunken tar utters a vulgar joke, or blasphemous oath, fit only for the inmates of billingsgate to hear, 'tis then, some have been noticed to use their handkerchiefs to conceal their blushing cheeks. The principal performers, whom I have seen at this opera—and neither of whom deserve to be named, for bad are the best—are the tenore Dagnini, who I regret to add was among those who were thought by the Palermitans to have introduced the cholera among them, and was stoned to death by the ignorant inhabitants, in that Sicilian city—the basso del Riccio, and the prima donna Madam Darbois. This last has been singing for several years, and was, in former days, a great favorite with all classes who visited the opera. In her youth, she was gifted with a pretty face and sweet voice—but what with her increasing years, and over exertions, her good looks have left her, her powers are fast failing, and she must content herself ere long, however loathing to her spirits the thought must be, to occupy a second place, even in this colonial theatre.

As an American and a republican, and oftentimes the only one present, who was not the subject of a king, I was forcibly struck on my first arrival at the island, with the attention which was paid by all present, to the national air of "God save the King." This air is performed in the interval between the first and second acts, and the whole audience rises at the commencement of it, and remains standing and uncovered until it is concluded. Indeed, during my long residence at Valetta, I have never known this custom for a single evening to be dispensed with. Perhaps I may be justified in saying, that in the present disturbed state of the island, it is not at the moment a favorite tune with the people; and instances have recently occurred, when the last notes were being played, previous to the dropping of the curtain, that all present, except those only, who, as His Majesty's officers, were compelled to remain, have suddenly retired, and left the musicians to play this "crowning rose of the musical wreath," to an almost empty house. One night, I remember in particular, when the Basso, who chanced to be a political exile from Italy, was in good voice, and the subject of his song was the blessings of liberty, he so excited his audience, that there was simultaneously a round of applause, and a general cry of "Liberta"—a little while after, when "God save the King" was being performed, there was almost as general a murmur. Although the opera, in which the Basso's song occurred, was one of the most popular with the people, and most profitable

to the managers, yet orders were given that it should be struck from the list—and it has never to this day been repeated in the “royal opera house” of Valetta.

Some twenty years since, His Majesty’s officers of the army, were far more sensitive on the subject of their national tune, than they would wish to be at the present day. The time which was formerly occupied in the performance of this air, was passed in observing, and afterwards insulting those who might through ignorance or inattention, have remained seated. It is now far more pleasantly, and as many would say profitably employed, in ogling through an eye glass the fair haired daughters of Europe, or the native brunettes of the island, as each in his taste may fancy.

In the spring of 18—, not many years after peace was declared between the United States and England, and at a period also when the feelings between the two nations were any thing but friendly, an incident occurred, which, but for the foresight of Sir Thomas Maitland, and prudence of the American Commodore, might have led to the most painful and fatal results. It was at the moment the signal gun was discharged from fort St. Angelo, to denote the hour of sunset, that an American line of battle ship, with a frigate and corvette in company, were observed to be entering the harbor of Valetta. The wind being light from the south, the smoke was slowly wafted in the direction from which the ships were approaching. This circumstance served to elicit from an old quarter gunner the following blunt remark—“I say, messmates, this, at our entrance, being greeted at the mouth of the cannon, is but an evil welcome, and proves any thing but a gracious reception.” His hearers, who were in a merry mood, called him a superstitious old fool, and added that it was always the same with him; if he spoke of home, he could think of nothing but a haunted house or a walking ghost; when at sea, he was eternally talking of “Mother Cary’s” chickens, a mackerel sky, or blowy weather—and now, when after a long cruise, and on a beautiful evening, entering a friendly port, he could see nothing but grim death staring him in the face, and Charon’s boat ready for his reception. The old gunner heard the first part of their remark with perfect good humor; but when they spoke of his courage, on which subject he was naturally sensitive, he instantly lost all patience, and remarked—“If by that, messmates, you mean that I, who have served under Lawrence, McDonough, and Decatur—who have been in three naval engagements, and always found among the victorious crew—am now afraid of an empty gun, or a puff of curling smoke, you are most — mistaken; and it ill becomes your saying it.” As no one could dispute his reasoning, he continued, as he carelessly looked at a group of idle soldiers lazily lounging on the Marina, “If our blue jackets don’t have some dust with these red coats, before they get out of this, I, as Jonathan Davis of Marblehead, will lose my guess—for my part, I would rather be holy, striding the deck of the old Montezuma, in a thunder squall on the equator, than to see this good old ship running her nose in this cursed hole. You may laugh as you like, my boys, but my motto is, give us the ocean, and fair play is a jewel!”

At this moment, the ships had arrived at their anchorage, and taken a position equidistant between the shores of Vittoriosa and Burmola. The sails were

quickly furled, the yards squared, the top gallant yards sent on deck, and to a cursory observer, every thing appeared as if the ships had been at anchor for as many days as it had been minutes since they passed the fortifications from which the sunset gun had been discharged. The hoarse sound from the trumpet, as the officer of the watch quickly walked the quarter deck, and observed with a seaman’s eye, those of the crew, who might be neglecting their duty aloft, or to quote his own words, “were playing the soldier,” had for a time been unheard, and the shrill notes from the boatswain’s whistle, as the evolutions were performed, had ceased, when a number of the younger officers made their appearance before the Commodore, and asked permission for an evening’s absence. This request was readily granted, and each one, when on shore sought, as is customary, for a place of amusement, in which to while away their few idle hours of liberty. One of the younger officers being at the opera, and on his first cruise, was unacquainted with the custom of rising when the national air of “God save the King” was being performed, and therefore, remained seated. This circumstance served to draw the attention of those who were around, and to excite the indignation of an ensign of His Majesty’s tenth regiment, who chanced to be a sprig of nobility, and consequently, as it would appear, felt himself bound to take notice of, and resent any insult which “he thought might be offered to his royal master.” The feelings of the one addressed, were naturally aroused, and as he handed his card, he coolly remarked, that where no disrespect was intended, no such language would be permitted. The American officers having observed the situation in which their companion was placed, and thinking he had been insulted, quietly resumed their seats, and, as one remarked, “before the tune had done jingling in their ears, were all accommodated with their neighbor’s address.” On the following morning, at an early hour, a boat was observed approaching the flag ship, in which were seated two officers, each of whom was of the rank of captain, and of the “king’s army,” as was written on their cards when handed for introduction. On going on board they were well received, their business explained, and every thing arranged to the satisfaction of the parties engaged. After pledging each other over a glass of Madeira, they were shown to the gangway, the marine presented arms, and the gentlemen retired. All this was done without the knowledge of the Commodore, and it was not until the salute of nineteen guns had been fired, as a compliment to the garrison, and the same had been returned, “that the commander in chief of the American naval forces in the Mediterranean” was informed by a note from his excellency the Governor, of his regret at the misunderstanding which had taken place between the two nations, who, from their descent, similarity of language, and customs, ought always to be united. Sir Thomas, at the same time, expressed a wish that the matter would be explained; and if this could not be done, that a plan should be devised to prevent the movements which had already been made, and by which it appeared that a greater part of the Americans had pledged themselves, as they came on shore, to ride into the country, to a garden not far distant from St. Antonio, where unobserved, they would await the arrival of their opponents, and

with the pistol, settle the matter of dispute, which unfortunately existed between them. All attempts at a reconciliation were fruitless—the motto with all being, first fight, then an apology, or another shot, as might suit the parties who had the ground. This reasoning, has oftentimes led to the most unfortunate results, and would, most undoubtedly, have done so in this instance, had not the Commodore and Sir Thomas hit upon the following stratagem, by which, if the misunderstanding could not be permanently removed, the proposed mode of settlement should be, at least for a time, deferred—and in a manner also, by which the honor of the parties engaged should not be compromised. At noon, on the following day, which was some two hours previous to the time appointed for the first hostile meeting, garrison orders appeared for a brigade review at Florian, which compelled the officers, who were preparing for an afternoon's ride, to be with their respective regiments till sunset—at the same moment, a signal was hoisted on the American flag ship "for all boats to be along side," a command which could not be misunderstood, or by the rules of the service, under any pretence whatsoever, be violated.

It was near nightfall, when the soldiers returned to their barracks, and the officers to the bastions, to take, as they sneeringly remarked, a last look at their transatlantic brethren, who were brave, if they should judge from their words, but wanting, when it came to the point. The young ensign, who caused the difficulty, was heard humming the words:

He that fights, and runs away,
Will live to fight another day—

when he, most unexpectedly, received a second challenge, which put an end to his song, and made him think of the morrow. It so happened, that one American was left, who had been in the navy, seen some service, and was then filling a diplomatic situation in one of the Regencies of Barbary. Going up to a group of officers, who appeared equally astonished at his coolness and daring—as the one whose impudent tongue had been so suddenly silenced, he remarked, "Gentlemen, I am but one; but I have the will, and indeed intend to fight you each in turn, until it shall be my lot to fall." Need I add, that those who heard him, were brave men, and acted in every sense of the word, as became Englishmen and officers. The major who was the eldest present, immediately stepped forward, and extending his hand, observed—"We know not your name, sir, but admire your spirit; and from your conduct when alone, we are satisfied that were your absent friends present, they would have acted in the same honorable manner."

On the morrow, all the officers left their cards, and during the day, Mr. Consul J**** was informed of his election, without ballot, as an honorary member of the regimental mess, during his residence at Malta. In the meantime, the Governor, Sir Thomas Maitland, had made known the reasons which induced the commodore to take French leave, which served to make our countryman still more popular. Would I might name him—I can only mention, that he is at present a judge in one of the middle States, and universally esteemed in the district in which he resides. It is by such like

instances of cool courage, that the Americans have obtained a character abroad, which it is to be hoped all who follow will maintain. Republicanism is not a very popular creed in Europe, more especially with those who have titles, without either money or character to support them.

W.

Malta, August 3d, 1838.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

BY J. C. M'CABE.

And thou—the lovely, gifted one—art gone!
Gone to a brighter, better world than this.
The goal of Immortality is won—
The fadeless wreath of everlasting bliss!
Cold malice now may seek to dim thy name;
In vain may envy from its native hell
Glare with distempered vision on thy fame,
Or soil thy stainless memory, L. E. L. J. C. M.

She has gone! the gifted spirit hath burst its prison bars and sought its habitation in the skies! The lyre of beauty hath given its last, last echoes to the wind,—the hand that woke the soul of melody from its chords and bade it live, is smitten in its glory, upon the string which was destined to prolong the proud fame of its possessor.

When conquerors die, the pomp and pageant—the nodding plume and the crape shrouded banner—the muffled drum and the cannon thunder—tell the gazer that the great have fallen, that the mighty have been prostrated—and we moralize on the vicissitudes and mutations of time, the uncertainty of life and the darkness of the tomb—and we unite to rear the proud mausoleum to their memory and their glory.

But when the gifted ones of earth are removed—when the priest falls at the altar, and the hand which lighted the shrine-fire forgets its duty, we weep o'er the memory of the hour when the song of praise rose from the Courts of the Temple, and the blaze of the altar told that the services of the sanctuary were remembered. When the poet dies

"Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies."

And to the eye of the individual who can understand and appreciate the spells of poesy, the very trees and waters, the gentle hills and the green valleys—the bright young flowers, and the birds, all, all seem to catch the pervading gloom, and mourn the loss of their friend and companion! Thus, gifted one, we miss and mourn thee. We feel as tho' some household deity had been hurled from its sanctified home, and we weep as tho' some idolized flower, beloved and beautiful, had been rudely crushed before us. Thine hath truly been the poet's destiny; and though not "born in sorrow and baptized with tears," it has been a chequered pilgrimage of but little sunshine and much gloom. From the most authentic accounts before us,* we learn that "Lætitia Elizabeth Landon, was born in Hans Place,

* Sketch by Mr. S. C. Hall.

London. She is of the old Herefordshire family, of Tedstone-Delamere. Her father was, originally, intended for the navy; and sailed his first voyage as a midshipman, with his relative, Admiral Bowyer: he afterwards became a partner with Mr. Adair, the well known army agent, but died while his daughter was very young. Her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Landon, is Head of Worcester College, and Dean of Exeter. As we have heard her say, she cannot remember the time when composition—in some shape or other—was not a habit. She used in her earliest childhood to invent long stories, and repeat them to her brother; these soon took a metrical form, and she frequently walked about the grounds of Trevor Park, and lay awake half the night, reciting her verses aloud. The realities of life began with her at a very early period. Her father's altered circumstances induced her to direct her mind to publication; and some of her poems were transmitted to the Editor of 'the Literary Gazette,'—the first and most constant of all her literary friends. He could scarcely believe they were written by the child who was introduced to him. 'The Improvisatrice' soon afterwards appeared, and obtained for her that reputation, to which every succeeding year has largely contributed.

"In person Miss Landon is small, and delicately framed; her form is exquisitely moulded; and her countenance is so full of expression, that, although her features are by no means regular, she must be considered handsome. Her conversation is brilliant, and abounds in wit. Like most persons of genius, her spirits are either too high or too low; and those who have seen her only during her moments of joyousness, imagine that the sadness which too generally pervades her writings, is all unreal—

Blame not her mirth who was sad yesterday
And may be sad to-morrow.

"One of her prose tales records the history of her childhood. It is but a gloomy one—and she treats it as the shadow of her after life. In a communication before us, she says, 'I write poetry with far more ease than I do prose, and with far greater rapidity. In prose, I often stop and hesitate for a word—in poetry, never. Poetry always carries me out of myself; I forget every thing in the world but the subject which has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and insinuating of pleasures,—but, like all pleasures, it is dearly bought. It is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overflowing sense of bodily fatigue. Mine has been a successful career; and I hope I am earnestly grateful for the encouragement I have received, and the friends I have made—but my life has convinced me that a public career must be a painful one to a woman. The envy and the notoriety carry with them a bitterness which predominates over the praise.' It has perhaps been her lot to encounter those best of friends—enemies—on her path through an eventful life; but she has the affection, as well as the admiration, of many; and her own generous and ardent zeal in forwarding the interests of those she regards, has not always been met with indifference or ingratitude."

From the pen of one who does honor to the land of his birth, we learn the true history in the case of the gifted and unfortunate lady—and if spirits from their

blessed abodes on high, smile benignantly on those who hallow their memory on earth, methinks this friend* of her early youth, will have thrown across his pathway from the skies a holy ray to lighten with its chastened beams his upward path to honorable renown.

"Poor L. E. L.! a more melancholy fate than her's is not to be found in the history of literary calamity. In the very bloom of a consummated hope—a hope which had supported her through many hard and bitter trials; and to which, though darkened by the clouds of adverse circumstance, she clung with the enduring faith and trust of woman—in the very moment of her seeming reward, the cup was suddenly snatched from her lips—nor love, nor constancy, nor genius could save her from the inexorable hand of the destroyer. In another world, we may indeed hope, she has a reward more perfect and pure than the highest earthly one could have been; and we have no right to murmur at the decree which called her hence. Heaven but lends the spirits—it hath endowed with inspirations of its own divinity—to the world, and in its own good time recalls them.

But while we humbly bow to the mandate of Omnipotence, there is no need that we should do violence to the best sympathies of our nature, by withholding expressions of regret at the severance of cherished earthly ties, the breaking up of social and endearing affections. This is not the creed of nature, and, therefore, not of truth.

The writer of this slight sketch, from his earliest youth, has been intimately and personally acquainted with L. E. L. She was the companion and playmate of his sister's childhood, and the friend and confidant of her riper years. To a warm admiration of her genius, he has ever united a feeling of brotherly affection; nor could the fame of his own mother, were she no more, be well more sacred to him than is that of L. E. L. We advert to these things, only as furnishing proof, that in what he may advance hereafter, he will not speak without knowledge.

There was something peculiarly melancholy and shocking about the manner of L. E. L.'s death; but heart-rending as was that calamity to her friends, the unfeeling and brutal speculation which has been set afloat respecting her, has been to them, if possible, a source of yet severer anguish. If the unprincipled manufacturers of scandalous gossip, would but reflect upon the bitter misery they cause in their vocation, surely they would abandon it. The most depraved nature would not pursue a course so vile; while if he needs must be a villain, a hundred nobler methods are open to him. The tone of a portion of the press in relation to this melancholy affair, has been not only ungenerous, but positively wicked and unjust. People have not been content merely to indulge in speculation, but have actually fabricated falsehood for the support of their ridiculous and shallow theories.

One of the most infamous of these stories, we regret to say, is of English origin. We are as proud as any man that breathes, of our native land, and seldom, aught connected with its name, costs us a blush; but truly, when we read the article we have referred to, our cheek did burn with shame and mortification, that the writer and ourselves should have sprung from the same soil. And for his sake, we could almost have renounced the name and birth-right of a Briton. We have no disposition to withhold the name of this person, nor do we fear to publish it: inasmuch as we are ready to prove at any time, that his assertions with regard to L. E. L. and Mr. McClean, her husband, were base lies; and that he knew them to be so while writing them. Shelton Mackenzie, a hack scribbler in Liverpool, who by some infatuation on the part of the editor, has been permitted to thrust himself into respectable company as correspondent of the New York Star. Shelton Mackenzie is the man—psha! we did not mean to write the word,—the creature, who merely to pander to a vitiated, but unfortunately too prevalent, appetite for gossip, has deliberately slandered the fair and honorable reputation of the living, and cast reproach upon the sacred memory of the dead—upon the memory of a woman—and of his own land; a woman, too, who had adorned that land by her

* Tho. R. Hoffman, Esq., son of the talented authoress, and himself a writer of no little merit. The article which we select is from the "American Museum," edited by Brooks the poet, and Dr. Snodgrass of Virginia.

glorious genius. But why dwell upon the subject: the broad seal of infamy is affixed plainly upon the transaction. There is no need for us to point it out.

The article to which we allude is, we doubt not, familiar to most of our readers, as it was extensively copied by the press throughout the country. In case, however, there should be some unacquainted with it, we will briefly state its substance. It declares that Mr. McClean insulted his wife by open profligacy of the most indecent and wanton description; and that, crushed and broken-hearted by this treatment, she sought refuge from her sorrows in self-destruction. Now even had there been any foundation for this report, it would, at least, have evinced but common manliness of feeling, not to have aggravated the deep affliction of the friends of the departed, by giving it publicity almost before the earth had covered her remains.

But there was no foundation for such a report. A more gratuitous and infamous falsehood was never engendered in a malicious heart. That our readers may be enabled to form a judgment in the matter, we will briefly sketch the history of Mr. McClean's connexion with L. E. L. Our information is derived from sources unquestionable and unimpeachable—as in the event of its being questioned we shall not fail to prove.

The attachment of Mr. McClean for L. E. L. was of the purest and most ardent character—an attachment, not suddenly formed, but one which had endured through a long period of years, constant and unchanging, save in the continual increase of its depth and devotion. It is now some ten years, since McClean and L. E. L. first loved. How such a nature as her's must have loved—if it loved at all—may be easily conceived; and we do not hesitate to say, that in purity of sentiment and thought, he to whom she gave her heart, was her equal. That the man to whom such a creature as L. E. L. had given the priceless treasure of her young and pure affections, should have felt proud and happy in the gift, who can doubt? and that he would have sought for a consummation of his happiness by a speedy union with the object of his choice, might reasonably have been expected. But in his mind—his strong and honorable mind—there existed obstacles in the way of such, which, though at a severe sacrifice of his feelings, his generous manly nature would not suffer him to forget.

He was young, without fortune; and he felt that he was unable to offer prospects to L. E. L. worthy her acceptance—not that he misdoubted she could be influenced by worldly feelings; but his heart sickened at the idea of asking this young and gifted creature, for his sake, to renounce the comforts and luxuries of her own home, to share in the vicissitudes of his uncertain fortunes. He knew, also, that the friends of L. E. L. would have considered the match a sacrifice on her part; and not even for the sake of her, whom he so fondly loved, could the proud and lofty spirit of McClean endure the thought, that he could be looked upon coldly or slightly.

This noble sacrifice of feeling to what he considered his duty, was not more severely felt by himself, than by her who had called it into action. The tone of her writing—so exquisite in its plaintive, melancholy beauty—was derived from the inspiration of her own feelings in this affair; and very much of the glorious poetry, which has been read and admired as but the creation of a fertile fancy, was the genuine overflowing feeling of a sorrowing spirit—a spirit so divine in its nature, that its very complainings were robed in loveliness—its very miseries a source of joy to others.

But McClean did not despair. He devoted himself energetically to the practice of an arduous profession. We will not dwell upon his sufferings—his trials; though many and severe; he drooped not, nor repined; for in the dim distance, he saw still shining, with an undimmed and holy lustre, a star of promise, which, ever amid the gloomiest moments, shed a ray of sunshine in his soul.

Well! at length, he triumphed; he was able to offer L. E. L. prospects worthy her acceptance. He found her unchanged in her feelings; and the separated but faithful friends of years were united. The reader knows the rest. We may be excused from dwelling upon after events—events of so painful and melancholy a character.

Now we put it to the common sense of the community—Is it likely that such a man, as we have described Mr. McClean to be, (and that our description is correct, we will avouch at any time, and in any place,) could have acted the part ascribed to him by this reckless libeller, Maekenzie? Men do not rush from

virtue into vice headlong in a moment. The change, when change there is, is gradual. The character of McClean had always been remarkably pure; and at the very time, when he had increased incentives to preserve it so, could he thus suddenly become the vile wretch this fellow would have us suppose? The idea is too preposterously absurd to dwell upon.

What, then, does the wretch deserve, who could thus basely assail the reputation of a virtuous, and honorable, and sorrow-stricken man? surely the scorn and execration of the whole world. But we have already wasted too many words upon the fellow. We leave him to the reproaches of his own conscience, "and to the thorns which, in his bosom's lodge, shall prick and sting him."

It forms no part of our purpose, in this place, to enter into speculation as to the cause of L. E. L.'s death. We think the tone of her letters written the very night preceding her demise, furnish sufficient evidence that she was in no state of mind, that was likely to induce her to the crime of self-destruction. We do not indeed believe, that under any circumstances, however afflictive, she could have committed such an act. It is one at variance with the whole tenor of her life—a life which had been characterised by self-sacrifice and endurance, in a more than ordinary degree. But we have no evidence worthy the slightest regard, that there existed any incentives to such an act; on the contrary, it may reasonably be supposed, that the happiest period of her existence was that when she was so suddenly called upon to resign it. She was united to the husband of her choice and her affections, and between that husband and herself, it was expressly stated on the coroner's inquest, there had never passed an unkind word. Was this, then, the first instance of casual death which has been known, that it should cause so much speculative wonder, and excite imputations of so horrible a kind? The mind that is disposed to look always upon the darkest side of things, in its gloomy and desolate nature, is a proper object of pity; but when it attempts, by distorted statements, to prejudice the vision of others, it should be the object of contempt and scorn. There is no sublimer sentiment in the whole christian creed—that sublimest of all moral codes—than the one which says, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." But for this divine and beautiful maxim, how full of doubt, and suspicion, and mistrust, would be the intercourse of man and man! An evil imagination can invest an angel of light in the semblance of the fallen; how much more then poor human nature, frail and full of error at the best.

Gentle reader! whosoever thou art, that hast borne with us through this imperfect but well intended sketch, let us claim a privilege from our brief connexion, and beseech you to cherish this holy maxim in your souls—"Judge not, lest ye be judged." For L. E. L., let not a thought injurious to her memory, find a resting place in your heart; and for the bereaved and broken-hearted husband, give him your prayers. Our task is ended: Farewell!"

But our task is not—nor is the task of England accomplished! L. E. L. slumbers in a foreign grave, far away from the scenes which were hallowed by her muse, and the homes she made glad with her song. It is the duty of her countrymen to have her remains placed in the soil that gave her birth—nay, it is the duty of her husband to bury her in that land where first

"She learned to lip a mother's name,
The first beloved on earth—the last forgot"

England has yet another duty to perform. The press is mighty to build or to destroy—to publish infamy or to sustain virtue. Let the press of England unite to scout from their columns, nay, from the association of his fellow man, the polluted wretch who dared to defame her character. Let the fiery brand of public execration be placed upon his brow, till like the fratricide Cain, he shall "flee when no man pursueth."

Farewell, sweet spirit! Peace to thy manes, beautiful sleeper! Wherever thy "sanctified dust" shall slumber—whether it be beneath the fervid blaze of a

tropical sun, or amid the "green lanes of old England," the spirit of hallowed poesy shall guard thy tomb, and in the language of a sister spirit, "too lovely and too early lost,"

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with nature's brightest wreaths;
Each glowing season shall combine,
Its incense there to breathe.
And oft upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

VERSICULI—NO. I.

BY LEWIS ST. MAUR.

While conversing a few evenings since with a warm-hearted girl, the eloquence of whose buoyancy had elevated my feelings from their despondency, my lightness was arrested by the question, "What causes depression of spirits?" from a sweet, gentle little friend, whose pensive eyes will, in the future, often come up in my memory, as the recollection of the angel-visitant of some dream of my childhood. The following lines were penned that evening as an answer to the interrogatory.

I.

To trace in remembrance, the spell
Of a witchery, thrilling and cherished,
While the sighs of the burdened heart tell
That the spirit which wrought it has perished;
To sit from the giddy apart,
To list to the gay and the cheerful,
While the thoughts that well up in the heart
Make the visage of Sadness more tearful:

II.

To enthrone one you love, as divine,
In the heart to rule ev'ry emotion,
And bow at that altar and shrine
With the heart's fondest, mildest devotion;
Then to find that the being you love,
Is unworthy your heart's precious offering,
Or in sorrow and sadness to prove
That she turns from the gift you are proffering:

III.

To have o'er the memory come,
Some cherished and fondly loved token,
Of the bliss of our childhood and home
And a heart that once loved us, now broken;
Of a childhood whose bright dreams are past,—
Of a home where those visions first found us:—
Oh! these, these are thoughts that can cast
The mantle of Sadness around us!

VERSICULI—NO. II.

I.

To love, and yet to know
The feelings which you cherish,
Like flowers that earliest blow,
Are destined soon to perish;
To have a vestal flame
In the heart's temple sleeping,
While yet you dare not name
For whom that fire is keeping:

To see some star above
In brilliancy declining,
Or round the flower you love,
The fun'ral ivy twining:
This is pain! this is pain!

II.

To know that some sweet soul,
With love's warm passion burning,
Like the needle to the pole,
To you is fondly turning;
To feel, when you're depressed,
Some lov'd one is desponding,
And when Hope soothes your breast
Some other heart's responding;
To have the passions blend,
In an unbroken union
Of love that knows no end—
The spirit's deep communion:
This is sweet! this is sweet!

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

LECTURE II.

In the last Lecture we decided that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that each distinct fundamental faculty is manifested by a distinct cerebral organ. We now come to inquire whether the condition of the brain exercises any influence on the manifestation of mind. Does it matter, in short, whether the brain be old or young, healthy or diseased, fine or coarse, small or large?

It is certain that a young and immature, or an old and shrunken brain cannot manifest its functions with the vigor and continuity of one in the heyday of life. Thus we see the feebleness of childhood and the imbecility of age. Usually at 55 or 60 the painter's conceptions become clouded and the poet's fire darkened. The influence of disease we observe in insanity and other affections.

It is the opinion of Phrenologists, that size, other things being equal, is a measure of power—that is to say, if age, health, exercise and temperament be the same in two individuals; but if in one the mental organs be small, and in the other large, the latter will manifest mind most powerfully.

You have all read the pleasing fable of the old man who showed his sons a bundle of rods and pointed out to them how readily they might snap them asunder separately, but how difficult it was to break the whole at once. Whence arose this difficulty? Clearly from the added rods or fibres producing additional resistance: so it is with living parts. A muscle is stronger in proportion to the number of its fibres; so is a nerve. But suppose an objector to present a rod of iron of the same thickness as one of the wooden twigs, and insist that to break that single rod was as difficult as to break the whole bundle of twigs before referred to. The answer

is obvious. Here the things compared differ in kind and quality. The condition that size is a measure of power, *other things being equal*, has been entirely overlooked. Take ten iron rods of like thickness, and you will find, as in the former case, that it is ten times as difficult to break ten rods as to break one.

And this leads me to observe that the things compared must be of the same species. The bee has a very minute brain, and yet it manifests great constructiveness. Now it may be argued, that if size be a measure of power, then should the comparatively enormous organ of constructiveness in man cause him to manifest the faculty with proportionate energy, which is not the case. But this objection is unsound. The structure of every species of animal is modified to suit its condition, and you can no more compare a bee with a man than a twig with an iron rod. Correct conclusions can be obtained only by comparing animals of the *same species*. It is to be observed, however, that the more nearly any two species resemble each other, the fitter they become for profitable comparison. Thus, the heads of the cat and tiger illustrate each other much better than those of the tiger and sheep; hence, too, by comparing man to the higher animals, analogy throws on human organization a reflected light, which serves admirably for illustration, though not for proof. Direct observation on man himself is the only evidence on which Phrenologists depend, and on such evidence alone their science rests.

All animated nature teems with proofs that size is a measure of power. Large lungs aerate blood better than small ones, and large muscles are more powerful than small ones. If a liver with a surface of ten square inches secrete four ounces of bile, it is certain that, other conditions being equal, a liver with a surface twice as great would secrete twice as much. Bones are large in proportion to the weight they have to support: hence their enormous size in the elephant and the mammoth, a complete specimen of which I saw at Philadelphia—and their strength is always in proportion to their size, other things being equal. But suppose the arrangement of the bony matter to differ, then may the same quantity produce different degrees of strength. Thus, if you wished to place an iron pillar weighing ten tons in the centre of this room, for the purpose of supporting it, the strength of the pillar would be much greater if you disposed the matter in the cylindrical than if you disposed it in the solid form. So when nature wishes to give strength to the bones of birds without increasing weight, the bone is made of large diameter, but hollow in the middle. It would not do, therefore, to compare equal quantities of bone, in one case compacted and in the other arranged cylindrically, inasmuch as the conditions would not be equal. But of two cylindrical bones, containing matter in proportion to their size, the largest would be the most powerful. And of two compact bones, the same would hold good.

We have striking confirmation of the principle I am advocating, in the relative distribution of the different kinds of nerves. Speaking generally, there are two classes of nerves, those of motion and those of sensation. Now, wherever the power of motion preponderates in an animal, there are the nerves of motion most numerous; and wherever the power of feeling predominates, there are the nerves of sensation most numerous. Thus, in the horse, which is noted for its muscular

power, the nerves of motion going to the limbs are one third more numerous than those of sensation. Whereas, in man, distinguished for acuteness of feeling, the nerves of sensation are one fifth more numerous than those of motion. The nerve of feeling going to the elephant's proboscis, and ramified on its tactile extremity, exceeds in volume all the muscular nerves of that organ put together. Birds require to rise in the air, which is a medium much lighter than their bodies: Nature, therefore, to avoid enlarging their muscles and thus increasing their weight, has bestowed on them large nerves of motion, and the power is thus secured by applying a powerful stimulus to muscles comparatively small. In fishes, on the contrary, which live in a medium almost equal in density to their own bodies, the muscles are comparatively large, and the nerves small. Thus does nature beautifully adapt the structure of the animal to its condition.

We find this adaptation well illustrated by the external senses. Each of these senses is composed of an instrument on which the impression is made, and of a nerve to conduct that impression to the brain. Now a large eye will evidently collect more rays of light, a large ear more vibrations of sound, and large nostrils more odorous particles, than the same organs if small. And the nerves ramified in these organs give intensity of perception proportionate to their extent. The organ of vision affords a most interesting example of this. A large eye collects a greater number of rays, and consequently commands a greater sphere of vision than a small one. The ox is remarkable for the size of his eye; (hence the term 'ox-eyed,' applied to large-eyed individuals;) he consequently commands a large range of space without turning round; but as his provender lies at his feet, his sight need not be acute: accordingly, we find that the optic nerve is not large in proportion. The eagle, on the contrary, soaring as it does to an immense height, needs not a large eye to give it range of vision, but it needs intensity of vision, that it may perceive its prey at a great distance. We find its eye, therefore, of small size, but of great keenness: the optic nerve is enormously large. It does not, as in man, form a mere lining membrane to the posterior chamber, but is composed of folds hanging loosely into the eye, and augmenting largely both the nervous surface and nervous mass, giving that great intensity of vision, which particularly distinguishes this bird of prey and enables it to discover its quarry at immense distances.

The external ear is for the purpose of collecting the vibrations of sound; and we find the lower animals to have large trumpet-ears, which man imitates when he wants to hear distinctly, by using an ear-trumpet.

In man, the olfactory nerves spread over 20 square inches; in the seal, over 120—and in this animal the sense is so acute that the hunters have to approach him in the teeth of the wind. There are two dogs, the greyhound and pointer: the first follows the game by its eye, and the last by its smell. The nose of the first is narrow and pointed; that of the last broad and extended. The sheep excels man in the acuteness of smell; and accordingly, while in it the nerve is thicker than this pencil, in man its size is not greater than thin pack-thread or whip-cord. The mole is remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, and the nerve is very large. It

is remarkable for the feebleness of vision—thus, “as blind as a mole,” is a common saying. Corresponding with this is the smallness of its optic nerve.

Lord Jeffrey, in an article which he published in the *Edinburgh Review*, opposed this doctrine of size being a measure of power. “The proposition,” he says, “is no less contrary to the analogy of all our known organs than to general probability. Grandmamma Wolf, in the fairy tale, does, indeed, lean a little to the phrenological heresy, when she has large eyes to see the better. But with this one venerable exception, we rather think that it has never been held before that the strength of vision depends on the size of the eye, the perfection of hearing on the magnitude of the ear, or the nicety of taste on the breadth of the tongue and palate.”

Now it happens that so far as the weight of authority is concerned, the venerable grandmamma Wolf has complete advantage over Lord Jeffrey, and fairly beats him out of the field—Semmering, Cuvier, Monro, Blumenbach, Magendie, Georget, and a host of others, taking her side in the controversy. Blumenbach says: “While animals of the most acute smell have the nasal organs most extensively evolved, precisely the same holds in regard to some barbarous nations. For instance, in the head of a North American Indian the internal nostrils are of an extraordinary size. The nearest to these in point of magnitude are the internal nostrils of the Ethiopians.” Monro primus says: “The sensibility of smell is increased in proportion to the surface; this will also be found to take place in all the other senses.”

Suppose that, after these expositions, I were to tell you that size has no influence on power in the human brain—would you be disposed to credit the assertion? I think not. Here is the skull of an infant; here one of an adult—mark the difference in size. This is the skull of a Swiss; this of a Hindoo—see how large the one compared with the other—and what says history of their manifestations of power? While the one people achieved their independence at an early day, and have maintained it at times against fearful odds, the other have ever been the prey of invaders, and one hundred millions of them are at this moment kept in subjection by forty or fifty thousand Englishmen. Before studying Phrenology this last fact was utterly inexplicable to me. The Hindoos are considerably advanced in the arts of civilized life. They have written language, systems of law and religion; and yet, they are utterly unable to contend against a mere handful of Anglo-Saxons. But now the reason is perfectly plain. The small comparative size of their brains explains all. Again, here is the head of a Peruvian Indian, a fair specimen of the race. See how small compared with the European head; and you know that a few Spaniards conquered a nation of them.

But again, when the brain is below a certain size, idiotism is the invariable result. In the lowest class of idiots, the horizontal circumference of the head, taken a little higher than the orbit, varied from 11 to 13 inches; in a full-sized head, the circumference is 22 inches; in Spurzheim’s skull it is 22½. In such idiots the distance from the root of the nose backwards over the top of the head to the occipital spine is only 8 and 9 inches; in a full-sized head it is 14; in the skull of Spurzheim it is 13 6-10. Let those who deny the in-

fluence of size reconcile these facts with their belief. We challenge them to produce a man with a small sized head, who manifests great general mental power.

“But,” say some, “we know idiots who have large heads.” Our reply is—so do we; but, then, in these cases the brain is not healthy. A large leg is usually indicative of strength; but this is not the case when the leg is large from disease. But though disease be absent, if the size be very deficient, idiocy is invariable, and men remarkable for great force of character, as Bruce, Cromwell, Bonaparte, Franklin, and Burns, invariably have heads of unusual magnitude.

But here allow me to save you from error. Many, after hearing this statement, immediately commence to try on the hats of their acquaintance, and are apt to conclude that the man with the largest hat is the most clever. Now, here is a little bit of a mistake. The hat is only the measure of the head’s circumference in a part of which he need not be so proud. It does not measure a great part of the intellect and none at all of the moral sentiments. Hatters, in seeming anticipation of moral improvement, have left in the upper part of our hats ample room for the moral sentiments to sprout and grow. Sir Walter Scott’s hatter told me that the hat of that celebrated individual was one of the smallest which went out of his store. But then the perceptive faculties, which were large in Scott, were not reached by the hat. The upper and lateral portions of his forehead were only full. Cautiousness was little more than moderately, and concentrativeness only moderately developed; and these organs, taken collectively, determine the circumference of the hat. His forehead and coronal region towered high. His head from the ear to veneration, was the highest I ever beheld; but of these dimensions his hat gave no account.

That size has an important influence on the power of manifestation, is now admitted even by the *Edinburgh Review*. In the 94th number appeared a paper written by Dr. Conolly, containing this sentence: “The brain is observed progressively to be improved in its structure, and, with reference to the spinal marrow and nerves, augmented in volume more and more, until we reach the human brain, each addition being marked by some addition to, or amplification of, the powers of the animal—until in man we behold it possessing some parts of which animals are destitute, and wanting none which they possess.”

The principle for which we contend being thus established, we would remark that it is susceptible of a most important application. It is found, in four cases out of five, that in insanity the nature of the derangement bears direct reference to the predominant organ or organs. Some are affected with melancholia; in these the organ of cautiousness will be found large. Some fancy themselves the Deity; in these, self-esteem will be found predominant. Some are furious: in these destructiveness will be found large. These are generally cases of functional derangement; and by examining the heads of the insane I can generally determine with accuracy the nature of their derangements. But a small organ may become diseased, and sometimes does so. Most frequently, however, the derangement is structural: thus, I have seen a small organ deranged by a spicula of bone growing into it, and by the pressure of a fungous deposition.

Let us now inquire into the circumstances which modify the effects of size. The most important of these is the *constitution* of the brain; and the question naturally arises—do we possess any means of ascertaining this constitution? We do, in the observation of what are called the temperaments, which are four in number—the lymphatic, the sanguine, the bilious, and the nervous—each of which is accompanied by a different degree of activity in the brain. The temperaments are supposed to depend upon the condition of particular systems of the body: the brain and nerves being predominantly active, seem to produce the nervous temperament; the blood-vessels being constitutionally predominant, give rise to the sanguine; the muscular and fibrous systems being predominant, give rise to what is called the bilious, but what should be called the *fibrous* temperament; and the predominance of the glands and assimilating organs give rise to the lymphatic.

The temperaments are indicated by external signs:

1. The *lymphatic* is indicated by roundness of form, softness of muscle, fair hair, pale skin, sleepy eyes, and inexpressive face. In this temperament the brain and all other parts of the system are feeble in action, slow and languid.

2. The *sanguine* is indicated by a well-defined form, moderate plumpness, firm flesh, chestnut hair, blue eyes, and ruddy fair complexion. There is great fondness for exercise and intolerance of muscular quiescence. The brain partakes of the general activity.

3. The *bilious* is indicated by black hair, dark skin, moderate stoutness, firm flesh and harsh features. It gives great power of *endurance*, or bottom, as the jockies call it.

4. The *nervous* is indicated by fine thin hair, small muscles, thin skin, paleness of countenance, and brightness of eye. This temperament gives great vivacity of mental action.

These temperaments are, however, seldom found pure. We have a mixture of the nervous and bilious, as in Lord Brougham, giving great activity and endurance. As an example of Brougham's power of continuous activity, I may mention a circumstance related to me by one who knew it well. Brougham was engaged in a Court of Law all day; he went from the Court to the House of Commons and remained there till two in the morning; on going home he wrote an article for the Edinburgh Review, by the time of finishing which he had to go to Court; from the Court he again proceeded to the House of Commons, where he remained till some time in the morning—and it was not till the morning of the third day that he retired to bed. During all this time his vigor seemed unabated.

The nervous and lymphatic temperaments are not unfrequently combined: this gives alternations of great activity and indolence. It was the combination of Professor Leslie. He would for a day or two apply himself with great vigor, assiduity and success, to scientific studies. It would then seem as though the nervous energy were exhausted, and the nutritive system came into predominance. He would sit and eat, and dose and sleep—paying no attention to study for one or two days. He would often take another day to go about and attend to any matters not requiring much mental exertion. Again would the nervous system come into

predominance, and again for two or three days would he apply himself most assiduously to study.

The nervous and sanguine temperaments both give activity; but the first is more of a mental, and the last more of a physical character. One of the former temperament would rather write a note than walk across the floor; one of the latter would rather walk the length of Broadway than write a note.

Shakespeare admirably contrasts the lymphatic and nervous temperaments in the scene between Cæsar and Anthony:

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are *fat*—
Bleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

Yond' Cassius has a *lean* and *hungry* look:

He thinks too much—such men are dangerous.

Anthony. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous—

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were *fatter*—but I fear him not;

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that *spare* Cassius.

It is to be remembered, then, that a large organ may, in fact, be less powerful than a smaller one, if its temperament be inferior. But in judging the relative power of organs, temperament need not be considered, as all the organs of the same head are in this respect alike.

In cases of disease, great size may be present, and yet the manifestations of mind may be very feeble and imperfect. In this case, size forms no measure of power any more than does the size of a leg affected with dropsy.

Now, if the brain be the organ of mind, and different parts of the brain manifest different faculties, it cannot be indifferent what part is most or least developed, for it is obvious that two brains may be composed of precisely the same quantity of cerebral matter, and yet manifest totally different qualities. The *form* of the head, therefore, is not less interesting and important to phrenologists than the size. Before proceeding further with the consideration of this subject, however, let us glance at the means which have been used by those not of the phrenological school, to ascertain the true philosophy of mind and functions of the brain.

By one set of philosophers, the laws of thought have been expounded without any reference to organization. Such were Locke, Hume, Reid, Stewart, and others. They reflected on their own consciousness, and they inform us of the result of their investigations, what they have thought and what they have felt. The dependence of the mind on material organs forms no part of their philosophy.

With the hope of obtaining some information concerning the functions of the brain, the anatomists cut it up in every possible direction; but no sentiment was ever perceived slumbering in its fibres, nor half-formed ideas starting from its folds. In fact, a dissection never yet disclosed the functions of any part whatever. Formerly it was very prevalent in France to cut out parts from the brains of living animals, in order to ascertain functions; a practice as absurd as it was cruel. The experimenters proceeded on the supposition that nothing was known concerning the functions of the brain, and yet they expected to ascertain their functions, by observing what powers were not manifested when various parts were destroyed. Suppose an instrument were

presented to one of these operators, and that his object was to discover, by experiments, what sounds it was capable of producing, and by what part of it each sound was emitted. Imagine him to take a hammer and smash at random a number of its springs and wheels, and then set the machine a-going. By listening to the sounds emitted, how could he tell *what were wanting*, when he did not know the whole originally within its compass? and how could he tell by their silence, the sounds which the broken strings were originally calculated to emit? Yet this would be precisely analogous to the procedure of the vivisectioners. They are unacquainted with the number of the mental powers, and they destroy several of them at random, that they may find it out. They do not know what particular power is manifested by any particular part of the brain, yet they destroy that part to get it to reveal its function. They destroy the string of a musical instrument, and then listen to hear what sound it will not emit!

We hear of Magendie and others cutting away certain portions of the brain, and some animals went forwards, some backwards, some to the right, some to the left, some seemed drunk, some stupid. And then we have from these experiments, a number of so-called important deductions drawn. But how can deductions, fit to be depended on, be drawn from the actions of animals so tortured? Suppose you take a beautiful black bird and cut through its integuments and skull, and cut out a portion of its brain, do you think it would favor you with a song? And because it did not, would you be correct in calling the excised portion of brain the organ of time? Suppose you take another animal and serve it in like manner, do you think it would be in the humor or condition to tend and nurture its young? And because it did not, would it be correct to say that the excised brain was the part which manifested love of offspring? Had phrenology been based on such observations, then would it have merited all the obloquy which has been heaped upon it. But because such cruel experiments have been performed to overthrow phrenology, they have been lauded as most philosophical!

Again, pathological cases have been brought forward to illustrate the functions of the brain; and sometimes to oppose phrenology. Now, before you can draw any conclusion concerning the function of a part from a state of disease, you must know the function of the part in health. But as the non-phrenologist is ignorant of the situation of particular organs, he cannot tell, when a certain feeling is deranged, in what organ to look for disease,—nor, when he sees disease in an organ, what faculty was probably deranged. To illustrate my meaning, I relate the following circumstance:

Sir R—— L——* was a man highly respected for talent and character; he was at one time minister plenipotentiary to this country, and at another to the court of Constantinople. He lived to the age of ninety-three. Seven years before his death, his character commenced to undergo a remarkable change; from being one of the most amicable and courteous, he became one of the

most violent of men. He abused his aged gardener, spit in his face, and threw things at him. He also from being an admirable linguist, became unable to use words. When he died, Dr. Abercrombie and Mr. Craig examined the brain, and I, being related to the family by marriage, obtained leave to be present. I knew that the organs of combativeness and language were those in which to look for lesions. Accordingly the medical gentlemen found an abscess, one inch in length by half an inch in breadth, in the posterior lobe, where combativeness is situated; thinking they had found out the cause of disease, they were about to stop, but I got them to proceed, and when Mr. Craig came near the organ of language, I took the scalpel and proceeded very carefully, and in the convolution which is marked as the organ of language, I found another lesion. Mr. Craig published an account of the case, in which he mentioned the large lesion, and connected it with the loss of words. He had been unacquainted with the furious conduct of Sir Robert. I immediately published another report, stating the conduct of the patient in this respect, and showing clearly the manner in which the post mortem appearances harmonized with phrenological doctrines. I repeat that a non-phrenologist is incapable of reporting pathological cases of the cerebral organs with success.

Dr. Roget, an opponent of phrenology, confesses, that "the brain is still as incomprehensible in its functions, as it is subtle and complex in its anatomy." Dr. Conolly, in the 94th No. of the Edinburgh Review, well describes the utter confusion of the anatomists and physiologists, even in late years, when trying to unravel the mysteries of the brain.

It is plain, then, that if Dr. Gall could boast no superior method to that of ordinary physiologists and metaphysicians, he would have been unable to solve the question, What parts of the brain and what mental faculties are connected? He was led, however, to adopt a different and superior mode of inquiry, which will be best explained by relating briefly the history of his discovery.

Dr. Gall, from an early age, was given to observation, and was struck with the fact, that each individual was distinguished for some peculiarity of talent or disposition. Some of his schoolmates were distinguished for the beauty of their penmanship, some for the elegance, others for the stiffness and dryness of their style of composition. Their dispositions were equally different; and this diversity appeared to determine their partialities and aversions. Some manifested a fondness for employments which they were not taught. Some would spend their leisure in painting, some in cultivating a garden, some in carving, some in noisy games. Each individual presented a peculiar character, and Gall observed, that an individual who one year had displayed selfish or knavish dispositions, never became in the next a good and faithful friend.

The most formidable rivals of Gall, at school, were such as learned by heart with great facility, and these he noticed had prominent eyes. They gained from him, by their repetitions, the places which he had obtained by the merit of his original compositions. Some years afterwards he changed his residence, and he still found that his school-fellows so gifted had prominent eyes. He made the same observation on entering the Univer-

* Mr. Combe, for the sake of authenticity, mentioned the name, which the reporter deems it proper on this and like occasions to suppress, lest pain should be given to individuals in private life, with whom the parties mentioned were connected by the ties of blood or friendship.

sity. Gall could not believe this connection to be purely accidental, but suspected that they stood in an important relation to each other. After much reflection, he conceived that there might be external signs for the other intellectual powers, and thereafter all individuals remarkable for any mental quality became the objects of his attention. Light broke in upon him by an almost imperceptible induction, and by degrees he conceived himself to have found external characteristics, indicative of a decided disposition for painting, music, and the mechanical arts.

In following out the principle which had thus presented itself to his mind, he encountered great difficulties. The prevailing notions of the philosophers and physiologists were a continual stumbling-block, till abandoning every theory and preconceived opinion, he gave himself up to the study of nature. He visited prisons and schools, and was introduced into the courts of princes, to colleges, and the seats of justice, and visited every individual remarkable for any particular endowment. During my recent visit to Vienna, I was informed that such was the ardor with which Gall pursued his inquiries, that he created quite an alarm; people were afraid of dying lest Gall should obtain their skull, and some left orders in their wills that means should be taken to prevent him.

On reflection, Gall was convinced that, without anatomy, physiology must be imperfect; and although he had always supposed the external indications to depend on the brain, he had not gone beyond other anatomists in explaining its structure. From observing a woman afflicted with hydrocephalus, who manifested an active and intelligent mind, he declared that the structure of the brain must differ from what was generally conceived. From that commenced his anatomical discoveries. Gall did not first dissect the brain and thus pretend to discover the mental organs, nor did he first map out the skull according to his imagination. On the contrary, he first observed a concomitance between particular talents and dispositions, and particular forms of the head; he next ascertained, by the removal of the skull, that the size and figure of the brain are indicated by external appearances; and it was only after these facts were ascertained, that the brain was minutely dissected, and light thrown upon its structure.

Dr. Gall, for the first time, delivered lectures on his system in 1796, at Vienna; in 1800, Dr. Spurzheim became a student of his, and in 1804, his associate.

When I was in Germany, I saw a collection of barks describing the science at different stages of its progress, and also skulls marked at different times; all proving that the organs were discovered piece-meal. Indeed I found in this country a most unexpected corroboration of the fact. Mr. Nicholas Biddle, when quite a young man, and on a visit to Europe, in 1806, attended a course of Dr. Gall's lectures, and was so much interested, that he requested Dr. Gall to mark out the places of the organs on the skull, which the Dr. did. When in Philadelphia, Mr. Biddle presented me with the skull so marked, saying, that I could make a better use of it than he. This is it, and you perceive that there are quite a number of unoccupied places. You perceive that Hope, Conscientiousness, Individuality, Concentrativeness, Time, Size and Weight are not marked upon it—they, at that time, being unascertained.

So far indeed was Gall from advocating a hypothesis, that in the disjointed items of information which he first presented to the public, there appears a want of ordinary regard for systematic arrangement. A candid and uncolored statement of facts was all he seemed desirous of furnishing, leaving their value to be ascertained by time and farther investigation. But gradually a system of mental philosophy emanated, almost spontaneously, from the seeming chaos.

A REMEMBRANCE.

Yes, 'midst the lingering visions of the past,
She comes—as Venus in the train of stars—
The brightest of them all! She was not fair;
If that expression only can describe
The dazzling beauty of a perfect blonde;
But the soft hue spread o'er her neck and brow,
The pure, transparent color of her cheek,
Were strangely beautiful;—and then her eyes,
Dark as the night, with lustre like the rays
Of summer-moonlight, splendid, clear and calm,
Seemed, in their crystal depths, to be the home
Of a bright spirit, heavenward in its gaze.
Her lovely brow was shadowed by a cloud
Of glittering hair—'twas of the raven's hue;—
And in the matchless contour of the face,
The chiselled lip—a rose-bud in its dye
And freshness—there was still a spell, a charm,
No shape or color could alone impart—
A spell, a charm, exclusively her own.
You would have tho't her birth-place was the clime
Of song, and genial air and radiant skies,
Where glow the purple clusters of the vine,
And where the breeze is laden with the sweets
Of countless blossoms—for her beauty bore
Th' Italian cast, tho' it was nurtured here.
One pen has well described her. One alone.
In all the varied pictures which the muse,
With Fancy's magic pencil, yet has drawn
For favored poets, I have never seen
Aught that resembled her, save in the page*
That tells, in language full of soul, the tale
Of the fair Spaniard, lovely and adored,
Victim of passion's dark and deadly aim.
So like Isora was she, that to me
It almost seemed, when first I read the book,
It was her portrait. Gentle as a dove,
Gay as a child, she was—but like the flowers,
In brevity and beauty, seen no more
Was she among the living, when the leaves
Of Autumn strewed the ground, her eighteenth year.
It might be that her Maker did not choose
One innocent and delicate like her,
To bear the world's cold acorn—the unhallow'd glance
Of passion from the base—for *she was poor*,
And had her home amidst the vulgar herd,
Who could not feel with her, or be her friends.
And deeply grateful was she to the few
Who sought to draw her from that mean abode—
A dark seclusion, totally unblest;—
And her young heart seemed full of tenderness

* See "Doveroux," by Bulwer.

For all who marked her with a kindly eye.
It has been long ago—I was a child,
When that bright blossom withered at the touch
Of fell disease—but never can the light
Of her transcendent loveliness be dimmed
In my remembrance. No, I see her now!

July 1, 1839.

E. A. S.

THE LOVER'S TALISMAN; OR, THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"Anna," said the young collegian, "you are a noble girl—no die-away airs, because your lover is so long absent; no making all the rest of your admirers feel, that they are just the last persons in the world that you care anything about—no, no; you are not so selfish as all that, Anna."

A shadow passed over the face of the fair girl, and the smile died away upon her lips.

"Indeed, cousin, this might be a cutting reproach; but you do not intend it as such—I know you do not."

"Never," said the youth passionately; "I meant only to commend my cousin's sweetness of temper—her constancy is"——

Anna raised her finger.

"I have issued my interdict upon that score, cousin; but do you know I have a Talisman that will ensure me the constancy of William—and it is of a kind too, that is valueless in case of fickleness upon my part?"

"Indeed; initiate me into its mysteries, Anna; there are a pair of blue eyes, that I should like amazingly to fix for me alone; and when you are married, sweet coz, perhaps your Talisman will be transferable."

"Aunt can describe its virtues best, cousin George; and if she will tell you the story of Hannah Newton, you will never be at a loss to understand the nature of the Lover's Talisman."

Mrs. B., the aunt, raised her eyes from her needle, and a faint smile played over her placid features. She was an unmarried lady of nearly fifty, dressed with great simplicity, her gray hair neatly parted over her forehead, which was still smooth and fair. The plain muslin cap, with its white satin strings, denoted a member of the Society of Friends.

"Thou art very fond of that story, Anna; but thou must not rely too much upon the power of the Talisman, as thou calls it; for ours is the constant sex, Anna, and we remember long, it may be, after we are forgotten."

I observed a faint blush stole to her cheek as she uttered this, and for the first time I began to ask myself why Mrs. B., (I use the English term of Mrs. as applied to ladies of a certain age, as I think it dignified, and altogether proper,) with all her sweetness of manner, and feminine excellences, should still have remained, like "the last rose of summer, left blooming alone." But the tone of the voice, the flitting blush, and more than all, the sentiment she had expressed, revealed to me at once a record of wasted affections, of lonely watching, and midnight tears, of the bitterness of sor-

row, known only to Him, who seeth in secret, and of that "concealment, that preyeth like a worm in the bud" upon the human heart.

Mrs. B. from that time became with me an advocate for the whole sisterhood of those who are to seek for a kindred spirit amongst the pure essences of the invisible world, instead of the grosser elements of earth. She told the story with a grace and pathos, that I dare not even hope to transfer to my pages—I can only give the details, leaving my readers to imagine the many fine touches of feeling and beauty, which could be imparted only by the lips of Mrs. B.

THE STORY OF MRS. B.

Hannah Newton, at sixteen, was merely a quiet, sweet-looking girl, with small pretensions to beauty; for she had nothing of that regularity of feature, and brilliancy of complexion, that are supposed to be essential to it. She was neither a blond nor a brunette, but a mixture of both—her eyes were neither black nor blue; they were, I believe, hazel, but they owed much of their power to long curved lashes that veiled their extreme tenderness of expression, and made them appear much darker than they really were. I say this of Hannah in the early part of her life, for at thirty she was called beautiful by those to whom an elevated expression of countenance, combined with softness and grace of manners, constitute beauty.

Her mother was a pale, gentle woman, with large blue eyes, who had always been an invalid, and whose delicacy of look and demeanor contrasted strongly with the rough, harsh manners of her husband. Constant ill health had made her winning and dependent as a child; yet beneath all this softness of exterior, she carried a fixedness of principle, an elevation of mind, and strength of purpose, that had their full share of influence over her stern, imperious companion. Whatever might have been his previous irritation of feeling, no sooner did he enter the presence of his wife than all traces of it disappeared, even as if his rigid brow had been swept by the wing of his good angel.

Hannah had inherited all the fine womanly qualities of her mother, superadded to an excellent constitution, and a dash of her father's energy of will. It was well for her that it was so, for even from a child the duties of a woman had been exacted from her, and she was at once sister and mother to the little group about the domestic hearth. As she approached maturity she became the friend and companion of her mother, the nurse of her sick room, and even the utterer of her religious faith and devotion, as physical suffering sometimes dimmed the vividness of exalted truths. At such times the high-minded girl might be seen kneeling by the bedside, and with clasped hands, potiring forth the simple, fervent prayer of a young heart, deeply responding to the blessed truths of revelation.

The mother pressed her to her bosom with tears and blessings, for her progress to the tomb was made a pleasant pilgrimage, while cheered and supported by such a child.

At this time an addition was made to the little family, in the person of a youth of rare piety, and such powers of intellect as to warrant the elders in setting aside their ordinary rules for his benefit. Andrew Horton was an orphan, left pennyless by his young parents, who both

died of an epidemic when he was scarcely a year old; bequeathing this, their only earthly gift, to the charity of the church. He became, as it were, the property of the church, and each individual of it claimed a right for the discharge of kindly offices in behalf of the little orphan. As he grew up, it was evident, he was not unworthy of their solicitude. He was of rare modesty, deep piety, and such wonderful intellectual endowments, that all eyes turned to him, as one destined to become a leader in Israel, a burning and a shining light in the temple of the Lord. Unusual care was bestowed upon his education; as was meet for one who was hereafter to become the expounder of the Word, and a voice to the people of the Lord.

Friend Newton had now claimed his privilege of entertaining, at least for one year, the favored youth, while he should prosecute his studies, and engage in those acts of devotion and piety, which so much engrossed his affections, and were so appropriate for one called to his high and holy vocation.

Mrs. Newton listened to the lofty utterance of prayer from the lips of the pious young man, with a new strength, and felt her faith quickened, and her hopes elevated while she heard the truths of her religion explained and illustrated in his clear, vigorous manner, with the glowing language of his aspiring imagination and fervency of spirit.

Hannah, always retiring, and occupied with household matters, had little time for converse with the youth; but in the secrecy of her own heart, she sat even at his footstool, and imbibed not only the stores of wisdom from his lips, but the far more dangerous lessons of youthful love.

Andrew Horton scarcely noticed the quiet, unobtrusive maiden, so occupied was he in his studies and devotions. But when it became necessary for him to accept the hospitality of another of the brethren, he started to perceive how often the image of Hannah mingled in his dreams, and obtruded upon his meditations. He missed everywhere her sweet voice and placid smile, and felt that she must henceforth be to him what no other maiden ever could become.

The affliction of the little family, occasioned by the increasing illness of Mrs. Newton, seemed to justify his frequent visits, and Andrew Horton, more than once, upon his return from the bedside of the dying, threw himself upon his knees, and besought forgiveness from the Father of spirits, that his visits should have been rather the promptings of earthly attachment, than those of a high and holy sense of duty.

All sternness and pride of manhood forsook Friend Newton, as he stood by the side of his dying wife. He threw himself upon his knees, pressed her thin hands in his own, and the tears streamed from the eyes even of the strong man. Andrew Horton was there, and his rich deep voice breathed the language of prayer. He ceased—the soul of the sufferer had taken its flight upon the wings of his lofty aspirations; the mystery of life had ceased in the cold form before him.

Hannah arose with pale cheek, and approached the bereaved husband.

"Go with me, my father," she said, gently putting her arm in his, while she pressed her lips to his pale, damp brow. The old man arose with the docility of a little child, and she led him forth to an inner room,

where none might witness the agony of that moment. When she placed the large arm chair for him and had adjusted the cushions, he opened his arms to his child, and she fell upon his bosom. It was an unwonted tenderness, for Mr. Newton had never expressed anything like it for any other being than his wife. Now that she had left him, he yearned for some heart to which he might reveal the burden of his sorrows.

"Thee has been a dutiful child, Hannah, though I may never have told thee so before. It always grieved, Hannah, that I expressed so little tenderness for thee; but it wasn't in me—I couldn't do it—but I love thee just as well, child. And I might have made thy mother a great deal happier, but for my stern, hard ways. Oh, Hannah, Hannah, the grave is the revealer of all hearts. What would I not give to hear her say once again that she forgives me!" and the old man bowed his head upon the bosom of his daughter, and wept like a little child.

Hannah had wept too, but she felt that she ought not to witness the humiliation of her parent, and she raised her head calmly—

"Thee has ever been a good father to us all, and my mother loved and blessed thee to the last."

"Hannah, Hannah, I was unworthy of thee!" His voice was choked by a gush of tears.

Hannah turned to the Bible and read a part of the fourteenth chapter of John, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you," and gradually the anguish of her father became soothed, and he pressed her again to his heart, saying—

"Thy voice is like thy mother's, Hannah, and thee will be to me all that a child can be; I know thee will; and I will subdue my nature for the sake of thee and the little ones."

He kept his word—from that day a gentleness was infused into his manners, and a tenderness of feeling hitherto unknown. If occasionally his former spirit gained the ascendancy, he went alone to the chamber that had witnessed the suffering and death of one so gentle, and when he returned, it was as if her mantle had fallen upon him.

Andrew Horton found himself the pupil, rather than the teacher of the noble girl; and his own zeal and piety were strengthened by his intercourse with her. They had exchanged their pledges of fidelity, and Andrew was about to leave the vicinity to prosecute his mission in a distant field. It would be many years ere he would return. Hannah in the multiplicity of household avocations, in attendance upon her sick mother, in the exercise of her own religious views, to which the silent worship of their sect afforded ample encouragement, had imbibed a lofty enthusiasm, a shade of spiritual mysticism, little in accordance with the practical faith of her people. She had watched the operations of her own mind, and compared them with circumstances and events, till she saw a mysterious connexion between them, and even at times was led to a something verging upon the spirit of prophecy. She delighted to dwell upon the inter-communication of mind with mind, and the power which she believed it had to influence a congenial spirit, even though separated at ever so great a distance. The mind was unsubjected to the laws of the body; it traversed the fields of space, and lived in the past as well as the present. Even the future, under

certain circumstances and states of the mind, she believed might be revealed to it. Why then should not the intense thoughts of the human mind, especially when directed to an object of attachment, go forth like winged messengers and work their influence upon the distant and beloved? For this reason, she said, she would keep her thoughts and imaginations pure, that no emanation from her own mind should mislead the conceptions of another; that no unhallowed emotions should ever be associated with her in the minds of those she loved.

Andrew Horton listened to these mystical views of the lofty girl, until his own mind shared a portion of her enthusiasm—if it were a weakness or error in judgment, it was at the least a harmless one,—one that to them could only purify and exalt, while it could never mislead another. Therefore, he gave himself up to the beautiful illusion, that established a perpetual intercourse between himself and Hannah in the long period of absence.

"I do not ask, said Hannah, whether I shall be forgotten. You cannot forget me, unless I cease first to think upon you. For oh, Andrew, I can never forget you; and the emanation of my thoughts will momentarily create an image of myself within your mind. Do you realize, my friend, what it is to love one like me? You can never forget me, even should you desire it; for my thoughts, fixed as they will be upon you, will forever present an intense image of myself to your mind. You may cease to love, but you cannot cease to think upon me. I hold the talisman, that will ensure me this. But, oh! Andrew, when you shall cease to love, when you shall desire to forget me, think not I can remain ignorant of the fact. No, never. While the attachment is mutual, and the thoughts and memory of each other pleasant to the mind—the emanations of each will conjoin, and there will be produced upon the fancy of each, the most vivid conception of the other—it will be as if a pleasant painting of each should be presented to the eye. But should the affections of either become cold, the image of that one will fade from the vision of the other. He may retain the memory, but that vivid impression that brings up the eloquent eye, the speaking lip, and the very tones, and look of endearment, will grow less and less distinct, till it shall fade altogether away. Now, Andrew, this must be the case with you. My image will be forever distinct to you, for I can never cease to think upon you. But should your's fade from my mind's eye, alas! I shall know too well how to interpret it."

Andrew Horton's brow contracted.

"Hannah, I did not expect this from thee. Have I ever given thee cause for distrust?"

"Never, my friend," she said, laying her hand upon his; "but thee will have many snares to encounter, Andrew. Beautiful faces will look up to thee in thy holy ministrations;—timid maidens, who will flatter more the pride of thy heart, than ever Hannah could, will tremble and weep at the fervor of thy eloquence, and come to thee as to a spiritual guide. Would it be surprising then, if vows to one like me should be forgotten?"

The youth trembled under her searching, anxious glance; but he drew the hand to his bosom and kissed the lofty brow of the impassioned girl. Hannah's head fell upon his shoulder, and tears started from her eyes.

"Hannah, thou hast a lofty soul, and thy love is to me dearer than aught upon earth. Do not distrust me, Hannah, I shall have thy prayers and thy blessings, and that mystery of inter-communication of thy soul with mine, which of itself will be an amulet to preserve me from danger. All that is noble and pure in life is associated with thee, and thou well knowest it is in contemplations like these that I delight."

Two years passed away, and the smile grew faint upon the lip of Hannah. She had taken the child, who was an infant at her mother's death, upon her knee, and its cheek rested upon her bosom.

"Hannah, dear, don't thee humber?" said the child, lifting its eyes to her face.

"Humber, my dear—what does that mean?"

The little one heaved a deep sigh. "There, to do so, sister—that was a humber."

Hannah felt the tears spring to her eyes.

"No, Georgy, I won't do so any more—it is wrong. I must make thee feel quite happy."

The child kissed her cheek many times, and put his arms about her neck, calling her a dear sister.

From that time Hannah went about her daily avocations, with a strong purpose to forget her own sorrows, in ministering to the happiness of others. The child had taught her to feel the selfishness of concealed suffering, and she wrestled in prayer for strength to sustain her under the many trials of her lot. She felt a strong internal conviction, that Andrew Horton had ceased to regard her with his former attachment. Impressed with this belief, she wrote a letter in answer to one of his, from which I shall extract a few sentences.

"Thy letters reach me with the same punctuality as ever, and their language is still tender; but, Andrew, the spirit is wanting. It is as if the sentiments turned to ice under thy pen. There should be no disguise between us. Thee should never attempt it with me, Andrew, for I can divine all. Thy image has almost faded from my sight, and I know that thee desires to forget me. The vows that bind thee to me have become shackles. It would more become thy calling, Andrew, if thee would tell me so at once; for deceit must be painful to thee. I absolve thee from thy vows, my friend; thou art free to do as seemeth to thee good. I will try even to forget thee, that my image be not troublesome, as I know it will be if I continue to think upon thee. My thoughts, fixed on thee, will perpetually create in thy mind an image of myself, which I would not do, if thy affections are fixed upon another.

"Farewell, my dear friend; I say it for the last time, and thee will forgive the utterance. Do not distress thyself upon my account. I was made for endurance—it is a woman's destiny. I would forgive thee, if I had aught to forgive; but the affections are not to be schooled like wayward children. I cannot even now believe they are transferable. Farewell—and may thee be very, very happy."

In the reply of Andrew Horton, he confessed all. Hannah had indeed divined the truth. He spoke of a sweet, gentle girl, whose witchery had chased the love of Hannah from his heart. But he implored her forgiveness, he deprecated his own fickleness of heart, and conjured Hannah to forgive him, to forget him, and be happy in some new attachment.

Hannah's proud lip curled in scorn, and she laid the

letter upon the coals of the hearth. She went about her accustomed duties with a new pride, a womanly spirit of endurance, that knowing the worst, hath nerved itself for the trial.

Ten years passed away, and Hannah had become like unto Deborah, in the estimation of her people. Her proud beauty, her fervent piety, and the burning power with which she sometimes expounded the truths of her religion, had raised her up to be a leader amongst her people; little short of a prophetess, indeed, did she seem to many, as she held forth in the congregation.

It was rumored that Andrew Horton would return, and explain the scriptures once more in the place of his nativity. Hannah took her seat early, amongst the matrons—for time had abated nothing of the interest with which she once regarded him, although it had become modified by the circumstances in which he was now placed. Ten years had elapsed since the reception of that last letter, yet Hannah Newton felt her limbs tremble as she found herself once more in the presence of Andrew Horton.

She raised her eyes, as a stranger sat down upon the form beside her. It was the bride of Andrew Horton—a fragile, fair girl, whose eyes were fixed upon her husband, through the whole exercises, as if the only divinity she worshipped were vested in the manly form of the preacher. As the rich tones of his voice once more broke upon Hannah's ear, and she encountered those deep, passionate eyes, she closed her own, for a new weight of misery seemed pressed upon her heart. Why had he returned, to do away at a glance, that firmness which it had cost her years to acquire?

Hannah was quite alone when Friend Horton called. She arose with native self-possession, and spoke to him as to a brother.

The preacher struggled for utterance.

"Hannah," he at length said, "I have taken this long journey only upon thy account. I have come to implore thee to forget me. Thee has had much to forgive, Hannah; but thee cannot have suffered as I have done. When I took the hand of my bride at the altar, thy form seemed to come between me and her—and oh, Hannah, I felt then, and have not yet ceased to feel, that thou art the wife of my spirit."

"Andrew Horton—I must not listen to this. Thee wrongs the fair girl who lives only in thy smiles. Why did'st thou return to bring new sorrow to my heart, and to plunge thee deeper in sin?"

"Hannah, I returned not for this, but to implore thee to forget me. Thee cannot have forgotten that intercommunication of spirit with spirit, of which we used to talk. I feel its full power now; for thy image is ever with me, and daily am I taught to feel the constancy of thy attachment."

"Why should'st thou return to tell me this? I think of thee, Andrew, as the husband of another. I pray for thy happiness, thy usefulness, and that thee may be preserved from temptation. Friend Horton, this is unworthy of thee. I forgive thee—but let us part."

"Nay, Hannah, thee must hear all. I come not to speak of aught that might wrong my bride; no, it is for her sake as well as my own, that I implore thee to forget me. When her cheek is pressed to mine, I see only thee, Hannah. When she sleeps upon my bosom, with her fair arms about my neck, it is thy form, and thy

arms that seem to entwine me. I shrink from her caresses as from a deadly sin, for I bestow them as unto thee. Mary is as a sister unto me; but thou, Hannah, art the bride of my spirit."

Hannah turned deadly pale, and covered her face with her hands, while low moanings escaped her heaving bosom.

"Andrew, I foresaw all this, when I warned thee of the peril of loving one like me. I knew the nature of thy sex—delighting in the timid, the trembling and dependent—and that should one like this cross thy path, the love of Hannah would be a shackle. It is as I foresaw—but I will not reproach thee, Andrew; it was thy nature."

"And most bitterly have I suffered. My broken vows have rung a perpetual knell in my ears, and barred up the avenues to enjoyment. The loving, the trusting Mary, hath been the victim of my error. And thee, too, Hannah. The blight hath fallen from me upon two spirits, of whom the world is not worthy. Woe, woe is me!" And he pressed his hand to his brow; for the large veins were swollen and rigid with the intensity of his suffering.

Hannah laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Andrew Horton, thou art called not to ease and enjoyment, but to labor and trial. Gird thyself for the contest, and be strong even in the strength of the Most High. I will strive once more to forget thee. But, oh God! have I not striven? Have I not wrestled day and night, with tears, and many prayers? Andrew, I will pray yet again, that this bitter cup may pass away from us. But, oh! when I pray to forget, even in the agony of my spirit, do I not still remember thee? I will strive yet again. Andrew, return to thy bride; be all to her that thou hast promised at the altar to be, that thy conscience upbraid thee not for wrong done to the gentle and timid, whose spirit is ill able to bear suffering of any kind, far less to have it dealt out without measure, as it hath been to me. Farewell." She pressed his hand gently, and left the room.

For many years had Hannah Newton discharged the duties of her sex with a pale cheek and placid brow, sympathizing in the sorrows of all, but herself seeking sympathy from none; for with a mind lofty and exalted as her's, human sources of consolation were utterly unavailing. She stood alone in the majesty of grief, seeking consolation only from the Great Comforter. But now the smile lingered about her mouth, and the light returned to her eye—yet her step grew feeble, and her brow assumed a more transparent beauty. The image of Andrew Horton again mingled with her dreams, and visited her mental vision. She felt, she knew, that her love was still dear to him, that he turned to her with the fondness of earlier days. She knew this, but it filled her with doubt and anxiety. Had Andrew Horton, the minister of the Most High, dared to forget his vows to his wife, to her whom he had sworn to love and to cherish? Or was the fair bride at rest, gone in her youth and beauty to the bosom of her God?

Again, Andrew Horton, with pale cheek and a loftier beauty stood by the side of Hannah. He told how the sweet, child-like Mary, had fallen asleep, like a young floweret blighted upon the stalk. He dwelt upon her love, her beauty, 'till the tears of Hannah mingled with his own.

"And now, thee wilt be my own wife, Hannah, even as thou hast been the bride of my spirit. I shall acquire new strength with a spirit like thine. Thee will caution, advise, and elevate me. Thy love shall purify and exalt me. Mary was as a beautiful child, slumbering upon my bosom; when doubt and suffering came upon me, she would fling her white arms around me, and mingle her tears and sighs. But thou, Hannah, would'st have dispelled my doubts; thou would'st have led me to the true sources of consolation; and thy prayers would have been as the dew of Hermon to my spirit. Thy caresses would have blessed, while they exalted me. Wilt thou not be my own wife, bride of my spirit?" He drew her to his bosom—her cheek rested upon his. She pressed her lips to his, and her arms encircled his neck. A deep sigh escaped her, and her head fell upon his shoulder.

Andrew Horton raised her from his bosom and gazed upon her face. Hannah Newton was to be only the spirit's bride. She was dead!

JUDITH BENSADDI: A TALE.

Second edition, revised and enlarged by the author.

Preface to the Second Edition.

Ten years ago the author heard, at bed time, some extraordinary incidents that had befallen a young friend of his. The romantic character of these incidents excited his fancy so, that he could not sleep until a tale was fabricated out of the materials, and the mind had unburdened itself by putting its conceptions on paper. After a hasty revision, this effusion of a restless imagination was sent to the press. It was published in a literary periodical of Philadelphia, and, to the author's mortification, a good deal blurred by a foul typography. It was copied, errors and all, into several country papers; and in spite of defects, whether in authorship or typography, the natural interest of the story caused it to be considerably read and admired.

After some two or three years, the author's name accidentally leaked out, and became generally known among his acquaintances; and it has been from that time, sent abroad occasionally, in connection with this sole specimen of his literary fancy-work. Feeling some regard for his reputation as a writer, even in this unusual line, he has been induced now, after so long a time, to employ some of his leisure hours in preparing a corrected and enlarged edition. He has given more development to the chief incidents and characters, added some of a subordinate kind that are new, and interwoven some descriptions of natural objects with the narrative. Thus he has more than doubled its size, and, he presumes to think, greatly increased the interest of the story. There is still in some parts a want of the careful finish, and strict correction, that are desirable, even in the smallest work of taste and fancy. For remaining defects, of whatever kind, the author can offer no apology, but either the want of genius for such compositions, or what is certainly true, the want of sufficient uninterrupted leisure amidst weighty cares and occupations, to polish a work of literary amusement. He has found an agreeable relaxation from severer labors of the mind, in this exercise of the imagination. Should any of his acquaintances think that the

composition of a tale, however innocent in its tendency or serious in its effect, misbecomes the gravity of his office, he begs to be excused for this once; and to be indulged in treating the only child of his fancy so far like a pet, as to be allowed, after such long neglect, to give it a new dress, and thus to let it go forth with better hopes to seek its fortune in the literary world.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

Sometimes a single incident at the outset of a man's career, may determine the course and color of his after life. He may find himself placed, unexpectedly, in such critical circumstances, that by a decision which cannot be delayed, he has the prospect of making, yet the apprehension of marring, his fortune during life.

An unlooked-for tide in his affairs may seem ready to bear him away to the islands of the happy; but he fears by the way some hidden rocks and quicksands by which all his hopes are in danger of being wrecked and engulfed forever. He stands upon the shore in trembling perplexity, strongly tempted yet afraid to embark. The tide of fortune begins to ebb; warning him that time and tide wait for no man; and that procrastination will be the death of opportunity. He still hesitates, painfully suspended between the attractions of hope and the repulsive suggestions of fear. The tide is gone: the happy opportunity has fled: he discovers, too late, that the danger was imaginary and the offered good inestimable. Then does he bewail his indecision, and reproach himself through life for the neglect of that golden opportunity. A bright and lovely object had, like a heavenly meteor, flashed upon his sight, and kindled his feelings to a glow. As it shone upon his enraptured vision, it invited him over the waters to its region of felicity; but when he delayed to answer the call, it vanished forever from his sight, and left him weeping upon the desolate shore. His only consolation was, that the result, though unfortunate, was not fatal, and still left open to him the humble path of exertion and the ordinary prospects of life, to which he had formerly looked. Reflection teaches him the salutary lesson, that the accidental opportunity was an act of Divine Providence, throwing rare circumstances into conjunction, to show man that his way is not in himself; and that his own conduct in so extraordinary a case, is evidence of weakness and fallibility, which should humble him beneath the mighty hand that aways the destiny of man.

Such a critical tide of fortune once occurred in the affairs of my life. It gave occasion to these reflections; and was of so rare and striking a character, as to make a story somewhat interesting and instructive. I proceed to record it, not only for the entertainment, but the admonition of the young reader; who should learn from it to act promptly as well as prudently, in critical conjunctures, and never to indulge any feeling in regard to human affairs to such excess, as to disqualify himself for the exercise of a cool and dispassionate judgment. This is the lesson which I would now teach him, from the most affecting portion of all my experiences.

CHAPTER II.

A STUDENT'S JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH.

I was born and educated in Rockbridge, a county that lies in the great valley of Virginia, and derives its name from that famous curiosity, the Natural Bridge. My parents were respectable, but in such moderate circumstances, that they could afford me nothing more than a good education. Our residence was on the North River side, near Lexington,

the seat of Washington College, an institution which has never made an ostentatious display of its claims to public notice, but which has nevertheless produced a large number of good scholars and excellent men. Here, of course, I pursued my liberal studies. We lived so near the village that I could attend all its schools without boarding away from home. This prevented in my case, what often happens in others, a breach of domestic attachments by early absence and long association with scenes and persons at a distance from the parental domicile. All my pleasures during the freshness and ardor of youth, were associated with home and kindred and the beautiful scenery of my birth-place.

Having by years of diligent application, obtained a distinguished place among the graduates of my college, which does not bestow its honors with a lavish hand, I betook myself ambitiously, and I may add, successfully, to a course of professional studies, under a learned gentleman of the village, whose office I frequently visited while I kept my lodging at home. My industry was the more energetic, because my worldly hopes depended on my personal exertions: and I was resolved to make up for my want of fortune by mental accomplishments and professional ability. Before I had finished the extensive task allotted to myself, I suffered a disheartening check upon my exertions. Excessive application to books gradually brought on me the symptoms of a consumption—the penalty often paid for literary ambition. Still, though aware of danger, I was loathe to quit my books. But the frequent cough and the hectic spot on a pale cheek, alarmed my friends so much that they called in a physician to aid them with his authority in persuading me to desist. His warning voice added to their anxious remonstrances, at length overcame my reluctance to quench the lamp of study: yet I did it reluctantly, even when I knew that persistence would extinguish the lamp of life; so treacherous a guide is even the noblest passion, and so needful of control. I consented, however, to fly from the sharp air of the mountains and to spend the approaching winter in the warm plains of the south. I promised also to abstain from all study, and to apply myself wholly to the social pleasures and amusements, which might cheer my drooping spirits and promote the restoration of my health.

When the chill winds of November admonished me to depart; I prepared to travel alone on horseback. My simple preparations being soon completed, I bade a sorrowful adieu to my friends and to the homestead of my youth, where every object was pleasant and dear to my soul. Never had I felt so melancholy. My previous absences from home had been only short excursions for amusement: my local attachments were strong and unbroken; my little circle of kindred and friends was nearly all the world to me. My journey was a solitary one to a strange land; my disease I knew to be always insidious and often fatal. I was constitutionally subject to fits of mental dejection. How could I be otherwise than sad? I was in fact plunged into the deepest gulf of despondency. When I reached the top of the Blue Ridge, a lonely fugitive from home, breathing short from obstructed lungs, going far away for the first time, to live and not improbably, to die among strangers, I turned to take what might be my last look over the woody hills and the cedar cliffs, that bent the river half round my paternal home. I saw the smoke in bluish wreaths ascending from the peaceful nook. I began to weep—yes, though a man grown, I wept like a child, when I waved my hand to bid the unutterable adieu to my native land, and turned my horse's head down the southern declivity of the mountain.

I pursued my journey moping and sometimes despairing, but occasionally interested, and the more so as I went farther on, with the new scenes through which I passed, and the new aspects of human life that occurred to my observation. I arrived safely, though still in low health and spirits, at a village near the Savannah river, where I purposed to sojourn during the winter. The location was suitable in every respect; the climate was mild, the society good, and one of my former college mates was the most popular physician in the place. By him I was soon introduced into some of the most agreeable families in the town and neighborhood. Now I learned by experience, what I had heard from the reports of travellers, how engaging are the charms of southern hospitality. My case seemed to excite as much sympathy among these benevolent strangers, as if I had been of their own flesh and blood. They ministered to my diseased mind a thousand delicate and consoling attentions. My rustic backwardness in strange company was quickly subdued by their easy and open simplicity of manners—that true politeness which is not an imitation of conventional forms, but an agreeable manifestation of kind feelings. New scenes, cheerful conversation, pleasant rides in the soft winter air, and all the nameless appliances of watchful benevolence to a drooping invalid, soon turned the wreath of my health and spirits into reviving flow. My appetite was restored, my cough ceased, my respirations became free, the purple tinge of health revisited my cheek, and all the world again brightened around me: And what was not a recovered good, but a positive and a delightful acquisition, I began to relish in a high degree the pleasures of society, and was daily learning to act my part in company with a better grace, and a more ready communicativeness than formerly. During my studious life, I took no pleasure in social parties, but preferred to ramble alone for amusement in the green woods, or on the wild cliffs and shady river banks about home, or over the high mountains that border my native valley; from whose forest-crowned summits I could look out, and see finer sights than “the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous places” of the artificial world. But now the experience of three months, devoted to the enjoyment of mixed society, had completely tapped a new fountain of pleasure in my soul; and the stream that flowed from it, if not so deep as some others, was yet so sweet and sparkling, that I was resolved no more to neglect its pleasant entertainments. My new circle of hospitable friends had gained such a hold upon my affections, that I felt much less than I had anticipated, the weariness of a long absence from home. But still I did not forget my dear native mountains. In the solitude of my chamber, I often longed for their whispering shades and mossy rivulets; but I could bear my absence without repining now, because I hoped, ere long, to see them again, as I had often seen them with delight, raising their green heads aloft in the vernal air, and bathing them in the cerulean light of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDENT'S NEW STAGE ACQUAINTANCES.

To confirm my health and to enlarge my scanty knowledge of the world, I resolved to visit Charleston on my way home, and thence to take a sea-voyage round to the Chesapeake. Accordingly, when spring began to smile over the woods and fields, I bade my southern friends an affectionate farewell, and took a seat in the Charleston stage, which left the village two hours before sun-rise. I found two other passengers within; but discovering by the starlight only, that they were a man and a woman, I said nothing to them, and they said nothing to me, until day-light.

We seemed on both sides, to feel a diffidence of venturing to address a stranger in the dark, when we could not see even the color of his face. They once in a while spoke a few words to each other in a low and remarkably sweet tone of voice. This awakened in me a curiosity to see what manner of persons they were, whose half whispered words sounded musically. When the dawn began to disclose the personal appearance of my fellow travellers, I was struck with their beauty. They were evidently brother and sister; the one being a masculine likeness of the other. They were in the bloom of youth, with complexions between brown and fair, raven black locks, and eyes moderately large, not quite jetty black, but star-bright interpreters of intellect and feeling. Their faces were roundish oval, all the features in just proportion, and the expression of the whole, vivacious and benign. In person, they were well shaped, the limbs plump and rounded, their stature of the middle height, and the body inclining to fulness. Nothing else in their personal appearance struck me as remarkable, until I saw them walk, and then I noticed an easy and graceful agility of movement, indicating muscular elasticity, sprightliness of mind, and, as I thought, a cultivated taste.

The young lady struck me at once, and indeed at all times, as the most beautiful gem of humanity that I had ever seen. At first I considered her, but rather doubtfully, as a brunette—a sweet pretty brunette—but when I looked at her in the open air, and the full light of day, the ebon black of her flowing hair, and the mild black of her lustrous eyes, contrasted so strongly with the delicate hue of her complexion, that I pronounced her so fair, as to be only not florid. I endeavored to criticise every part of her person and features—but, except what I have mentioned, I discovered nothing in the superlative degree—her round forehead was not very round; her nose had no very marked character; her mouth was neither wider nor narrower than common; her lips neither thick nor thin. The only striking circumstance about her mouth, was a sort of tremulous vivacity of muscle, ready to catch and to express the slightest movements of the soul. As to her chin and cheeks, I could not say that they were or were not dimpled; for the play of her features made dimples appear and vanish alternately. Nor could I call her neck long and arched, as the necks of beauties are usually described—this young lady's was neither long nor short, though it tapered a little. Her foot was not very small, not a withered Chinese foot, but in good proportion to the person which it had to support. As to other first appearances, my fellow passengers were genteelly but not showily dressed, and had all the air of good breeding.

After several glances of curiosity had passed between us, we gave token of a willingness to try each other's conversation. We began with due caution, feeling our way with a short remark at a time on the weather, the road, and other such trivial matters. This fortunate proving satisfactory, we extended our remarks to subjects less trite—such as the features of the country and the condition of its inhabitants. Here too, we mutually elicited observations, good in themselves and savoring of better yet in store. Encouraged by our progress thus far, we promptly advanced another degree, and launched forth our thoughts into a bolder strain; making, in turn, little discourses on the effects of climate and geographical circumstances, in modifying the character and pursuits of the population around us. Here we at least bordered upon the philosophical, or

got perhaps within its confines; yet none of us failed, not even the lady, young and beautiful and bright-eyed though she was. Her speeches thus far on in the conversation, were neither many nor long; but they were music to the ear, intelligence to the understanding, and to my heart, they were—I knew not the nature of the impression—it was something undefinable—it can only be suggested by comparison; and yet I am in doubt whether to say that it was refreshing as a crystal fountain in the shade, when the fields glow with summer heat; or rather a genial warmth, like that of the April sun, when the zephyr breathes softly and the flowers are springing.

We soon dismissed all caution and reserve. We had found ourselves to be mutually agreeable, and in a short time understood one another so well, as to feel assured that nothing would be said or taken amiss; so we poured ourselves forth without measure, and were soon flowing on with a full current of loquacity. My fellow travellers delighted me more than strangers had ever done—their speech was so intellectual, yet so modest—was set off with such a sparkling vivacity, yet with such a kindliness of manner, that it raised in me the highest tide of social animation, that I had experienced since my melancholy departure from home; or perhaps the highest that I had ever experienced.

But who were my new acquaintances? I had a great desire to know, but not the impertinence to ask. They spoke English with the perfect ease and idiom of well-educated natives of England or America; but in their persons differed from my notion of the anglo-saxon race. The course of our conversation, however, soon led us to speak of the people of different countries. I alluded to my Virginia mountaineers—they, to their fellow cockneys, and to London as their native city. Their name, Bensaddi, soon afterwards mentioned, sounded in my ears like an Italian name; and I shrewdly conjectured that their dark eyes and hair, with their brunettish complexion, were due to the influence of an Italian, perhaps of a Sicilian sun, upon their ancestors.

I was now curious to know the object and course of their travels. As if he had perceived my curiosity on the subject, the open-hearted young gentleman took occasion to tell me the following particulars. The father having some business with a planter in the West Indies, had sent his son to attend to it; the sister took a fancy to accompany him, and had after much pleading, obtained their father's consent, that she might see the curiosities of nature in the torrid zone, and "the black man in the miseries of West Indian bondage, and the white man in the highest state of freedom, as he is in your happy country," said the young gentleman politely.

"Miss Bensaddi sees man in the extremes of slavery and freedom here," said I candidly.

"Not so far gone in the dark extreme of slavery, (said he,) for West Indian bondage is worse than yours; though I confess that the mildest form of slavery is a degradation bitter to the feelings of mankind."

"Yes, sir, to us it would be intolerably galling, because we have the birth-right and the sentiment of freedom. But happily for the poor negroes, they have never known the state of freedom, nor imbibed its sentiments; hence, they are not aggrieved by a sense of degradation and wrong. Born to slavery, they grow up with minds conformable to their condition, and rarely, if left to themselves, brood over the hardships of their lot; but finding their parents, themselves, and nearly

all their race, placed in it by Divine Providence, their only thought is to make the best of a condition which is not without its comforts and advantages."

"True, sir, you have accounted for a fact, which is little known in England, and which both surprised and gratified us, when we observed it in America. The slaves, in general, seem to be as contented and merry a set of beings as any in the world. They laugh, and sing, and dance, not to "drive dull care away," for dull care seems never to visit them: they seem to think that, as they themselves belong to their master, he is bound to take their cares into the bargain; so they throw the vexatious pack upon his shoulders, and leap for very lightness of heart at their deliverance."

"Now, brother, (said the young lady, playfully,) did not I tell you when we left Savannah, that if you staid much longer among these merry slaves, you would renounce abolitionism, and defend slavery as the best condition of poor laborers. You know what care-worn wretches most of our hiring laborers and small jobbers are at home, especially the mechanics and manufacturers; how hard they must work for a scanty subsistence, while they are healthy and strong; how precarious their resources, and how little they can hope to lay up for their future support; and consequently, what a miserable prospect they have for the coming days of sickness and old age—having nothing better to rely on than the cold comfort of the parish hospital, with a stinted dole of public charity often grudgingly administered. What a contrast to your light-hearted slaves, who are sure of a competency without care on their part, a provision which they look to as their right, and enjoy without the mortification of being dependants on charity. Thus released from the care of providing for themselves and their families, their only remaining care is how to get easily through the hours of labor, and merrily through all the rest. Now, brother, have you not proved that we ought to renounce abolitionism?"

"Not yet, my sister. You have made an ingenious web of my argument, and thrown it dexterously over my own head; but you have not so fastened the loopholes, but that I can escape its entanglements. Every thing that has length and breadth has two sides, you know. So has slavery, and so has free labor. I turned up the bright side of slavery, and you showed the dark side of free labor. The contrast was strikingly advantageous to slavery—so you clapped, without further ceremony, this inference upon me, as the conclusion of the whole matter. That was not fair—was it, sir?"

"You need not appeal, brother, for I acknowledge that I was too hasty. But, sir, (said she, addressing me,) we are sincerely gratified at one result of our observations thus far in America. We have discovered that negro slavery is not on all sides so dark and doleful as we had imagined. It has, indeed, some cheerful sunspots, delightful to look upon. Brother, tell Mr. Garamo of the pleasant scenes that we witnessed at Colonel P—'s, where we saw the negro wedding. That sight would have convinced any one that slaves might be happy in their slavery. It was an example in point—or, what I have heard Doctor Magruder call, an ocular demonstration. Do tell it, brother."

"Tell it yourself, Judith, for you enjoyed the sight fully as much as I did, and you probably remember the circumstances better."

A slight tinge of rose-colored modesty suffused her cheek, as she hesitated a moment to answer.

"I fear that I should make a wearisome story of it—for, after all, it was but an humble scene of joy, felt by untutored hearts, and manifested in a way so unrefined, as to afford little scope for entertaining description; especially when told to one who is so familiar with incidents of the kind as I suppose Mr. Garamo is. Such pleasant passages in the experience of slaves often occur in this country, I presume—but they are almost unheard of in England—and I shall carry this one home in my memory for the edification of some friends there, who have been lately filled with dismal ideas of American slavery, and almost raging indignation against all slaveholders. We were fast catching the same dark colored views and feelings when we embarked for America. One object of our voyage was, that we might see how the poor slaves lived and fared, and what could or ought to be done for their relief—and we rejoice to find, that in some cases, nothing better can be done for them, than to leave them in the undisturbed possession of their blessings."

"I am glad that you have found it so—but, Miss Bensaddi, I beg that you will favor me with an account of the negro wedding. I know that the slaves in my part of the country have as light a task of labor, and enjoy as many comforts, as common laborers can well experience in any country or any condition; and that they have both hearts and leisure to frolic as much as their white fellow-laborers; but I am a stranger in these Southern parts, and have had very limited opportunity of observing the condition of the slaves. You will, therefore, gratify me by giving a sketch of the wedding scene."

"Well, sir, an imperfect sketch is all that I can promise. We went by invitation to the hospitable mansion of Colonel P—. On approaching the house, we observed a large party of slaves, before one of the quarters, by the yard fence, and we were struck with their tidy apparel and joyous looks. Seeing us regard them with interest, Col. P— remarked, that they were to have a wedding among them that evening. When we expressed our pleasure at their appearance, and our curiosity to observe their manners and customs, he told us that we could have the opportunity of witnessing the whole affair, if we pleased, as some of his family always attended their marriage ceremonies; and that we could look in upon their supper and ball, after the ceremony was over. We gladly embraced the offer, and were much gratified with more than the novelty of the sight. These slaves had more comfortable accommodations, and were more civilized than the West India slaves; and we thought, more also than the generality of slaves that we had seen in this country. The reason was, that they had an excellent master. I never anywhere saw so gladsome a wedding party. There was, of course, nothing elegant or refined—but there was enough of finery in their dresses—indeed, a profusion of gay colors and flaunting ribbons, and gewgaws in their bushy curls; with all which their simple fancies were mightily pleased. I was, myself, exceedingly gratified with the full hearted joy that sprang up in them, and sprang out of them too, when the fiddle and the dance gave free vent to the fountains of feeling within them. Merry jests started forth every instant, and jovial laughter burst in claps of delight from their souls. We looked through a window upon this scene of harmless mirth and of joy, that gushed light and free from the hearts of nature's children; and we could but consider these outpourings of pleasure as a re-

ward—if not a full one, still a jeal reward—bestowed peculiarly on them for their submissive toils at a master's bidding; and while I looked and reflected on what I saw, I felt a strange mixture of emotions; tears trickled down my face—for what I could not tell—they might be tears of joy or tears of compassion, or both together—and while the tears came, I sometimes found myself laughing—but whether out of diversion at their oddities, or out of sympathy with their merriment, I do not know; for I seemed to have all sorts of incongruous feelings at the same time.

"The next day an incident occurred, that gave us a still more touching proof of their happy condition. News arrived that their dear 'massa' was 'lected to Congress.' Perhaps they did not exactly understand what this was, but they understood at least that it was some high honor, and they triumphed as if the honor were all their own. They could not contain their gladness—they shook each other by the hand—they came in a crowd to the door, and sent in a request to see their master. When he came out, and asked them kindly whether they wanted any thing, their spokesman answered: 'Nothing, massa, only to tell you how we thank God that you be 'lected to Congress.' 'Well, boys, (said he, with emotion,) I am gratified to find that you are so rejoiced at it—and, boys, you need not go to work to-day; you must have an infair for the bride and bridegroom; so make ready for that.' 'Yea, massa, thank'ee; but we lef' a little to do in dat field; we'll go finish it—then we'll dress for the infair.' When they were retiring, one of them, as he passed near the window where we stood, said aloud to himself: 'God bless my good massa.'

"I thought, (continued the young lady, wiping her eyes,) that next to the blessing of good parents to take care of us in childhood, was the blessing which poor ignorant laborers have in a good master to direct their labors, and to take care of all their interests."

"Now, sister, (said the young gentleman, smiling, with a tear in his eye,) do you not see that you have become an advocate for slavery—quite a pleader, and as earnest in the cause as a feed barrister?"

"If I am earnest, you must observe, brother Eli, that I am pleading only in a particular case—and if I advocate slavery, it is only in such cases as the one which I have described—where the master is discreet and humane, and where the slaves are unfit for any higher condition than that of common laborers, and are moreover contented with their situation, as in such cases they are likely to be. Then I believe that they are happier than they could be in a state of freedom. To abolish their slavery, is then to abolish their best source of happiness—and what sort of philanthropy would that be?"

"There you are right, sister. I think, sir, that in this country at least, many cases exist, in which the abolition of slavery would be a sorry boon, one for which the merry fellows, whose happiness we had taken in charge, would not thank our philanthropy; at least, not after the experiment of freedom had taught them, that they must now shoulder their own cares, and still work or starve. And, sir, when we consider that the half of mankind do, and must labor in poverty, whether they be bond or free, the loss of human happiness through slavery will not appear to be of such mighty magnitude that the heart of a zealous abolitionist must needs burst in attempting to conceive it."

"Your zealous abolitionists, (said I,) probably con-

fine their attention to the evils of slavery, and swell their conceptions by brooding over these alone, until the miseries of bondage grow to an uncontainable magnitude before the imagination. These philanthropists would suffer a less painful distension of their sympathetic hearts, if they would condescend to take an impartial view of all the facts, and in the fulness of their humanity, would allow their horror of slavery to be somewhat abated by a consideration of the exemption of the slave from some of the worst ills of poverty, and some of the most corroding cares of life, and by a consideration of some positive comforts, which grow out of the relation between the slave and his master. Divine Providence has annexed to this relation some of the happy feelings which arise from the relation of parent and child. But even the filial feelings of a son or daughter may be destroyed by ill usage; much more the correspondent feeling of the slave. Notwithstanding the exceptions, however, the general fact in this country is, that the slave is attached to his master, and feels sensibly, almost every day of his life, that there is comfort in having such a protector and superintendent in his humble station as a poor laborer. But I suppose that some men are so violently philanthropic, that they will not look at this side of the picture. Why, sir, in the same partial way of considering a subject, they might soon gather up a store of indignation against a higher character than the slaveholder. They have only to set their imaginations to brooding over the evils alone of any condition in life, even the highest and best, and they will soon engender in their minds, and nurse to maturity, a heavy indignation against the Disposer of our lot, and raise their feelings to a sublime pitch of philanthropic blasphemy."

"Yes, sir, (said the young lady, with animation,) we knew from experience, how the dark-sided representations of slavery tend to inflame the imagination, and to exasperate one's sympathy, until the milk of human kindness is poisoned with gall and wormwood. When we left home, we were beginning to consider slavery in America, as made up of little else than knotty scourges, brutal oppression, and the heart-rending cries of mothers robbed of their children—of peccadillos punished with bloody lashes, and taskmasters wringing toil from every age and sex, without reward and without mercy. I shudder now, to think how exaggerated reports of this sort, often reiterated, so galled my humanity, that I could almost wish to see the horrors of St. Domingo repeated on every set of slaveholders in America—such a bitter charity did I feel for African bondsmen. But I have learned a lesson from it, which I hope not soon to forget;—and that is, never to let partial statements of human oppression work up my sympathy to rage; and never, if possible, in any case, to let a good feeling overrun the heart like a torrent, and gather impurities by the violence of its course."

During this conversation, my fair companion had gradually acquired a spirit and energy of expression, of which we all partook, but which in her bordered on the impassioned eloquence of enthusiasm. Her delicate frame had begun to dilate with swelling emotions, and all her features to express the glowing fervor of thought. I began to expect from her a lofty outpouring of soul; and would probably have been gratified, if the coach had not stopped at the breakfast house so soon, and turned the bold current of our conversation into the shallow and discursive channels of small talk.

I need not say that I was highly pleased with my fellow travellers. The subject of our last conversation

was a serious one, but well adapted to draw forth their moral sentiments and to try the strength of their reflective powers.

I have attempted to give the thoughts which they uttered, and to imitate their style of expression—but there was an indescribable something in their manner, especially the sister's, which gave an extraordinary interest to their conversation. The brother's language was peculiarly witty and amusing, and withal very sensible; but when Judith spoke,—the soft melody of her voice, and after she became excited, its lively intonations,—the kindling lustre of her eyes, the play of her expressive features, with the winning modesty of her manner, and the undefinable eloquence of both her manner and her style—made all that she said go warm and animating to the heart; as if an ethereal fire had penetrated to the sources of animation, and given an exhilarating impulse to all the principles of life. Not to admire such a person with such a mind, I considered impossible.

"I could love her, (said I to myself, when I got out of the stage, and saw her trip gracefully into the house,) yes, I could love her with all my heart—but how rash and vain were that for me—her accidental companion for a day! I must not indulge this amatory propensity. The warmth of so delicious a passion might solace and delight me to-day, only to afflict me with aching regret and hopeless longings, after she will have left me to-morrow. I must close my breast against this dangerous Cupid. I see him now with bended bow and malicious eye, watching for an avenue to my heart."

So said I to myself—but I was a sheer novice in the mysteries of love. Ovid may teach the signs and rules to the inexperienced; but we shall be still unwise, till nature shall by actual experience teach us the interpretation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STUDENT'S DESCRIPTION OF A BRIDGE.

After resuming our seats in the coach, we began to speak of our journey to Charleston, and our ulterior courses of travel. My free-hearted companions promptly communicated their plans. They would spend a few days in Charleston, and then take a packet and go to Norfolk by sea. They would thus avoid the disagreeable route by stage, through the tame sand-flats and miry swamps of the Carolinas; disagreeable at all seasons, they had been told, but most so in the watery month of March. From Norfolk they would visit Washington, Philadelphia, and so on to Boston, where they intended to embark finally for England.

My heart gave a leap—a higher one than necessary, I thought, when I heard of the days in Charleston and the voyage to Norfolk.

"Your route to Norfolk, (said I to Mr. Bensaddi,) coincides at all points with mine, and if mutually agreeable, I should be glad of your company all the way."

"Very agreeable, I assure you, and I esteem it a fortunate circumstance that we shall have your company so far."

His pleased look confirmed his complimentary declaration, and my instinctive glance, (or was it accidental?) at Miss Judith's face, caught the smiling token of her satisfaction, as it played over her beautiful features. But what did that signify? Travellers generally like

company, though it be not *particularly* agreeable—but for all that, when the smile was caught playing so sweetly over her countenance, I felt it glide down immediately into my heart, and nestling there, produce a series of agreeable little titillations. But Mr. Bensaddi thus continued:

"We are total strangers in this country—we have not a single acquaintance nigher than Boston. To meet with a companion every way agreeable is very gratifying to a land traveller, and particularly so to a voyager. One who has travelled much feels this pleasure the more sensibly, because he has been annoyed with accidental companionships, which not only plague him for an hour, but stick and grow to him like barnacles, and make heavy sailing for the poor wight, whether it be on land or water. I am the more inclined, therefore, to stick like a barnacle myself, when I fall in with a choice companion. I wish your route coincided with ours all the way."

"I wish so too, Mr. Bensaddi; but my route from Norfolk leads me westward to Richmond, and thence still westward to my home in the mountains. I should be much pleased if your curiosity led you to visit my native valley—its scenery is fine, and well worthy of a traveller's attention."

"I should delight to visit the Natural Bridge, (said Judith, with kindling eyes.) Is that near your residence?"

"Within fifteen miles; and that single object would reward a trip to the mountains."

"Writers describe it as a great curiosity; but I have a very imperfect conception of it. Do, if you please, give us a full description. You are doubtless familiarly acquainted with its appearance, and can describe it better than travellers, who have taken but one hasty look."

The brother joined earnestly in the request.

"Do, if you please;" said the beautiful sister again.

How could I refuse? Yet, I professed, as in modesty bound, that I was not a good describer—and I added, what was true, that no description could do justice to this singular object, which refused to confer a just impression of its beautiful magnificence, through language or painting; and demanded, that all who would enjoy the delightful conception, should come personally and do homage in its own rocky abode. Hence it comes to pass, that no visitor of common sensibility ever viewed it attentively, without acknowledging that the reality exceeded all that he had conceived or anticipated.

"Well, sir, that only increases our desire to know something more of an object so interesting, and which we cannot visit. We will make allowance for the inadequacy of all description, and still thank you for improving our notions of so rare a curiosity, of which, at present, we have very obscure conceptions from accounts defective in themselves and imperfectly remembered."

"Well then, sir, I will make the attempt:—In the first place, imagine yourself to be travelling from the village of Lexington, southwestwardly, through a valley ten or twelve miles broad, separating two ranges of high mountains, and presenting a surface broken into every variety of hill, dale and ravine. Twelve miles from the village you leave the main road, and after crossing the hill on the left, pursue the course

of a brook which glides over a bed of solid limestone. Within two miles of the main road, you cross the brook a second time, and go up an acclivity to an inn by the way side. Here you find that the road continues to ascend the slope of a hill, which gradually rises before you to the elevation of a mountain. Your course is west of south. A few yards beyond the inn, your eye is drawn towards a vista between the forest-covered hill that you are ascending, and a similar one on the left. This opening is made by a deep narrow glen, through which you descry, at the distance of several miles, a portion of the high and many-formed blue ridge, bounding the great valley on its south-eastern side. Attracted by this, you may not be aware of any thing remarkable about your feet, as you ascend the slope, until you observe that you are in the line of this deep glen, and apparently at its head. Casting down your eyes, you discover a sudden break in the rocks by the road side. The glen seems to terminate there in a deep, narrow chasm. You approach the margin, a few yards from the road; perpendicular cliffs open to a fearful depth under your eyes, as you lean forward and see at the bottom a small river, which seems to issue from a cavern underneath the road, and passing between parallel cliffs, is joined about a hundred yards below by the brook, which falls to the bottom of the glen over a high bank of limestone. You turn about, towards the opposite side of the road, to observe whence the deeply sunk rivulet flows. There you discover the same or another dark wild glen, with the tokens of a like chasm on that side. You go with breathless curiosity to the margin of this, which is about twenty yards from the other chasm. Here again parallel walls of rock crowned with evergreens, open a passage for your eyes down, and yet further down, till you lean over the abrupt brow, and with a shudder behold the same rivulet coming from the deep dusky ravine above and passing under the *Natural Bridge*. You might have crossed it unwittingly, if you had kept your eyes directly upon the road, as it continues to ascend the acclivity of the mountain.

"Desirous now to peep under the bridge, you return a few steps along the road; and passing by the side of the chasm among cedars and *Arbor-vitæ** trees that love such wild limestone cliffs, you find a projecting point of rock a little below the crown of the precipice, and a few rods up stream from the bridge. Here you see the massive thickness of the bridge, thirty feet of solid stone, with the arch gracefully spanning this great mountain cleft, down into which you look with dizzy head and mute astonishment.

"As yet, you have seen only one side of the arch, which being on a lower level than your position, precludes a sight of its vault. Curiosity soon prompts you to descend, that you may take an upward view. For this purpose, you must follow a path that conducts you south of the bridge, to the place where the brook tumbles over the rocks. Here is the nearest place where the descent is practicable. Winding round the base of a crag near the bottom of the glen, you behold from beneath the trees that overshadow your path, the high arch supported by its abutments, somewhat rude in appearance, but solid and everlasting as the moun-

tain that supports them. Yet the form of the whole is so nearly symmetrical, that you are impressed rather with the beauty than the sublimity of the object. As you advance towards it, the perpendicular walls of rough rock enclose you on either hand, and leave but a narrow space of sky visible between the cedar-topped crags overhead. The arch seems now to expand and elevate itself, to receive you beneath its ample vault, and to awe you into a due respect for its superb majesty. When you look around and observe near the bridge some forest trees of the ordinary size, growing from the bottom of the glen and reaching with their tops the feet of others, which having fastened their roots in crevices of the wall, strive to reach the upper air, yet fail by far to attain the elevation of the arch; and when you look up to the arch itself, moving your eye slowly from side to side and from end to end over its spacious vault, it seems still to enlarge its amplitude, and to rise heavenward, until your breast labors with the grand conception; you think how centuries and millenniums have rolled over this changeless structure, and how other centuries and millenniums are yet to roll over its undecaying solidity; you think of it as the emblem of its eternal Creator; and the puny works of man dwindle to insignificance before this cloven mountain, from whose deep interior you look up and behold the everlasting rock, that bends its glorious vault from crag to crag, seventy feet in span, and two hundred feet above your head.

"When filled with these contemplations, you move to a point in the glen above the bridge, where you see its beauty and magnificence under another aspect. The arch has apparently a different curvature, and the opening beneath it a different yet a more beautiful outline, than it does when viewed from below. Shift your position to some other spot, where from under thick trees and beetling precipices you can take another look. Now the same features appear under another form, and as you move from side to side and farther or nearer, new transformations appear, such as you never observed in a work of art. You wonder how it is possible that one object, so simple in its general structure, should exhibit such an entertaining mutation of aspects—which are the more interesting, because they put at fault the rules of perspective, and consequently differ from the anticipated effects of your changes of position. If you study the cause of this, you will find perhaps that it arises from a general approach to regularity of structure, combined with deviations from it so various and so graceful, that the visitor sees at every step, some new and unexpected combination of forms and appearances, variable as the shifting scenes of the kaleidoscope, but all disclosing new features of beauty and sublimity, leaving on the mind the final impression, that this singular curiosity is a wonderful specimen of Divine art, which has diverted its workmanship of formality, but retained the graces of form and proportion in the general outline, while it has left just so much of unfinished rudeness in the details, as to cast an air of wild sublimity over the whole work."

Here I closed my lame description. After a pause, Judith started as from a reverie; emotion depicted in her face, and lighting her fine eyes to a glow like that of the evening star. Turning to her brother, she said, "Oh, brother! how can we leave the continent, where

* *Thuja* or *thuya* is the botanical name of this beautiful evergreen.

such an object may be seen, and not go to enjoy the sight? I would cheerfully travel a thousand miles to see that bridge, so grand, so beautiful—Nature's sole specimen of divine art in the construction of a bridge. Is it not, Mr. Garamé? Or does the world contain another?"

"I think you are right, Miss Bensaddi; though Humboldt describes a natural bridge in the Andes; but it is not like ours. There is a solid arch, but very inferior, and also a broken arch, composed of loose rocks, which by a rare accident in falling down a deep narrow chasm, got wedged together, and continue firmly lodged against the sides at a great height from the bottom. The bridge itself is of difficult approach, and the bottom of the fissure is inaccessible."

"Oh, yes—now I remember to have read of it. That must be a wild place—but it is not comparable to your Natural Bridge. It has less appearance of design in its formation—it cannot impress you with such awe by its immovable solidity, nor with such admiration at its lofty proportions, struck off with Nature's careless, but master hand. It is not very wonderful to see loose rocks caught midway down a great mountain cleft, though the scene be romantic enough—but to see a real bridge, built by Nature for a highway, skilfully designed for it, then cut without hands out of the solid mountain rock—defying all human power to shake it, and human art to imitate its magnificence—springing its grand arch aloft—so mighty a mass, yet so high, so airy, so light. Oh, brother, can we not go to see it? I know that your time in America is limited; but if you will give me that sight, only for a day, you may hurry me as rapidly as you please over the rest of the journey."

"My dear sister, I would gladly afford you that pleasure, and gladly enjoy it myself; but I am doubtful whether we can spare the time. Yet, if we have a quick passage to Norfolk, we may possibly run up to the mountains and snatch a glance at so wonderful a specimen of Nature's handiwork—or rather un-handiwork, for Nature works without hands, I believe, I will tell you, Mr. Garamé, what sort of fancy your interesting description suggested to my mind. I thought that dame Nature must be sitting somewhere about that bridge, probably hidden in a thicket of cedars on a craggy point of the rocks, watching the visitors as they come and look and wonder; and when they turn to go away, sending an elfin breeze to whisper in their ears, 'Ye are pretty two-handed folks to be proud of your works—are ye not?'"

"Your pleasant fancy conveys a truth. When a man is under the bridge and thinks of himself and his fellow bipeds, it is with a feeling of humiliation that is salutary without being painful. But, Miss Judith, in relation to the inquiry which you made a while ago, I have another curiosity to mention—one of little notoriety as yet, because it is hidden in the mountain wilds of Virginia—which may boast of having the only curiosity comparable to the Natural Bridge: that is, the *Natural Tunnel* among the Cumberland mountains, in the southwestern angle of the State. Here, a small river flows between high mountains, along a narrow valley, which is suddenly closed by the junction of the mountains. But, nature has cut a tunnel four or five hundred feet long, through solid rock, and thus given egress to the water. The arch of the tunnel is nearly

regular, solid throughout, and of considerable span; but its elevation above the floor does not exceed forty or fifty feet. This tunnel would be a finer object if it were straight, so as to let one see through its whole length at once. But such as it is, or as I have heard it described by an intelligent visitor, (for I have not seen it,) you will readily conceive that it is a rare and interesting curiosity, and one that would be much visited, if 'dame Nature' had not (as if jealous of showing too many of her works of *internal improvement*) hidden it among rugged mountains, in a place remote from the great highways of travel."

These notices of the bridge and the tunnel, with some allusions to various particulars of my native country, awakened a lively interest in my fellow travellers. I saw it and was glad. Their eager inquiries about the scenery, the population, the literary institutions and state of society, not only gratified my habitual feeling of patriotism, but strengthened, while it gratified a new feeling, as yet so undeveloped in the recesses of the heart, or so concealed under the disguise of other feelings, as to be unacknowledged even by consciousness. I knew only that I thought the bright-eyed beauty, who had been shining now for hours into mine eyes, to be the most bright-eyed of beauties, and to be moreover in mental qualities, the most attractive vision that had ever realized itself to my perception. I may have conceived the like, when fancy garnished some ideal picture of a lovely woman; but here seemed to be the living substance of what poets had taught me to imagine, but experience had never taught me to expect in this iron age of degenerate humanity. True, this lovely creature did not appear to be exempt from defects of character. I could discover on a few hours acquaintance, that she was subject to illapses of mental excitement, bordering on enthusiasm; yet did she not lose in my view one feature of loveliness on account of this over-excitability; for here I acknowledged a point of agreement in our tempers.

I had called up prudence, and set that dignified virtue to guard, with hundred eyes, the avenues of my heart against the insidious Cupid. "But, then, (said something within me,) I have since discovered, that she is not to be my companion for a day only, but for a whole quarter of a moon—and according to the proverb, 'Circumstances alter cases.'" "Well, (said prudence, faintly,) if they do alter cases, it is not always for the better. Does this new state of the case diminish either the probability of your falling in love, or the danger of your falling afterwards into something less pleasant?" This remonstrance was so feebly uttered, that prudence was evidently yielding to somnolency. Oh, thou drowsy Argus! What subtle enchanter had so soon drugged thy hundred eyes to sleep?

This I well remember, that I sought occasion to set forth to these strangers all that was attractive in my country; and that, in portraying its landscapes, and whatever else might commend it to my fellow-travellers, my imagination then, more than ever before, bloomed with rich ideas, and my mouth shed forth every rising conception with a fluency of eloquent expression, which I can but imperfectly recall in making this record.

Among other entertainments which my native land affords to the visitor, especially if his mind be imbued with the love of nature, I mentioned the fine views from

the mountain tops; and I suggested that I had made some delightful excursions to the House Mountain near Lexington, and could never forget the splendid prospects that its lofty summit spreads before the spectator.

This suggestion had the intended effect. My companions instantly besought me to describe my visits to the House Mountain. No longer coy, with memory and imagination on the wing, I was commencing a prelude to my story, when the coach stopped for dinner, and gave me the opportunity of arranging my thoughts a little. As soon as we resumed our journey, I was called on to proceed, which I did substantially as follows.

CHAPTER V.

THE STUDENT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISITS TO THE HOUSE MOUNTAIN.

To make my description more intelligible, I shall begin with a general sketch of the Alleghanian region of Virginia.

The Alleghany mountains consist of parallel ridges, casting off short spurs and sometimes long branches, that vary from the general direction; but they always embrace rich vallies watered by clear streams, that either murmur over pebbly beds or dash over rough rocks. To find their mother ocean, they had to break their way through the ridges that run between them and the sea coast. Some of them as the Powhatan or James river, have made several breaches through successive ridges, two thousand feet, more or less, in height.

The line of continued mountain nearest the sea is the Blue Ridge, which beginning in Pennsylvania about the Susquehanna, increases in height, ruggedness and diversity of form, until it stretches its vast length into the Carolinas, where, being joined by the chief Alleghany, it becomes the great father mountain of the system, the huge, wild, prolific source of a thousand rivers, that gather themselves together in the deep vallies, and with their several aggregations of water run brawling and working their ways out in every direction, to seek the common source and depository of all sublimary waters.

Between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain, lies the Great Valley, my native land, "the loveliest land on the face of the earth." (Here I detected a smile, instantly suppressed, on the faces of my auditors; but not a smile of contempt, I was sure.)

The Valley is full twenty miles wide near the Potomac, but narrows to twelve miles in Rockbridge; where it is infinitely diversified with mountain hill, knoll, slope, vale, dell, ravine, cliff, rift, with every other modification of surface that is named, and that is not named, except plains and lakes, whereof we have none; but we have clear limestone springs, gushing from forest-crowned hills, and "giving drink to every beast of the field."

Westward of the Great Valley, for many miles, the country is composed altogether of high mountains with narrow vales between. But here, and further west, fountains of health flow; a hundred mineral springs of different qualities, with a pure atmosphere, delightful summer weather, shady forests, beauty in the vale and sublimity in the mountain; all combine to invite the

invalid for health, and all for pleasure, who love either the charms of nature or the social enjoyments of a watering place. But enough of introduction. Now for the House Mountain.

This short isolated mountain is a conspicuous object in the picturesque landscape of Rockbridge. It stands about six miles west of Lexington, from whose inhabitants it hides the setting sun, and not unfrequently turns the summer showers, that usually come with the west wind. Being separated by deep vales from the North Mountain, and more lofty, it stands like an island of the air, with its huge body and sharp angles to cut the current of the winds asunder. Clouds are often driven against it, cloven in the midst, and carried streaming on to the right and left, with a space of blue sky between, similar in form to the evening shadow of the mountain, when the light of departing day is in like manner cloven. Sometimes, however, a division of the cloud, after passing the town, will come bounding back in a current of air reflected from another mountain. It is not unusual to see a cloud move across the Great Valley in Rockbridge, shedding its contents by the way—strike the Blue Ridge—whirl about, and pursue another course until it is exhausted. The traveller, after the shower is passed, and the clear sunshine has induced him to put away his cloak and umbrella, is surprised by the sudden return of the rain, from the same quarter towards which he had seen it pass away.

What is called the House Mountain, consists in fact of two oblong parallel mountains, connected about midway of their height, and rising upwards of 1500 feet above the surrounding country. The summit ridges are each about a mile long, and resemble the roof of a house; the ends terminate in abrupt precipices, and all around huge buttresses, with their bases spread far out into the country, rise up against the sides and taper to points which terminate some hundreds of feet below the summit. These buttresses, or spurs of the mountain, are separated by vales which run up between them.

The students of our college make parties every summer, to visit this mountain for the sake of the prospect. They set out in clear weather and spend the night on the mountain, that they may enjoy the morning beauties of the scene, which are by far the most interesting. Now the ladies too have begun to adventure on this romantic enterprise. Last summer I had a delightful ride by moonlight with a party of them and their male friends. We pattered along, while the whole country was hushed in sleep,—through woods, by meadow sides, over hills, and up a vale that led to our object. The vale was at first broad, and spread open its fields to catch the flood of moon-beams; then it contracted itself, swelled up its dark rocky sides, and entered the mountain between two of the buttresses; it terminated high up against the steep rocky side of the summit ridge. Here we had to dismount. We tied our horses in the forest, and taking to our feet on ground piebald with moonshine and shadows, we began to scale the rocky steep; clambering over stony fragments and trunks of fallen trees, catching hold on bush and jutting rock; now working our laborious way; then stopping to recover breath for another effort; till we succeeded in mounting the summit and

taking our stations, some on projecting top-rocks, and the more hardy on branches of storm-battered trees; before the sun, whose rising we aimed to see, had surmounted the piny top of the Blue Ridge. He soon rose; but in a haze, shorn of half his beams; and therefore with much less worshipful glory, than when he ascends his mountain throne, full-robed, amidst the pure blue of the ether, when no earthborn vapor sullies its transparency.

My first trip, some years ago, was with a party of students only. Then we were disappointed in our hopes by a sudden clouding up of the atmosphere, before we reached the place; and we should have made an unprofitable trip, had not an unexpected scene afforded us a partial reward for the toils of the ascent. We lodged like Indian hunters, not far from the summit; where an overhanging rock affords shelter, and a spring trickling through a crevice supplies drink to the weary climber. After we had slept awhile, one of the company startled us with the cry of fire. We saw with surprise, in the direction of the Blue Ridge, a conflagration that cast a lurid glare through the hazy atmosphere. The flame rose and spread every moment, tapering upwards to a point and bending before the night-breeze. At first, we conjectured that a great barn was in flames, and then that the beautiful village of Lexington was, as it had been once before, wrapped in devouring fire. Whilst we gazed anxiously at the fiery object, it rose higher every moment, and in rising seemed now to grow less at the lower extremity, until finally it resembled the last flicker of a dying lamp-flame; and then it stood forth, to our joyful surprise—the moon, half in the wane, reddened and magnified by the misty air, beyond what we had ever seen. Its light afforded us an obscure perception of the most prominent objects in the landscape. Shadowy masses of mountains darkened the sight in various directions, and spots of dusky white, glimmering here and there, indicated fields and houses. We perceived just enough to make us eager for a more distinct view; but when the morning came, the cloudy confusion of the atmosphere concealed every thing; and a rain succeeding, put us quickly to scampering down the mountain, and sent us home as dirty as pigs, and as wet as drowned rats; and with the wings of our fancies completely bedrenched and bedraggled into the bargain. We were cured of scene-hunting and gypsying in the wild mountains for that season. But by the next summer my spirit was revived, and I longed for another excursion to the great observatory that was daily standing aloft with its rocky solitudes in the back ground of our landscape, and stimulating the spirit of the students to try what romantic incidents and wide prospects a night's lodging on its high eminence might yield.

So one fair midsummer's day we set off, a dozen of us, full of high enterprise, and laden with whatever might be necessary for use and comfort. This time we lodged on the aerial summit of the mountain, where we built a fire of logs, that illuminated the rocks and trees about our wild encampment, and blazed like a beacon-fire before the eyes of nearly all Rockbridge. We prepared our coffee, drew forth our bread and cheese, and ate our supper merrily; and for hours we made those gray rocks hear, what perhaps they had never heard before, the jests and quips and shouts and laughter of

a dozen college youngsters, let loose and exulting in the wild freedom of nature.

This time the weather proved eminently favorable. We slept two or three hours and rose before the dawn; that we might watch for the opening of the scene. Our fire had sunk to embers; the desolation and death-like stillness of our situation were impressive. The heavens above were perfectly serene; the stars looked down upon us with all their eyes, from mansions of the purest blue; but the lower world was enveloped in a dense fog. We seemed to have been separated from the society of the living on the face of the earth, and to have ascended to another sphere, where we held communion only with the silent orbs and the blue ether that drew our spirits into their heavenly fields. The merriment of the evening was changed into sober thoughtfulness. We spoke little, and that with a low voice; and each one seemed disposed to retire from his fellows, that he might give his mind to contemplation. Such at least was my case. I withdrew to a naked rock that crowned a precipice, and turning my face to the east, waited for the sun, if not with the idolatrous devotion, yet with the deep seriousness of the Persian fire-worshippers.

Presently the dawn began to show, at the distance of twelve miles, the dim and wavering outline of the Blue Ridge in the eastern horizon. When the morning light had opened the prospect more distinctly, the level surface of the mist which covered the valley became apparent, and the mountain tops that rose through it in almost every direction, looked like islands in a white, silent and placid ocean. I gazed with delighted imagination over this novel and fairy scene, so full of sublimity in itself, and from the sober twilight in which it appeared, so much like the creation of fancy in the visions of a dream. The trees and rocks of the nearest islands began to develope their forms; more distant islands were disclosed to view, various in size and shape, and variously grouped; but all were wild, desolate and still. I felt as if placed in a vast solitude, with lands and seas around me, hitherto undiscovered by man.

Whilst I looked with increasing admiration over the twilight scene, and was endeavoring to stretch my vision into the dusky regions far away, my attention was suddenly attracted by sparks of dazzling brilliancy, shooting through the pines on the Blue Ridge. In the olden time, when Jupiter's thunderbolts were forged in the caverns of *Ætna*, never did such glittering scintillations fly from beneath the giant forge hammers of the Cyclops. It was the sun darting his topmost rays over the mountain, and dispersing their sparkling threads through the pure serene of the atmosphere.

Very soon the fancied isles around me caught the splendid hue of the luminary, and shone on their eastern sides like burnished gold. In the west, where they were most thickly strewn over the white sea of mist, and where their bright sides alone appeared, I could fancy that they were the islands of the happy, (so famous in ancient story,) where the spirits of the good reposed in the balmy light of eternal spring. But the pleasing illusion was soon dissipated. The surface of the mist, hitherto lying still, became agitated like a boiling caldron. Every where light clouds arose from it and melted away. Then the lower hills of the country began to show their tops, as if they were emerging from this troubled sea. After the sun had

displayed his full orb of living fire, the vapory commotion increased, and in a little while the features of the low country began to be unveiled. The first audible sound from the living world, the barking of a farmer's dog, arose from a vale beneath, and completely broke the enchantment of the twilight scene. When the sun was an hour high, the fog only marked the deep and curvilinear beds of the river.

The prospect of the country around, now yielded a pleasure, not inferior in degree, though it differed in kind, from that which I had enjoyed in beholding a scene, rare and beautiful in itself and embellished by mist and twilight with the visionary charms of a creative fancy. The country appeared beneath and around me to the utmost extent of vision. On the diversified surface of the Great Valley, a thousand farms in every variety of situation were distinctly visible—some in the low vales, where winding streams had begun to shine in the glancing sunlight—some presented their yellow harvest fields among the green woods and wavy slopes of hills—and here and there, others were perched aloft among the primordial forests and antediluvian rocks of the mountains. In the northeast, the less hilly country of Augusta was seen in dim perspective, like a large level of bluish green. Stretching along the eastern horizon, for many a league, the Blue Ridge mustered a hundred of his lofty heads, among which the Peaks of Otter rose preëminently conspicuous. The valley southwestwardly was in part concealed by the isolated line of the Short Hill. But beyond this, at intervals, I caught glimpses of the vale of James river, from the gap where the stream has burst through the Blue Ridge, to the place where it has cloven the North Mountain, and thence round by the west, to the remarkable rent through which it flows between jutting crags in the Jackson Mountain. Here the Clifton forge, though not seen, could be imagined, sounding in the deep ravine with the roaring waters, and making the dark cliffs re-bellow at every stroke.

On the western side the scenery differs from that on the eastern. Here it seemed as if all the mountains of Virginia had assembled, to display their loftiness and their length. Line after line, ridge behind ridge, peered over one another and crossed the landscape, this way and that way. Here a huge knob swelled up his roundness—there a peak shot up his rough stony point—out of a huddle of inferior eminences, or from the backs of ridges that stretched away far and wide, until they faded off in the blue of the atmosphere, and all distinction of form and color was lost in the distance.

When I was able to withdraw my sight from the grand features of the prospect, and to look down upon the country near the base of my observatory, I was attracted by the softer beauties of the landscape. The woody hillocks and shady glens had lost every rough and disagreeable feature; the surface looked smooth and green like a meadow; and wound its curvatures, dappled with shade and sunlight, so gracefully to the elevated eye, that they seemed to realize our dreamy conceptions of fairy land. The little homesteads that spotted the hills and vallies under the mountain, the large farms and country seats farther away, and the bright group of buildings in the village of Lexington, relieved the mind from the almost painful sublimity of the distant prospect, and prepared us, after hours of

delightful contemplation, to descend from our aerial height, and to return with gratified feelings to our college and our studies again.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW FRIENDS IN CHARLESTON.

When I had concluded my House Mountain story, the brother maintained for a few seconds the attitude of a listener; until I remarked that my other visits to the mountain produced nothing new, and that my theme was therefore exhausted.

"I am sorry that it is; (said he,) for I could listen with interest to much more of the same sort."

Judith, who seemed to be in a state of thoughtful abstraction, now heaved a deep sigh, which roused her; and being conscious that she had sighed, she blushed; and when she felt her cheeks warmed with blushes, she hung down her head in silence.

"Heigh-ho! Judith, what is the matter with you? You pay Mr. Garame a poor compliment for his description of one of the finest landscapes in the world—it seems to have made you sad."

"If I am sad, brother, it is because we may not be able to visit the mountains of Virginia. Mr. Garame will not think me disrespectful when he knows the cause of my sadness."

"Certainly not, Miss Judith; (said I with great sincerity,) but I hope that you may still find time to run up to our valley, and to look out from our mountain tops."

"Oh, how delightful that would be." She raised her head as she spoke, and her countenance flashed up to more than its wonted animation, as she thus continued:

"I love the mountains—I prefer the country to the town—joy springs up in my heart when I look upon the summer hills and vallies, the clear brooks, the green fields, and all the objects and employments that occur in rural life. Most of all I admire scenery like that which you have described;—grandeur and beauty spreading to immensity, and blending into indescribable labyrinths of variety. There nature feasts the soul with her choicest entertainments—there man leads the happiest life, and is inspired with the noblest feelings. The inhabitant of the plain and of the town may be intelligent, virtuous, refined; but the man of the mountains has sources of deep and holy feeling, which cannot be found among the artificial structures of a town and the no less artificial forms of city life; and which are absent also in great part from the monotonous campaign, especially when stripped of its natural garb and clothed with the petty embellishments of human art. There is beauty even in a scene like this: He who has reared his neat cottage in a grove, and can look out upon his fields and flocks in the plain, has much to love in his comfortable home. But he has feeble impressions from nature, and through nature draws only faint inspirations from God. But who can look upon the great mountains, and not feel his bosom swell with sacred emotions? Who can look up at the towering peak and the beetling crag, or look down from them? Or who can see, as you have seen, the sublime ridge, that seems to present an insuperable and immoveable barrier to ocean and river, cloven from the top to the bot-

tom—yes, snapt asunder by an Almighty hand, as you would snap a mouldering twig,—or who can dwell in the valley, fenced on either side by cloud-capped mountains, upon whose hoary steep the old forest shakes his thousand arms in the wind, while the cataract roars beneath pine-covered rocks in the dusky ravine—and not feel the movings of the Divinity in his soul? Here are the representatives of the Divine Majesty, the exhibitions of the Universal Spirit. Can a mortal mind contemplate such objects, and not feel a high-toned energy infused into it? Must it not catch the lofty impress of these sublime monuments of eternal Power and Godhead. And then the softer beauties of the broad uneven valley, the round hill-top with its sylvan crown, the sweet winding dale with its purling brook and flowery meadow; these seem to me to shed the milder effluences of deity into the soul—to breathe gentleness and love into the heart, to mitigate the fierce passions, and to soothe the wounded spirit. And where both these characters of scenery, the sublime and the beautiful, are combined, as they are among the mountains of Virginia, the people must be deeply imbued with religion and virtue, and their virtues must be a finely tempered mixture of the heroic and the gentle. But; (said she, checking herself,) I am running on with my crude notions, on a subject that I do not understand—yet still it does seem to me, that the people of your country must have a noble character—have they not, Mr. Garamé?"

"They certainly have in them the elements of a noble character, and need only to be more highly and generally improved by education, to become all that you suppose. I think too, that your theory derives confirmation from the history of the ingenious Greeks of old, and of the patriotic Swiss of modern times. Mountaineers are often rude, but rarely mean-spirited; and their local attachments are always strong, because they dwell among objects strongly characterised, and therefore strongly impressed on their minds."

"I am glad to find that my notion of the effect of mountain scenery is not altogether a groundless fancy: I thought, while speaking, that it seemed reasonable; but then I remembered how often I speak rashly, under the impulse of excited feelings: obtruding my hasty thoughts on others, and proving my need of instruction, instead of my ability to instruct."

"That is her way, (said Eli, smiling :) she is of such excitable stuff, that when she hears or sees any thing fine, she kindles and flames away like tow in the fire; and often for five minutes she will emit a constant blaze of fancy or feeling, sentiment or philosophy,—then she will sink at once into the ashes of humility."

Judith blushed good naturedly, as she said, "Well, brother, I have confessed my weakness to Mr. Garamé; and he will have the goodness to pardon my long rant."

"It was not rant, Miss Judith; and needs no apology. I should be very sorry if you conceived it necessary before me to lay any restraint upon the utterance of your thoughts—especially such thoughts. Do me the favor to give them free passage. I love the unstudied, unchecked effusions of the soul in conversation."

She looked up with one of her sweetest smiles and said, "Thank you, Mr. Garamé."

"I must do my enthusiastic sister the justice to say,

that of late she is less often carried out of her usual sobriety by these impulses, than formerly; now it is only something of uncommon merit that has power to tap her spiritual soda-fountain; and the jet, although still foamy, is for the most part racy and good."

Here Judith and I at the same time bowed to the speaker, and said, "Thank you, sir."

This little scene prepared us for a lighter strain of conversation; and we kept it up with hilarity until the evening. My companions charmed me more and more; their fund of good sense, sprightly wit, and sound knowledge, showed no symptoms of exhaustion, but continued to supply an increasing flow of thoughts, that came with unaffected simplicity and grace from their minds. There was a great resemblance in their mental characteristics, as well as in their persons; yet also a difference which every hour became more manifest. The brother had a more ready wit and a superior talent for light conversation; the sister a more lively and profound sensibility to whatever was grand, beautiful, or pathetic—more genius—and, what I could hardly reconcile with the evident enthusiasm of her character, more reflection.

My admiration of these young persons was increased, when we happened in conversation to tell our ages, and I learned that Judith would not complete her nineteenth year until the first of June, and that Eli was only twenty-two, that is, one year older than myself.

When the twilight came on, and we were yet twelve miles from Charleston, the coach stopped to change horses at a country inn. A party of slaves were coming in from the field; and, as often happens, they began to sing with a full voice one of the melodious airs that they have among them. Judith listened with breathless attention, as if the strain were new to her. I had heard it before. The same air was repeated to a succession of stanzas destitute of merit, but deriving pathos from the chorus or burden, "Long time ago," which sounded delightfully, because it was uttered with enthusiasm by many voices joining in symphony from different parts of the neighborhood.

When we were driven off, I remarked to Judith that the air just heard had a sweet and touching simplicity in it.

"Yes; (said she, with emotion,) it touches both the fancy and the heart; the melody is pleasant in itself; and it makes one think that the people who sing it with such enthusiasm, must be happy."

Having spoken these words, she relapsed into meditation, and seemed indisposed to further conversation during the evening's ride. We reached Charleston before nine o'clock, and obtained excellent accommodations at a hotel.

The next day we spent several hours together, viewing the city. After dinner Eli and myself left Judith in her room that we might go to the harbor and inquire for a packet to Norfolk. After some time, we found a stout well built schooner that was to sail in four days. We engaged the cabin for ourselves, and the attendance of a half grown black boy, attached to the schooner; then after strolling about the town, we returned in the evening and found Judith in our private parlor, playing the air of the preceding evening on a piano, which I was so unobservant as not to have noticed before, or I should have asked her to play. She had arranged the

notes on a blank page of the music book before her, which I found to be her own. I was charmed with her style of playing; there was so little appearance of art in it; she struck the keys with such nice tact, and in such perfect accordance with the spirit of the piece, that she made one forget the player, and lose even his self-consciousness in the Lethean tide of music that came stealing over the soul.

When she discovered that we were in the room, she rose with a blush to leave the instrument, saying that we had caught her attempting to learn the negroes' melody. I asked her to play it again, but she declined, with the apology that she must learn it better before she could venture to play it in company; but at my solicitation, she resumed her seat, and not only played several pieces with the delicious artlessness of her art, but gratified me also by singing two songs, with such "linked sweetness" of melody, that one which was of a pathetic character, drew tears from my eyes, and continued to run in streams of sensibility through my nerves during the night.

Our apartments were, as we had requested, in the most private part of the house, in a wing designed for families, and, as it happened, occupied at this time by none but ourselves. I mention this to explain an incident that occurred the next evening. When we had all satisfied ourselves with looking at the public institutions of the city, and had taken our tea, Eli proposed that we should walk the streets that we might observe the nocturnal customs of the place. I instantly gave my consent; but Judith pleading fatigue, declined; and then I was sorry that I had consented, but ashamed to retreat. She locked the parlor door when we went out, telling us with a playful smile, to say 'open sesame,' when we wanted admittance. After we had gotten to the street, I remembered that my room was left unlocked, with several articles exposed to pilferers. I requested Eli to wait until I should return and lock the door. I hastened back, ran up stairs, and had almost reached my room, a few steps from the parlor door, when my attention was arrested by the notes of the same negroes' melody, sweetly touched on the piano. The unlocked door, Eli, and all the world, were forgotten in a moment; I was insensibly drawn on tiptoe quite to the parlor door, when a momentary pause in the music, allowed me to feel that my heart was palpitating violently. I was beginning to fear that the exquisitely pathetic tones would come no more; when lo! with the melting tenderness of an angel, singing a newly departed saint to rest, she attuned her voice, as she touched the keys again, to the same melody; and these are the words of the simple ballad that she sung:

SALLY OF THE VALLEY.

Once I wandered through a valley,
Where waters flow;
There I saw the lovely Sally;
'Long time ago.'

Trees and banks were full of flowers;
Soft winds did blow;
Leaty vines made dusky bowers;
'Long time ago.'

By a rock beneath the mountain,
She, bending low,
Shed warm tears beside a fountain,
'Long time ago.'

"Maiden, why so broken hearted?
Fain would I know."

"Sir, my love and I here parted,
'Long time ago.'"

"Here he wooed and here he won me,
Then far must go:
Left his kiss of truth upon me,
'Long time ago.'"

"Soon he sunk beneath the billow,
When storms did blow:
Then I planted here this willow,
'Long time ago.'"

"Fare thee well, sweet mourning Sally;
Keen is thy woe."
So I left the flowery valley,
'Long time ago.'

Once again I saw the valley,
Where waters flow;
Then again I looked for Sally,
'Long time ago.'

By the rock beneath the mountain,—
Saw willow grow
O'er a grave beside the fountain,
'Long time ago.'

She ceased. I was rivetted to the spot. For minutes I was entranced with the mournful vision of poor Sally's grave under the weeping willow; while my nerves yet quivered sympathetically with the heavenly tones, that made the simple story of her fate so dolefully affecting. I was roused at last by Eli's voice calling me from the foot of the stairs. I hurried down without thinking of my door. He asked whether I had missed any thing out of my room. I simply answered 'No,' and walked on, I knew not whither. I spoke not during the most of our walk, except when spoken to, and then sometimes I gave irrelevant answers. Eli soon observed my mood, and several times looked at me with amazement, but made no remark. To prevent unpleasant conjectures, I told him on our return what had so strangely affected my spirits. Whether he inferred any thing more than the merit of the ballad, and my susceptibility of musical impressions, I know not—probably he ascribed nothing of the effect to the musician, as he had not yet passed his novitiate in the mysteries of Cupid. As for myself I did not then reflect on the subject; I was too much absorbed by the emotions produced by the sweet music and the sweeter musician, to analyze my feelings, and to search out the causes which might be at work in carrying my soul away at such a rate.

At the parlor door, we said, 'open sesame,' and were admitted. When I told Judith how I had undesignedly overheard her ballad, she blushed and was a good deal confused at first; and then began to apologise, by saying that the air of the negro-song chanted sonorously in the calm evening and quiet fields of the country, had taken such possession of her fancy, that she could not rest until she had put together a few stanzas, according in simplicity of language and sentiment with the simplicity of the air, to whose melody they were to serve as a vehicle. We soon stopped her modest apologies, by insisting that she should repeat the song, at least for Eli's sake. She did so, more sweetly if possible than before. That night I dreamed that I visited the flowery valley, and saw first, Judith

weeping by the fountain side, and then, the willow waving its green tresses over Judith's grave.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

When I awoke in the morning, I rejoiced to find that my dismal conceptions were but a dream. But I was sad through the whole forenoon, and but partially relieved towards the evening by the conversation and cheerful looks of my companions. Pleasant rambles with them about the town, the amusements that we shared after dark, and a good night's sleep, had done much to counteract the downward tendency of my spirits. At breakfast time the next morning we were startled by a message from our captain, warning us to be on board within two hours, because the wind was fair, and he would sail a day sooner than he had intended, for fear of a change. We therefore hastened our preparations and were on board by eleven o'clock. According to contract, we took exclusive possession of the cabin, and were pleased that no other passengers of any sort were on board: the crew consisted of five men, the servant boy, and the captain.

We set sail immediately. It was one of the most delightful mornings of a southern spring. Balmy breezes wafted us gently out of the bay, whilst from the deck we contemplated the retiring city, with its advanced guard of islands and batteries. When these began to sink away in the distance, I had, for the first time, a full view of the ocean, spreading its desolate waste before me to the utmost extent of vision, and leading the imagination onward still, over its vast unfathomable deeps. How different from the diversified scenes of beauty and grandeur in my native highlands, yet even more awfully sublime! It was a scene of such naked simplicity, and such outspreading vastness: nothing to divide and relieve the attention: nothing to contemplate, but the unvaried immensity of the earth-girding waters. I sat mutely gazing over that liquid desert, until it opened to my view the whole canopy of heaven, bending down towards the waters;—the waters seemed to swell upwards as they spread, until all around, skies and waters met, and enclosed us in the centre of their grand periphery.

Serious impressions of the object before me, thoughts of its fearful might, when storms awaken the rage of its billows: thoughts of its gloomy unsearchable abysses, where monsters play among lost treasures and the bones of lost men—all came upon me, and sunk my spirits more and more, until I was deeply immersed in the melancholy to which I had been tending for the last two days. After I observed how the trees and sand-hills of the coast had seemingly slidden away down the western side of the globe, and had left us alone in this boundless waste of waters, and precariously floating over the dark gulfs of brine, in whose vast receptacle so many dead are hidden till the day of judgment, I became not only sad but terrified: and what made my situation more distressing was, that sea-sickness came upon me with its dismal nausea: itself sufficient to conjure up a fantastic host of goblins from the troubled deeps of the soul.

Eli had left me to arrange some affairs with his sister in the cabin. While my soul was thus sinking to the

bottom of the sea, he came up with her, and seeing my melancholy looks, approached me, and said, with his usual smile of benevolence:

"Now, Mr. Garamé, you remind me of the day when I first put out to sea. I kept thinking how wide and how deep is the sea!—yet I have to go all the way over it; and if I should plunge into it some dark windy night, or a tempest should crack this wooden-shell that now bears me up;—why, then I must sink all the way to the bottom, though it were thousands of fathoms down. What made me feel worse, this little sister of mine, who, as you have observed, has a touch of the romantic in her constitution;—she sat crying her eyes out. She had an unconquerable fancy to embark with me: she was not afraid! oh! no—she was a bold seafarer enough in her chamber at home; but, then, when she came into this wide presence chamber of old Ocean himself, her brave little heart quailed before the face of his hoary majesty. However, I must make due allowance for natural sorrow at parting with our father and friends. Judith, cannot you comfort Mr. Garamé, by telling him how dismally you felt at first, and how, in spite of all your fears, you passed safely over the Atlantic, and got well and cheerful before the voyage was ended?"

"Brother, (said she—and her voice was like a flageolet, breathing soft airs)—I wish that we could cheer Mr. Garamé. But what can mere words do for one suffering under two such natural causes of distress—the first awful impression of being out in the sea; and the heart-sickening nausea that soon comes to blacken every thought. I know from experience how impossible it is to be cheerful under such circumstances, and how little a friend can do to clear the dark current of our feelings."

Here Eli cut her short with the good humored remonstrance—

"Now, Judith, you are paying me a poor compliment on my ability as a comforter, and you are preaching like a Job's comforter to Mr. Garamé."

"Nay, brother, I mean not so; I know that you did all that any brother could have done for a distressed sister. You had your own sorrow to bear; yet you forced your countenance to look cheerful, for my encouragement; and if your exertions did not succeed in relieving me at once, it was because such a weight of sorrow, aggravated by sickness, could be removed only by degrees; so you removed the load which oppressed my spirits, and so, I trust, we shall succeed in taking off the burden that depresses Mr. Garamé. Nay, I think that he will find relief much sooner than I did; for he has two advantages in his case, which did not exist in mine. I was leaving home, kindred and friends on a long voyage;—he is returning by a short voyage to his home—his home in the glorious mountains. Mr. Garamé, think of that. Then, again, I had the heart only of a girl, a timid, foolish girl of the town: he has the heart of a man, and the bold spirit of a mountaineer, to bear his sufferings."

Here I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and began to feel the mountain spirit rousing up its energies at the life-giving touch of my charming comforter. She concluded in these words:

"So now, brother, I think that I am not as bad as Job's comforters; if not a skilful, I am, however, a well meaning comforter: Am I not, Mr. Garamé?"

A sudden impulse had almost made me exclaim—"You are my elixir of life." I had opened my mouth to say it, when I perceived the impropriety of so passionate a declaration at this time. With an instantaneous effort I shut it in: but having no substitute ready, I felt confused, lost my self-possession, hung down my head, felt miserably like a fool; and was verging to madness under the mortification of being speechless with confusion, when Judith, perceiving my agony, though scarce divining the cause, brought me relief by saying—

"Brother, Mr. Garamé has one of the dreadful qualms that overcame me so often—and now I am glad that I have thought of it, I have still in my trunk a phial of the medicine that I took when the fits came on; it did not effect a cure, but it palliated my sufferings. Do you stay and comfort Mr. Garamé, while I go and search for it."

She started off, but seeming to recollect suddenly that I had been looking down over the side of the vessel, as if meditating something desperate, she stopped, and turning round, said, half seriously—

"Brother, people sometimes do rash things in a fit of sickness: take care that Mr. Garamé's tormenting nausea does not make him leap into the sea."

"No danger, Judith; a plunge to the bottom is not so agreeable to his fancy just now: he has no more relish for a four mile dip in salt-water than I have. But, perhaps, a dive to the sea-country would not be so bad an adventure after all, as one is apt to think when he has qualms. Suppose that he should find the Nereides down there, combing their wet locks in the green sea-meadows, among the coral groves; and they should sing him a ditty 'lovely well,' and take him into their shell-caves, and feast him on—let me see—what?"

"Oh! brother, (said Judith, interrupting him,) change the subject; you frighten me."

Then she hastened down the companion-way.

"Pardon me, (said Eli to me,) I meant only to divert you, but probably I have taken the wrong way."

And so he had, when he took the way to the bottom of the sea; for I found myself going down again rapidly to the lowest deep of mental dejection. I imagined myself, Judith and all, sunk by a storm in passing Cape Fear, which we must soon approach. What aggravated my sufferings was, that the weather had begun to change from fair to cloudy; the wind veered to the south-east, and freshened so much as to curl up the waves, and make the schooner rock with a quicker and heavier motion. My nausea and mental gloom were consequently growing worse every moment. Eli saw the gathering clouds on my face, and said:

"Mr. Garamé, resist this sinking of the heart; think of cheerful objects."

"Fain would I, Mr. Bensaddi; but I am constitutionally subject to fits of despondency, during which I am the passive and miserable slave of fantasy. Even now, frightful images of distress haunt me: I cannot even shake off the impression that they are ominous of some approaching disaster."

"Oh! think not so, (said he again,)—consider that they are the natural effect of a disordered stomach, and of your new situation out here in this 'barren sea,' as old Homer calls it."

"Your opinion may have the sanction of reason, but my feelings refuse to be governed by its dictates; they

point prophetically to some doleful calamity at hand; they call up a spectral tragedy. Something dark and horrible—I know not what—looms cloudily up to view: it makes me shudder, as if it were a real premonition. What can it mean?"

"Nothing, nothing, my friend, (said he, moving towards me quickly, to let the sailors shift the sails for a different tack of the vessel,)—nothing but the work of fancy, operating on the materials of your sickness and melancholy, and casting them into misshapen images of misery and disaster."

He had reached the place where I sat on a bench by the side-rail, and as he pronounced the last word, was turning round to take his seat with me, when he was tripped by a sudden lurch of the vessel and thrown backwards, head foremost, into the sea. He almost brushed me as he fell. Before I could think, he was gone. When I looked, I could see no sign of him but the bubbling of the water where he had sunk.

"A man overboard!—heave to!—down with the boat,"—were the orders of the captain, and every preparation was hastily made for the rescue. For my part, my eyes stared with the fixedness of death on the fatal spot as it receded every instant. Soon he rose to the surface, but strangling. A bench had been thrown out for him; but he either saw it not, or was unable to buffet the waves that separated him from it. The only hope was in the boat; I saw that it was so, and felt the rush of a new spirit through my whole man. As the boat was being pushed off, I sprang into it.

"Fast, fast, men: pull, pull, for God's sake,—he is sinking."

My eyes were fixed on him: he struggled convulsively, but with a strength that was failing every instant. The rowers strained their nerves to the utmost, but all in vain: we were yet ten yards off, when I saw his raven locks disappear beneath the wave, and when we reached the place, not even a bubble marked it. Cruel wave! It had already forgotten its victim.

The boat was turned immediately towards the vessel. I remonstrated.

"It is useless to wait, sir; he will never rise again."

Still I looked back, as the boat was dashed through the waves on her return. A shriek smote my ear! I turned with the quickness of instinct. Well did I know whose soul was pierced. She was running distractedly over the deck; her tresses fell and streamed in the wind:—her suppliant arms were flung up towards Heaven; then flung down in despair. The frenzy of despair drove her on, convulsively—she knew not what she did—against the fatal side-rail: she fell over into the sea: her white robe fluttered as she touched the wave; the wave tossed its ample folds, as the briny liquid enfolded her. I cried out, 'Oh! mercy!' and became speechless. The steersman urged the rowers; we neared the spot; a vanishing remnant of the robe—that snowy emblem of her purity—was all that could be seen of Judith Bensaddi. The boat was rather too distant to reach her in time: my foot was on the prow: my nerves were strung to a frenetic energy: one heaven-directed spring, and the robe was in my grasp. In my struggle to sustain her, we were both sinking, but were rescued just in time. She was carried insensible to her berth in the cabin; where, after some moments, my terrific apprehensions were relieved by signs of resuscitation.

Every thing possible was done to complete her restoration, and to promote her personal comfort. My presence of mind and vigor of muscle, since he, and especially since she, had fallen, seemed almost miraculous. Sickness, melancholy, languor, even consciousness of my own existence, were gone. I had no thought, no feeling, but for Judith's bereavement, and Judith's melancholy situation. Poor hapless maiden! Better, so her life had still been preserved, that her consciousness had not returned—at least for that dark night of sorrow, whose thick gloom of clouds and rain gathered over Eli's watery grave, just as she began to remember that her brother was lost in the dark stormy sea. Then her breast began to heave convulsively,—a sob—a groan—a shriek—the same wild sort of shriek that I had heard in the boat—these were all that she could utter.

In vain did I attempt some words of consolation. She heard me not. External things could make no impression on a soul absorbed in one idea and one emotion. Hours passed away before that one thought and feeling could find utterance in words: then they came forth only in broken accents, during intervals between the more violent paroxysms of grief. Merciful Heaven! Even the distant remembrance almost freezes my blood. Still do I seem to hear that voice, like a mourning dove's, utter its broken notes of woe in terms like these:

"Oh! my brother! Dear, lost brother! Lost in the sea! Oh, my poor brother! Drowned in the deep waters! Brother! oh, brother! can you not return? No, never. Too deep—far down in the cold sea. God have mercy on thee, my dear, lost brother! Oh, hapless fate! So sudden! He looked and smiled—he was happy: I went away—they called me—'your brother is lost!' Oh, God of Israel! pity my lost Eli—so lovely! so kind! so joyful! In a moment, he fell, he sunk; they could not save him. Alas for thee, my brother—cold! silent! alone! deep! No friend can find thee there, oh, lost brother! I cannot close thy dear eyes, in thy dark briny bed. Thy heart is cold, that heart that loved me so—Oh, my heart will break! Oh, that I had died for thee, beloved Eli! Alas, he hears me not! He hears no more the storms of this dark world—poor brother—in his oozy bed, far, far down beneath the waves. Farewell, lost brother—farewell, forever."

But vainly do I attempt to describe her grief, or to give a just conception of her heart-rending lamentations.

I will pass briefly over the next stage of her mourning. She began to think of her father's bereavement, and to condole for the grief that must afflict his aged breast, when he should hear that his only son was lost. Lastly she thought of herself; and then she deplored her sad condition as a lonely and friendless maiden on a foreign shore. Here I made a second attempt to gain her attention, that I might assure her of my friendship and protection. Still, though sometimes her eye seemed to rest upon me, her heart was too deeply buried in grief, her soul too fully possessed with the one idea of her bereavement, to let her recognize my person, or remember our late acquaintance. Her eyes—those eyes lately so bright with intelligence and joyful emotions—were now swollen and dimmed with weeping.

I kept anxious watch over her. I was prompt to see,

and, as far as possible, to supply every want. I had administered a dose of laudanum mixed with a cordial. This ultimately produced a soothing effect; though it was past midnight before she could cease from wailing and lamentation. But exhausted nature, aided by the anodyne, compelled her grief at last to yield to some intervals of repose. She sank first into short slumbers, broken by starts of terror, and calls for her lost brother: then she would fall back again into a transient oblivion of her sorrows. Finally she was overcome by a heavy slumber of two hours. When she awoke, the dark, dismal night had passed away, and the morning broke less cloudy and rainy. I watched her anxiously during her sleep, and more anxiously on her awaking, fearful lest her slumber should prove to be a respite without relief. For an instant, she looked around with a countenance of wild affright. Then remembering her situation, she began to sob and weep. But to my great satisfaction, she soon became more composed, and gave indications of a returning sensibility to present objects. When she looked at me with a countenance expressive of recognition, and I drew near to address her, she could only exclaim—

"Oh, Mr. Garamel!" before a new flood of emotions choked her utterance.

"Endeavor to compose yourself, dear Judith," was all that I could say, when I felt a sudden change in myself. Thus far my feelings had been absorbed in her's; my whole attention had been abstracted from self and fixed on the lovely sufferer, whose agony of grief was enough to excite a demon's pity. Now, when she was so far relieved as to recognize me, and call my name, self-consciousness returned; my existence, as a distinct being, was felt again, engrossing sympathy yielded to a softer emotion, all the fountains of compassion were opened within me, and for some time we silently shed our tears together.

When I recovered the power of speech, I gave her the most heart-felt assurances of devoted friendship; I exhorted her to rely on me as an affectionate brother; I solemnly promised to treat her as a sister, and not to leave her until I had deposited her safely with her friends. I saw with unspeakable satisfaction that she could now listen, that she understood my words, and that she was soothed by them; and what was particularly gratifying, that her grief, although still poignant, had passed its most alarming stage, and that she no longer suffered the utter despair and prostration of soul, which had threatened to destroy her reason, if not her life.

Hoping that she might sleep again, I left the cabin for half an hour, and when I returned, I found her dozing. When she opened her eyes, I asked her to sit up and take some food. She could only swallow a little tea. I then renewed my expressions of condolence and fraternal care; afterwards I attempted, in the following manner, to direct her mind to the best source of consolation:

"My dear friend, it is natural that you should grieve intensely for the loss of a brother so deserving of all your affection. I too have lost in him a friend, whom our few days' acquaintance had taught me to love, as one brought up with me from childhood. I cannot comfort myself, how much less can I comfort you? In such a case we are strongly reminded of our dependance on

a higher power, who overrules our destiny, and ordains both our prosperity and adversity. He has sent this sore affliction upon you, not in cruelty but in love; for when He afflicts, it is in mercy. He wounds to heal, and bruises that He may bind up. He designs by the ills of this life to train us for a happier life to come. When He seems prematurely to remove our friends away from us, we should not infer that He does it in wrath to them or to us: we see the good cut off in the midst of their days, or suddenly bereft of their dearest friends; then we should remember that it is not chance nor fate, but the Father of mercies who takes them away; and that their removal from this world, where sin entices and sorrow afflicts, is no evidence of his having cast them out of his paternal care. He can still behold them with his compassionate eye, and reach them with his arm, that is not only strong to save, but tender in the guidance of them who fear Him, frail and erring as they may have been. Commit yourself then to His benevolent care: He is your Father, and the Father of all whom you love: His tender mercies are over all his works: He calls Himself your Father, and teaches you to trust in Him as the God of love. Open your heart now to His consolations: He will heal its pains and mollify the bruises of the contrite spirit. Believe that He has done the best for you and yours, and that some day both you and your lost brother will see cause to thank him for this dispensation."

Such was the tenor of my discourse.

When she heard another speak of the horrible disaster, which had, since yesterday, cut off her communication with the external world, her grief started afresh, and threatened a return of her violent paroxysms. I was at first alarmed at the effect of my words, and was sorry that I had broached the subject. But as I proceeded, she visibly strove against her feelings, and directed her attention to my discourse. When I had concluded, I saw a change in her countenance; its late unmixed expression of anguish was mitigated by perceptible indications of humble submission to the will of Heaven? In a few hours I was satisfied that I had taken the best course, when I embraced the earliest opportunity of opening a free communication between our minds on the subject of her grief. She was the sooner drawn off from the first absorbing view of the calamity as a present object, and familiarized with the consideration of it as past, irreversible, and, therefore, to be acquiesced in as the will of Heaven: and the farther I could put it back in the order of her remembrances, by occupying her attention with other objects, the sooner would the keen edge of her sorrow be blunted, and consoling thoughts find admission to her heart.

I alone exercised any care over her. The captain and crew showed so little sympathy, that I, in the fulness of mine, thought them brutally indifferent; as if they considered the drowning of a passenger an event rather to be expected than lamented, and the grief of a lovely sister, a womanish weakness scarcely deserving pity. I have since learned to make allowance for the circumstance, that whilst I had leisure to think incessantly of Judith and her sufferings, they had to busy themselves with their navigation, and felt that the 'poor girl,' as they called her, might be left to my willing and assiduous attentions.

Towards evening Judith could talk with me somewhat freely of her misfortune.

"Oh, my friend, (said she at one time,) how kind was it in God to send you along with us on this fatal voyage. Dear, lost brother! if his departed spirit can look back on the affairs of this world, he must feel comforted to think that so kind a friend was provided for his poor bereaved sister. And my good father! bitter enough will be the day when he shall hear that the best comfort of his old age is buried in the ocean; but still more bitter would it be, if it had been his lot to hear that his helpless daughter was left alone and friendless on the waves of a foreign shore."

Here a gush of feeling interrupted her speech; but she strove for self-command, and was soon calmer again. Then lifting her teary eyes and grief-worn countenance upon me, she continued:

"Mr. Garame, I accept your offered protection—I accept it gratefully: pardon me that I have not expressed my gratitude and my confidence in you sooner. Indeed my feelings have been too strong for utterance. Now I can say that I feel as much as my bruised heart is capable of feeling,—yes, I do feel that you are truly my friend, and will act towards me the part of a brother. Alas! no one else can now show me the kindness of a brother: he that was born my brother, and from my childhood endeared himself to me by innumerable kindnesses, my beloved Eli, is now cold and lifeless at the bottom of the sea. Oh! Jehovah, God of Abraham, teach me resignation! Excuse me, dear friend, I cannot refrain: I am a poor bereft thing: a weak creature at best, always needing counsel and guidance, and now more than ever. I commit myself to your care: you will indulge my weaknesses, now that I am stricken down, and with my natural infirmity, have to bear a heavy load of sorrow. You will be my guardian, my comforter, and—my brother."

Having said this, she seemed to feel more ease, as if she had discharged a portion of her load; she fell back on her couch, sobbed a little, and then sank gently to sleep.

As the native vivacity of Judith's feelings made the first tempest of her grief irresistibly violent, so it caused the tempest sooner to spend its force, and to settle down into a comparative calm. Never had I seen such agonizing distress—nay, such frantic desperation of grief as seized her, when the lightning stroke of bereavement fell so terribly upon her. By the morning of the third day, however, she could take some nourishment, and converse with less frequent spasms of anguish. But the effect on her person of the mental suffering and corporeal exhaustion of the last two days, struck a deep impression of sadness upon my heart, whenever I looked at her. Grief had in this short time driven the rosy flush of health from her cheeks, the sparkling radiance from her eyes, the buoyant elasticity from her members; and had left her faded and withered, like a scorched blossom of the desert.

What were my feelings, when I had leisure to reflect that this lovely drooping flower was now under my sole care! And by what a surprising stroke had Divine Providence driven her for shelter to my honor and benevolence! In herself to me the loveliest, she was made by these affecting circumstances, the dearest by far of all earthly beings. My passion, heretofore un-

cherished in the bud, was thus nourished, expanded, matured, and at the same time refined into the tenderest and most unselfish feeling of fraternal affection. If ever my breast was visited by the pure sentiment and seraphic glow of an angel's love, it was now, when I looked on that countenance, pale with sorrow—remembering how lately it shone with the light of joyous innocence; and comparing its expression then with its present look, so humbly submissive, yet so keenly sorrowful; so smitten, yet so patient and so holy.

On the evening of this day she began to express regret for the inconvenience and trouble that she would cause me to experience. I replied, that if ever in future life I could reflect with unalloyed satisfaction on any of my actions, it would be upon that of restoring her to her friends, whatever it might cost me. How feelingly did she look at me, and say—

"The mourner's gratitude will be a poor reward; but the mourner's Heavenly Friend, in whom you have taught me to trust, will not forget such kindness."

I embraced the occasion to consult her about ulterior movements, after we should reach the Chesapeake; asking her to tell me, without reserve, which course would be most agreeable to her; whether I should take her to Rockbridge, until I could prepare to go with her to London; or whether I should take her on straight way to New York or Boston, and thence home, leaving deficiencies in my outfit to be supplied by the way.

She meditated a little and then replied, that she could now, without scruple, accept my services to any extent that might be necessary; but that she was under no necessity of asking me to go all the way to London; that her brother had arranged with a friend of their's to meet him in Boston, where he had lately settled, and to embark with him there for England; and that she needed, therefore, to ask no more of my kindness than to go with her to Boston, where that friend would release me from further trouble on her account. She added, that as this great extension of my journey would add much to its expense, and none to that which she and her brother would have incurred, that I would not scruple to use their funds—especially as so unexpected and so large an increase of expenditure might not have been provided for.

"But (said she in conclusion,) though I would not unnecessarily trouble you to go to London, yet if you ever find occasion to visit that city, I claim that you give me and my friends the opportunity of showing that we remember what it is to deal kindly with a stranger in a foreign land."

Whatever vague desire I may have entertained to conduct her on a visit to my native valley, I acquiesced without hesitation in the obvious propriety of the course that she suggested. The same reason that governed her choice of this route, made it proper also to proceed without delay from Norfolk to Baltimore by water, and thence to Boston, through Philadelphia and New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

DETENTION AND SEPARATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

We entered the Chesapeake after a voyage of five days. In Hampton Roads we met a steamboat on her

way from Norfolk to Baltimore. As the day was pleasant and the water smooth, we determined to transfer ourselves at once to the more speedy and comfortable vehicle without landing at Norfolk. The boat instantly obeyed our signal; in a few minutes we were snugly bestowed in our new quarters, and with a mighty puffing and splashing, were being dashed through the waters of the 'Old Dominion' at the rate of ten miles an hour. The next day we landed in Baltimore, where I asked Judith if her feeble health did not require a day's rest before we proceeded any further. She acknowledged her extreme debility, but thought that she could travel in steamboats, and desired to go on whilst she was able: so we took passage the same afternoon, and proceeded by way of Frenchtown to Philadelphia. We landed at the Chesnut street wharf the next day at two o'clock, and took a hackney coach to convey us to one of the principal hotels of the city. Judith's weakness was now so great, (and to me it was alarming,) that she admitted her inability to continue our journey, until her strength was recruited by a day's rest. A day's rest might have been all, if an accident had not prolonged our stay.

The coach had stopped before the door of the hotel, my foot was on the step, and my hands were let go to descend, when a sudden start of the horses, which were frightened by something unusual, threw me violently on the rough stones of the pavement. I sprang up, unconscious of hurt, and ran after the coach, on hearing a scream from Judith. The horses were stopped within ten yards. My feeble companion, with fright depicted on her countenance, inquired, as I helped her out, if I were not badly hurt.

"No, scarcely at all:—yes, I believe I am a little—Ach! my ankle begins to pain me some—My hip seems to be slightly bruised."

We were now in the front parlor: before we reached a seat, I was writhing and limping badly. She looked anxiously into my face:

"Mr. Garamé, you are *seriously* hurt."

There was a degree of animation in her look, that I had not seen during the week of her mourning. I seated her on the sofa, intending to go instantly and speak for our rooms; but on turning round, I felt such pangs that I dropped down by her side, put my hand first to my ankle, then to my hip: but intending to quiet her fears, I said:

"'Tis true, I am a good deal hurt—oh! ah!—but no bones are broken—I shall soon get over it—ah! oh!"

I could not suppress these interjections, for at every movement of the wounded muscles, a needle seemed to shoot through the irritated fibres.

What was my surprise to see Judith, whose languor had for several days made her positively unable to walk without assistance, now rise from the sofa, go alone to the bar-room adjoining the parlor, and after speaking to the clerk, and having two servants called, return, and when the clerk came in, request me to order rooms for us. I told him that the young lady was a friend of mine, in deep distress, and that we wanted private chambers in a retired part of the house, with a parlor to ourselves, as the lady's situation did not admit of her mingling with strangers. We were accommodated in every particular. When the servant man came and announced that our rooms were prepared in the second

story, I rose with difficulty, and as usual offered Judith my arm. She rose without difficulty, and looking into my face with marks of lively concern in her's, exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Garamo, you cannot go up the stairs without assistance; do, if you please, let this servant call another to assist him in supporting you."

I accepted the aid of the servant on my wounded side, but persisted in keeping her on the other. Thus we made our way up the stairs, which, to my pleasing astonishment, Judith mounted, rather giving than receiving support. I wondered and rejoiced at this sudden amendment in my dear charge. From the moment when she saw me writhing with sharp pains, a new vigor was infused into her debilitated frame, new animation was visible in her face, new light beamed from her eyes; and from this moment, while she officiated with the tenderest care as my nurse, her health and spirits continued to return with a rapidity which was not only surprising, but at first unaccountable, and the more so because my sufferings were a new affliction to her; she sympathized keenly with every twinge of pain that she saw me endure, kept anxious watch for the minutest occasion to serve me, and where she could not relieve, to share the suffering. But this pungent anxiety on my account was doubtless the cause of the happy change in her own condition: it effectually diverted her mind from the depressing contemplation of her late disaster, gave a new turn to the current of her feelings, started new trains of thought, and put the terrible accident that afflicted her, far back in the series of recent facts and interesting experiences. Had my sufferings been of a more appalling character, they might have aggravated her malady; but they were just sufficient to excite the languishing powers of nature without exhausting them. Thus she soon recovered the elasticity of her mind so far, that she was able in some degree to control her grief by the exercise of reason and conscience: and this she did; for she told me a few days afterwards, that she deemed it ungrateful and rebellious towards God to persist wilfully in grieving for any loss that He saw good to inflict upon us. Therefore, although she could not avoid mourning for the loss of her dear brother, she felt in duty bound to reconcile herself as soon as possible to the Divine will, and to subdue a grief which could serve no good end, except so far as it was involuntary, and which would, if wilfully indulged, unfit her for the duties of life and the enjoyment of the blessing yet left to her. One end of grief might be, she thought, to exercise us in subduing it; this might be one of the appointed trials of our piety towards our Heavenly Father, a salutary discipline to fit us for serving him in all circumstances, whether of prosperity or adversity. In these rational and devout sentiments I fully concurred with her. But it is time to resume the thread of my narrative.

I was scarcely disposed on the sofa in our parlor, before a surgeon (the most eminent in the city, as I afterwards learned,) was ushered in by a servant, and without preamble or introduction, ordered the servant to "strip that foot." Judith had just finished the operation of pillowing it softly on a stool. As she rose from her reclining posture, she whispered to me that the clerk had sent for the surgeon: then she told the maid in waiting to lead the way into her chamber.

The surgeon, whose abrupt order had surprised, and for a moment irritated me, glanced at my ankle, and pronounced it badly sprained: then in the same breath he asked—

"Have you any other hurt?"

"Yes, on my hip."

"Strip his hip, servant—quickly."

He gave it a hasty look and a touch.

"It is only a bruise: rub it with liniment, and apply a flake of raw cotton: put a bread poultice to your ankle."

"How long shall I be confined, doctor?"

"That will depend on your care, and on circumstances. Do not tread on that foot; drink no stimulants, eat sparingly, and take a Seidlitz powder or two daily. Good day, sir."

He spoke and was gone.

The next morning after breakfast he called again—asked just three questions, staid just two minutes, and was off instantly after uttering these words:

"Continue the same applications, till the swelling and soreness abate: nurse your ankle until it is well; a week or more, if necessary; and if it gets worse send for me. My hat, boy! Your servant, sir."

I saw him no more; but I did see that he was full of business, and had no need of complaisance.

Judith, my sweet nurse, was present when he enjoined on me a week's confinement or more. I saw a little cloud of sadness flit over her countenance, when she heard it. I could easily conjecture why this detention should be unpleasant to her, especially when I remembered what Eli had said about the necessity of a speedy prosecution of their journey: but as to myself, shall I confess it? the prospect of delay foisted a secret joy into my heart in spite of bruised flesh and an aching joint—in spite too of my biting conscience, which bade me wish for a speedy return of Judith to her friends, whatever delight I might take in her company. But when I looked upon my dear companion, whose eyes of reviving brightness were now directed towards me, how could I help longing for a continuance of our intercourse? But if the desire was itself unconquerable, it did not subdue my conscientious feeling, so as to prevent my acting in accordance with my duty on this occasion. I asked my dear charge what was to be done now: would she wait until I should be able to travel, or would she write to her Boston friend, that he might come and meet her here? She answered that she ought to write, and make known her situation, without delay.

"Then (said she,) having done my duty, I can wait patiently, whether it be the will of Providence that you shall carry me on further after your recovery, or that my cousin shall be able to come and release you from the necessity."

She retired to her room and wrote the letter. When she came with it into the parlor and rang the bell for a servant to have it carried to the post-office, the marks of recent tears were upon her face; and when the servant closed the door, on going out with the missive that would probably in a few days bring her a new protector, she turned with drooping head and staggered to a chair. No wonder that she was deeply affected, for the writing of that letter "renewed the sad remembrance of her fate." But, oh! the weakness of human nature—at least of my human nature: for I—yes, even

I—so lately the purely disinterested, the simply fraternal lover, now felt the wish that a part of her emotion, even the greater part, might be on account of her approaching separation from me *myself*. How was my love descending from its angelic height, and settling upon the low grounds of human selfishness! In truth, at this moment, when I contemplated the loss of her society, my passion began to be ambitious of conquest and jealous of interference: I coveted all the affection of that dear heart: and any suspicion that it throbbled for others, and chiefly for them, whilst every sight and every thought of her raised the strongest pulsations in my heart, produced in me an irritability and sensitiveness of feeling, new, painful, earthly, and humiliating to think upon. Not only how selfish, but how inconsistent had my love become. It had been produced, nourished and refined, in a great measure, by her various manifestations of a heart, rich in every tender, virtuous and amiable affection; and now my full grown or overgrown passion, after being so born and bred, demanded that for its gratification, she should feel a less dutiful affection for others, and that in order to satisfy its cravings, she should make herself less worthy of being loved. Still, however, if I had been sure that love for me was seated on the throne of her heart, I might have allowed other affections to occupy a high but still a subordinate place: but whilst the precedence was unsettled, I was jealous of all possible rivals: even filial love was not pleasing in my sight.

Whilst the letter was speeding its way, and we waited for the result, and for my convalescence, our days were spent almost exclusively in each other's society;—happy days they were to me—transcendantly happy I may call them, notwithstanding the cloud-shadows that often flitted across their summer brightness. I allude not to corporeal sufferings; for under the balmy care of the sweetest nurse in the world, my bruises were soon mollified, and my wrenched ankle ceased to pain me; yet it was a week before I durst attempt the passage from parlor to bed-chamber, and contrariwise, without the help of the servant who attended upon me. But too fleeting seemed the quarter of a moon, which brought my dear companion the answer from her cousin that he would follow in two or three days, and requesting her kind friend to stay with her until he should arrive. That 'kind friend' needed no persuasion to detain him, nor would he have left her one day before necessity required, if he had even had the wings of a dove to fly away.

Meanwhile I saw with delight how Judith's grief yielded daily to sober cheerfulness, and how returning health was continually restoring the vernal bloom to her cheeks, and the starry radiance to her eyes. Though still a deep mourner, she soon began to show occasionally, in placid smiles, the budding promise of a new spring-time of the heart. When I saw the first of these renovated smiles illumine once more the beauties of her countenance, what a rushing tide of joy flowed through my heart!

Every day increased my admiration of this extraordinary maiden. I had seen her in the days of her joyous vivacity, drinking the pleasures of bountiful nature from a thousand springs; every sparkling feature and buoyant motion expressing the gaiety of an innocent heart. Then, all in a moment, I had seen her riven

with a thunderbolt of misfortune, and hurled into the lowest deep of affliction. And now I saw her rising again to the light of consolation, and walking in the mellow shade of patient resignation and dawning cheerfulness. In this diversity of situation, extreme and intermediate, every feeling of her heart, and every trait of her character, seemed to be developed: and whatever light shades of human infirmity might be discerned, such a character of intellectual brightness, moral purity, and unsophisticated amiability of temper, all becomingly set forth with such personal beauty, had never before realized itself to my perception. Whether my fancy contributed to adorn this lovely being or not, the vision was to my heart so perfectly enchanting, that I was rapt (if I may so express it without profaneness) up to the third heaven of love. Whether others have been so entranced by the sweet passion, I cannot say; probably few—for few indeed have been placed in such peculiar circumstances—but this I know, that I could not possibly love a mortal being—no, not angel—more: my heart was full.

To avoid all expression of my love until Judith should be with her friend, as a delicate regard to her feelings required, became at last impossible. Whilst I abstained from verbal declarations of more than fraternal kindness, tokens of my deeper passion began to steal from me every hour that I spent in her company. If the reader have felt the strong workings of the tender passion, and observed their effects, then the reader knows that there are a hundred signs of love more expressive than words; signs, which they whose hearts are tenderly attached, but not yet conclusively affianced, instinctively give and instinctively understand. Many of these are too delicate in their nature, and pertain too exclusively to the mysteries of the passion, to be intelligible to the uninitiated. Not until one's heart is illuminated by nature's love-torch, can one read the language of love spoken by the eyes—the tender meaning that plays about the lips,—the sentiments delicately suggested by certain undesigned postures and inadvertant motions, or by certain tremors, certain touches of the hand,—the interesting significance of certain accents, tones and stammerings of the voice, flushings and blanchings of the cheek;—all expressive; and the more so, because, to be felt by the one party, they must spring undesignedly from the feelings of the other: they are nature's language; and therefore inimitable by the feigning pretender, who, attempting to act without feeling, is almost sure to be exposed to the instinctive sagacity of real passion.

Such signs I could no more repress than I could have stayed the eruption of a volcano. I detected them springing involuntarily forth in every form and on every occasion. They were understood—that I saw; signs of reciprocity were not wanting: they broke through the guarded modesty of Judith's heart: they could not escape the vigilant sagacity of mine. My satisfaction would have been complete, my joy unbounded, had these auspicious tokens come alone. But they came attended with others of such sinister omen, as to baffle my judgment, and to becloud my hope. Tokens of pain attached themselves to her tokens of love. When she appeared to apprehend in me the symptoms of more than a brother's affection, nature speaking back from her heart, and flashing through every avenue

of expression, told me that my love was both pleasant and painful to her soul. Whenever something in my voice and manner indicated the ardor of my feelings, the tremulous joy that sprang forth to her tell-tale countenance, was in a moment saddened by a twinge of anguish; as I have seen on a rainy day, the blooming meadow of my native vale, when the flashing beam of sunlight that disclosed its flowery beauties, was suddenly extinguished again by the shadow of the rain-cloud.

A remarkable instance of the kind took place on the fifth morning after the letter had been sent. We had just finished our private breakfast, and Judith was asking if my ankle were not in a painful position on the stool, where I still kept it during most of the day, when a servant brought up a newspaper with the landlord's compliments and suggestion, that we might find something in it particularly interesting to ourselves. On glancing over the columns, I found an article taken from a Norfolk paper, and headed "Affecting incident at sea." I soon discovered that it was our captain's account of poor Eli's fate, and of Judith's fall and rescue. He had done full justice to my agency in the affair, but stated as a fact, a conjecture of his own, that Judith and I (but only the initials of our names were given,) were betrothed in marriage.

Judith perceiving my agitation, asked with great concern whether I had found any bad news.

"Nothing new to us,—it is the captain's story of our misfortune. You will have to read for yourself. One of the circumstances mentioned by the captain is a mistake; you may pardon that, as all the rest is correct."

She took the paper with a trembling hand, and retired into her room, which, like mine, opened into the parlor. Presently I heard her half-suppressed sobs; then she was silent during a few moments; then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she started up with the exclamation—

"My preserver, and I knew it not! I might have gone home without knowing my chief obligation to him."

She was hastening towards the open door; but stopped where I could see that she was still reading. Soon she again returned to her seat, where I could not see her; and sat in profound silence for a quarter of an hour.

It may be readily supposed, that Judith was not sensible of the part that I had acted in rescuing her from the sea, (if indeed she could remember that she fell into it,) and that she was not likely to be informed, unless I had told her myself, which my sense of delicacy forbade, though I was not at all displeased that she should learn it in such time and way as she did. Nor was I sorry for the mistake about our betrothal, because it might obviate disagreeable remarks about our secluded intimacy in the hotel; and, moreover, it might assist me in judging how the idea of such a relation would affect her. But it placed her in a very embarrassing situation, impelled as she was by gratitude to rush in and make her acknowledgments, yet restrained by the fear that I might give the wrong interpretation to the warm expression of her feelings.

Finally, she again rose from her seat and came into the parlor, slowly and stultily, hanging down her head as if ashamed. My heart palpitated, and I felt confused, not knowing how I should receive her; so I seemed not to be aware of her approach, and kept my eyes on the floor, as if engaged in meditation. She stood a

minute at the end of the sofa, opposite to that which I occupied, with my lame foot on the stool. I looked up towards her at last; she had her eyes fixed on me with a look of indescribable tenderness and sadness. Her eyes met mine, and the mutual glance of feeling overcame her; she put her handkerchief to her face with both hands, and dropped to her seat on the sofa, exclaiming, "Oh, my preserver!" and burst into tears.

"Thank God, my dear Judith, that I was able to preserve so precious a life."

She recovered, after a few moments, sufficiently to say—"I can never compensate you, my friend; but I am not sorry to lie under obligation to such a benefactor—one more than a common friend—a brother who risked his own life to save mine—yes, a kind, good brother—alas! alas! the only being on earth whom I can now call brother, and him only by courtesy; but I will cleave to the privilege; I will try to show that I am not unworthy to be your sister, and shall always claim to be so considered."

I spoke some kind words in reply, and while I spoke, happened some how or other to move a little nigher to her end of the sofa; and taking the hand that she had dropped, while the other still held the handkerchief to her face, I drew it slightly; her body obeyed the gentle attraction, and her head, with the handkerchief still over the eyes, dropped upon my shoulder; but had not rested there, before she suddenly drew back, gave me a glance of heart-piercing love and anguish,—her glowing cheek was suddenly blanched; and with an interjection expressive of keen suffering, she rose, hastened to her room, and threw herself on a chair, moaning and sobbing, till she so far conquered her emotion as to become perfectly silent.

I was at a loss. The shrinking delicacy of her feelings, and the doleful remembrances so lately recalled to mind, did not solve the phenomena; there was a visible pang unaccounted for—a shooting pang—that could in one instant drive back the warm current of love in a freezing eddy to the heart. What *could* be the matter? Of all the suppositions that I could think of, one only carried an air of probability—she must be affianced to another. The conception was torture to my soul. I dwelt upon it, until I was persuaded of its truth. "Her promise to another, and her love for me, will account for the struggle in her heart," said I to myself; then, before I was aware, a heavy groan broke forth and started me out of my reverie.

Judith also started up at the sound, and came with an agitated look, exclaiming—

"Oh, Mr. Garamè! pardon my rudeness: I left you as if I were offended—no, no; it was not that. I could not suspect—I did not imagine—that my preserver, my brother, meant any thing wrong or offensive—oh, no!—it was pure friendship and brotherly kindness—I knew it was. Something else came to mind—but—"

Here she stopped abruptly, and appeared much embarrassed, as if she had some painful communication to make, but felt a delicacy or reluctance to make it.

I assured her that I did not suspect her of being offended, and that my distress had a different origin—a painful thought, suggested by the appearance of some secret cause of pain in her mind. Here I was on the point of declaring all my heart; but feeling unprepared, and deeming it improper at this time, I stopped short

and became embarrassed in my turn. She relieved me with the ready tact, of which she had before given me striking examples.

"Well, brother, (said she, with all the cheerfulness that she could muster,)—now, as our mutual confidence is restored, let us drop these delicate matters and resume our book. I will read first, then you may take your turn."

So we occupied ourselves with "Specimens of American Poetry," and our comments on the passages read. By dinner time, our minds were restored to their usual calmness.

That night, after mature reflection on my pillow, I resolved to defer my declaration no longer than until another occasion should arise, when I would make it without abruptness. I sighed to unburden my heart, and to solve the mystery of her painful love for me. I was persuaded also that she would gladly accept relief from the embarrassment of understanding, and being known to understand, my feelings, yet unauthorized to admit, without a breach of delicacy, that she did understand them. The mystery of the pangs which embittered her love for me, did not continue so to torture me as they had done. My fond heart began to flatter itself that all might arise from the black fountain of her recent grief, together with her virgin diffidence in the secluded company of one so new to her acquaintance. This more comfortable view of the case presented itself in the loneliness of my bed-chamber, after a gratifying review of the manifest tokens that she had given me, involuntarily, of her devoted affection; and under the persuasion that if she were not at liberty to accept my love, she would not have left me to go so far in ignorance of the fact. Still I longed to be rid of suspense, and of a fearful apprehension, certainly not without cause, that my hopes might still be sadly disappointed.

The next morning I found my ankle so much better, that after the servant had helped me into the parlor, and breakfast was over, I sent him to order me a crutch, which came at dinner time, and to my joy I found that with care I might safely hobble about the room upon it.

When the servants had cleared our table, and left us alone after dinner, we began to speak of the probability of our speedy separation. This afforded the occasion that I waited for, to introduce the avowal of my passion. I omit the series of remarks by which I gradually prepared her for the declaration. I apologised for broaching so delicate a subject before the arrival of her friend. I alleged my unrestrainable affection, and my fearful doubts; besides the painful embarrassment which I inflicted on her, by involuntarily signifying the passion which I had not explicitly declared. I further alleged the near approach and probable suddenness of our separation, when the shortness of the time, the hurry of preparation and the distress of parting, would render such an explanation intolerably painful, whatever the result might be. Finally, I avowed my passion in all its fulness, and offered her my hand with the expression of my perfect assurance, that my life could in no way be so happily spent as in the closest and most endearing connection with her.

"But (said I, in conclusion,)—I am not so rude as to ask of you at this time any answer or explanation of your feelings, if the slightest reason would incline you to defer it. Be assured, however, that if you should now

or hereafter tell me of some impediment to our union, be it whatsoever it may—grieved as I shall be that the fondest desire of my heart cannot be gratified—I shall cling with but the closer attachment to the admitted relation of brother and sister, and will love you as my dearest friend, if I may not love you as the partner of my bosom."

Thus I brought my speech to a successful conclusion, although at the commencement and through the greater part of it, I had hesitated and stammered so much, as to feel doubtful of a safe deliverance.

She was again sitting at one end of the sofa, while I sat at the other with my crutch between us. When she discovered the drift of my discourse, she first hung down her head, then beginning to tremble, she turned and leaned over the back of the sofa to steady her nerves, while I could see the alternations of blushing and paleness upon her cheek; then she put her handkerchief to her face, and when I had concluded, I saw the tears streaming from underneath the handkerchief; and when these had ceased to stream, sob after sob started from her full breast. But she soon evinced the desire to compose herself; she wiped her eyes; changed her position; swallowed her sobs; and gradually sank with bended head into the posture of silent meditation. I waited anxiously during fifteen minutes; till she lifted her head from its declined posture, and turning herself towards me, she began with downcast eyes, and with a voice low and plaintive, gathering strength as it proceeded, but still sweet as the sweetest tones that summer wind ever stole from *Æolian* harp:

"Mr. Garamé, you have acted kindly to tell me your feelings, before the parting hour. I have seen the involuntary signs of your tender affection for me; they placed me in a situation of painful delicacy; I could not conceal that I understood you, nor speak as if I did. You have now but added one more to the many proofs before given of your honorable affection and tender regard for my feelings. I will at once confess what I suppose that I have heretofore betrayed—that your love is not disagreeable to me, nor met with a cold return in my heart. No, my dear preserver; on the first day of our acquaintance, I felt a new and strange sort of pleasure in your company. Then I thought not of love; I expected soon to see you no more;—and though I was sensible of a strong reluctance at the thought of parting with you, I did not suspect that a new passion had sprung up in my heart. What followed—you know. Oh! how could my bruised and desolate heart do otherwise than love such a friend? Since I have recovered sufficient composure to reflect on my feelings, and have observed the evidence of your's, I have become conscious of a sister's devoted affection; and within these three days, of more—I need not affect to conceal it—I can go all lengths with you in affection; there is no want of love to make me happy in the most intimate connexion with you; nor am I debarred by any engagement or impediment of any sort, so far as my feelings or circumstances are concerned. Yet there is one thing which you have not heard—an important fact; it may be fatal."

Here she paused to struggle with her feelings; presently she continued, while pale dread sat brooding upon my heart,—“I have lately reproached myself for not telling you sooner. But before my calamity, I thought

it unnecessary; during the agony of my grief, I could think of no such matters, and since I have recovered the power of reflection and have seen occasion to tell you, I have waited for an opportunity of doing it without abruptness; now the opportunity has occurred. Oh my friend! prepare to hear a disclosure which must pain your affectionate heart. You have looked upon me as a suitable companion for life; when you know all, you may think differently; you are a sincere christian; will you not shudder at the thought of marrying a Jewess?"

Never was intelligence more surprising. My fearful and busy imagination had created a dozen impediments—such as a prior engagement—a father's refusal, or even a plague spot of infamy upon the family; but had never caught an inkling of the reality, which now struck me like an electric shock.

"A Jewess! you a Jewess?" said I, with a start and an emphasis that conveyed more than was meant. Her eyes were upon me; and when she saw and heard the effect of her disclosure; a new gush of feeling came and overpowered her.

"Oh (said she in a tone of sudden grief) my fears were true!" Then she rose in confusion to leave me; while the tear-drops began to fall. Now my former feelings, like reflux waves which the dash of a tornado had displaced, came rushing tumultuously back again, and I exclaimed,

"My dear Judith, do not leave me now. I am surprised but not changed. If you will not let me hope, tell me so at once. But why should a mere name blast my dearest prospects, and sever those whom affection has united?"

She fell back on her seat almost choked with emotion, and sobbed out; "I love you none the less for that name. It is not my heart that such a circumstance will change. But I am afraid that my being a Jewess will canker your love for me."

"Oh no, no," said I quickly.

She continued in a calmer strain, "My heart is your's; the difference in our national descent and religious education, shall not prevent me from giving you my hand, if on full consideration, you and your friends think that these things will not prove fatal to your happiness. Some of my kindred have married christians; my father has told me, that if I should meet with a christian whose temper and character were suitable to mine, he would not refuse to own him for a son-in-law. I am no bigot. Though educated in the religion of my fathers, I have learned to respect the christian religion; I have perused the New Testament, and love its excellent precepts of benevolence and purity; and though I do not profess the christian faith, I could easily live in concord with one who professes it as mildly and sincerely as you do. But I am aware of the prejudices which many entertain against my nation, and what a horror they would feel at so intimate a connection with an Israelite. I know too, that a sincere christian may feel conscientious difficulties in such a case. I do not know what feelings and sentiments you may have entertained on this subject; the case is probably new to you, and therefore demands serious and mature consideration before you proceed further. It would kill my poor heart to find, when too late, that I had caused—" Here she became so deeply affected, that she had to break off and retire to her chamber.

I also got up, and with my crutch hobbled to my room in deep agitation, delighted yet troubled. My lameness and perturbation of mind effectually precluded all regular thinking while I was on foot, although my mental machinery was driven with an impetus that disposed me to bodily action at the same time. I lay down on the bed that I might compose myself, and obey the injunction to consider well this new feature of my love case; and somewhat after this manner did my mind work at the task of sapient reflection:

"Reflect! She tells me to reflect whether I can press that dear affectionate heart to my bosom! Yes, that heart! What sobriety of reflection is mingled there with the light of genius and the living fires of sensibility! She loves me with all that heart; sweet child of sorrow! How candidly has she told me that she is a Jewess, though she expected to make me loathe her by the intelligence—and that too at the very moment when she confessed her love! True, I have never liked the character of the Jews, either ancient or modern; but she has charms enough to put all such prejudices to flight. And why should I object to marry a daughter of Abraham, the friend of God, and the father of all believers? Were not the prophets and the apostles and the son of God himself, Israelites? And am I to feel degraded or mismatched, when I marry a kinswoman of their's? But were the Jews never so vile or loathsome as a people, my Judith has sufficient personal merits to redeem her from all objection and to cover all her people's sins. Has not the Creator stamped on her lovely person the evident marks of his favor and delight? How divinely sweet has he fashioned her? What a pure and lovely spirit has he breathed into that beautiful structure! Those eyes, beaming tenderness! That mouth, so rosy-lipped, and so eloquent—every smile a young Cupid—every word flavored with ambrosial melody! Such a soul in such a body! Formed and compounded to lead captive every sense and every faculty of the soul! And I am to question whether I can live happily with her! Have I not been with her a month in pleasure and in suffering, and found her equally amiable, equally engaging, whether I ascended with her to the ethereal heights of joy, or descended with her to the Stygian caves of sorrow? If a month—or is it a month? No, scarcely three weeks; but such a specimen of all experiences may give assurance for a life-time. But, says an objector, she is not a Christian. But in spirit and feeling she is a far better Christian, than nine-tenths of those who make the loudest professions. She loves the rules and the spirit of the Christian religion, and I have no doubt that she only needs to be placed in Christian society, and under Christian influence, to be soon persuaded to believe fully in Jesus of Nazareth. Oh! then what a happy life could we live in some sweet vale of my native land! I see plainly that all is safe. Shall I then bid her go for a Jewess, and break her heart with mourning her slighted love, or bestow her unrivalled charms on another? No, by all that is precious, I cannot, I will not—even now she is weeping for the perturbation that she gave my spirits. I have reflected—I am prepared to give her the result, and to ease her dear heart at once."

With this conclusion firmly grasped, though reached through a confused mixture of arguments and feelings, I got up and returned to the parlor. Not finding

Judith there, I became restless, and limped and stumbled about the room, full to overflowing of my sage meditations, and impatient to deliver the result to my beloved Israelite. When she heard me hobbling about, and striking against stool and chair under the impulse of my boiling thoughts, she came in with a countenance of half subdued anxiety, and said: "Well, my dear friend, I have allowed you a short time to compose yourself after the shock that I gave you, and to consider the consequences of a marriage with one who turns out to be not so unobjectionable as you supposed. But you must have a much longer time to settle upon a final conclusion."

"No, my dear Judith, I have had time enough; the thought of giving you up is distraction to my soul. I see no impediment in what you have told me to our loving and blessing each other for life. When you discovered to me what I had never conjectured or imagined, the suddenness of it startled me a little; but the fact itself cannot shake my love for you; it cannot mar my delight in you; and I can now most freely offer you my hand again, with a heart untouched by fear and altogether devoted to your happiness."

"I have (said she) the most perfect confidence in your sincerity; but the case as it now stands is quite new to you; it is but half an hour since you first conceived the possibility of your ever marrying a Jewess. I cannot with a good conscience bind you by an absolute promise so soon; I must give you time and opportunity to deliberate coolly on the subject, and to consult your friends at home. As to myself, I have heretofore considered whether I might honestly and safely give my hand to one against whom no objection could lie, except our difference in one point of religious belief. My mind has been made up. If he, after full consideration, can freely and conscientiously make me his companion for life, then I can accept his offer, if our affections are united. I am authorized by my father, and prepared by reflection as well as by feeling, to give my beloved friend and preserver all the satisfaction which the most solemn pledge can afford—this I will now do, and I rejoice that I can do it without fear, without hesitation, and with all my heart."

So saying, she rose and advanced to where I stood leaning on the back of a chair, and putting first her right hand in mine, she then with queenly grace and dignity, yet with all virgin modesty, addressed me in these words: "Here, my dearest friend, I give you the disposal of my hand, that you may accept or decline it finally, after you have considered the whole case in the presence of your kindred. You will then come to the conclusion, whether you can safely do what your heart desires. Write to me then. If you confirm our engagement, I shall rejoice as much as gratified love can make me; if you annul it, as you have the right to do, I shall grieve for the result; but I shall not blame you for exercising your liberty and consulting your happiness, instead of destroying it, and then mine with it, by an unsuitable marriage. You will at all events be gratefully remembered and unceasingly beloved as my friend and preserver. Thus I commit myself to your disposal; and now as my mind is deliberately made up and unchangeably settled, I hazard nothing when I call upon my God and yours, the God of Abraham, as I solemnly do, to witness the sincerity of the vow that I have made."

She then let go my hand and seemed about to retire. My first emotion, when she concluded, was deep reve-

rence, inspired by her language and manner. Next, when I looked upon her lovely face, and considered her now as my affianced spouse, I could not resist the impulse to clasp her to my bosom. "My love!" said I, as she began to retire; I advanced a step and opened my arms. She looked at me with angelic sweetness mingled with shrinking diffidence; and as she uttered these words, "Excuse me now, dear friend," she drew back and returned to her chamber, but without closing the door; she would not indicate the slightest fear—she did not feel it—for well did she know that I held that sanctuary of her's as inviolable, as if it were the consecrated abode of a divinity.

The painful embarrassment of our late position was now over. The satisfaction that she meant to give me by her solemn pledge, I felt in all its fulness. We had settled our engagement on terms, which left me nothing to wish for, and left her apparently very little to fear. At least she had acted towards me with such a conscientious and self-denying generosity, as might convince me, if I had not been convinced before, that a heart of such rare and amiable virtues could never make me unhappy.

Now the few remaining days that we spent at the hotel, flew away in all the delights of innocent affection, restrained without being diminished, by my dear companion's maidenly reserve, combined with the most winning evidence of her confiding love. But ah! too soon were these happy days brought to an end! Only four suns were suffered to shine upon our plighted love, before a servant entered our parlor to announce that Mr. Von Caleb, my Judith's cousin, and another gentleman with him, had arrived. We told him to show them up as soon as they were ready. I retired to my chamber, that I might not disturb the first feelings of the interview. When they came in, I soon heard the sound of mingled weeping and rejoicing. I was made to hear also that the companion of Mr. Von Caleb was a Jewish acquaintance picked up at New York, and who, as he had just arrived from London, brought intelligence that Judith's father and other relations were all well.

After the salutations and first inquiries were over, I opened my door and joined the company. Judith introduced me first to her cousin, Von Caleb, and then to her friend Mr. Levi. I noticed that she did not emphasise the word 'friend.' Mr. Von Caleb shook my hand affectionately, and at once thanked me fervently for my kindness to Judith. He was a middle-aged man, with a stout well built person and open pleasant countenance. But friend Levi was a small, old, shrivelled, sharp-visaged man, with little gray eyes deeply sunk under projecting shaggy eyebrows; his head was bald on the crown, but this defect was amply made up by a gray frizzled beard, which filled up all the spaces under the chin and jawbones about the neck, as if it were a cravat. He gripped my hand tightly, and with a squeaking voice, broken frequently into huskiness, uttered some friendly words; but I did not like either the looks or the manners of friend Levi. No where and at no time would I have liked them; here just at this time, I was most disagreeably affected to behold, in living reality before me, such a representative of the Jews, according to my former habitual notion of them. The disagreeable impression was, however, effaced for the time by a glance at my lovely Judith, and the open benevolent face of her cousin. These were enough to sweeten any one's imagination of the Jews.

After a few minutes' conversation, I got myself down to the bar room, that I might give the friends opportunity for a more private conference. In a short time Mr. Levi came down also, and seeing me alone in one corner of the room, he took a seat beside me. After some questions on his part about poor Eli's fate, I began from a natural curiosity to make some inquiries about Judith's father and family. I found the little man so communicative, that he soon told me more than I had asked to know; soon too he discovered to me that his darling theme was money; for start him on any track whatsoever, and he would speedily arrive at this goal of all his thoughts and affections. To this propensity I was indebted for a piece of information, which had now become more interesting to me than the little miser was aware of. The following specimen of his part of the conversation will convey the same information to the reader, and at the same time show the turn of the speaker's thoughts and expressions. I should remark also that he spoke English with a German accent, betraying the land of his birth.

"Is Judy's father very old, you ask—why, no, not so very; his hair is gray like mine—that's all. He walks on 'Change like a young man; and when he goes to his bank and counts the monies, he can see as sharp as any body—sure he can. Is Nathan Bensaddi a banker, do you ask? Why, yes, sure he is; every body in London knows that. He owns one of the greatest banks in London, I know—sure I do—for I have been his agent to collect money. Ah, he has the monies—sure; yes, money, money. Oh, so much money! That is not all—sure it is not. He lives in a big, fine house, on the street called Piccadilly. I have been in it. I have eat dinner there on feast days. Yes, the feast of Purim; and then I saw with my own blessed eyes what fine things he had in his house. Why, sure, his table was covered all over with plate. Yes, gold plate and silver plate—silver this and silver that—gold here and gold there—this, that and the other, all gold and silver. Ah, sure, you would think it was Solomon's house. Rich, you say? Yes, sure, that he is; and I have not told you all. Isaac Von Caleb told me last night that Nathan Bensaddi has mortgages on a great sugar estate in the West Indies, on an island they call Saint Kish, or Kitts, or something like that. Yes, and he told me that Nathan would soon have the land and the slaves and the sugar and the coffee and the spices, and all—sure. Yes, and that Eli was gone to see about it when he got drowned. Yes, and he told me too that Judy had a great fortune of her own besides. I knew that before—sure I did. Yes, I know how she got it too—sure I do. Old Simon Mordecai, her uncle by the mother's side, was so pleased with her nursing him in his long sickness, when he had no wife nor child to do any thing for him—and he was so cross and snappish, nobody could please him—but Judy pleased him—sure she did; and when his will was opened, there was Judy left heiress of all Simon's three per cent stocks. Yes, sure, a hundred thousand pounds. Ah! who would not nurse a sick man, if he *was* crabbed, for such good pay? Did it out of kindness you say? Why, yes—sure she did. She is the kindest thing in the world. I have heard her friends say so. She is *too* kind. She gives away *too* much money. Ah, Judy is a good girl—so rich. And sure, yes, she'll have the half of Nathan's fortune too, when he dies, now that Eli is drowned; and she has only one sister, Rachel, older than Judy; and she is married to a Christian—

hang him—I don't mean you—but I hope Judy won't marry a Gentile."

By this time my squeaking friend had fallen into a half soliloquizing mood, as if an idea had struck him, and drawn off his attention from me. A servant now entered and brought me a request to walk up to the parlor. I arose immediately to go, and while adjusting my crutch, I observed that friend Levi's chin had dropped meditatively upon his breast, while his tongue played incessantly, though his voice had sunk to a husky murmur. I heard only these words more, "Judy will be rich, rich—ah, so rich! Now, sure, if my boy Joseph —" I was by this time out of hearing, and hobbling towards the parlor with bran new ideas blazing before my imagination. I had conjectured that Judith's family could not be poor; but neither Eli nor Judith had ever given me a hint from which I could infer great riches. In fact Judith had seemed to me rather too reserved on this point, especially since our matrimonial engagement; for both before and since, I had let her understand that my parents were not rich, and that my inheritance would be small. I had hitherto in my dream of happiness with Judith, indulged no splendid fancies; my modest aspirations were limited to a snug cottage by a fountain side, in some green vale where forest trees bordering a meadow, would yield "in summer, shade—in winter, fire."

But now, as if touched by a magician's wand, the picture changed, and presented me instead of this humble scene, an elegant mansion seated upon a hill, commanding a view of the Great Valley and its mountain boundaries; with a fine library, not without paintings and other specimens of the fine arts; and windows looking out on all sides—here upon a park—there upon meadows in the vales around—and yonder upon fields on hill sides—and here and there on white cottages sending up wreaths of smoke from the fire-sides of happy tenants, a tribute grateful to the hearts of the proprietor and his lady. This new picture was completed just as I entered the parlor, and saw Judith conversing with her cousin. She, after all, was herself the sweetest vision of my heart; and the lovely reality dissipated the illusions of a dreaming fancy.

On seeing me, she rose blushing and retired to her chamber. Mr. Von Caleb also arose from his seat, and again taking me by the hand, expressed his approbation of our matrimonial scheme, of which Judith had just informed him. After we were seated, he continued in these words, lowering his voice, that Judith might not hear:

"God must have designed this union of two such good hearts; or he would not have brought you so closely together, by such an extraordinary dispensation of his providence. Now, after he has bound your affections together by so many ties, I would think it an impious resistance to his will to throw any hindrance in the way of your marriage. I could wish that you were both of the same religion; but still if you are willing to take a daughter of Abraham for your wife, I do not see why you may not both agree in worshipping the God of Abraham; and if you serve him as father Abraham did, He will bless you, though you may not have the same belief on some points. One thing I feel sure of, that Judith will never willingly disturb you on matters of conscience. I have known her from a child. Father Abraham never had a lovelier daughter; her temper is the sweetest and kindest in the world; her discretion is extraordinary for so young a person; it

was so remarked a year ago, when I left London; and she has an uncommon turn for improving by experience. I heard a poet of her acquaintance say, 'She is like the busy bee, gathering the honey of wisdom from every blossom of experience in the pathway of her life.' And now I must do what she has just enjoined upon me; that is, tell you all her faults, without favor or partiality, as if upon oath. First and foremost then; they say she has too much feeling, or sensibility, as they call it. This not only makes her suffer too much for the sufferings of others, but it lays her open to the impositions of beggars and rogues of all sorts. I don't mean that beggars are all rogues; but some of them knowing the tenderness of her heart, impose on her by falsehood or exaggerated stories of their distresses, and make her give them more than they deserve. This is only an excess of goodness, and I think that experience and hard rubs in this scuffling world, will teach her more prudence in this particular; and in this only has she seemed to lack discretion. So much for her first fault; now for the second: Let me see. What is it? Yes, they call her an enthusiast; because, I suppose, she takes fits of high feeling sometimes, and talks a little wildly, like a prophetess. I have heard her two or three times in these fits; I thought she talked very beautifully, if she did go out of the common way. She will get over this too, I think, as she grows older, and as she finds by mixing more with mankind, how much low selfishness and rascality there is among them. This will give her less poetical views of human life, and make the world seem less fit to kindle enthusiasm, and more as it is, a scuffle-field for the base passions and interests of men. That is my view of it, after twenty years experience; for so long I have been trying my hand amongst my fellow men. The more I have had to do with them, the less confidence I have in the greater part of them. But I am forgetting Judith's faults. I have told you two; next comes the third; but I believe I have forgotten it. I thought she had three notable ones. Little human weaknesses she has like other people; but I had a third with a name to it, that she told me not to forget. Oh yes, she is *romantic*; that is what they call it. She is indeed too romantic in some of her notions. She don't like fashionable society and city amusements. She is too fond of climbing the lonesome mountains, and of standing on a rock by the sea-side, and looking at the waves when the wind dashes them against the shore; and when other people go in summer time to the wells at Bath or Cheltenham, to drink the waters and dance in the splendid saloons, she loves to steal out into the country with a companion or two, where she can wander among green vallies and gather flowers along the sides of brooks; or sit on a sod with her book and read under a shady tree, where a spring bubbles out of the ground; and I verily believe that she would rather go out and eat a cottage dinner with plain country folks, than attend the richest city feast with its gay company of lords and ladies, its gold and silver wares, and all its wines and comfits, its ice-creams and syllabubs. Yet I have seen her dine at home with a great company, when her father made a feast; then she could enjoy it, and behave herself with the finest lady of them all. So I think she will some day get over her romantic notions too, and make you a good sober house wife.

"And now that I have done her bidding, and told you all that I know of her faults, I will tell you another thing, that she has not authorized me to tell. It is right

that you should know it; and I understand that she has not told you; for she has just expressed to me, how much she was gratified that you offered to marry her, without knowing or seeming to care whether she was rich or poor. Well, if you set no value on riches, and are satisfied to have Judith alone; still I hope that you will not throw her large fortune into the sea. You will find it right convenient to have her three thousand pounds a year, when the business of love has been settled, and the business of house-keeping comes on. Then her rich father, if no misfortune happens, will be able to give her a great deal more. But, my friend, if you find after a trial that a great fortune is good for nothing, and more plague than profit; why, then you may just give it to me and be done with it. So much for that. One thing more, and then I shall be through. I am sorry to tell you that I am so straitened for time, that I cannot give you another day with Judith, unless you go with us to Boston. I was ready to embark, and just waiting for poor Eli, when I got Judith's letter. I have important business in London, that cannot be put off; and there are papers in Eli's trunk that must go directly to England; they relate to a great plantation in St. Kitts, that is in suit between the owner and my cousin Bensaddi, who has a mortgage on it. What say you, my friend; will you part with Judith to-night, or will you go with us to Boston?"

Gladly would I have gone to Boston or any other place with Judith, but an obstacle lay before me, which would have been removed in a moment, if Judith or cousin Von Caleb had known or even suspected its existence. But strange as it may seem, just now when my charmer's newly discovered wealth came fresh and glittering into view, I felt a most swelling repugnance to a disclosure of my beggarly account of an empty purse; although I knew that she would esteem it a great favor in me to accept any thing from her hands. She had put her purse into my hands at Norfolk, and requested me to defray all our expenses out of it; but I told her that I would not consent to defray more than her own; and when I was lamed at the hotel, I returned the purse, telling her that she had better keep it now until we left the hotel. So I had given no sign that my funds were low. Now on counting, I found that I had scarcely a sufficiency to carry me home. I had to choose therefore whether to accept a supply from her who had given herself and her all to me, or to go home straight way. I chose to go home straight way. Why such reluctance now to put my poverty in glaring contrast with her riches? Was it a just feeling of self-respect? Or was it pride, a little spiced with envy? Or a compound of all these? However this may be, the feeling seemed natural. The fact may serve to illustrate the various workings of the human heart. Yet the discovery of my Judith's wealth was unquestionably pleasing to my heart—highly pleasing. Was this also natural, that a purely disinterested lover should rejoice at finding the gifts of Mammon attached to one who had been loved and sought solely for the qualities of her mind and person? What sayest thou reader? Would not such a discovery have *gladdened* thy heart? Thou art human—so am I. Happy is he who can content himself in his poverty. Contentment is better than riches; but let the poor man, happy in virtuous poverty, find a gold mine in his barren field, and in a moment his heretofore contented heart will swell beyond the confines of his poverty; and the loss of his gold mine would make him sit down and weep. But to re-

sume my story. After a moment's consideration, I told Mr. Von Caleb that I too was under a necessity (and was I not?) to return home speedily; and as I hoped ere long to follow Judith across the ocean, I felt the less difficulty at parting with her now; because a quick return home to make my preparations, would enable me the sooner to set off on my voyage.

"Well, then, (said he, raising his voice,) our boat will go to-morrow morning at six. As this will be your last evening together for some time, I will leave you to yourselves. You will not be sorry for that I suppose? I shall be out awhile on some business with Mr. Levi. He will not interrupt you, for we are after money." He smiled as he spoke the last words.

"Then, (said I,) as you go at six in the morning, I may as well take the Lancaster stage that goes at three o'clock."

"So then we have settled it, (said Mr. Von Caleb,) Good bye, till supper time."

He went out with his usual heavy tread; and when he had shut the door behind him, I heard Judith's door open gently on her side of the parlor. I had risen and was standing about the middle of the floor, without my crutch, which I no longer needed. I turned and met her eyes with mine. What a look she gave me of mingled love and sorrow! I approached the chair on which she leaned. She looked up again into my face. I saw the rising moisture of her eyes, as she said, "This night then we must part." The last word was stifled under a wave of emotion. I opened my arms; she fell upon my bosom, and for the first time we felt each other's embrace. Oh, Elysian moment! It was the seal of our betrothal, and the pure delight of love. Several minutes elapsed before we could utter a word. We had seated ourselves on chairs, and we continued to sit with drooping heads until we recovered the power of conversation.

After some exchanges of sentiment on the prospect of separation, I took occasion to allude to what I had just heard of the wealth of herself and family. "Then he told you that too? Well I am glad that you did not know it sooner."

"Since I have heard it at last, dear Judith, I will tell you that it gives me the satisfaction to know that you can afford to take a poor husband."

"Poor in pelf, he may be; (said she promptly,) but I know the wealth of his mind; that is the highest of all endowments; and in comparison with that gold and silver are but dross. If such earthy dower as I can bring, be of any consequence, I rejoice in it for this that you can the better afford to take me for a wife. Such wealth as I have is nothing to be proud of; for millions of it would argue no personal worth but only good fortune. I have hitherto found my worldly goods rather an obstacle to my happiness; for while they brought me numerous suitors, they brought with these applicants for my favor the painful suspicion, that my fortune, not myself, was the object of pursuit. Therefore I could love none of them, because, however sincere their professions might be, they could not give the proof of real affection that my heart required. Often did I wish that I could appear divested of accidental circumstances, and just as I was in myself, an honest, simple maiden; and then might find some congenial soul whom I could freely love, and who would love me

heartily for myself alone. I wished on another account to form an attachment in this way. My friends call me romantic, and I confess a fault which they would not impute to me without evidence. I am conscious indeed of a warm and I suppose a romantic attachment to the country—London bred as I am. Particularly do I love mountain scenery, and would most delight to spend my days among the sublime and beautiful works of nature, and a virtuous rural population, such as are found in your country. With my strong predilection for such a life, how could I expect to form a happy alliance in London, where all or nearly all are bred to relish artificial objects and manners, and to covet wealth as the means of artificial splendor and the pompous show of fashionable life. I could not entrust my heart to any, where the prospect of finding a congenial spirit was so hopeless. In the days of my sorest affliction, God was pleased to show me a heart in all respects agreeable to my desires, and to give me the love of that heart under circumstances that banished all possibility of suspecting its sincerity. He has bound us together by the strongest ties of sympathy in all that makes prosperity joyful and calamity grievous. But I forget that there is one root of bitterness planted in the garden of our affections."

"Forget it, dear Judith, forever; it shall never spring up to trouble us."

After a little further conversation the servants brought in our tea, and we sent an invitation to Judith's friends to join us. Mr. Von Caleb came. After tea I went out for half an hour to enter my name at the stage office, and to give Judith and her friend the opportunity of completing their arrangements. On my return from the stage office near the hotel, I found Mr. Von Caleb in the bar-room. He shook my hand affectionately, and told me that he would let me and Judith spend the remainder of the evening alone; so with another friendly shake of the hand, he bade me farewell.

When I entered the parlor, I found Judith sitting pensively on the sofa. We were both sad almost to death. We first arranged that I should write to her at farthest by Mr. Levi, who was to embark at New York on the first of June. I might write to her as soon as I reached home, and then the oftener the better, she said, were it only to let her know of my welfare. I promised not to be hasty in my final determination about our engagement; for so she again required, although a sigh escaped her when she made the requirement. If I ratified the engagement, she would be happy to see me in London as soon as I pleased, but I must understand that she could not put off her mourning weeds for a bridal dress, until she had given a full year's sorrow to her dear lost Eli; so that if an early visit to London should not suit my convenience, she would not impute the delay to alienation of heart. If I annulled the engagement, I must still consider her as my grateful, devoted friend, who would rejoice at any opportunity of showing her gratitude for my disinterested kindness and care. Her voice faltered when she spoke of the contingency that I might decline the marriage; yet her conscientious judgment on this point wavered not, painful as the expression of it evidently was. She made the self-denying sacrifice of her own feelings to give me every advantage for the security of my happiness. Many expressions of tenderness did she utter,

and of ardent gratitude and unalterable friendship, whatever I might do with our connubial engagement. I wondered—in fact I was not well pleased—at her repeated allusions to the possibility of my discarding her—an act as remote from my thoughts at that time as Heaven is from Tartarus. But she had evidently reflected much upon the causes that might operate a change in my views. As to her own part in our correspondence, she promised to write as soon as she landed in England, and would then wait for a letter from me before she wrote again.

Having in these and other particulars come to a full understanding with each other, we had leisure to feel how distressingly near was the dreaded moment of separation. Two or three hours more, and we must part. What were our feelings? Oh hours of sorrow and delight! How did we snatch every fleeting moment, to fill higher and to mingle deeper the cup of our youthful love! We clung to each other's embrace; our tears mingled as they fell; our hearts answered throb for throb. How could we part? The clock struck eleven. "Adieu"—but she stammered in the attempt to utter it.

"Not yet, not yet; I cannot leave you." One more hour passed away—the last hour—it flew with eagle's wings, as it shed down upon us all the delicious luxury of innocent sweetest affection saddened—the full relish of the bitter-sweet of love—the fiery rapture of joy, flooded with grief, yet bursting through the flood.

Propriety admitted of no longer delay. The clock sounded the hour of midnight, long and loud, with clang after clang. Clang after clang struck on our hearts the knell of the last blissful hour; then all was still again, except our beating hearts. Our time was come; yes, the last moment of our realized union with its unutterable sensations; the separation must now begin, and widen and widen, till lands and seas should intervene, and time and chance should cast all their changes and their hazards between us, and possibly open a gulf impassably broad and deep, across which our now blended hearts could never commune again. Once more she meant to say, "Adieu," but the word died on her lips. I caught the expiring accent as I pressed my lips to her's; the balmy sweetness remains to this day. We retired to our respective chambers like criminals going to execution, so deadly was the sadness of that parting.

Could I sleep? Not a wink. The sensations of the evening kept thrilling in my nerves; unconquerable musings on the past and the future, ran perpetually through my mind. I seemed to have lived an age within the last three weeks. To go back aloft to the home and the landscapes of my boyhood, though less than a month before it was the object of my fondest desire, seemed now like going into the shades of death; for whilst I would be returning to my hills again, my Judith would be on her way to cross the wide ocean, and would soon be far hidden from my sight among the myriads of London. But I imagined myself following her course, traversing the seas, pressing her again to my bosom, yes to my "heart of hearts" in the dear character of wife, and bringing her back to bless my sylvan days in the green vallies of Virginia. This was the new age of gold that was rising to my mental

vision, arrayed by fancy in all the charms of happy love and pastoral scenery.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STUDENT'S RETURN.

Fifteen minutes before three o'clock, my waking dreams were interrupted by the servant, who announced that the stage coach would soon be at the door. I got up, dressed myself in a hurry, and wrote another adieu to my love; which, although but five lines in length, was sufficient to carry me away again into the fairy land of dreams; there I sat with my elbow on the table and my head on my hand, till the servant, supposing me asleep, jogged me. I started up, hastened down to the bar, and called for my bill, which the clerk had, rather strangely I thought, declined to furnish until now. When he gave it to me, I found the surgeon's and all as I had requested, made out in full, but unexpectedly paid by Mr. Von Caleb, according to a receipt appended. With the bill the clerk also handed me two other papers; the one was a sealed packet directed to myself, and the other a receipt for me to sign, acknowledging that my bill was presented with the receipt as aforesaid, and that a packet was given me, directed as aforesaid, and sealed with a seal having the word "Fidelity" for its motto. "Who wrote this?" I asked. "Mr. Von Caleb," answered the clerk, who added that Mr. V. was a very particular man in doing business. "Yes, (said I,) he seems to know how to guard against tricks upon travellers."

I had scarcely signed the receipt, before I was summoned to take my seat in the coach. I handed the clerk my *billet-doux*, thrust the papers into my pocket, and hastened out. On taking my seat I looked up at Judith's window—it was lighted—her sadly declining form was distinctly shadowed forth upon it, with the head resting on the hand, as if she were looking down upon me. "Shade of my beloved (said I in my full heart)—shade of my beloved, fare thee well, fare thee well." The whip cracked, the wheels rattled over the pavement, and I no more saw even the shade of my beloved. "Now we are parted indeed," said my heart, aching and not ceasing to ache.

I was driven rapidly to Lancaster, heavy with grief and watching, yet unable to rest from the spontaneous workings of the imagination. The dear image floated continually in the fields of mental vision; the music of that voice still sweetly chimed upon fancy's ear; those eyes whose look could never be forgotten, shed incessant lovebeams into my soul; and that pure soft heart—I felt it beating yet responsively to mine.

I spoke not to my fellow-passengers. I heard not their conversation. Time and space were flying past, as the vehicle crushed the pebbles of the road, and the flint-stones sparkled under the armed hoofs of the horses; but I marked not the flight of time or space; my spirit was away with Judith, first in the parlor, next in the steamboat—watching the tear-drops as they fell from her eyes, and the palpitations of that affectionate heart; and my thoughts, like spiritual messengers, seemed to penetrate into the recesses of that throbbing breast, and to find my own image cherished as a nursling there. Thus I enjoyed a realizing sense of the fact, that although time and space might sepa-

rate our bodies, our souls could still melt and mingle into one.

At the breakfast house, I took the opportunity to open the sealed packet that I received at the bar. Under the envelope I found two sealed billets; the one was superscribed in Judith's hand-writing, and contained something hard. I opened the other first to have it out of the way. I read as follows:

"Mr. Garamé,—Pardon me for using a little art to do you an act of justice, which you might have declined otherwise to accept; but which, as agent for my cousin Nathan Bensaddi, I could not in good conscience neglect, nor would he be satisfied to learn that it was omitted. Your kindness to his daughter has put you to considerable expense and trouble. The enclosed note of one hundred dollars may reimburse the expense; but for the trouble, which you would count as nothing, and for the generous kind-heartedness, which we count above all price, I know not what compensation we can make you, except you conclude to take my sweet young cousin herself. However that may be, I pray the God of Israel to reward your goodness with every blessing.

Farewell, kind friend, ISAAC VON CALEB."

This was all quite agreeable. Agreeable in matter because delicately agreeable in manner. I thought I saw my Judith's delicate tact in the management of this little affair. The other note was surprisingly interesting.

"Two o'clock.—How can I sleep, when the sound of the wheels that are to carry you away will soon be heard in the street? My cousin, Von Caleb, sends me word that he is awake, and will take care that you receive whatever communication I may yet have to make. This only I would repeat to my dear friend: In your happy valley think of your Judith; but be prudent and destroy not your happiness and consequently her's, by obeying your desire at the expense of your judgment and conscience. If after reflection you cannot marry a Jewess—yet I know that you love one—always love her. Yes, my heart tells me that you will. Write at all events before June—as a friend, if nothing more. The enclosed memorial was brought from England by cousin Von Caleb, and put into his trunk when he left Boston. He had forgotten it until after he went to bed. He has sent it to me, asking what I would do with it. I give it to my beloved preserver, knowing that he will value it as a keepsake; and value it the more, if he should never again see—Oh, that painful thought! let it die in silence. Farewell, once more, dear friend, farewell, farewell. J. B."

The last words of this note were blotted with tears. With trembling hands and a beating heart, I unwrapped the memorial, wondering what it could be that under its wrappings felt roundish and hard like a coin, but considerably larger. Think of my exultation, when I discovered it to be an elegantly wrought golden locket-case, which opened with a spring, and exhibited to my eyes a perfect miniature likeness of my own Judith! Oh, that sweet face! That well formed bust! Whilst I leaned over and devoured this picture with my eyes, I was called to breakfast. "Breakfast indeed! (said my heart :) Who could leave such a feast of the soul to put coarse viands into his stomach? Let the body wait for its earthy nutriment, until the spirit is satisfied with

this celestial nectar and ambrosia." So I gazed upon the lovely portrait—kissed it—then gazed—then kissed it again, alternately, until the stage-driver's signal roused me. I put the dear jewel into my pocket, and resumed my place in the coach. Away we went with whirling wheels, which left behind them a train of dust ground from the stones of the pavement. At the rate of eight miles an hour was I carried homewards, but away from the place where I had parted with Judith. Nine times, according to my conjecture, did I read my Judith's note; and nine times steal a look at her portrait, before we stopped for dinner at Lancaster. I dined without appetite, and continued my journey towards Harrisburg. About ten o'clock at night we reached the sleeping house. I went supperless to bed, and after tossing about till midnight, fell into a troubled sleep. At Lancaster I had suspended my beautiful locket-case by a ribbon about my neck, and put it into my bosom directly against my heart. I was awakened out of my unquiet sleep by some unusual sensation. I felt for what was uppermost in my thoughts, the golden treasure of my bosom; and behold! I found it drawn out, and lying at the full length of the ribbon, towards the front side of the bed. I knew instantly that some rogue had attempted to filch it, and had failed only from my ready wakefulness. I suspected a fellow passenger, who slept in the room with me. I had that afternoon detected him eyeing my jewel, once that I drew it out to take a sly look. I thought then that he coveted my treasure, and had the look of a rogue. For safety, therefore, I locked it up in the very bottom of my trunk; hard as I felt the self-denial to be, when I deprived myself of the opportunity to look at my Judith's likeness, some ten or twelve times a day.

By three o'clock the next morning I was again on my way. At Harrisburg I ate a little breakfast; then crossing the Susquehanna, I reached Carlyle early in the afternoon. Here my strength and spirits began to fail so greatly, that I doubted my ability to pursue the journey without a day's rest. The extraordinary scenes in which I had been engaged during three weeks, had kept me in a state of constant excitement; ten days confinement in Philadelphia had impaired my health, and now two days of violent emotion, watchfulness, and loss of appetite, had exhausted me. Such a protracted strain upon the nervous system, followed by loss of appetite, want of sleep and fatigue of travelling, was more than human nature could bear without a distressful prostration of both corporeal and mental powers. In the case of one who, like myself, is constitutionally subject to fits of melancholy, the necessary consequence would be a state of deep mental dejection, accompanied with sombre and dispiriting views on all subjects. I cannot otherwise account for a change, which on this second day of my journey, began to come over my spirit.

I frequently read my dear Judith's note; at first in the morning with the same unmixed pleasure as on the preceding day; but in the afternoon the word Jewess began to grate a little on my feelings, and to suggest some thoughts, transient and obscure, yet rather unpleasant; amounting to no more than a general impression, that my happiness in love would have been complete, if with all its positively agreeable circumstances, this unfortunate one of my beloved's Judaism had not been mingled.

In the neighborhood of Carlyle, I recognised clearly the features of the Great Valley, my native land, with which previously to the last few months, all the affections and pleasures of my life had been associated. Here, though with less sublimity of mountain and less variety of low ground, were the parallel ridges, and the wide interval of rich slopes, with their limestone rocks and rivulets; all which reminded me strongly of the objects of my boyish delight. This effect of scenery to revive old habits of thought and feeling, was increased on the third day, when I felt partially refreshed after some hours of sound sleep. I had pursued my journey notwithstanding my exhaustion; better probably had it been for me, if my impatience to reach home had permitted me to stop and recruit my wasted strength. However, on the third day I saw the country assuming more and more the appearance of my native land; then more and more did my thoughts revert to former days—days of calm delight in study, or cheerful amusement, in rambling over hill and dale, fishing in deep shady pool, or gathering flowers on meadow sides or wild mountain steeps.

With the revival of old and fixed habits of mind, my new delirium of passion began to abate; not that I thought Judith less beautiful or less worthy; but now when the placid current of old thoughts and feelings was started afresh, the new torrent of amorous passion began naturally to exhaust itself. Judith, all charming as she was, no longer engrossed all my powers of thought and feeling. Her lovely presence with all its affecting circumstances, our parting with its unutterable emotions of delight and sorrow, had raised within me a turbid and overwhelming tempest of feeling, which had so far abated under the influences just mentioned, that calm reason could now begin to shoot some rays of its light through the troubled atmosphere of the mind. Yet the mental fluctuations that followed, ought perhaps to be attributed as much to the disease of low spirits, as to the efforts of reason to sway the violence of passion. I shall not stop to philosophise, but proceed with my story.

Whatever the cause might be, it so happened that on the third day of my travels, the word *Jewess* in the dear note so often read, began to strike positively disagreeable impressions upon my mind. Whilst I would be musing on my lovely Judith, and seeing her with fancy's eye arrayed in all her charms, that troublesome word "*Jewess*" would come with some ugly thought behind it, and dissipate, as with a wizard's spell, the fascinating colors of the vision.

On the fourth day, when I entered Virginia, the souring tendency of my thoughts increased. More frequently would that detestable word return and trouble the sweet current of my feelings. "*Jewess*," "*Jewess*," would I say to myself, and that too in spite of myself. "Am I really in love with the daughter of a Jew? Am I to connect myself with that accursed race?" Every successive day would such villainous thoughts rush in more obtrusively. When I looked at the mountains on either side of the way, and at the ever changing views occurring along the road, and recognized the likeness of my dear homestead in many a wood-crowned hill and rocky vale, I would think of my youthful delights, and the long familiar faces of those whom I loved; then gliding from the past to the future,

my heart would take the amiable Judith to the home and society of my former days, and imagine what new pleasures she would bring with her, and with what new charms she would invest my future dwelling place in this lovely land; then uncalled for, would the same and other loathsome ideas come in like imps of Satan, and thrust their ugly visages into the very foreground of the picture. "*Jewess*," "*Jewess*," would I repeat, as if by some instigation of the arch fiend. Yes, a *Jewess* is to be my wife. My children are to be half-blooded Jews. My neighbors are to point at her as we pass by and say, "That is the *Jewess*." When we go to church—*we*, do I say? Perhaps she will not go to church; but be wishing for her Rabbi and her synagogue; but suppose that in compliance with my desire, she do go to church; then every eye is upon her—whispers go round, "The *Jewess* has come to church! Do you know whether she is likely to be converted?" and so on. Then the minister preaches at her, and deals out anathemas against the unbelieving Jews—and I am to be reproached, and to reproach myself, for the inconsistency of professing christianity and yet marrying an unbelieving *Jewess*, and making her the mistress and the mother of my family. Oh how can I do it?

I groaned with horror at these reflections; unable to banish them as baseless fancies, and vexed with myself for admitting them. But every day they crowded harder into my mind, assuming at each return more grim and appalling aspects. In vain did I muster facts and affections against them. Judith's personal charms; Judith's amiable temper, extraordinary intelligence, admirable genius, exquisite accomplishments, fascinating manners—our congenial tastes, our mutual love, her generous pledge to me, my assurances to her—all that had filled and captivated my soul for weeks—all were brought forward on the side of love, and admitted on the other side to be true—yet could not all these considerations banish the hateful accompaniments of that cursed word, "*Jewess*!" Still would it come and fetch its goblin retinue of conscientious scruples and ingrained prejudices.

Sometimes indeed my love was victorious, and beat this haggard crew out of the field. Judith would rise in all her charms before my imagination—memory would tell the affecting story of our grief-born union of hearts—reason would demonstrate her inestimable worth—impassioned fancy would adorn her, as nature had adorned her, with the hues and lineaments of angelic loveliness, and my heart would be feeding on the delicious vision. But then, (my black bile beginning to work,) all of a sudden, like the harpies of old, and quite as abominable as those monsters, a new flight of black vulturine thoughts would descend upon the banquet of my soul, and change the zest into nausea by their defilements. "*Jewess*," "*Jewess*," would I again mutter like a demoniac. "A Jewish wife must make me miserable. When I teach my children the doctrines of christianity, their Jewish mother will be a hindrance to their faith and a grief to mine. I must either omit the worship of God in my family, or be disturbed in my devotions by the thought, that when I utter the Saviour's name and express my reliance on his mediation, the partner of my bosom, whether she kneel like a hypocrite, or sit like an infidel, will in her heart attach the title of impostor to that venerable

name." Then would my heart rise up with disgust against the whole race of unbelieving Jews, ancient and modern. Then in rapid succession would texts of Scripture, facts in history, passages in books of travels, and all that I had read or heard, that was dishonorable to the Jews, rise up in my memory and fill me with detestation of the very name of Jew. "The Jews! The stiff-necked hard-hearted race, (would I mutter bitterly,) who provoked the patience of God, until He by his prophets cursed and banned them out of his mercy and from the pale of human society, and made them a hissing and a curse among all nations." Did they not, like furious demons, cry out "Crucify him, crucify him?" And how many acts of fiendish malignity and loathsome baseness, have they committed? They are hated by all nations, by Christian, Mussulman, Pagan—"by saint, by savage, and by sage"—all concur in executing the Divine curse upon them. And I am to marry one of them! Oh, why was so beautiful, so amiable a creature born of the accursed race? The miserly knavish race! The scorn and the detestation of travellers in Poland, and wheresoever strangers are exposed to their knavish tricks and unprincipled exactions! Faugh! The squalid occupants of suburbs and streets, where a decent passenger is nauseated by their filth! The bearded venders of old clothes! The malignant Shylocks of the money market! Their very name has become a term for villainy and extortion. *Jew* signifies miser and rogue. Yet these people I must take into my bosom for my wife's sake—and call them cousin!

Such was often the train of my reflections, especially when the evil spirit of melancholy diffused his bile over my thoughts. Judith herself was always lovely to my soul; the black demon could not dim the lustre of her beauty, nor stain the purity of her character, except by incorporating her with the mass of her nation, so as to obscure the merits that shone out from her charming individuality. But the one fact personal to her, her Judaical education, combined with prejudices against her people, harassed me from day to day, and crossed the path of my love with an omen too sinister, and too obviously real, to be any longer regarded as a mere freak of the brain, originating in melancholy.

The contest of antagonist principles began at last to assume a degree of regularity, after the misty turbulence of my feelings had measurably subsided. But the violence of the mental strife rather increased, as the opposing principles began more distinctly to array themselves for the contest. I will not call it a contest between love and reason, for there was evidently much reason on the side of love; but in the ranks of the other side, there was not only a host of prejudices, but something besides, of giant force and of ghastly aspect.

The agony of the struggle was temporarily abated by the appearance of my beloved Rockbridge. When I entered its confines, I hailed with delight the grim aspect of the Jump Mountain, as he reared his black and shaggy brow over the border of the landscape. Not less did the great Hogback please my eye, when I saw him, the next in order, bend up his swelling ridge bristled with pines. But most joyfully did I behold the rising majesty of the House Mountain, as it gradually stood forth in solitary grandeur, and exposed to view its double ridge and huge buttresses, like a palace

built for the king of the giants. Again were my home-felt pleasures more vividly restored, when I crossed the high swell of Timberridge in the middle of the Great Valley and saw far away in the southern horizon, the dim Peaks of Otter, shooting their points deeply into the vault of Heaven. Next, the familiar scenes near my father's cottage shed their sweet influence upon my heart, from verdant hill and from meadow brook, stealing its way along the dale beneath the covert of its willows. When the cedar cliffs by the river showed me the pathway to the dear nook where I drew my infant breath, I sprang from the coach, threaded each well known turn by rock and tree, saw in all its rural quietude the home of childhood, bounded into the house, heard the cry of joyful surprise, flung myself first on one breast, then on another, of parents, sisters and friends, and received with delight the enthusiastic greetings of the servants, whose sooty faces were enlightened by the shining white of their teeth, and the not less shining whites of their glad eyes. Now for awhile I felt as simply happy as I had been, when

In rustic boyhood, free from care,
I hooked the trout and chased the hare.

But I soon relapsed into my distressing meditations. When the first gale of delight on arriving at home had blown over, I remembered my matrimonial engagement with a Jewess, and the remembrance struck a damp on my feelings. "Now (thought I) comes my sorest trial. I must tell my parents and friends that I am about to fetch a Jewish wife into their circle; and how it will shock them! How they will wonder and grieve!" I had walked out to look over my old play grounds, and my favorite bank for summer fishing and reading beneath the shade of a broad elm, when these painful thoughts occurred. To banish them, I returned to the house and busied myself with conversation. I was not yet delivered from my tormentors, when my sister Elizabeth asked me for the key of my trunk, that she might dispose of my apparel. Then I remembered the dear portrait, which I had not taken out, and in the confusion of my thoughts seldom even remembered, since it was put away. Fearing that it might be found and bring on a premature discovery, I hastened up stairs alone, took it out, opened the case, and again felt the witching charm of those lovely features, to such a degree that all doubts and fears vanished like ghosts before the rosy-fingered beams of Aurora. "I will write to-morrow," said I, as I closed the case and locked it up in my drawer. On going to bed I looked at it again, and felt doubly assured that the soul which beamed through those eyes, could never make a husband unhappy. "I will write to-morrow, (said I again,) and inform her of my safe arrival, and of my unalterable determination to fulfil our engagement." I went to bed and mused sweetly on my Judith, until my waking thoughts faded away into the purple twilight of dreams; then Judith herself appeared in a green meadow of fairy land, gathering sweet flowers,—her form invested with the airy lightness of a sylph, and colored with the rainbow tints of a blessed spirit.

The next morning I slept so long and soundly, that when I awoke I heard the family at breakfast. I dressed myself and hurried down to join them. After breakfast we went to the parlor, where I was pleasantly

engaged during the forenoon in conversation with the family, and some friends who called to see me.

Towards noon my father alluded incidentally to the sale of a horse, which he had lately made to a traveller. I asked some question which led him to give us an amusing account of the transaction—amusing to all the rest, and it would have been equally so to me, if my unsuspecting parent had not used an expression, which I had often heard and often used myself, but which now had gall and wormwood in it to my feelings.

"He tried to *Jew* me," said my father.

"Was it that little bald, sharp-faced man that I saw with you at the post-office?" asked my sister.

"Yes, (said my father,) with small gray eyes and a shrill voice."

"Perhaps he *was* a Jew," added my sister.

"Possibly enough, (said my father :) his knavish looks would at least become a Jew. He tried first to impose on me by undervaluing the horse, and then by passing uncurrent money upon me, protesting that it was current. If he was not a rogue of a Jew, he was a Jew of a rogue."

These unusually bitter expressions of my father went like daggers' points to my heart. But my kindred most undesignedly condemned me to still keener torments. My good mother spoke up, and said :

"It is a happy circumstance that we have no Jews among us in the Valley. I should hate to have any thing to do with them."

My mother's face exhibited her anti-Jewish disgust as she spoke.

"They are not *all* so bad," said my father in extenuation ; and I thanked him in my heart for the sentiment. But my mother drove the dagger up to the hilt, when she replied :

"Good or bad, a Jew is a Jew ; and I should hate to have any of them about me."

This was too much for my feelings. I rose hastily and went out to conceal my agony. Doleful indeed were my dumps. "They will never consent," said I, as I rushed away from the house, with as much hurrying impetuosity, as if I were stung by a swarm of hornets. "Perhaps they never ought to consent," was the next reflection. The whole train of my evil thoughts returned, headed this time by the squeaking miser Levi, so like my father's horse buyer. I hurried wildly on, till I found myself on the brow of a precipice by the river side. I was not prepared for a lover's leap into the stream below ; therefore I stopped, and seating myself on a rock, leaned my head upon my knees, and in that meditative posture sank deeper and deeper into the black sea of my reflections. Here I was found by a negro boy sent to tell me that dinner was ready. After swallowing what I supposed might conceal my want of appetite, I remembered that Judith's portrait had hitherto operated as a charm, either to keep off the black demons, or to exorcise them if they had possession. Inspired with eager hope, I rose from table and went hastily up stairs for the portrait. I found my table drawer unlocked, as I had inadvertently left it in the morning. I hastily searched the drawer, and lo ! the portrait was gone ! My talisman was gone ! Instead of the hoped-for relief, additional miseries came upon me ; the dun clouds of despair boiled up more thickly and fearfully in the horizon of my soul. Who could

have taken my jewel ? I could not conjecture, and I durst not inquire ; because inquiry would end in a disclosure of my love-engagement with a Jewess—a secret, which in my present state of mind, I could not bear to reveal.

After some days my conscience smote me for withholding so important a communication from my parents, who had a right to know my matrimonial scheme ; and who were best qualified to teach me by their cool and experienced judgment, how to distinguish the dictates of sober reason from the illusions of passion and the suggestions of prejudice. Freely could I tell them all but the one fact, that although my Judith was the best and the most beautiful of maidens, and wealthy withal, yet she was that most disagreeable thing—a Jewess. Oh misery ! how often, when the story was on the point of my tongue, did I shudder and draw back at the thought of telling that. But *that* was the critical point of the case ; to withhold that would be to evade the gist of the difficulty.

Days and weeks rolled on but gave no return of brightness to my soul,—no decisive result to my agonising reflections. I moped and mused and pined away. My friends observed my melancholy air and haggard looks. They ascribed all to returning consumption, and often took counsel about the means of cure. Alas ! they little dreamed that the malady was consuming the heart and not the lungs.

Thus I drooped and hesitated, until the month of May, was three-fourths gone. I had not written even the friendly letter which my Judith had so earnestly requested. What a beast was I ? Now the time was come when I *must* decide the matrimonial question, either by action or by procrastination. I must now write to my lovely Jewess, or forfeit all claim even to her friendly regard. I had promised to write my decision *at the latest* by the sharp-visaged miser Levi, who would embark at New-York on the first day of June. Often did I sit down with pen in hand, resolved to write something. But what could I write ? That I was well ? No ; That I had decided to marry her ? No ; That I had consulted my friends ? No ; not even that ;—That I was tormented with doubts and fears, and yet unable to decide ? yes ; but why write a fact which could only distress her ? Better not write at all : the failure of the promised letter might be imputed to accident. But on second thoughts, this appeared unfeasible ; for she had reason to expect several letters ; and all could hardly fail. One other course remained ; I might if I pleased say to her ' Forget me, lovely Judith.' In a misanthropic mood, when every thought was dark and bitter, I twice sat down in desperate resolve to end the strife by writing her a letter of dismissal—but ere the fatal sentence, "I have decided not to marry you, my Judith," could be finished, I seemed to hear thunders roll at a distance, and to see the lightning flash of my tutelary angel as he descended at this awful moment ; and then a monitory voice within me would whisper, ' Cast not that pearl away ? ' Then I could not—for my life I durst not—wilfully cast that pearl away.

The eve of the last day had arrived when I must write to secure the stipulated conveyance. To defer my answer beyond the next day, would be in effect to discard my beloved Jewess. The sun of the evening had set in the deepest gloom of a cloudy atmosphere ;

my soul was gloomy as the shadow of death. My powers of mind and body were almost prostrated by long and deep melancholy, now reaching the acme of a doleful hypochondria. I sat in my room; my candle burned dimly with its knobbed, unsnuffed wick. I leaned over the back of my chair with my elbow behind it and my temple supported with the palm of my hand; my eyes were half closed, and scarcely sensible of the glimmering light in the room. Horrid spectres now for the first time flitted across the fields of my imagination, and disappeared. Then they reappeared, bloody and fierce; they stopped and gloated and grinned at me, until I almost fainted with terror. I was verging to absolute madness. Suddenly I heard a low tapping at the door. I started up, shuddering with dread; for I conceived that murderers were coming with daggers to stab me. "Who is there?" I cried, with a scarcely audible voice. "Me, massa Willie," was the answer. I felt instant relief, when I recognised the voice of old Hannah, my nurse, in infancy, who always had for me a mother's affection. She opened the door softly, and completed my restoration to sober sense by the sight of her honest face. "Massa Willie, I don't want to 'sturb you now, when you got so poorly again. I jist came to ax you if that slut Poll that Massa hired last Christmas, didn't take this curious piece o' money, or whatever it is, from you. I thought it must be your'n, for I know it ain't none o' her'n. See, here it is," said she, coming forward and holding up what I saw instantly to be my locket-case—my talisman! As the famished tiger or the boa-constrictor springs upon his prey, so did I spring forward and clutch my jewel; and when I had it in my grasp, I lifted both hands aloft and cried "Thank God, thank God, I have her once more." Then I said quickly, "Go down now, aunt Hannah, I wish to be alone." She was amazed, as well she might be, but retired promptly, saying as she went, "That can't be money, no how, that makes Massa Willey so glad." I hastily locked the door after her, already sensible of a new spirit within me; then taking my seat at the table, I snuffed the candle, and pressed the locket-spring. The lid flew up, and again presented to my longing eyes that sweet enrapturing face. The picture restored with magical force and rapidity, the lovely traits, corporeal and mental, of the dear original, now so nearly abandoned. I looked and looked; the beauteous image seemed to acquire animation as I gazed upon it, and to rise before the imagination into the living fulness and reality of Judith's lovely self. Yes, now my Judith was herself again. Melancholy with all his imps of darkness vanished at her presence. Again I felt the impression of those love-darting eyes; again heard in my soul the soft melody that flowed from those sweet lips; memory awoke and presented in pristine freshness and with enchanting effect, all the affecting images of the past;—the journey to Charleston—our stay there, with the piano and the songs of heart-melting pathos; then the disaster at sea, the throes of her grief, and the sympathy of our souls;—then our sojourn in Philadelphia, the maturity and the embarrassments of our love—the purity, the self-control and the intensity of her affection; lastly, the parting hour, its keen sorrows and thrilling delights, with all that made them keen and thrilling. I saw and felt them all again. After this revival of former emotions in my soul, could I then give

up my Judith? No, no; the dominion and the wealth of the world were a boon too poor to buy her out of my arms. I would have dared the stormy deeps of every sea—I would have crossed frozen Alps and torrid Sahara—I would have braved the shadow of death, and gone down, like Orpheus for Eurydice, to the dusky mansions of departed spirits—and would have deemed myself well rewarded to win so lovely a creature at last. The clouds were now dispersed, that had so long obscured the bright prospects before me. The word Jewess no longer drew after it the gloomy conceptions of fear, and of a diseased imagination; it was now associated only with Judith's self—with the radiance of her beauty, the unalloyed sweetness of her temper, the unsullied purity of her principles, and all the attractive qualities of her mind. Even my religious scruples, heretofore aggravated by melancholy, now gave way again to the conviction, that Judith already so esteemed christianity and was so nearly persuaded of its truth, as only to await the influences and the occasion that our marriage would present, to believe and to profess the whole. What then had I to fear? Nothing. Such was my conclusion within two hours after her portrait had begun its reviving influence upon my heart. Some of the reasonings which led to this comfortable conclusion, may have been the logic of reanimated passion. Whether it were so or not, my understanding then accorded its approval to the desire of the heart.

I hesitated no longer, but wrote the chief part of the letter that night; declaring my undiminished love, and my fixed resolution to go and claim her hand, as soon as she would permit me. I apologised for my delay, by acknowledging the diseased state of my mind, and the gloomy views that succeeded and produced a long struggle. I expressed my intention to visit her in London before the expiration of the year; but said that I would await an answer from her, that I might, if she gave permission, go prepared to consummate our union before the next spring which was the time that she had appointed as the earliest period of our nuptials.

Having written thus much, I went to bed; leaving what remained to be filled up in the morning, after a consultation with my parents. The next morning I did state the case to my parents, but with fear and trembling; not that I expected opposition from them after they should hear all; but I scarcely hoped for their full approval. Nevertheless, although they were shocked, as I expected them to be, at the Judaism of my betrothed, yet after I had given them a full history of our acquaintance, and exerted my eloquence in depicting her excellencies,—not forgetting the symptoms of her inclination for christianity, nor the fact so generally agreeable to parents, that she was very rich, I had the satisfaction to hear them yield their approval, and advise me to write immediately. They saw the hand of Divine Providence in the circumstances, and were persuaded that my happiness would be less hazarded by consummating the marriage, than by doing violence to my feelings, and plunging again into the deeps of melancholy.

So I finished my letter, and directed it under cover to Simon Levi at New York. It went by that day's mail, and would in due course reach New York on the 30th of May.

But one expression which the gray-eyed miser had

dropped about his "boy Joseph," gave me a suspicion, that if he knew the state of affairs between me and Judith, he might suppress my letter, with the view of getting Judith's fortune into his own family. Therefore to avoid the possibility of failure in this way, I wrote a second letter, directed to Judith's self in London, to go by the usual mode of conveyance in the New York packets. This I put into the post office four days after the other. Thus if the one should fail, I might rely upon the success of the other. I met with an immediate reward for my late fidelity; for when I put the second letter into the office, I found one there from Judith; short and written very hastily on her landing at Liverpool. She apologised for its brevity, saying that a swift sailing packet was to sail immediately for New York, and that she had time only to tell me of her prosperous voyage, good health and unchanged heart. She concluded with the promise of writing fully on the receipt of my first letter, which she hoped to receive within a fortnight after her arrival at home.

The expression of this hope gave me a severe pang of self-reproach. "Wretched procrastinator that I am! (said I,)—how sadly disappointed she must be!" But I had done my duty at last.

Now the months seemed ages until I should receive her answer. I began to make preparations for my expected voyage; and became weekly more impatient for the summons of my betrothed. I watched the growing and the waning moons, and 'chid the lazy lagging foot of time.' The delightful summer of our mountains seemed interminably long; for it shed its flowers and matured its foliage, but brought me no answer. I had set four months as the utmost limit to which even fear could postpone the return of an answer. Three months I thought sufficient; I was by that time prepared for the voyage, and went to the post office every mail day, expecting to find the desired summons to depart. Every mail day I went disheartened away; but still indulging the hope that the next mail would not disappoint me. Thus the fourth month passed over my impatient spirit—but to the end of it no letter came. I saw the leaves of autumn put on the bright hues of approaching decay, making the forest glorious to all eyes but mine. Still no letter came. Impatience was converted into fearful anxiety. I saw the leaves of autumn fade; and then fly, withered and sear, before the northern blast, until the forest looked sad beneath the gathering storms of winter. Sad and sadder grew my heart; for not a word from Judith reached my longing eyes. Winter shed his snows over mountain and valley; Christmas came, and New Year came; when days are shortest and dreariest in the out-door world; but hearts are merry by firesides: but my heart was more dreary than the dead earth and the leaden face of a cloudy sky. The winter began to yield to the benign power of the ascending sun; nature began to revive under the genial influence; but not so my desolate heart. Early flowers looked out on sunny banks; meadows drank new verdure from the joyful streams, that gushed out of showery hills, and bounded through the vallies. Now came the anniversary of the journey to Charleston—then of the sea voyage—then of the love pledges and the parting hour. The star of my hopes had faded into utter darkness; my letters were never to be answered; what could be the matter?

Whilst I had been able to cherish a lingering remnant of hope, that slow passages, or accidental detentions by sea or land, had only delayed the answer; I clung to that, and waited for the result before I would take any other step. But when five, and then six months had passed away, my characteristic hesitancy on such occasions, again operated to make me postpone any decisive movement to solve the mystery of my disappointment. One of two things I might do; write again and repeatedly, or go myself to London. To write again, presupposed that either both my letters or her answer had failed to reach their destination. But not only was I discouraged by the fact, that such failures had become very rare; but there was this further difficulty, that by writing again, I could gain no explanation in less than three months—a delay which my impatient heart could not resolve to incur. I concluded at last to renew my preparations for a voyage; but various difficulties (and in my desponding state of mind, mole-hills swelled to mountains,) caused delay until the opening of the spring. I was then completing my arrangements, and expected soon to depart, when an unfortunate accident gave another turn to my feelings.

I have since my college days been passionately fond of botany; and have never failed, when the mild sunshine and early flowers invite the lovers of nature abroad, to make frequent excursions about the warm dells and romantic cliffs of my homestead. One day, late in March, when the sun shone sweetly, and my heart was troubled with gloomy thoughts, I took a farewell stroll about the rocky steep of the vicinage, expecting in two or three days to leave them in search of my lost bride. I was clambering along the side of a steep cliff, washed at base by the river, now swollen and muddy from late rains. Happening to espy on the brow of the cliff above me, a flower of rare species, and of attractive form and colors, I started eagerly to reach it by climbing the precipice. But in my haste, I slipped and fell back almost into the river. I saved myself only by catching hold of a sappling, as I slid and rolled. My bodily hurt was small, but my sick heart received a fatal wound. My precious locket-case, which I still wore in my bosom, fell out, was caught by a stub as I descended, and the ribbon being broken, the case rolled down and plunged into the angry flood, out of sight and out of reach. "Oh, mercy! (I exclaimed;) she she is gone! she is gone!" Vainly did I go to the water's edge, and gaze wistfully at the turbid current, as if I expected it to restore my talisman—my Judith. At last I went home, gathering new grief and melancholy from this ill-omened accident. The reader knows me well enough by this time, to anticipate the consequence. Despair began to flap her raven wings over me, and dismal phantoms to haunt my imagination.

Hitherto I had refused to entertain a suspicion of Judith's fidelity. When such a thought occurred, one look at her portrait was sufficient to dispel it. I was perplexed, discouraged, and sad enough, at the long delay, and ultimate failure of an answer to my letters; but rather than think her false, I would suppose that the letters had been lost on the way, or that death had snatched her beyond the reach of my arms. Now I began to fear that she had repented of her engagement; that her return home to her kindred and friends had

affected her, as the same circumstance had for weeks affected me; with the restoration of habitual feelings first, and then less pleasing views of the brief episode of our love-adventure. My suspicion, once allowed to take root, and nurtured by a brooding melancholy, grew apace into a dark and bitter jealousy. In a few days I could even say in the bitterness of my soul: "Why should I go to see her? Or why write a third time? Shall I allow her to show myself or my third letter to her cockney beaux? of which she told me that she had crowds; that they may laugh at the uncouth simplicity of a mountain bumpkin of Virginia; who by his services at a critical period, when her grief was deep and her heart unguarded, had made a transient impression on her; but whom, in her cooler moments, she could not think of marrying; though she felt obliged to him for his kindness, and had, under the impulse of gratitude, given him more encouragement than prudence allowed. Shall I expose myself to such treatment as this? No, verily I will not!"

These suggestions of the melancholy demon were sometimes resisted by my better feelings; but never subdued, so that I could resolve again to prosecute my ill-fated love. I still indulged, from time to time, my bitter surmisings of Judith's falsehood; although my conscience often whispered that they were unjust. What inconsistencies will not a wretched man perpetrate in the bitterness of his soul!

Finally, I resolved that as the case seemed to be desperate, I would strive to forget that I had ever loved Judith Bensaddi. I was impelled to some decisive course, by the dread of a settled melancholy and imbecile moping, or of downright madness for life. Once conclusively resolved, I was as prompt and energetic in execution, as I was indecisive and procrastinating in cases of doubtful deliberation.

"Perhaps (said I to myself) it is a merciful interposition of Providence, that has thwarted an affection, which might have planted a thorn in my breast for life. A christian is forbidden to marry an infidel, and the prohibition is a wise one. Now for study and learning, and the glorious achievements of professional exertion."

My studies had been much interrupted by consumption first, then by love and melancholy. During a year I had made little progress; now I betook myself with renewed zeal to my books. But many a time and oft, while leaning over my learned author on the table, did I start out of a reverie, and find that my soul had unconsciously strayed into the regions of love, and drank sweeter waters at the fountain of Venus, than Helicon had ever yielded to poet or philosopher. But by persevering efforts, I conquered this propensity to revive scenes and emotions, which, however delightful once, were fleeting as a dream, and, like a dream, should be forgotten.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNEXPECTED LETTER.

By the end of the ensuing summer, my mind had recovered its usual tone and steady habits, and I had just finished the preparatory studies of my profession; when an incident occurred, which again raised my feelings to a tempest, and formed the closing scene of my story.

Going by the post office one forenoon, I was called to receive a letter which had arrived by the last mail: I turned in, expecting nothing unusual; when lo! it was a ship-letter, with the London post-mark. I instantly recognised upon it the hand writing of Judith Bensaddi! Good Heavens! what a volcanic stirring and heaving, what a rekindling and burning, of irrepressible fires, did I feel immediately within me. The flame of love had been smothered by despair, but the fuel was unconsumed, and the fire smouldering in secret; the first breath of hope was sufficient to reawaken its dormant energies.

I hurried out of the town on my way home, intending, as soon as I reached a private place, to tear open the mystery at once. But when I found a suitable place, I could not summon the resolution to break the seal. Hope shed reviving rays upon my soul, and I longed to realize its promise: but fear drew up a cloud from the Stygian lake, that threatened to overwhelm and extinguish forever the last star in my heaven of love. Hitherto the evidence that Judith had changed her mind, was purely negative; I had received no communication from her; that was all. Now I was to learn from herself the certainty of what I might still hope, or of what I had long feared: the question that had cost me so much excruciating conjecture, was now to be solved: I was to know in a moment, whether the lovely Judith might yet be mine, or whether the gulf between us was now fixed and impassable. When I put my thumb-nail to the seal, and felt that I was about to read the doom of a love, whose renovated power now ruled my soul, "terror took hold on me, and trembling which made all bones to shake." I could not break the seal. I staggered homewards under my load of fearful anxiety. Several times I stopped, and said, "Now!" but I could not; every nerve in my body quivered. When I got home, I stole unobserved into my room and locked the door. "Here (said I,) is the place, and now is the time." Still I hesitated; I sat; I lay down on the bed; I got up and paced the room: It would not do; my heart quailed and shrunk from the dread revelation. "I cannot do it here (said I)—I must go to the woods and rocks." To the woods and rocks about the farm I went. For hours I wandered from shade to shade, and from rock to rock, in deep and agitated thought; often forgetting where I was, or what was the matter. Often I took out the letter from my pocket, looked at it, one while examining the superscription, another while the seal; and then returning it to my pocket with a groan, I wandered again, like the evil spirit, "seeking rest and finding none." It may seem strange, that I should voluntarily undergo this lengthened agony of suspense, when I could end it in a moment. But I durst not end it. What man could dare, if he might, unseal the book of his final destiny? He would rather live in the uncertainty of a trembling hope, than hazard the withering blast of a remediless despair.

Towards evening I found myself by the river side in a solitary nook, to which I was wont to resort when in a musing mood. It was a snug corner, with the river in front, and high cliffs, topped with cedars, curving round the other sides. Three or four trees spread their umbrageous tops over head, and beneath a small fountain drew its silvery thread of cool water from the

inner angle to the river, between turfy banks and mossy stones. Here I had often meditated on my love, and here I resolved at all events to know its issue. I threw myself down upon a sweet grassy bank, near the river that ran murmuring by. Here a tuft of the golden rod waved its yellow plumes in the breeze; at the base of the cliff, near my seat, the wild aster was opening its purple-fringed eyes, seemingly to watch the dog-star in his nightly rounds. Elsewhere the atmosphere was glowing with summer heat; here all was cool, dusky and still. Again I took the letter from my pocket, and again I trembled all over like an aspen leaf. But my resolution was taken: "Now it must be done." My thumb-nail was again applied, and with a convulsive jerk I tore off the seal. With trembling hands I unfolded the closely written sheet, and with palpitating heart I read as follows:

LONDON, July 10th, 1820.

My Beloved Friend:

With you it is impossible for me to be ceremonious. I have experienced too much of your kindness, and I may add of your love, to suspect you of unkind neglect, or to think of you with any other feeling than gratitude and friendship. I wrote you a few hasty lines from Liverpool by a packet that was about to sail immediately after our landing. I will now give you the outlines of my sad history since I left Philadelphia.

The night when we parted! I yet weep at the remembrance of it: had I then anticipated our long, long separation, my grief would have turned to distraction. Our journey to Boston was speedy, and would have been pleasant, if any thing could have given pleasure so shortly after that parting hour. Two days afterwards I took ship with my cousin. The ship and the sea revived all my griefs; for they brought affectingly to mind the horrible day when I lost the dearest of brothers, and found all a brother's kindness in you. The voyage, as I wrote before, was prosperous; and on the thirty-fifth day after our separation, I was in the arms of my dear father. Cousin Von Caleb had written him notice of our calamity from Boston, on the day when he received my letter; so that before our arrival my afflicted parent had learned his irreparable loss: now he seemed equally divided between joy for his recovered daughter, and grief for his lost son.

I related to him as well as my feelings would allow, the circumstances of the disaster, and the history of my acquaintance with you, from the first day to the last; omitting at first the affair of our love. I told him how you had saved my life at the hazard of your own, and how you had thenceforth nursed me in my desperate grief, cherished me as a sister, and taken me far out of your way to restore me to my friends, until your care of me occasioned the severe hurt that confined you in Philadelphia. "Now blessed be that good young stranger, (said my father, with tears in his eyes)—how can we reward him for his goodness to my poor destitute child? I owe him for your life; yes, twice—for without him you would first have perished in the water, and then in your grief. We must do something—yes, a great deal, to show our gratitude. I trust that you showed yourself grateful, daughter—did you?" "Yes, father, your daughter endeavored to show that she could love such a kind protector, and such an honora-

ble, worthy gentleman." So I went on, until I had told him all. "He shall have you, Judith; he deserves to have you; he is the very man to make you happy." Then was the joy of my love complete.

I hoped in a fortnight or sooner to receive a friendly letter, telling me of your safe return, if nothing more. The fortnight seemed very long; and when a month passed without bringing me a letter, it seemed to have been a year. "But I am sure of one by Mr. Levi," said I; and so I endeavored to comfort myself. I could hardly wait until he should come, and when at last I was told that he was arrived, and actually in the house, I ran breathless with joy and demanded my letter. "None, (said he)—I went to the post office the first of June, and found none for you." "None?" said I. "No, sure, not one." I remember nothing more, until I found myself in bed and the physician by my side.

Still, though stricken down, I was not in despair. "Some accident has disappointed me, (said I,)—the letter may have miscarried; or he may choose to come, and give me a joyful surprise by bearing his own tidings. I shall hear or see before long." But another month passed—so long!—yet no tidings. We heard of a New York packet-ship wrecked on the coast of Ireland: the letter-bag lost—and some passengers; but your name was not among them. On this chance of your letter being lost, I fed my declining hope. But long months of fruitless expectation, compelled me at last to conclude that you had found the scheme of our union unpropitious to your hopes of happiness, and that your kind compassion would not suffer you to tell me so. I had promised not to blame you; I did not; but my heart bled, nevertheless—ah, many a weary day and weary night. I fled from the crowded city to hide my grief, and if possible to relieve it, among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland. They reminded me of the delightful scenery which you had described; where you made me hope to live, communing with nature and with the dear friend whose heart seemed purposely formed to sympathise with mine. But I must not pain that dear friend with the recital of my sorrows.

Long was the time before I could give you up with dutiful resignation. I imagined various reasons for your long silence, and sometimes renewed my hope on the ground of some vain supposition. Sometimes again I feared that you were dead; and then I mourned for you as for my brother. But I was relieved of this painful apprehension, two months ago. A friend of my father's has some lands in the mountains of Virginia. When he went to see them, my father requested him to visit your village and inquire after you. He learned that you were alive and well. Then I knew that you had abandoned our engagement, and that longer hope was vain if not sinful. Often had I dreamed both asleep and awake of rural felicity with you, my comforter in sorrow and my chosen companion for life. But when I found that all was a dream, and that I must resign my heart to widowhood, I resisted the fondness of a love that could only make me miserable. Hard was it to bring so sweet and so cherished a passion within the bounds of moderation. Often would it invite the fond illusion, that your difficulties might yet be removed, and that your love for me was yet sufficient to bring you over the waters in search of your Judith. But one long year and months of another passed away,

during which all the winds of Heaven had blown without wafting to me even a sigh from my friend. How then could the faintest illusion of hope remain, or ever dawn upon the darkness of my soul? "No, (thought I,) that dearly remembered night of our parting made me feel the last throbs that I shall ever feel, of a heart that will be dear to me, until this poor heart of mine shall throb no more." When this second summer came, and my last day of hope was gone, I fled again to the woods and the lakes, and there, after many a prayer and many a struggle, subdued my heart to a merely kind and grateful remembrance of you. So at least I thought: but what mean these frequent returns of my pen to the passionate expressions of tenderness, which flow spontaneously from my heart, and which after repeated trials I find will flow and mingle with the simple narrative that I meant to give? And what mean the tears and sobs which almost disable me from writing? May the gracious Redeemer, who knows what human frailties are, enable me to be faithful!—My friend! oh my friend! I must not, I dare not, love you now, as I formerly loved you. When my heart abandoned itself to widowhood, and I sought consolation from the Most High, among shades and rocks and waters, where, as well as in His word, the Divine Spirit dwells, I happened to meet a stranger on a visit to the same retreats, one who, in mind and person, in tastes and principles, resembles you, my dear friend; and who for that reason interested me in my desolate state. His company and conversation, last year, soothed and instructed me; but then my heart was beyond the reach of his love. A friendly acquaintance was all that occurred between us until this summer, when I returned in my despair to the woods and lakes, where I unexpectedly met with him again. He sought my company; I was pleased with his; he saw that I was a mourner, and he comforted me; he had learned that I was a Jewess, and he labored faithfully and eloquently for my conversion to christianity. By the blessing of God, he succeeded in removing all my remaining doubts and difficulties respecting the christian faith. I was almost persuaded when I parted with you; but I would not suggest hopes on that subject, until I should be fully persuaded. Now my faith in Jesus of Nazareth is my chief consolation; and the eloquent and pious friend who won me finally to Christ, has also gained so much of my esteem and affection, that I have after much hesitation accepted his offer, and we are betrothed. Now, my dear preserver, hear the last request of one whom you once tenderly loved, and whom no changes can release from her obligations to you. Should you ever find that I or my friends can do you any sort of service, I intreat you, by the remembrance of our voyage together, and by all the love that you may still bear me, to let us know it. Call on me,—or if death should have taken me away—on my father or my sister—for all the assistance that you may need. The half of my fortune I can easily spare, and would rejoice to impart to a friend whose disinterested kindness and essential service to me, I can never repay; but I shall thank Heaven, if an opportunity be given me to prove that I am, and will ever be your grateful and devoted friend,

JUDITH BENSADDI.

Before I had finished reading, my eyes grew dim. Self-reproach for my unjust suspicions and my fatal

procrastination, wrung my heart. The knell of departed hope boomed on my ears, as if the gentle murmur of the river had swollen to the roar of a cataract. I fell back and lay in a stupor of astonishment at my late blindness of heart, and at the unrolled scroll of my hapless destiny. I was for some time prostrated, soul and body, at the astounding revelation. When I recovered strength to rise, the sun was shooting his rays horizontally from mountain top to mountain top! The turtle dove, from her withered tree in the field, was cooing forth her evening lamentation. Shades almost as gloomy as my soul were thickening around me. Frantic with grief, I called to the dark-frowning rocks and to the waters that were rolling by, to pity me. I made the echoes respond to the name of my loved and lost Judith. One while my perturbed imagination pictured her looking down on me from the cedars of the cliff, and illuminating my dark retreat with the love-inspiring radiance of her countenance; then her fairy image seemed to be floating off in the air, and to beckon its sorrowful adieu, as it faded away, and was lost in the gloom of descending night.

And now, farewell, sweet Judith Bensaddi! Time may soothe my anguish, and mitigate my passion to the soft feeling of a mourner's love: but death only can dim the bright image of feminine loveliness, which my soul has caught from thee. Henceforth thou art my heart's model of what is sweet and pure in woman. Others I may see fair and affectionate, virtuous and holy; but none can take thy place. I am wedded to remembered beauty. Alas! all but the memory of thy charms is lost to me: once more and forever, farewell, farewell, sweet Judith Bensaddi!

JANNEY'S POEMS.*

We have had this neat little volume on our table for some time, and should have noticed it earlier, if our manifold engagements had permitted. Mr. Janney is, we believe, a member of the Society of Friends, and resides, we infer from the preface, at the village of Occoquan, one of the most romantic spots in Virginia. We wondered, indeed, while looking over the pages of his book, that the beautiful cascades and shady banks of the Occoquan river, had not claimed a special tribute from his muse. It is true that he has not forgotten the broad and majestic Potomac, to which the first mentioned stream is an humble tributary—for who of poetic temperament ever wandered on the "pebbly shore" of that magnificent river, or listened to the lulling sound of its moonlit waves,—and did not pour forth in mellow song the raptures of inspiration? The two principal poems in the collection, are "The last of the Lenapé," and "Tewinissa"—both founded on real occurrences, and illustrative of Indian traits of character. The minor pieces are classified into descriptive, elegiac, scientific, devotional, and miscellaneous, and occupy the greater part of the volume. To the whole, is prefixed an Essay on Poetry, which is very well written, and contains some excellent reflections upon the true uses of the poe-

* The last of the Lenapé, and other poems, by Samuel M. Janney—Philadelphia—1839.

tic art and the mischievous effects which flow from its perversion. Nothing is more true than the remark of Mr. Janney, that there is a class of writers, who "devote the energies of the loftiest genius, to decorate the couch of voluptuousness, to conceal the deformity of vice, and to strew with the flowers of poesy the path that leads to destruction." It is a melancholy fact, that the splendid immoralities of Byron and Bulwer are sought with avidity, when the purer pages of Wordsworth and Coleridge are suffered to keep company with dust and cobwebs. Mr. Janney belongs to a totally different school from that which would please a majority of modern readers. He aims not to rouse and stimulate the fiercer passions of our nature, but rather to hold converse with the mild affections,—to enlighten the reason, and commune with the devotional spirit of man. Like the poets of his own religious sect, Barton and Whittier, he disdains to purchase praise at the expense of truth, or to soil his pages with the fashionable licentiousness of the age. We regret that time and space will not permit us to dwell upon his poems in detail, or to point out some of their beauties. We shall content ourselves by extracting a few lines written in an Album. So many common-place things have been written in those pretty repositories of boarding-school misses and amiable young ladies, that our readers will be pleased with the following effort, which is at once characterized by simplicity and originality.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Methinks an emblem of the cultur'd mind,
The rich and varied Album was design'd;
Friendship and love, like amaranthine flowers,
Bloom here, selected from unnumber'd bowers;
And taste and genius each succeeding year,
Shall bring fresh flowers to shed their fragrance here.
Fain would I plant in this delightful spot,
That little modest flower,—Forget-me-not:
And oh! how happy, could I dare presume,
'Twere worth transplanting, in thy heart to bloom.

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES;

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

NO. VII.

A JUNE DAY IN THE WOODLANDS.

"The clouds are at play, in the azure space,
And their shadows at play, in the bright green vale,
And here, they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there, they roll on the easy gale!"

When WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the author of "Thanatopsis," the editor of the New York "Evening Post," and one of the "Printers to the Corporation," wrote those four lines, and about a score more like them, he was the poet Bryant,—the man Bryant,—he was not the political wrangler about petty men and pettier measures, about elections, and printers' jobs, and the like,—he was the great Poet of Nature,—the forceful creator of immortal hymns to that divinity, whose altars he has forsaken, if not forever, yet for far too long a time. I think I see him as he lay, supine upon this very bank where I now lie,—his head supported by

his clasped hands, his face turned towards yonder bright and busy city, whose hum the distance now hushes to my ear,—his eye taking in all this glorious panorama of near woodland and meadow, the placid Hudson's bosom, and all that it is reflecting. Just such a day as this it was: just so brightly glowed the sun upon the landscape, crowned with verdure deep, and foliage thick and spreading, as that which now waves merrily around me as I lie. The river's flow, the music of the birds and bees, the shifting of the clouds, the dance of the leaves, the laugh of the waves, and the sunny smile, are all the same, to-day, as they were when, lying here, this sweet poet demanded of all things around him,

"Is this a time to look cloudy and sad?
When our mother Nature laughs around,—
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

Why should a lyre that can breathe such strains as these be so long unstrung, or hang so long idly upon the willows? And hark! another memory-awakened echo! And from a harp as mute! PERCIVAL'S!

"The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves
(To welcome back its playful mates again,)
A canopy of leaves:
And, from its darkening shadow, floats
A gush of trembling notes!"

"Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May!
The tresses of the woods
With the wild dalliance of the west wind play,
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun!"

And here is more to the same sweet tune, swelling up from memory's lowest deep, and singing itself to my ear, again, though long years have lapsed since first I drank in its delicious music. And whence is this power? Do we ever forget what once we know? I think not,—provided that we have learned and known aright. And it is this magic power of Association that has unlocked the deep cell in which this beautiful strain of Percival has been lying mute so long, and now lets it forth, beneath the very sky, and amidst all the natural objects of seer and audible beauty, that originally inspired it!

"Spirit of Beauty! the air is bright
With the boundless flow of thy mellow light;
The woods are all in bud and bloom
And are weaving for summer their quiet gloom.
The tufted brook reflects, as it flows,
The tips of the half unopened rose.

* * * * *
See how the clouds, as they fleetly pass,
Throw their shadowy veil on the darkening grass!
And the pattering showers, and stealing dews
With their starry gems, and skiey hues,
From the oozy meadow that drinks the tide,
To the sheltered vale on the mountain-side,
Wake to a new and fresher birth
The tenderest tribes of teeming earth,
And scatter with light and dallying play
Their earliest flowers on the Zephyr's way.

"He comes from the mountain's piny steep,
For the long boughs bend with the silent sweep,
And his rapid steps have hurried o'er
The grassy hills to the pebbly shore;
And now, on the breast of the lonely lake.

The waves in silvery glances break
Like a short but quickly rolling sea,
When the gale first feels its liberty,
And the flakes of foam, like coursers run,
Rejoicing, beneath the vertical sun.

"He has crossed the lake, and the forest heaves
To the sway of his wings, its billowy leaves,
And the downy tufts of the meadow fly,
In snowy clouds, as he passes by;—
And softly beneath his noiseless tread,
The odorous spring-grass bends its head:
And now he reaches the woven bower,
Where he meets his own beloved power,
And gladly his wearied limbs repose
In the shade of the newly opening rose."

Match me this out of the Poems of your favorite bard,
friend of mine! It is like a lake, in its flow, covered all
over with the glancing tints of thousands of buds and
flowers, of every hue and odor, sparkling and flashing
in the air, as the bosom of their wavy bed is moved by
the summer-breeze.

But what books are these, thrown down beside me in
the long grass, while I have been idly listening to the
dream-returned echoes of old songs? "Buds and flowers,
and other country things; by Mary Howitt;" "Hymns
and fireside verses; by Mary Howitt;" "The Boy's
Country Book," by William Howitt. True enough,
William Cullen Bryant! This is not

"—a time to look cloudy and sad!"

MARY AND WILLIAM HOWITT! A day with them
in mid-June, abroad in the woodlands! Who talks of
Arcadia? Sit, Mary, thou upon my left, and thou, Wil-
liam, on my right, here, on this grassy slope: And
now, thy quaker bonnet quietly hanging on yonder
thorn, thy head protected from the sun by the broad
branches of the beech that spread their mass of leaves
above thee, open thou the "Hymns," Mary, and sing a
stanza, here and there! Fear not, but raise thy voice
loudly as thou wilt; we are but three, and there is none
other to disturb or interrupt the song!

How beautiful the volume is, with its wood cuts, so
daintily bespread throughout its pages! How clear the
type, how glossy the paper, and how tastefully bound
together is the whole! But why is it called "Hymns,"
Mary? I see no "Hymns" throughout its leaves, as
you turn them over. It seems to be a continuous story,
all about a maiden, named

"—Marien,—how she went
Over the weary world from day to day,
On christian works of love intent."

Ah! I see! You mean by a "Hymn," a divine song—
and this is an allegory. Christianity is impersonated
herein, under the name of Marien, "fearless in its inno-
cence, like a little child, wandering over the world."
"It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the mourner,
repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the
faint hearted, and assurance to the dying." "It is alike
the beautiful companion of childhood, and the comforta-
ble companion of age. It ennobles the noble; gives
wisdom to the wise; and new grace to the lovely; the
patriot, the priest, the poet, the eloquent man,—all
derive their sublimest power from its influence!" Beau-
tiful! Beautiful idea! I see the maiden starting on her
pilgrimage,—a holy halo round her placid brow,—her
hands clasped upon her bosom,—

"And, ever as she goes along
Sweet flowers spring 'neath her feet;
All flowers that are most beautiful,
Of virtues, strong and sweet!"

Hear her declare her purposes towards mankind, as
she stands, innocent, in her leafy coverture, and thinks
of the good that she, so gifted with "power from on
high," may do to the suffering world!

"I am alone! all, all alone!
Alone, both night and day!
So I will forth into the world,
And do what good I may!"

"For many a heart is sorrowful,
And hearts, that I may cheer:
And many a weary captive pine
In dungeons dark and drear:
And I the iron bonds may loose,—
Then why abide I here?"

"Up! I will forth into the world!"—
And thus as she did say,
Sweet Marien from the ground rose up,
And went forth on her way.

Marien brings consolation to the mother of a murdered
son, and lives with her, awhile, and becomes a daugh-
ter to her; and she then goes forth a day's travel with
her, on her pilgrimage. They part, and the little maid
goes peacefully on her way, until

"—the darksome night came on,
And Marien lay her down
Within a little way-side cave,
On mosses green and brown.

"And in the deepest hush of night
Rude robbers entered in;
And first they ate and drank, then rose
To do a deed of sin.

"For with them was a feeble man,
Whom they had robbed, and they
Here came to foully murder him,
And hide him from the day.

"Up from her bed sprang Marien,
With heavenly power endued;
And in her glorious innocence,
Stood 'mong the robbers rude.

"Ye shall not take the life of man!"
Spake Marien low and sweet;
For this will God take strict account,
Before his judgment-seat!

"Out from the cave the robbers fled,
For they believed there stood,
A spirit stern and beautiful,
Not aught of flesh and blood.

"And two from out the robber-band
Thenceforward did repent;
And lived two humble christian men,
On righteous deeds intent!"

And so she goes on her sweet pilgrimage blessing all,
by all blessed;

"Onward and upward still she went,
Among the breezy hills,
Singing for very joyfulness
Unto the singing rills!

* * * *

"Free, like the breezes of the hill,
Free, like the waters wild;
And in her fulness of delight,
Unceasingly, from height to height,
Went on the blessed child!"

And still her errand was the same, wherever her wanderings tended :

“ And ever of the Saviour taught :
How he came down to win,
With love, and suffering manifold,
The sinner from his sin.”

This was her lesson to the wise as well as to the weak, and ever as she went on her way her course was glorified. For the times are not now,—as to the reception of such truths as this fine Impersonation teaches,—as they were when holy Paul called Christianity a stumbling-block to Jews, and to Greeks foolishness,—and Marien's lesson is the same as that of the Apostle. Man's wisdom is foolishness in the eye of the Only Wise. Hard ! hard lesson for proud Corinth to digest ! Her lofty synagogues were swept by the broad phylacteries of the Pharisees, and her columned porticos were the pulpits of her subtle Philosophy. Both the Religion of the Pharisee and the Philosophy of the Academy embraced much that was high and refined, drawn, long before, from those sages of Greece who once illumined the now dark land of Egypt with fine learning, and its benign attendants, Refinement and Taste. This creed inculcated the search for hidden senses in the plain records of that Law of which these Pharisees of Corinth called themselves the most holy upholders. They sent forth their fancies into an unknown region, and crowding it with the ghosts of the dead, and the genii of the living, became proud in the elevation of thus believing in the sublime visions of a spiritual world, and delighted in speculations concerning the residents, the enjoyments, and the pains of that ideal world in which they darkly wandered ; exulting all the while in finding therein what, after all, were but the idlest whims and the vaguest dreams of their own wild imaginations ! So they were wont, when they “ sought after wisdom ” to sit at the feet of sophists and philosophers in the marble Portico, or amidst the shades of the Academe, and revelled upon mystic learning, and polished elegance and eloquence of phrase, which entertained their taste, and convinced them into how many intricate labyrinths the wonderful power of human Genius may wander, and never be the nearer to the truth.

To such people as these came Paul to preach. They called his religion folly ! He proved theirs to be no less ! They knew that he had been “ brought up at the feet of Gamaliel,”—*ONE OF THEM* ; a Rabbin who had the genius, and vigorous fancy, and bold independence of the literal meaning of the Mosaic law, that fitted him to follow Plato, in all that philosopher's discursive flights into the Incomprehensible and the Profound. Whatever they came to think of his teachings, they knew the teacher was no fool ! And how dissonant was the discovery to their feelings and their expectations, that this Oracle of Tarsus, the pride of their sect, was holding out the doctrine,—to the conviction of daily myriads of people,—that the age of Corinthian philosophy,—of that Human Reason which knew not GOD,—was past ! That that which they called foolishness in his doctrines, was but the simplicity, which ensured their ultimate universal reception by all mankind ! That while the high speculations which they had loved taught them to be proud of the Nature of Man, his instructions would place “ a stumbling-block ” in the path of that Pride !

He determined,—this Pupil of the Portico, this High Priest at the altar of Platonic Philosophy,—“ not to know any thing ” among them all, but Him whom they had “ slain and hanged upon a tree ! ” He “ came not,” he said, “ with excellency of speech or of wisdom,” among them : he came to tell them that through him his Master would “ confound their wisdom ! ”

But where is *THE HYMN* ? Oh ! there it is,—down on the roots of yonder tree, where we left it, when we began this stroll and I began my sermon. Thank you, William ! Please ask Mary to tell us the tale, on page one hundred and twenty-nine, of “ The Boy of the Southern Isle : ” it is told by “ an old seaman,”—and begins thus :

“ I'll tell you, if ye'll hearken now,
A thing that chanced to me,—
It must be fifty years ago,—
Upon the southern sea ! ”

And after that, we will have the fairy story of the olden time, about “ Mabel, on Midsummer day,”—how, when she went first to the fairy-dell,

“ Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird—a sky blue bird—
That sate upon a tree ! ”

And how she did as she had been bidden, and

“ —did not wander up and down,
Nor did a live branch pull,”

and so had no reason to fear the vengeance of the dream-people,—for

“ When the wild-wood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence as she was told,
With home thoughts, sweet and kind ! ”

And how she got the fairy penny,—and what she did with it, and the blessings the little people gave her, and the lesson she learned and teaches,—that

“ 'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind ;
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind ! ”

Then let us all three join and sing this carol of the “ Cornfields ; ” the tune will come of itself : the key is—stay ! take it from that Robin's pitch-pipe, in the oak over-head ! Now !

“ In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst,
When blue bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first,—
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

* * * * *

“ What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-aborn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn ;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore ! ”

But, Mary, what do you mean by “ corn ? ” Not what we call by that name, here ? I thought not : you call all bread-grain in your country “ corn ”—and here you mean wheat, doubtless. But another stanza ! A little higher, William, if you please : ha ! that oriole yonder, pluming his golden wings for a fresh flight, will “ sound the pitch ” before he goes ! “ That's my A ! ” says he !

"The sun-bathed quiet of the hills;
The fields of Galilee,
That, eighteen-hundred years ago,
Were full of corn, I see!
And the dear Saviour take his way
Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day!
"Oh! golden fields of bending corn,—
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk,—the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream:
The sunshine, and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there!"

Beautiful poetry! Beautiful tune! Beautiful songstress!
Oh, for thy pen, thy voice, and thy constant presence,
to teach, to delight, to ravish, and to improve! I feel
the better man, Mary, for thy kind ministrations this
summer day in the woodlands, and would fain linger
here with thee, and thy accordant mate, while flowers
bloom, and waters wave, and skies are bright, and all
Nature is in smiles! Children must love thee, Mary,
with the deepest love: thine and others' children, too!
Do they not? Nay, answer me, out of the "Hymns!"

"Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!"

I knew it!

But where is the sunshine? And where are the
birds? And what means this deepening shade? Are
there clouds gathering in the just now clear sky? No!
There can no cloud be discerned between the overhang-
ing branches through which we gaze! And see! a
single—*star* peeping forth amidst the cerulean! It is
the twilight hour, and one summer day is gone! The
tinkle of the bell sounds from the distant ferry, and
our steps tend homeward! But what shall we do with
William's "Country Book," and Mary's "Buds and
Flowers?" lying, both unopened, there, upon the grass.

There are more days than one in summer, and so
shall you find, my dear Editor, when next you hear
from your friend,

J. F. O.

New York, June 15, 1839.

"RICHELIEU"—BY E. L. BULWER.

This play has already run through ten editions in
London, and has been recently republished this side of
the Atlantic. It is worthy of its distinguished author,
and to say this is to bestow upon it a high meed of
praise. We know of no writer better qualified to de-
velop the secret workings of the soul of such a man as
Armand Richelieu, than Bulwer. Whatever individu-
als may think in regard to the tendency of his writings,
all will award to him the possession of a rare power in
tracing the philosophy of mind—in analyzing motive,
and giving language to deep thoughts. His productions
abound in fancy, but they contain nothing hollow or
meretricious. They shine like the decorations of some
Gothic edifice, having in themselves magnificence and
beauty, and, at the same time, forming appropriate and
necessary parts of a grand and massive whole. He
touches that powerful instrument, language, with all

the skill of a master; but his music, is no mere empty
sound—it forms an eloquent medium for the strong and
burning energies of passion, or the melody only
smooths and makes sweet profound maxims of philo-
sophy. We would rather see a novel from his pen, as
far as those characteristics of which we have spoken are
concerned, having for its hero Richelieu or Cromwell,
than that of any author living. But it was only our
present purpose, to place before the readers of the Mes-
senger, some extracts from this new play.

The first which we give is from the scene between
Baradas, one of the conspirators, and the Chevalier de
Mauprat.

Baradas. Thou lovest—

De Mauprat. Who, lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air,
Nor chose one star amid the clustering hosts
To bless it in the name of some fair face
Set in his spirit, as that star in Heaven?
For our divine affections, like the spheres,
Move ever, ever musical.

Baradas. You speak

As one who fed on poetry.

De Mauprat. Why, man,

The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer-wind. The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world, and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps: her voice,
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties, Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters,) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh those eyes
That woo the earth, shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche!—Go! thy lip
Curls at the purpled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

The next is from a scene between Richelieu and the
same.

Richelieu, (rising, and earnestly.)

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;—
I am not;—I am just!—I found France rent asunder;
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion, and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have recreated France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove!—What was my art?
Genius, some say,—some, Fortune—Witchcraft, some.
Not so;—my art was JUSTICE!

In the above passage, and the following—taken from
the dialogue between the Cardinal and his confidant,
Father Joseph—we have displayed the prime rules of
Richelieu's conduct.

Richelieu. Favors past do gorge

Our dogs; leave service drowsy; dull the scent,
Slacken the speed; favors to come, my Joseph,
Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,
A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur

Would make a Cerberus. You are right—this treason
Assumes a fearful aspect: but, once crush'd,
Its very ashes shall manure the soil
Of power; and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn!

HUGUET holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.

Joseph. The saints grant it!

Richelieu, (solemnly.) Yes, for sweet France, Heaven
grant it!—O my country,
For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars!—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows
Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet
Bow'd nations down. No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!
In the old times before us, patriots lived
And died for liberty—

Joseph. As you would live
And die for despotry—

Richelieu. False monk, not so;
But for the purple and the power wherein
State clothes herself. I love my native land
Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,
But as a Noble and a Priest of France;
"All things for France,"—lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels
That bear me on! With her, I have entwined
My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—
Hated and loved, schemed, and shed men's blood,
As the calm crafts of Tuscan sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The map of France, my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live, Richelieu and France are one.
We priests, to whom the church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name of father. We are yet
Not holier than humanity, and must
Fulfil humanity's condition. Love!
Debar'd the actual, we but breathe a life
To the chill marble of the ideal. Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract majesty,
My France, my country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? perishable baubles!
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People!

The following splendid soliloquy (we know no better
epithet to bestow upon it,) is uttered by Richelieu in
his castle at Ruelle, upon the night designed by the
conspirators for his assassination.

Richelieu, (reading.) "In silence, and at night, the
conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried? Sublime philosophy,
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy! with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their airy towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime;
And with its waves, when sparkling in the sun,

Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters, blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that color and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unweav'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untampt hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one, while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar, and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colorings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

I have wrought
Great uses out of evil tools—and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
Save those the State had—if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects—bearding kings
And braved by lackeys—murder at my bed;
And lone amid the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three—that are the fates who hold
The woof and shears—the monk, the spy, the headsmen.
And this is power! Alas! I am not happy. (*After a pause.*)
And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds
Its rising roots not up: but never yet
Did one least barrier by a ripple vex
My onward tide, unswept in sport away.
Am I so ruthless, then, that I do hate
Them who hate me? Tush, tush! I do not hate;
Nay, I forgive. The statesman writes the doom,
But the priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,
But I destroy; forgiveness is mine own,
Destruction is the state's! For private life,
Scripture the guide—for public, Machiavel.
Would Fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth?
For chance makes half my greatness. I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,
And my triumphant adamant of soul
Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.
Ah! here!—that spasm! again! How Life and Death
Do wrestle for me momentarily! And yet
The king looks pale. I shall outlive the king!
And then, thou insolent Austrian, who didst gibe
At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover,
Sneaking thy looks to silken Buckingham,
Thou shalt—no matter! I have outlived love.
O! beautiful, all golden, gentle youth!
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd,)
Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—
O! for one gale from thine exulting morning,
Stirring amid the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!

Could I recall the past, or had not set
 The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul
 In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea ;
 The yoked steer, after his day of toil,
 Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike
 Or day or night—Ambition has no rest !
 Shall I resign ? who can resign himself ?
 For custom is ourself ;—as drink and food
 Become our bone and flesh, the aliments
 Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,
 Passions, and aims, in the revolving cycle
 Of the great alchymy—at length are made
 Our mind itself ; and yet the sweets of leisure,
 An honor'd home, far from these base intrigues,
 An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom—
 (Taking up the book.)
 Speak to me, moralist ! I'll heed thy counsel.
 Were it not best—

The following scene, which is the second of the fourth act, we give entire. Richelieu has escaped by a stratagem from assassination, but the schemes of the conspirators have so far succeeded that the king has received him with but little favor. The despatch alluded to is one sent by the conspirators to Bouillon in Italy, and contains a schedule of treasonable treaty with Spain and the signatures of the conspirators, whose object it was to dethrone Louis, and as a preliminary step, to remove Richelieu, by murder. Father Joseph is his confidant, and is well known, we presume, to many of our readers. Julie, a ward of Richelieu, was married to the Chevalier de Mauprat, who had been deluded by the conspirators into the attempt to assassinate the Cardinal with his own hand, but had discovered his error and been restored to the friendship of his intended victim. In his anger towards Baradas, one of the conspirators, he had drawn sword upon him near the palace, and duelling being a capital offence, he was arrested and is now confined in the Bastile.

Richelieu. Joseph—Did you hear the king ?

Joseph. I did—there's danger ! Had you been less haughty—

Richelieu. And suffer'd slaves to chuckle—"see the Cardinal—

How meek his eminence is to-day"—I tell thee
 This is a strife in which the loftiest look
 Is the most subtle armor—

Joseph. But—

Richelieu. No time

For ifs and buts. I will accuse these traitors !
 Francois shall witness that De Baradas
 Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,
 And told him life and death were in the scroll.
 I will—I will—

Joseph. Tush ! Francois is your creature ;
 So they will say, and laugh at you ! *your witness*
Must be that same Despatch.

Richelieu. Away to Marion !

Joseph. I have been there—she is seized—removed—
 imprisoned—
 By the Count's orders.

Richelieu. Goddess of bright dreams,
 My country—shalt thou lose me now, when most
 Thou need'st thy worshipper ? My native land !
 Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,
 And die—but on thy bosom !

Enter JULIE.

Julie. Heaven ! I thank thee !
 It cannot be, or this all-powerful man
 Would not stand idly thus.

Richelieu. What dost thou here ?
 Home !

Julie. Home ! is *Adrien* there ? you're dumb—yet strive

For words ; I see them trembling on your lip,
 But choked by pity. It *was* truth—all truth !
 Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence too !
 Cardinal, where is *Adrien* ? Think—he saved
 Your life :—your name is infamy, if wrong
 Should come to his !

Richelieu. Be sooth'd, child.

Julie. Child no more ;

I love, and I am woman ! Hope and suffer—
 Love, suffering, hope,—what else doth make the strength
 And majesty of woman ? Where is *Adrien* ?

Richelieu, (to Joseph.) Your youth was never young ;
 you never loved :

Speak to her—

Joseph. Nay, take heed—the king's command,

'Tis true—I mean—the—

Julie, (to Richelieu.) Let thine eyes meet mine ;

Answer me but one word—I am a wife—

I ask thee for my home—my FATE—my ALL !

Where is my husband ?

Richelieu. You are Richelieu's ward,
 A soldier's bride : they who insist on truth
 Must out-face fear ; you ask me for your husband !
 There—where the clouds of Heaven look darkest, o'er
 The domes of the Bastile !

Julie. I thank you, father ;

You see I do not shudder. Heaven forgive you
 The sin of this desertion !

Richelieu, (detaining her.) Whither would'st thou ?

Julie. Stay me not. *Fie.* I should be there already.
 I am thy ward, and haply he may think
 Thou'st taught me also to forsake the wretched !

Richelieu. I've fill'd those cells, with many—traitors
 all.

Had *they* wives too ? Thy memories, Power, are solemn !
 Poor sufferer ! think'st thou that yon gates of woe
 Unbar to love ? Alas ! if love once enter,
 'Tis for the last farewell ; between those walls
 And the mute grave—the blessed household sounds
 Only heard once—while, hungering at the door,
 The headsman whets the axe.

Julie. O, mercy ! mercy !

Save him, restore him, father ! Art thou not
 The Cardinal-King ?—the Lord of life and death—
 Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
 The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow ?
 Art thou not Richelieu ?

Richelieu. Yesterday I was !—

To-day a very weak old man ! To-morrow
 I know not what !

Julie. Do you conceive his meaning ?

Alas ! I cannot. But, methinks, my senses
 Are duller than they were !

Joseph. The king is chased

Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
 The lackey of the anteroom is not
 More powerless than the Minister of France.

Richelieu. And yet the air is still ; Heaven wears
 no cloud ;

From nature's silent orbit starts no portent
 To warn the unconscious world ; albeit, this night
 May with a morrow teem which, in my fall,
 Would carry earthquake to remotest lands,
 And change the christian globe. What would'st thou,
 woman ?

Thy fate and his, with mine, for good or ill,
 Are woven threads. In my vast sum of life,
 Millions such units merge.

Enter FIRST COURTIER.

First Courtier. Madame de Mauprat !
 Pardon, your eminence—even now I seek
 This lady's home—commanded by the King
 To pray her presence.

Julie, (clinging to Richelieu.) Think of my dead father !
 Think, how, an infant, clinging to your knees,
 And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care
 Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,

Fresh from the dews of Heaven! Think of this,
And take me to your breast.

Richelieu. To those who sent you!—
And say, you found the virtue they would slay,
Here—couch'd upon this heart, as at an altar,
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!—Begone!

First Courtier. My lord, I am your friend and servant,
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?
It were to be your foe.

Richelieu. All time my foe,
If I, a priest, could cast this holy sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!

First Courtier. He is lost! (*Exit.*)

Richelieu. God help thee, child! she hears not! Look
upon her!

The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me, and in that age
When friends are brothers! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?
Oh! shame, shame! dotage!

Joseph. Tears are not for eyes
That rather need the lightning, which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime, where it cowers in secret! The despatch!
Set every spy to work; the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.

Richelieu. Ay—and close
Upon my corpse! I am not made to live—
Friends, glory, France, all rest from me; my star
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
Piercing imperial Heaven, and falling down
Rayless and blacken'd to the dust—a thing
For all men's feet to trample! Yea! to-morrow,
Triumph or death! Look up, child! Lead us, Joseph.
(*As they are going out enter Baradas and de Beringhen.*)

Baradas. My Lord, the king cannot believe your
eminence
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
As to resist his mandate! Pray you, madam,
Obey the king—no cause for fear!

Julie. My father!

Richelieu. She shall not stir!

Baradas. You are not of her kindred!—An orphan—

Richelieu. And her country is her mother?

Baradas. The country is the king!

Richelieu. Ay, is it so;

Then wakes the power, which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark, where she stands, around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though, it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!

Baradas. I dare not brave you!
I do but speak the orders of my king.
The church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,
If it should cost you power!

Richelieu. That, my stake. Ah!
Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!—
Lose not a trick. By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

Baradas, (aside to De Beringhen.) He cannot
Have the despatch?

De Beringhen. No: were it so your stake
Were lost already.

Joseph, (aside.) Patience is your game:
Reflect, you have not the despatch!

Richelieu. O! monk!
Leave patience to the saints—for I am human!
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?
And now they say thou hast no father! Fie!
Art thou not pure and good? if so, thou art
A part of that—the beautiful, the sacred—
Which in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country!

Baradas, (aside.) He wanders!

Richelieu. So cling close unto my breast;
Here where thou droop'st, lies France! I am very feeble;
Of little use it seems to either now.
Well, well—we will go home.

Baradas. In sooth, my lord,
You do need rest—burthens of the state
O'er'task your health!

Richelieu, (to Joseph.) I'm patient, see!

Baradas, (aside.) His mind and life are breaking fast!

Richelieu, (overhearing him.) Irreverent ribald!
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!
Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsmen.
Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

Falls back in Joseph's arms.

*Exit, Baradas followed by De Beringhen, betraying his
exultation by his gestures.*

Want of room compels us to omit farther extracts in
this No. We shall continue them in our next by giving
the last scene and selections from the Odes at the end
of the volume.

WHEN WILL LOVE CEASE?

BY THE LATE EDMUND LAW, ESQ.

When Love's own star shall cease to know
Her station in the skies,
And rivers from the ocean flow,
And suns in sackcloth rise—
And vernal showers call forth no flowers,
And summer make no mirth,
And birds be mute at morning hours,
Then Love will cease on earth!

When music's tone no charm shall own,
To thrill the human breast—
And roses' bloom yield no perfume,
And doves in deserts rest—
And Heaven's bright arch, that gilds the showers,
The sign of wrath shall prove—
Then beauty's spell will lose its powers,
And man will cease to love.

And when the peace that virtue brings,
The vicious shall enjoy—
And fear, that guilty bosoms wring,
Shall innocence annoy—
And mercy spurn the humble pray'r
That sues to be forgiven—
Then earth, men, angels, all despair!
FOR LOVE WILL CEASE IN HEAV'N.

TO THE PRINTERS.

Permit a giddy, trifling girl,
For once to fill a poet's corner;
She cares not how the critics anar!,
Or beaux and macaronies scorn her.

She longs in print her lines to see,
Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it,)
And, if you find her out, your fee
Shall be, to kiss her, if you choose it.

(*Anon.*)

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No. VIII.

SONNET.—A PORTRAIT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Born in the North, and reared in Tropic lands,—
Her mind has all the vigor of a tree,
Sprung from a rocky soil beside the sea,
And all the sweetness of a rose that stands,
In the soft sunshine on some sheltered lea.
She seems all life and light and love to me!
No winter lingers in her glowing smile,
No coldness in her deep, melodious words,—
But all the warmth of her dear Indian isle,
And all the music of its tuneful birds.
With her conversing of my native bowers,
In the far South, I feel the genial air
Of some delicious morn, and taste those flowers,
Which, like herself, are bright above compare.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE ANDES.

When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the coun-
tries, where he hath travelled, altogether behind him.

Bacon.

Of foreign travel, he spoke with fierce and bolsterous con-
tempt, "What does a man learn by travelling? What did Lord
Charlemont learn in his travels, except that there was a snake
in one of the pyramids of Egypt?"

Johnson, teste, Bostell.

The night was passed in anxious expectation. The morrow was to end a tedious voyage, and to be the commencement of a long journey. At the dawn of day, the port of Islay, in South Peru, was distant from our ship eight leagues. A white and dense cloud of vapor rested on the coast; but above and beyond rose the "Andes, the giant of the western star." The Cordilleras, with their indistinct masses of azure, became more defined as the sun rose to the horizon. The fleecy vapor, which veiled the coast from view, was gradually lifted by his rays. Saffron light spread over the distant horizon, threw into relief, the serried Cordilleras. High above the surrounding sierras, rose in majestic grandeur, the volcano of Arequipa. It was distant, about one hundred and ten miles; yet there stood this towering cone, painted upon the violet-colored sky, sharp and defined. The town of Arequipa, our first resting place in the prospective journey to Cochabamba, nestles at the foot of the volcano. It is a noble landmark, like the pyramid of Cheops, which marks the site of Cairo to the impatient traveller who ascends the valley of the Nile. The sun had not long gilded the crests of the sierras, before the intensity of light obscured the fainter azure of the Andes, and this mountain pyramid melted into air.

The coast presented a picture of arid sterility; it was scorched, fiery, volcanic. The sierras were brown and ferruginous, "whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." No verdure carpeted their slopes—no trees shaded their brows. The eye swept along an iron-bound coast, unindented by bay or harbor. From Quilca, north, to Arica in the south, there was no "soft green" to repose the vision. Peru must be the land of metals; her hills seem to be the scoræ of Nature's unworked furnace. All around is igneous, plutonic, ashy. Such a land might have been the inheritance of *Tubal-Cain*, the "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

On the 10th of April we sailed from Callao, the port of Lima. Our destination was the port of Islay, where our arrival has just been announced. I had already passed ten days in the sybaritic city of Lima, when the exigencies of the service with which I was charged, required me to proceed to the distant republic of Bolivia, to confer with the Supreme Protector of the Peru-Bolivian Confederation, General Don Andres Santa Cruz. The English and Americans in Peru generally called him the *Holy Cross*, which is the translation of *Santa Cruz*. He was supposed to be at that time on the southern confines of Bolivia, where existing hostilities with Buenos Ayres and Chili demanded his presence. His migratory head-quarters in this posture of affairs would be *ubi-ibi*; at La Paz, Cochabamba, or Potosi.

The Confederation had not yet been finally organized. For this object, a Congress of Plenipotentiaries were soon to meet in Arequipa. Meanwhile, no seat of the federal government had been adopted. The *habitat* of the Supreme Protector was virtually the federal capital, an apt illustration of the French monarch's *L'état c'est moi!* The protectoral government was consequently nomadic; the Peruvians termed it a *gobierno á caballo*—a government on horseback. General Santa Cruz had the reputation of being well suited to this Tartar administration, in his wonderful powers of physical endurance. He was lately at Lima, and now he is eighteen hundred miles distant, at Tarija. He is said to admire the sentiment of Béranger:

"Vie errante,
Chose enivrante!"

To the *Cholos* and Indians of the country, this Tartar government brought one advantage. Their *ranchos* or huts were termed *protectoral palaces*; for wherever the protector fixed his head-quarters, his official acts and proclamations were issued from the "*Palacio protectoral*."

Cochabamba, the actual capital of Bolivia, is eighteen hundred miles distant from Lima, as computed by Gen. Miller. This journey over burning deserts, abrupt and rugged sierras; would have deterred hardier horsemen than myself. In Peru the traveller has less accommodations than in Turkey, and the climate is, to a degree,

oppressive. I had, however, for my encouragement, the example of Mr. Belford Hinton Wilson, son of Sir Robert Wilson, now Her Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Lima. He performed this journey in nineteen days, and returned in a shorter time. This was certainly an equestrian feat; it would be so esteemed by the professional *Tatars* of Asia Minor. Mr. Wilson was, at this period, aid-de-camp to General Bolívar. He told me that he long felt the ill effects of this ride.

The road from Lima follows the sea-coast to the valley of Arequipa, one hundred leagues. It then turns abruptly from the sea, and crosses the Cordillera. The whole coast of Peru is a sterile desert, save where it is intersected by streams from the mountains. These streams are from thirty to a hundred miles apart, and it is only on their banks that any cultivation exists. No stranger can pass these sandy deserts without a guide. Nothing indicates that they have ever been trodden by man or beast, save the frequent skeletons of animals, that have perished from heat and thirst. The sands are as moveable as those of the African Sahara.

This part of the journey was rather uninviting. We were relieved from it, by the consent of our commander to convey us to Islay, one of the ports nearest to Bolivia. The government at Lima proposed to send an officer of the army in company with me to General Santa Cruz, and he thus became a fellow passenger. This commissioner was Colonel R—, lately in command, but now *en disponibilité*.

We were fifteen days in making a voyage of four hundred miles. The wind and current were combined against us. Of their powerful effect, the best illustration is the fact, that we returned to Callao in three days. To this Western Ocean, Vasco Nunez de Balboa, properly applied the appellation of *Pacific*. It is a summer's sea compared with the tumbling billows of the Atlantic. It is thus peculiarly suited to steam navigation; and our enterprising countryman, Mr. Wheelwright, has finally succeeded in forming a company in London for that object. One might then reach Lima, via Panama, in thirty or forty days from New York, whilst one hundred and twenty, or fifty, are now required.

The morning of our arrival off Islay, we were becalmed. We were in the torrid zone, and the heat was not moderated by the sea-breeze. The village of Islay, with its straggling huts, dotting the white and ashy shore, lay before us. After meridian, a ship of war was discovered to leeward, which proved to be a United States ship of war. Signals were made, and our ship must "run down" to speak her. This might delay our landing for more than a day, and we accordingly accepted our commander's proposition to land us in a barge. At the setting of the sun, we left the ship with a long pull before us of twelve miles. The night was dark, but the stars twinkled brightly, as they ever do in the Southern hemisphere. We had taken the bearing of the port, and our safe voyage was then left to the stout arms of our crew. At twelve o'clock we had entered the port. Whilst looking about for the landing place, our movements were discovered by the guard on shore, and we were hailed with "*quien vive,*" who comes there? My colleague had previously arranged that this challenge should be answered by the officer of our

boat, whose *Gringo* accent would prove that he was not a Chilian. In the present state of hostilities, if I speak, said he, they may suspect us of being enemies, and give us a volley. A satisfactory parley ensued, in which we called ourselves *Norte-Americanos*, to which the guard replied, *Ah, si!—Ingleses—English*. By analogy, our people usually call a South American, of whatever republic, a *Spaniard*. Colonial bondage affects language long after that condition has ceased. As an illustration of this, the following anecdote is not bad. The law of Colombia required *colonials* to pay a certain duty of importation. A cargo arrived at Guayaquil from the United States, and the discriminating duty on *colonials* was exacted. Mr. Bartlett was then United States Consul, and he protested to the collector or administrador, against the exaction. "*Hombre!* my dear sir! were not the United States colonies of Great Britain?" said the administrador. "Yes!" replied Mr. B., "and so too was Great Britain a colony of Rome." The classic repartee had its effect.

Our parley ended in a permission to land. We thus took tongue. *Prendre langue* was the term used at Malta, under the Knights of St. John, for landing at the port. The Templars were of *seven languages* or nations. We were conducted to the residence of the administrador or collector of the customs, where the *Islenos* assembled to learn the news. The Falmouth was suspected to be a Chilian frigate. That our boat should look out for a random shot from the guard, proved, therefore, not to be improvident. It was not known, certainly, where General Santa Cruz was. Our journey was therefore indefinite. There is no publicity in Peru, and the people hear of the movements of their chiefs much in the same way that the Turcoman hears of the doings of his Agha, *id est*, from rumor.

The night was wearing away, and it became a question where we were to lodge. In Peru there are no *fondas*, *mesons* or inns. There is an exception in favor of the large commercial towns. If a traveller have a letter, that recommendation procures for him hospitality; if he have not, "*n'importe*, some body will take him in," if his appearance be not *anti-sympathetic*, as the natives term it. The English Consul kindly took our officer home with him, and the Colonel and myself were billeted upon the military *commandante*. Our room was in the upper part of a rattle-trap of a house, and was furnished with a table and two chairs. Beds were soon spread by Indian soldiers, and I soon sunk to rest, through the *horny* gate of sleep,

Quâ, facilis datur, exitus umbris.

Early on the morrow we were making our preparations for the journey to Arequipa. Mules and horses were procured for ourselves. Our luggage was to follow us by the *reque* or caravan. We also hired a sagacious *vaquiano*, or guide, Don Pepe Sanchez, to accompany us. I was yet to learn how indispensable is a *vaquiano* in traversing the Pampas of sand. My companion had providently brought with him his horse harness, and equipments for himself, from Lima. He was an old stager, and he made his preparations accordingly. He had his *ponchos* or cloaks, his *palmas* or leggings, and a broad brimmed *vicuna* hat, with flaunting ribband. With his cigarillo in his mouth, I must say the Peruvian horseman was quite picturesque.

My wants were all to be supplied, and Islay was not the place for that. The Colonel became impatient, and said, "*Hombre! vmd tiene mil dificultades,*" "my dear fellow, you make a thousand difficulties!" However, I mounted with my *Xipirapa* grass hat, and a Macintosh cloak from Charing cross, although the costume was not legitimate. Pepe's figure was rather quixotic, with two hats, one above the other, for easier transportation, and a cartouche with a brace of horse-pistols, strapped round his waist. Thus equipped, we gave spur and sallied out of Islay, somewhat before two o'clock. By leaving at this hour, we would cross the desert Pampas during the night, and thus avoid the fearful heat of the day.

Islay is the port of entry for Arequipa, and contains perhaps eight hundred inhabitants. The houses or huts are slightly constructed. There is a church distinguished by a cross on the roof, which recalled to my mind, Ruschenberger's visit to this place. His book is as correct as it is humorous. Of what advantage, he asked, would the priest's indulgence be to the port. "*Ninguno,*" none, was his friend's reply? Of what advantage to the people? "*Ninguno pues—*none I tell you; but those who accept it, think their stay in purgatory will be shortened by it, and that you know," said his friend, with a sly cast of his eye, "is a consideration." The visit of Commodore Stewart, to this coast, in the Franklin seventy-four, is still alluded to by the natives. An American line-of-battle ship was a novelty, and the presence of an accomplished American lady, Mrs. Stewart, was equally so. Whilst the Franklin was laying off Quilca, the Subdelegado invited the Commodore and his officers to dine. The company of Peruvian and American officers was large. The Subdelegado's hospitalities were generous, and they brought forth the spirit of conviviality. The indigenous wine of the valley circulated freely, and many patriotic and personal toasts were drunk. A gallant young Virginian, late in the feast, rose, and said: "I propose the health of the Subdelegado! Tell him, somebody, that he is a man of the true grit, and that if he will come to Richmond, he shall pass over Mayo's bridge free of toll." There was evidently no interpreter for this sentiment. The anecdote amused me much: it was strictly Virginian.

The road from Islay gradually ascends the slope of the Sierra. At the distance of a league it suddenly plunges into a *quebrada* or ravine of the mountain. Through this gorge we were to pass the first range of the Cordilleras, which stretched across our road like some Cyclopean wall. We were already elevated several hundred feet above the level of the sea, and before we entered the *quebrada*, I turned, with a longing lingering look, to the glassy ocean. The eye swept over a wide horizon; but yet our noble ship was not in sight. Before I could again see her, and the gallant spirits who guided her march on the mountain wave, weeks would elapse, and many a mile of rugged travel must be performed.

I was gazing on the blue and infinite space, yielding to my sympathies and melting thoughts of home and country, when I was aroused by Pepe's abrupt exclamation, *Vamosnos, Cabelleros!* Let us be off, Cavaliers! and accordingly off we went. *Piquemos!* let us spur up, continued Pepe; we shall hardly reach the Santa Cruz—holy cross—before night. This cross stands at

the mouth of the defile into which we had entered, where it debouches from the sierra upon the desert plateau, called the Pampa. It was five or six leagues distant, and the road was fatiguing. A *vaquiano* is not only your guide, he is also your time-piece, if you will, and your *dromometer*. He measures the road for you, and he is correct to a degree. He establishes the pace at which the traveller must move, and he puts out, sometimes at a slapping pace, leaving you to follow.

At the distance of one league, is the *pueblo* of Cangallo, consisting of three or four Indian huts. Here the *requas* rest; and here we took a *traguito*—a little sup of *chicha*, a fermented beverage of maize. We were to ride fifty-four miles to the next habitation of man, and we were to see in that space no living waters, and no green grass. I made some inquiry about the commissariat, and Pepe smilingly opened his *alforjas* or cotton saddle bags, to show me several bottles of *chicha*, *aguardiente* and water. Again we set out. The ravine is broad, and the acclivities of the hills, which wall it up, are sharp. The road is deep with white ashes, and they lie like drifted snow upon the dark brown hills—"dusky and huge, nature's volcanic amphitheatre." The *cactus* is the only plant which defies this universal barrenness; and I was astonished to see it shoot out of the clefts of rocks, to the height of ten feet. Our rate of travelling was about a league the hour, and without distressing our beasts. At the hour of twilight we finally emerged from the *quebrada*, and stood upon a desert, sandy plateau or Pampa. It extends to the next range of the Cordillera, and is thirty miles in breadth.

By the faint light of remaining day, I discovered the wooden cross, which was both a terminus and the commencement of our journey. Here we dismounted to refresh ourselves and cattle. Pepe performed his vesper orisons, and then brought out the *chicha* and cigars. Night had now fully spread out its dark mantle, but the southern constellations shone with their accustomed brilliancy. The mule track in the sand was scarcely visible; and yet, by this track, we were to cross the Pampa.

We again mounted. *Piquemos!* said Pepe, and off he started. My *macho*, accustomed to the business in hand, followed his leader at a hand-gallop, and before I had gathered up the long lash of my bridle. I felt insecure in the dark at this rapid pace, and pressed upon the reins; my *macho* snorted, as if indignant at being held in, and away he scampered, in pursuit of his leader. It was some time before I could relieve myself from the apprehension of falling or stumbling over some obstruction. The freshness and vigor with which our beasts attacked the Pampa, was truly surprising. They had already travelled over a fatiguing road of twenty miles, nor had they been baited or watered—yet they gave no signs of fatigue. They could get no feed nor water till the Pampa was crossed. They seemed to know this, and to their work they went with good grace, which was the true philosophy.

We continued our sweeping gallop. Both riders and beasts were animated; it was very important that the latter should be so. One felt the "exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play," whilst carried along over an even plain, by vigorous, untiring beasts.

I was soon to make an ungracious acquaintance with

a phenomenon of this desert, of whose existence I was entirely ignorant. The whole surface of the Pampa is covered with hillocks of white sand of impalpable fineness, called *medanos*. When I first saw them, I was descending the second range of the Cordilleras on my return to Islay. In the gray mist of morning they resembled a Bedouin *douar* or encampment, on the plains of Baalbec. These *medanos* are shifting sands, like those of the Sahara, and they consequently obliterate the track, and perplex the guide. They are irregularly disposed over the Pampa, and among them the *Arriero* winds his tortuous way. They have the form of a demi-lune, or horse shoe, and they all face towards the north east, as the winds blow unchangingly, across the desert from the south west. Some of these crescents are twelve or fifteen feet, and others not more than three inches high. The light sands are borne along by the wind, until they meet with some obstacle, and then is formed a *medano*. I saw one rising upon the scapular bone of an ass; another was perking itself upon a stray bit of rag.

These crescents stretch out their attenuated horns, and the track passes near them. Under my guidance, the mule deviated a little to the right of the track, where the horn of the *medano* was somewhat elevated. He stumbled, and over his head I was near being pitched, to find a bed in the sand. My first impulse was to bawl out for the guide; for although there were no beasts of prey, and no cannibals in the desert, yet it was certain death to be left in the Pampa without water. Santa Maria! exclaimed the Colonel, who was passing near me; and the *vaquiano* hearing the noise, came to a halt, and returned towards us. This was fortunate enough, for they might have soon been beyond hearing, at their careering pace. I here thought of the amiable Stevens, who was thrown over his camel's head, when he had crossed the Red Sea, in the track of the Israelites, and who concluded that his journey was to end there, where it had just commenced.

Our *macheros* were brought out, and lighting our cigars, we sat down on the *medano*, and took a draught of chicha. The adventure was amusing enough, whilst no bones were broke. So we mounted again, and I determined that, as my mule knew more about the question than I did, he should, for the future, have his own way, and dash on, right or left, at pleasure. In this case, my business was merely to keep fast to his back. On we swept. Suddenly the guide turned off, abruptly, at right angles to our course. "*Bestia!*" said the Colonel, addressing the guide; "you have lost the track." There was now every chance of our bivouacking for the night, *sub dio frigido*, and cold the night, in truth, was. When the track is lost in a sandy desert at night, he must be a sagacious guide who can again find it. I perceived that Pepe turned off from his course at right angles. He had been steering by a star. If the road were not to the right, it must be to the left; for, independently of our astronomy, we had kept the wind in our right eye. Pepe did not speak, but I intuitively understood his movements. When he had gone some distance to the right, he wheeled about, volte-face, head to tail, and recrossed his original track. I followed him closely. The Colonel was impatient, and rated Pepe rather roundly. Presently he dismounted, and putting his face close to the ground, he took up some of

the sand and smelt it. He then put his hands into the hollows of the sand, to determine if they were the tracks of beasts. How much necessity sharpens our wit! If one of our Indians, I reflected, can discover a trail, why should not our *vaquiano* detect a track? I had great faith in Pepe, but yielded to despair, and talked about passing the night on the sand, in the hollow of a *medano*. The guide was a man of reticence, and said nothing. Whilst he was alighted, his horse moved round him, and I saw at once that his bearing was lost. To preserve this, I took special care to keep the head and tail of my macho bearing at right angles to our former course. Pepe had been steering, he said, by a star; and he was, doubtless, a Chaldean of the Pampa. But the stars were rising to the zenith, and he might mistake his *cynosure*. I therefore preserved a point of departure. The aspect of the desert and sky is singular. You are in the centre of a circle, with a horizon around you. No where else than at sea, had I ever observed this phenomenon. *Undique cœlum et undique æquor*. In every direction we were hedged around with palpable darkness.

Pepe had not read Plato; but he "reasoned" better than the Athenian would have done, in a Pampa. When all signs of dung and dirt had failed him, he quietly said, "*esperen vms,*" stand still, gentlemen! and off he whirled into the darkness visible. We were thus a *point d'appui* for the guide, for he could fall back upon us, by halloing pretty sharply. Away he rode, clattering in the distance. He, evidently, was making a circle, to judge by the sounds which floated upon the breeze. The direction in which we had been steering, thus far, kept the wind in our right eye. As we now stood, it was in our back. Presently we heard a shout from Pepe, and knew at once that he had discovered the trail. We soon joined him, and resumed our journey.

The Colonel told me that it was not uncommon for the *vaquianos* to lose the track, and to pass the night on the Pampa. By day, the heat is most intense, and Indians on foot not unfrequently perish. He had led a company across this desert not long before, and lost six men.

The night was wearing away. *Que hora?* (what o'clock is it?) I asked of Pepe. He looked at the southern constellation of the cross, and said it was past midnight, for the cross begins to bend downwards. Humboldt says that midnight was often announced to him by the Indians who watched the Holy Cross. I too have watched this constellation with all the devotion of a Chaldean worshipper, in the "plain of Shinar." I have felt the "sweet influences of the Pleiades," and gazed on the "bands of Orion." In the land of Canaan, as on the Pampas of Peru, I have bowed in humility and grateful admiration to Him who established these ordinances of the skies.

We had reached the second range of the Cordilleras, when the moon rose above the wavy ridges of the sierra, and threw her silver light upon our path. In the gorges of the mountain we passed tinkling *requas*, that had set out from the Tambo thus early for Arequipa, to cross the Pampa before the extreme heat of the day. A little before three o'clock we reached the Tambo. I hastily left macho to the care of Pepe, and threw myself upon a pallet, with my clothes and boots on, and slept till five o'clock.

Two hours was an unrefreshing modicum of sleep, after sixty miles ride. I was aroused to renew my labors. "We must get through the Quebrada," said the Colonel, "before the heat of the day renders it impassable." I protested, and proposed to follow on to Arequipa in the evening. But there was no guide to accompany me, and the city was thirty miles distant. I saw my position, and with grace yielded to necessity.

Tambo is a *Qichua* or Peruvian word, corresponding to *caravanserai* in Persian. When Pizarro conquered the country, he found royal Tambos on the road from Quito to Cuzco. Our Tambo was established and is maintained by the merchants of Arequipa for the convenience of commerce. Water and all provisions for men and beasts, are brought from Arequipa by night. It is here that one may utter the jeremiad, "our water is bought, and our wood is sold unto us." My bill, I think, amounted to two dollars, of which one dollar was for water, for macho and myself. A medio (six cents) the bottle, is the fixed price. A poor borrico, or ass, will get only two bottles of water between Arequipa and Islay. This allowance is a law of the *regua*.

Our host had our *chupe* ready at five o'clock. *Chupe* is a composite dish of eggs, potatoes and cheese, and very savory it is! The inmates of the Tambo, were our host and his "*asistente*," or *help*, who officiated chiefly as cook. Pedro, the "*help*," recognised in R. his former commandant. After an interchange of kindly expressions, Pedro said, with a cunning expression of eye, "*Senor Coronel, ¿md no ha hecho todavía, una revolución?*"—"Colonel, have you not yet got up a revolution?" R. replied by a shake of the head and a spoonful of *chupe*. To me, who affected not to notice the question, it was full of meaning. It fully illustrated the character of the military men of this devoted country. One of our public agents was ordered to leave Buenos Ayres, because he used to ask, every morning, *who was President?* I have heard officers in Peru, when complaining of their grievances, exclaim, "*Caramba! yo me haré Presidente*"—by Jove! I'll make myself President. The Presidency is a sort of panacea for every ill.

"Pedro!" I said, "are not you and Gregorio very lonely here in this desert?"

"Yes!"

"Do you never quarrel?"

"*A veces*"—sometimes!

"What do you do then?"

"*No le hablo mas, tampoco, no lo veo*"—why then I neither see him, nor speak to him.

The doctrine of Hobbes was rather sustained in this case of two isolated men in a desert.

The quebrada, which opened our road through the second range of the Cordilleras, was six leagues in extent. We reached its debouché at meridian, upon the extreme summit of a sierra. The Pacific was visible from this point, eighty miles distant. The edge of the sierra was here very sharp and narrow, and it sloped down on either side most precipitously. The wind blew strongly; and whilst I was looking down the mountain into the deep vallies below, vertigo seized me, and I sunk to the ground. To avoid a recurrence of this malady, I walked down to the next valley, whilst Pepe led my mule. I should infer, from comparison, that the Cordillera at this point is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The ravine which we had just passed was literally strewn with skeletons of beasts. It is a valley of dry bones. Now and then we passed a solitary borrico, which had been left behind to die, having been unable to keep up with the *tropa*. Poor beasts! as we passed them by the road side, standing listlessly, with their long ears drooping, they attempted to bray—perhaps they addressed our humanity. Their death is here at least undisturbed by birds or beasts of prey—for across this desert "the fowl findeth not a path."

The smoky crater, and the snow-capped summit of the volcano, were now before us, and the town of Arequipa could not be far distant. We had ascended the last ridge of the sierra by a precipitous, zigzag path, when suddenly the valley of Arequipa fell upon the admiring and astonished vision. A meandering stream of limpid waters thridded a plain of emerald verdure. The green fields were dotted with white and sparkling cottages, embosomed among umbrageous trees, whose leaves were playing with the lambent breeze. Beautiful picture! as it was first painted upon my enchanted view. In the deserts of Arabia, the sensual prophet could promise no greater attractions to his followers, in their Paradise, than "*gardens, through which run rivers of water*." An earthly paradise is the valley of Arequipa to the weary traveller of the Pampa! We plunged into the green fields; and at the first *azequia* or aqueduct for irrigation, we slaked our thirst in the glancing stream. Under the shade of a weeping willow, by the murmurs of the purling, laughing waters, I found an intensity of enjoyment, which sprung from recollections of the Sahara, which I had just passed. This moment will be among the most enduring and pleasurable recollections of my life.

We rested at the village of Tiovaya. A Cholo farmer prepared us a *chupe*, and his pretty daughter served us with a *picante* and *chicha*. A *picante* is a sauce of cayenne pepper, which increases the taste for *chicha*.

At a later hour of the evening we set off for the town of Arequipa, into which we proposed to enter at night. It had thus far been concealed from us by a low range of hills. Whilst winding round their base, the town gradually expanded to our view, the loveliest picture of imagination. Its white and sparkling houses were nestling at the foot of the volcano, and sportively reflecting back the last rays of the sun. The green, emerald fields smiled in freshness and abundance, presenting a pleasing contrast to the brown hills which walled in the happy valley. It was a scene for the daguerroscope to seize its fitting lights.

Amidst this scene of surpassing beauty, I forgot my fatigue; our beasts, strange to say, went over the last miles of the road, at a hand-gallop, with astonishing vigor. By twilight we crossed a stone-bridge over the river Chile, and entered the town. I alighted at the residence of J. Moens, Esq., United States Consul, to whose hospitalities I was warmly invited; whilst R. proceeded to embrace his lovely wife, the *Senorita Tomasita*.

Arequipa being the first stage in my journey across the Andes, I will also make it the first stage of my narrative. The passage of the Cordilleras, the Pampas and Quebradas, has been attended with so many difficulties and adventures, that I could scarcely be expected to think of statistics or history, moral and political. When

the journey is ended, the Poncho and spurs thrown off, and when the traveller has refreshed himself with a bath, these subjects may be quietly treated in his cabinet.

I cannot omit one fact, for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxons, the "greatest land-robbers of the human race," that land sells for twelve hundred dollars the acre in the valley of Arequipa. They may, therefore, abandon all idea of sliding down upon Peru. The valley of Anahuac is more feasible. This fact, learned by travel, is rather more important than Lord Charlemont's snake.

To-morrow I shall cross the Andes, by the region called "*despoblado*," the *unpeopled*. Another desert!

Cras, ingens iterabimus aequor.

Fluvanna county, Va.

W. B. H.

THE FIRST POLAR VOYAGE.

A BALLAD.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

In the year 1553, the merchants of London fitted out three vessels under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, to seek a passage to India by passing around the continent of Europe to the North-East.

High were thy hopes, brave Willoughby,
And gay thy gallant crew;
When like a sea-bird, to the gales
Thy vessel spread her snowy sails,
And o'er the waters flew.

For never yet had vessel sped
On that adventurous way,
When valiantly ye ventur'd forth,
Around the bleak and frozen north,
To seek the fam'd Cathay.

How oft had ye in Fancy's dreams,
Beheld that region fair,
The clime for which Columbus sought,
The land from whence de Gama brought,
His treasures rich and rare.

Onward towards the Northern Sea
The gallant vessels fly;
And now fair Albion's island green,
So long, so fondly watch'd, is seen
Fast fading from the eye.

Methinks on that dear spot they cast
Their last long lingering gaze,
And while it dimly fades away,
How oft does memory backward stray,
To scenes of former days.

For as the haze-encircled shore
Looms loftier to the sight,
So through the gathering mist of years,
Each pictur'd scene of youth appears
A vision of delight.

But onward still their course they steer,
Near Norway's rocky shore,
Where many a craggy isle is found,
And where the mighty Maelstrom's sound
Is heard with ceaseless roar.

Emerging from that dangerous coast,
More gaily do they steer;
But soon the sky is overcast,
And o'er the wave the northern blast,
Sweeps with a wild career.

Rushing and roaring thro' the shrouds
The mighty tempest comes,—
No gleam of light can they descry,
Save where in surges toss'd on high,
The sparkling ocean foams.

'Twas then the great commander show'd
His high and dauntless soul:
"Brave consorts follow on,"—said he;
"Keep off the shore upon your lee,
"And steer towards the pole."

But ah! what dangers gather round,
The valiant Willoughby,
His consorts gone, his reck'ning lost—
Bereft of hope, and tempest toss'd,
He roams the polar sea.

Hark now! that long and dismal howl,
Amid the tempest's roar—
'Tis from yon ice-encircled bay,
Where wolves are howling round for prey,
On Nova-Zembla's shore.

That ice-bound barren coast they leave,
And westward steer their way;
Round Russian-Lapland cold and bleak,
They coast along, and vainly seek,
A safe and sheltered bay.

But now the storms of sleet and snow
Are round them gathering fast;
Dread Winter here has fixed his throne,
And o'er these icy regions blown
His wild terrific blast.

The sun scarce rising to their view,
Has shed a glimmering light;
But now succeeds the wintry gloom,
And day, no more for months to come,
Shall dawn upon their sight.

Oh! cold and dreary is that clime,
Beneath the polar star;
And through that long and tedious night,
How oft does Fancy wing her flight,
To home and friends afar.

But never more brave Willoughby,
Shall home or kindred claim—
Death's icy hand is on him now,
Cold as the marble is his brow,
And stiff his manly frame.

His gallant crew, around their chief
 Like icy statues stand;
 And with their lives have passed away,
 The golden dreams that led astray
 That bold adventurous band.

'Tis ever thus with human hopes,
 How bright soe'er they be;
 If bounded by the present life
 Our course must be with dangers rife,
 On time's tempestuous sea.

But ah! there is, to cheer the soul,
 A region more sublime,
 Brighter than India's fairest day,
 And richer far than fam'd Cathay,
 Is that perennial clime.

To guide us to that destined shore
 Truth's polar star is given;
 Conscience, our compass, points to this—
 And for our chart, the Bible is
 A precious boon from Heaven.
Occoquan, Va. 1839.

THE SPANIARDS;

THEIR CHARACTER AND CUSTOMS.

Spain, the land of chivalry and romance, and the country of the Cid, of Cortes and Pizarro, has always been a subject of interest and inquiry to the scholar and the traveller. And yet, after all that has been said and written about the country, and after the numerous visits that have been made to it, Spain still seems to be a region unexplored; the genius and character of the inhabitants are not generally understood; and the notions entertained in regard to their manners and customs, are often vague and inconsistent. The fact is, that till the beginning of the present century there has been but little intercourse, at least in a philosophic point of view, between the Spaniards and the rest of Europe. The want of good roads and accommodations, and the risk of falling a prey to the ruthless banditti of the mountains, were circumstances that fully justified, at one time, the reluctance of travellers to a journey into Spain. The jealous and despotic spirit of the government, and the little knowledge there was then abroad of the Spanish language, now so much studied and admired, increased that reluctance, and effectually checked all the impulses of curiosity. It was not to be expected that these difficulties would be removed by a people who seldom stirred from home, and whose intercourse with foreigners was, till of late, so rare, that a Spanish traveller might have been considered a phenomenon. Nor is it a matter of surprise that even within their own territory the excursions of this people should have been so limited as we know they were; for certain it is that at no very distant period a journey from Madrid to Cadiz, was an undertaking of not less consideration, expense and danger, than a voyage at the present day from New York to Liverpool. Under these circumstances, and isolated as they have been for a long time, what wonder that the Spaniards, in a mo-

ral sense, should have attracted so little attention, or that they should retain in full relief those peculiarities and shades of character which distinguish them as a nation?

This fact is singularly exemplified by their adherence not only to their ancient customs and dress, but to their ancient feelings and inclinations.

The village Hidalgo of La Mancha is to be found in that province with the same dress, and in the observance of the same habits, as are described by the inimitable Cervantes. Many a Sancho, too, may be still seen there with his montera cap on one side of his head, sitting on the rump of a donkey, and ever and anon tossing to his mouth the leathern *bota*, or bottle, full of Yesses or Valdepenas.

[The native of Asturias, though poor and oppressed, is still proud of his descent from that brave and hardy race who never suffered foreign foe to set foot within their territory, and who so successfully bade defiance to the Roman eagle and the Moorish crescent. The exploits of Pelayo and the glories of Covadonga are themes which he yet dwells upon with pleasure. But with all this, and with the privilege of giving a title to the heir of the Spanish monarchy, the Asturian is the most humble and patient of his countrymen. He comes to Madrid while a youth, and adopts the profession of a water carrier, or a porter, as his fathers have done before him from time immemorial. After some years, and by dint of economy, he finds himself master of three or four hundred dollars, which to him is a world of money. He then retires to his province, buys a cow and a pig, gets a wife and a cottage, and settles down for life.]

The gay and reckless Andalusian, has not yet relinquished his taste for smuggling and bull-fighting, nor his abhorrence of every thing like vulgar industry and labor. And as he only wants money to squander it on his mistress, he generally selects the easiest and most expeditious mode of accomplishing his object, without much regarding the propriety of it. He has recourse to contraband, or he exhibits in the *plaza*;* or, if these resources fail him, he takes to the road, and subjects the unwary passenger to involuntary contribution. An intelligent observer can easily discover vestiges of the oriental origin of the Andalusians. The amorous and chivalrous disposition of the native of this province, his taste for dress and finery, and the multitude of Arabic idioms which occur in his dialect, are all strong indications of a Saracen extraction. The construction of their houses, with inner courts, refreshed by fountains and adorned with flower pots, and the narrow winding streets of their towns, also evince the truth of this remark. And to say nothing of the large black eye and swarthy skin of the peasant, how is the handkerchief he wears constantly on his head to be accounted for unless it be considered as a relic of the Moorish turban? In speaking of the Andalusians, a Spanish writer says, that they are *ni bien Moros ni bien Cristianos*; not exactly Moors, nor yet in reality Christians.

Jealous of his independence, and proud of his advantages, the Biscayan affects to look upon himself as belonging to a different nation from the Spaniards, and only gives to the king of Spain the title of Lord. Woe to the minister that should attempt to impose taxes on him, or to raise a conscription there; he might as well

* In the bull-fights.

beard a lion in his den. Trade, navigation, the accumulation of wealth, and the preservation of his liberties, are the objects which absorb the faculties of the Biscayan, who, to his credit be it said, is frank, hospitable and courteous.

The native of old Castile is perhaps the most amiable character of all. He is still remarkable for that gravity and dignified manner, and that delicate sense of honor, that *pundonor*, for which the inhabitants of his province were proverbial; and the appellation of "old Castilian" is even now assumed with pride, and admitted with complacency.

The Spaniards not only differ in a wonderful degree from the rest of Europe, as a nation, but are remarkable for the difference which exists among themselves as natives of separate provinces. It may be asserted with confidence, that there is less similarity between an Andalusian and a native of Asturias, than between a Frenchman and an Englishman. This discrepancy is strikingly apparent in the existence among them of a variety of dialects; for, while the Castilian speaks the Spanish in all its purity, the Biscayan expresses himself in a language as unintelligible to his neighbors as the Irish is to a Londoner. The Valencians and Catalonians have, in like manner, a dialect of their own, consisting of a medley of French, Latin and Spanish words, which it is as difficult to understand as it is impossible to learn. The same may be said of the Andalusian, who speaks a Spanish corrupted by a multitude of Arabic idioms, and whose accent has something in it peculiar and perhaps graceful, which he is supposed to have derived from his conquerors, the Moors.

There are in the Spanish character certain fine points, certain distinguishing features, which are highly honorable to the nation. That chivalrous spirit which shone with so much lustre in the days of Ferdinand and Isabel, is not entirely extinguished. They are a people susceptible of great enthusiasm; and when influenced by religious motives, or by national pride, their exertions are prodigious. If there were a head to direct, there would be no want of hands to execute; and had Napoleon had one hundred thousand Spaniards to command, he might to this day have been Emperor of the French. But these brilliant qualities are, to a certain degree, neutralized by defects too obvious to be overlooked. The energies of a Spaniard are not easily awakened. There is a listlessness and apathy of disposition about him, in ordinary circumstances, which lie like a dead weight upon his faculties, and often disappoint the most flattering expectations; there is an aversion to every thing like innovation, an adherence to old practices and old ideas, and a baneful spirit of procrastination, which are a clog to his progress in civilization, and retain him, as respects the useful arts, far in the rear of every other nation.

In point of education, that of a Spaniard generally approaches one of the two extremes of great ignorance or great learning. And even this learning, great as it is in some branches, is often attended by a singular want of knowledge in others. A profound theologian, a doctor of laws, or a man deeply versed in the dead languages, will sometimes be found so ignorant of geography, as to ask whether Philadelphia is in Europe or America, and perhaps to doubt whether the English language is that of the citizens of the United States.

It cannot be denied, however, that of late the diffusion of knowledge in Spain has made some progress; and it is possible, that under the present more liberal order of things, this country may in a few years raise herself to a level with the rest.

The education of females in Spain is of course still more limited than that of the men; but it is also a fact that they can do with less instruction than any other women in the world. Introduced into society almost from childhood, a Spanish girl, while yet in her teens, can assume, when she pleases, all the formality and sedateness of a matron, will do the honors of the house in the absence of her elders, receive a visit, and return a compliment, without being embarrassed. There is a natural grace and good breeding, an intuitive sense of decorum, about a Spanish lady, which supplies the want of a refined education. Nature seems to have done every thing for her; to art her obligations are but few. The Spanish ladies possess also a talent for conversation; and the ease and volubility with which they maintain it, is surprising. This perhaps is owing to the richness of the language, which, like that of the orientals, is figurative and diffuse in a high degree. With a Spanish lady an idea conceived is an idea expressed; there is no study or affectation in the choice of phrases; and with the aid of an animated countenance and an eye glowing with expression, she imparts an interest to trifles, and is pleasing and even fascinating. Dancing and music, are accomplishments which, in Spain, many young ladies acquire of themselves. Drilling and dumb-belles, and masters of *marche et tenue*, are things which they have no idea of, and which will never give to the girls of other countries the graceful walk and carriage of a Spanish girl. The women of Spain possess lively imaginations with but little sentiment; they love ardently, but not long; a broken heart is a very rare thing with them; and if in other countries girls die of love, they certainly never do so in Spain.

One observation more is necessary before finishing this brief sketch of the character and manners of the Spaniards, which is, that their national characteristics are to be sought for among the peasantry and the middling classes in the interior. In the sea-ports and at the capital, their intercourse with foreigners has rendered them quite a different people; and so wide is the difference in the state of society between the two classes, that in passing from Madrid to Toledo, a distance only of forty miles, the transition is like the lapse of a hundred years.

G. W. M.

LIFE.

The life of an ordinary man presents but few events of magnitude: it is a succession of details—and our happiness is to be sought for at home, not abroad—in the common course of every-day life, not in affairs of "great pith and moment"—in the book, the companion, the work and the recreation of to-day, and not in the golden dreams of romance.

C. C.

Petersburg, Va

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES;

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

NO. VIII.

ANOTHER SUMMER-DAY IN THE WOODLANDS.

The Palisades on the Hudson! Taking up our books,—your books, WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT!—where we laid them down, at the close of that beautiful day in June,—and beginning with the "Boy's Country Book,"—we will go on with our readings. But first a song from "Birds and Flowers," Mary! Sing this, called "Morning Thoughts."

"The summer sun is shining
Upon a world so bright!
The dew upon each grassy blade,
The golden light, the depth of shade,
All seem as they were only made
To minister delight!

"From giant trees, strong-branched,
And all their veined leaves;
From little birds that madly sing,
From insects fluttering on the wing,
Aye, from the very meanest thing,
My spirit joy receives!

"I think of angel voices
When the birds' songs I hear:
Of that celestial city bright
With jacinth, gold and chrysolite,
When, with its blazing pomp of light,
The morning doth appear!"

A good beginning: and now for a look around us! When William penned the following lines, he must have had *clairvoyance* of the scenes in whose very midst we now stand.

"As I followed my father silently up the ascending road on my gray pony, such scenes opened before me as I had never dreamed were to be seen in this world. The rocks on one hand went stretching away, till they made a sudden turn, at one which resembled exactly an old castle tower; and at their feet there appeared a broad walk of natural grass between them and the river, so green, and soft, and smooth, no king's garden ever looked so pleasant; and the river was so clear, and sent up such a softened murmur, that it was both like a picture, and like music!" THE PALISADES.

Why is it, my friends, that the content, the delight, the charm, the pleasure, the joy, with which we look abroad, upon such a scene as this, is never unmingled with melancholy? You answer truly enough, Mary, it is because we sympathise with our kind. We are so constituted, that the woes, the sorrows, the misfortunes, nay, the very mistakes of our fellow beings interest us almost as keenly as if they were all our own. Here, surrounded by so much that is beautiful and inspiring, we are looking, "from the loopholes of retreat," upon that busy, bustling world from out of which we have just now come. There it lies before us. There; in yonder city, whose lofty spires, and glittering roofs are dimly seen through the summer sky,—there, absorbed in hurrying anxious occupation, is going on the noisy chase for wealth. The politician is fastening his wily threads around the hearts of the people, and enmeshing therein their honors. The statesman, in the full flush of encouragement, which the promises of the strong, and the wealthy, and the influential, have superinduced, is towering in his pride,—firm as the earth his onward step,—his eye, eagle-like,

bright with the confident hope of victory! Alas! what multitudes of the disappointed! How solitary is success! "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor understanding to men of skill!" And it were well, if it were only the aspirants to the various forms of greatness who are blasted in their hopes. But Disappointment goes down into the humble and innocent vales of life. The Poor sees but one destiny with the Rich. When forest oaks yield, on the mountains, to the violence of the storm, the reaper sighs over his wasted labor on the plains!

But a few, my friends, succeed! And, William, benign as are your teachings, I will count pain for pain, and sigh for sigh, in the Palace and in the Cottage. Man tires of possession: he desires change: he prefers all he is not, all he has not, to what he is and has. Each blessing he gets, great as it may be, is less than it seemed to the eye of Hope. And why is this? Is it true, as "the wisest man" has said, that "All is vanity?" No!

It was true, to him, in a sense. All was vanity, when viewed without its legitimate end and object,—*moral improvement, culture, and upward advancement!* In this view, nothing is vain,—every event of life, dark as it may seem to those who are of the "earth, earthy," is mercy. Thus, what will prove but a shadow to him who extends his arms to embrace it, not actuated by the proper and only legitimate motives that should impel him, is full of substantial joy to him, whose eye is fixed upon the true goal. Life is never vain to those by whom it is understood. As a period within which to erect plans for permanent rest, it is as vain as a hair would prove, tried as a link to chain together and to support a system of planets. As a sphere for the effort of mind it is vain, for its measure is finite and very uncertain. Nor is it the proper home of the Affections. Our loves drop, like lead, from our embrace, when loveliest, and there an end!

We want,—*we will have*,—something more! Asking this more of life, we find it has it not to give! But we have not these desires for nought? Where shall we go to obtain their gratification? The tendency of our souls' desires is upward. Heaven opens before them. It expands to satisfy them. Our spirit spreads its wings to obtain the fruition of it, out of this bleak world, as yonder noble bird, Mary, on his sublime flight for these warm, happy, summer skies, sings joyfully there, "at Heaven's gate."

Life belongs to the Man no more than the vapor that hangs over that city belongs thereto: And just as surely will it seem to him, one day or other, to be as vain a show. But take we up the book, again!

That day, William Howitt, you stole away from Ackworth school, with Harry Webb, to go visit Ned Tunstall, was such a day as this,—its counterpart! Read from page 244 of the "Country Book."

"If ever there was a day of splendor and rejoicing beauty, it was that day. It was towards the latter end of June, the foliage was in its utmost luxuriance: the sky was of one fine transparent azure: the fields were full of flowery and odorous grass ready for the scythe; the wild rose and elder-flower waved in the breezy hedge-rows, and flung their fragrance far and wide: the lark was rejoicing in the air, the cuckoo floated from place to place, with its deepest and mellowest voice; the grasshopper raised its shivering note in the turf at our feet, and a thousand insects hummed and wavered around—a thousand creatures uttered voices of delight.

"He that knows—and who does not know?—how full of gladness, and beauty, and wonder, all creation is to the heart of childhood—how entirely and intensely it lives in the present; having no habitual acquaintance with fear, or calculations of coming weariness, and of the fleet passing

of our enjoyments—but spreads its whole heart and hope over the whole fairy-land horizon that it embraces—may judge with what exultation we turned from the dusty road, and scoured along the foot-path, through delicious fields, towards the abode of Ned; here running into the mowing-grass waist-high to where we beheld some lark arise or fall, in the hope of finding its nest; here peeping into bank and bush, here leaping along, singing some school chant, for the easing of our pleasure-laden hearts."

What a beautiful description of a true summer's day! Here is a poetical pendant for it, from the "Birds and Flowers."

"They may boast of the spring-time when flowers are the fairest,
And birds sing by thousands on every green tree,
They may call it the loveliest, the greenest, the rarest,—
But the summer's the season that's dearest to me!

"For the brightness of sunshine; the depth of the shadows;
The crystal of waters; the fulness of green,
And the rich flowery growth of the old pasture meadows,
In the glory of summer can only be seen!

"Oh! the joy of the Greenwood! I love to be in it,
And list to the hum of the never-still bees,
And to hear the sweet voice of the old mother linnet,
Calling unto her young 'mong the leaves of the trees!

"Yes! the summer! the radiant summer's the fairest!
For greenwoods, and mountains,—for meadows and bowers;
For waters, and fruits, and for flowers the rarest,
And for bright shining butterflies, lovely as flowers!"

But, Mary, you have left out the prettiest verse,—the book, if you please! Here it is,—listen! I shall sing it to the tune of "I saw from the beach"—

"Then the mountains! How fair! To the blue vault of Heaven
Towering up in the sunshine, and drinking the light;
While adown their deep chasms, all splintered and riven,
Fall the far-gleaming cataracts, silvery white!"

If Apollo, envious, Mary, contest your claim to linger in the loveliest bower upon Parnassus, sing him that verse! Or these:

"I love the sunshine, every where:
In wood, in field, and glen,
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

"I love it, when it streameth in
The humble cottage-door,
And casts the chequered casement shade
Upon the red brick floor.

"I love it, where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetles pass.

"I love it, on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore!

"And when it shines in forest-glades,
Hidden, and green, and cool,
Through mossy boughs and veined leaves,
How is it beautiful!

"How beautiful on little streams,
When sun and shade at play
Make silvery meshes, while the brook
Goes singing on its way.

"Oh yes! I love the sunshine:
Like kindness or like mirth
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth!

"Upon the earth; upon the sea;
And through the crystal air;
On piled-up cloud,—the gracious sun
Is glorious, every where!"

Match me this, if you can, William, out of your "Country Book." You seem confident: let us hear it!

"What a quiet yet deep delight there is, in lying, on a warm summer day, and hearing the water run with a silvery lapsing sound, and seeing it throw little circles of light on the banks and the boughs above it: And to see the little shining flies with their long legs marching about on its surface; and others, like little beetles of bright blue steel, all in one place, keeping up such a dance of mazy intricacy as is wonderful. And to see the water-rats,"—

Nay! William, you are cribbing from your wife. Fie for very shame! Let me see if it is indeed all there, in the book! I ask your pardon,—go on.

—"the water-rats come peeping out of their holes, and plop into the water: and the fish dart past like arrows; or come up out of some deep place, all unconscious of your presence, and therefore as full of a quiet laziness as possible; balancing themselves on their slowly-waving fins, and rise up to the very top of the water, in the face of the sunshine, and bask in it with an evident and intense delight, and then turn slowly down again; or, at a glimpse of you, go off with a jerk and a dart, inconceivably swift. Aye, and to see all the birds,—the blackbirds and the thrushes, that haunt such places, the little chaff-chaff, and the wren, and the kingfisher, skimming past with a quick cry, or sitting with his red breast full opposite you, on some old mud-covered bough over the brook, watching for his prey."

"Let both divide the crown,"—for both have triumphed! Out of those eight verses of Mary's, and this last description of your's, her husband! our DUOGHTY and our FISHER could make nine such pictures! CHAPMAN shall illustrate each, on wood,—and what prettier gift will they show, over-sea, than this, about midsummer next?

What is this, on page 188 of the "Birds and Flowers?" It seems appropriate to the present topic, and we will have it. It is called

BIRDS.

"Oh the sunny summer time!
Oh, the leafy summer time!
Merry is the bird's life,
When the year is in its prime!
Birds are by the water-falls
Dashing in the rainbow spray;
Every where, every where
Light and lovely there are they!
Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree;
Birds are on the green hills;
Birds are by the sea!

"On the moor and in the fen,
'Mong the wortle-berrries green;
In the yellow furze bush,
There the joyous bird is seen.
In the heather on the hill;
All among the mountain thyme;
By the little brook sides,
Where the sparkling waters chime;
In the crag; and on the peak,
Splintered, savage, wild and bare,
There the bird with wild wing
Wheeleth through the air.

"Wheeleth through the breezy air,
Singing, screaming in his flight,
Calling to his bird mate,
In a troubleless delight!

In the green and leafy wood,
Where the branching ferns up curl,
Soon as is the dawning,
Wakes the mavis and the merle;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough,
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;
Wakes the mother ring-dove
Brooding on her nest!

"Oh, the sunny summer time!
Oh, the leafy summer time!
Merry is the bird's life
When the year is in its prime!
Some are strong and some are weak;
Some love day and some love night;
But whate'er a bird is,
Whate'er it loves—it has delight,
In the joyous song it sings;
In the liquid air it cleaves;
In the sunshine; in the shower;
In the nest it weaves!

"Do we wake; or do we sleep;
Go our fancies in a crowd
After many a dull care,—
Birds are singing loud!
Sing then linnet; sing then wren;
Merle and mavis sing your fill;
And thou rapturous skylark,
Sing and soar up from the hill!
Sing, oh, nightingale, and pour
Out for us sweet fancies new!
Singing thus for us, birds,
We will sing for you!"

That visit of thine, in boyhood, to Spiderloft Chapel, William! How does it touch my heart; reminding me of many a summer-day of the kind, when summer-days were brighter and longer, and merrier, to me than ever they can be again! And how dost thou bring upon this cheek the blush of a shamed conscience, whilst thou art calling up to memory thy "white fibs" which procured thee that holiday. Truly say'st thou, "the conscience is a thing very tender of itself in early youth;" and well can I understand thy meaning,—"oh! sad, sad affair! I stopped my ears at these cries of conscience, but it was vain; it poured into my heart a sense of evil and condemnation; and then was still!" Yes, "still" till now, when thou hast roused the sin up again from the bottom of thy heart, whither, like lead, it was sunken, to expiate it by confession and by warning thy readers against offending in like manner!

I have often thought with what Brazen Impudence we,—I mean all mankind,—hourly infract the Golden Rule. The author of that rule will be content, if we but mind ourselves of it, with only the highest standard of Honesty. What we expect of others, with reason, is just the measure of what it is incumbent on us to perform; is it not? And yet, from that standard of regulating our conduct, so numerous are the departures, that there is not a man living who can be acquitted of this general charge. For instance; can you tell me of any man who *desires* to be the object of other folk's jealousy,—the butt of their wit,—to be depreciated in the esteem of friends,—to have his words misinterpreted; every advantage taken of him; his honor wounded; his faults betrayed; his virtues overlooked; his motives misrepresented? And yet, you and I know well enough—(?) too well! that this is all daily done by men whose pride is in their strict integrity.

I bethink me of an example. It happened a few weeks since in yonder bustling city, and is not yet removed from before the public eye, as a matter of legal investigation. It is an instance of that fraud, which a diseased state of public sentiment has rendered almost a creditable,—at all events,

a venal,—offence;—a fraud against the revenue laws. Now, what are laws good for? What made for? Are they not the protectors of the life and property of this very individual who has evaded them? They keep the bandit from his blood, and the plunderer from his chest. Whoever *justifies* an evasion of *one* of these laws, *authorises* the evasion of *others*,—upon which depend all that he is, and has; and resting upon precisely the same authority.

Hypocrisy,—and who is not occasionally hypocritical?—is a most palpable violation of the Golden Rule. We all feel that we have a right to expect our fellow-men to deal openly and above-board with us,—do we not?—Q. E. D.

And did it never strike you, Mary, how great an alloy of downright dishonesty there is mixed with what we call **POLITENESS**? Flattery! Affected Smiles! Pretences to great interest in others! False encouragement to hope for what we never will do! And so in what we call **PROPER PRIDE**! Pride, which forces us to recede from the place that of right belongs to us, and demands for us what we have no right to claim.

I tell you what it is,—and you know it as well as, and better than, I do,—my dear companions, we are, none of us, "any better than we should be!"

But the shadows of evening are beginning to fall. The last glimmer of sunshine is rapidly fading from the yellow spires of the distant churches; the reflection of these woody hill-tops is lengthening upon the bosom of the river; and it is time for us to wend our steps homewards. As Mary says so prettily,

"We have sat in the shade of the mighty trees,
While the summer noon was glowing,
And have heard, in the depth of their undergrowth,
The pebbly waters flowing.
We have quenched our thirst at the forest-well,
And ate of the forest-berry,
And the time we have spent in the good green-wood,
And our talk, and our song, were merry!"

And now, we'll home,—to pleasant dreams and treasured hopes of many more SUMMER DAYS, TOGETHER, IN THE WOODLANDS!

J. F. Q.

New York, July 31st, 1839.

THE MOCKINGBIRD AND FAIRY.

The Mockingbird particularly selects the hawthorn or sweet-brier to build his nest in, and during the months of June and July, sings both night and day. But during the night his notes are entirely different from his varied day song. They consist more of a shrill whistle and chirping, excepting when attracted by some passing sound, which he will imitate with singular nicety, even to the cock's crowing at midnight.

A Fairy wrapt in a tulip cup,
Which the night breeze gently was rocking,
Was roused from her dreams by the noisy chirp,
From a sweetbrier bow'r
Overhanging her flower,
Where a bird was incessantly mocking.

Oh! I'm cruelly teased by that chattering bird—
My rest is destroyed by his whistle.
Attend me, sweet Minion! this night, on my word,
He shall find his shrill shake;
From my bower he must take;—
Wake my band from the down of yon thistle.

Fairy bell! coral trump! silver drum! pearl guitar!
 Raise a din in his ears, that his clamor will drown;
 Drive him off, 'till his noise and himself are so far
 That I ne'er will again
 Be awoke by the strain
 Of my troublesome, boisterous, chattering clown.

But alas! even plots laid by fairies, may fail,
 And their hopes and their pleasures be blighted;
 Such a clamor now rose, that the fairy turn'd pale—
 Bell, trump, drum and horn,
 Each the bird mocked to scorn—
 In such music he vastly delighted.

Sweet Minion! I'll die if I longer remain
 In this place. Sure by furies 'tis hunted.
 Under thorn or sweetbrier, I vow ne'er again
 Will I seek for repose,
 Rock'd in tulip or rose;
 Ev'n the grass by their shade shall be stunted.

F.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. I.

Behold me, my dear Messenger, seated quietly and cozily in my attic, with books and papers strown around me "in most admired disorder," inditing my first epistle of a series intended for the especial delectation of your many fair and gentle readers! I would fain, here upon the brink and threshold of my better acquaintance with them, win their kind prepossessions and favorable regards. Though far away from their warm southern hearts, I would bring mine into genial communion with theirs, and draw, as it were, by the magnetic power of sympathy, to my distant nook, a portion of that generous good-will, which is so bountifully dispensed to those who are near them. I shall write with a rapid and flowing pen, concerning the changes and chances of this "great Babel;" for, in the loophole of my retreat, I can mark all its ongoings and not feel its crowd.

Seldom is there ever a wonder here which can boast so respectable a duration as that of "nine days;" the most important event would be forgotten in less than a week, were it followed by no continuing consequences, and it is never talked about for more than two revolutions of this sublunary sphere. A circumstance that would convulse a small town for months, passes over us in a single hour, leaving no more traces than the cloud which poured out the summer shower. We see the lurid flash of the lightning, hear the deep muttering of the thunder, feel the copious downfalling of the rain: but soon it is all over, and people come forth from their shelter, and, at most, observe "Quite a shower!" If another were to occur in ten minutes afterwards, there is every probability that the first would be forgotten. We are a thoughtless, hurrying race—we live only in the present—the past and the future are alike unregarded.

Take, as an illustration of my remarks, the state of effervescence into which our community was stirred a little more than a year since, by the success of Atlantic Steam Navigation. That was an event of the vastest

importance; probably nothing mightier could have happened than this linking together of two great realms—this bridging of the ocean—this approach to an annihilation of space and time—this stupendous triumph of human skill. And yet what was its effect? Did it agitate the river of commerce or change its course? Did it break up any great deep in social existence? No! it was simply averred that "a new era" had commenced. True enough—but what an era! Yet, so far as could be observed on the surface of affairs, there was some pitching and rolling, some tumbling of the billows, some foam—an effervescence, as we not too disparagingly called it—and then the usual smoothness succeeded; that is, if a tide which is perpetually ebbing and flowing can be smooth. Men talked about Atlantic Steam Navigation; and editors wrote about it; and the Mayor and Corporation and the ladies visited the "Steamers;" and crowds pressed upon the Battery railings to observe their arrival and departure; and, after no great length of time, no more curiosity seemed to be entertained on this absorbing subject! Now, the coming and going of the "regular line" of steam ships is no more noticed than those of the packets.

I might go on and tell you of "the late commercial embarrassments"—(as the most terrible sequence of catastrophies that ever jarred the fabric of society is blandly designated,)—I might speak of the effects of "the great fire," and show, from the influence of such occurrences on the world that moves before my eyes in this city, how transitory are the convulsions that follow the mightiest shocks! But I am too much of a New Yorker to dwell upon "hackneyed themes;" and, with a feeling of self-reproach at having alluded at all to a past, that is older than yesterday, I turn me to the living and glowing present!

Yet think not that I mean to put fetters upon my humor. If I so choose, I will muse over broken columns, prate of the ivy wreath that clingeth about old ruins, and moralize over the sad fate of departed empires. With the author of "Behemoth or the Mound Builders," I will, if my mood so prompts, explore the vast cemeteries of ante-Columbian nations, delve into decayed charnels, disinter the fossil monuments of a gigantic race; heap flesh, thaws, sinews and impenetrable hide on the bones of the devouring mastodon, making him taller than "the mast of some high admiral;" or, I will, in the balloon of my fancy, take an aeronautic excursion to the gray tops of the Rocky Mountains, and return with a series of "Views" like Sir William Stewart, or with the fins of stranded fishes, which, when beheld through the telescope of comparative anatomy, shall appear by the side of the whale's, like the whale's in juxtaposition with the minnow's. Being relieved of that sentence, grandiloquent as its theme demands, I proceed to say briefly, I shall go

"From gay to grave, from lively to severe,"

with heedless rapidity, and step from the sublime to the ridiculous, as often as it pleases me. I shall be pre-eminently discursive, and never digress—having no subject, I cannot digress, if I would—and I am glad of it, for I look upon digression as a piece of outrageous insolence on the part of an author, that the reader is bound to resent.

Incidentally I have referred to the "Views" of scenes

among the Rocky Mountains, brought to New York by Sir William Stewart. The worthy Baronet was so good as to permit of their exhibition upon the walls of "the Appelles Gallery of Painting and Sculpture." They were fourteen in number, and executed with wonderful power and spirit, though by no means entitled to the estimate of *finished* productions. The artist's name is Miller; he is of Baltimore; I am not certain whether he did not accompany Sir William to Europe, whither he has lately gone, and taken his pictures with him. He will feel great pride as well as pleasure in showing such evidences of his journeys, in the far wild West, to his English friends; and well he may, for two reasons. The first of these is, that the artist has made the Knight, with his long nose, a prominent figure in each scene; always mounted on the same noble looking steed. This is permissible, and no more to be carped at than that Phidias should have chosen to chisel his name on the base of his statue of Jupiter. To make our simile correct, Mr. Miller should have been the person introduced; but it matters not, a genius like his is secure of its ascendancy. A second reason for great inward satisfaction to Sir William Stewart, while displaying these fine paintings, must be the proofs, which they afford, of that remarkable enterprise and lofty spirit, which led him to undergo the fatigues and perils of a journey to those royal dominions of Nature. He is said to be possessed of a very large fortune and to have elected to expend it in this novel way—certainly much more striking than if he had made Lord Elgin his "illustrious predecessor," and broken noses and arms and legs from every statue that the Goths and Vandals had spared for a more ignoble sacrilege. Instead of indulging his love of the beautiful among objects of virtue in Italy and Greece, he chose to obey the dictates of a grander taste; and in the manifestations of Nature's works, he experienced a more elevated delight than he could have derived from the discovery of the finest specimens of ancient Art. It is said that Sir William returned to England, deeply impressed with the grandeur and magnificence of American scenery, as well as imbued with a respect for our institutions and national character. The testimony of one true gentleman, like Sir William Stewart, is worth a thousand books by your Halls, Hamiltons and Fiddlers; and if we are not greatly mistaken, the result of his excursion will be to stimulate others, like himself, to tread the same strange and wild regions of adventure. It is now becoming more and more fashionable for English ladies and gentlemen of rank to visit our shores; and the desirable consequence must be to ameliorate and refine our customs and manners, and to produce that interchange of pleasant thoughts and kindly sentiments which is the best bond of national as it is of social friendship. Within the past year, the Countess of Westmoreland has been residing for many months in New York, and she has moved freely and unostentatiously in our elegant circles, and been treated with that deference which is due to the station she occupied in her own country, and which can always be extended without servility, or any compromise of that republican simplicity which is justly regarded with us as the surest indication of good breeding.

As I mean that my letters shall possess one unquestionable claim at least to the attention of your readers,

viz. that of brevity, I cannot, my dear Messenger, so dilate on the topics that rise to my mind, as I could wish. You will not, however, expect me on one occasion to take you to all the attractions of amusement, which are now offered both to citizens and sojourners in this goodly Gotham. But I will speak of some, and if you opine that it will confer pleasure upon yourself and your friends, to resort to them in my poor society, I shall be very happy in a subsequent number to play the chaperon.

Sully's full length portrait of Victoria, in her coronation robes, ascending the steps of her throne, is now on exhibition in Broadway. This is a copy, the property of the artist, and displayed for his own private emolument. The original, belonging to the St. George's Society of Philadelphia, is in Boston, and the receipts from visitors there are to be appropriated in aid of the funds of the Society, the benevolent aim of which is to assist destitute Englishmen. You cannot have failed to notice the long account of an arbitration given on a dispute, which arose between Mr. Sully and the members of the St. George's Society, as to the ownership in the copyright, patent or invention of this picture. It appears, that had not the artist been introduced by the petition of the members to her majesty, the portrait never could have been taken. Two of the arbitrators seem to have decided in favor of Mr. Sully; the third gives very cogent, and so far as I am able to decide from a cursory investigation of the matter, sufficient reasons for his dissent. It seems to me that the members of the St. George stand towards Mr. Sully precisely in the relation of publishers to an author. The author has a right, if he so wishes, to preserve a copy of his manuscript for his own use; but he has no right to sell that manuscript, already disposed of, to a second publisher. The value of the picture of the Queen consists in its singleness, so far as the public are to pay for seeing it. If Mr. Sully shows his for money, or so as to prevent the payment of money to the owners of the original, he clearly infringes their right and destroys the very purpose which they had in view in engaging and remunerating his services. It is no answer to this to say that the price given was inadequate. The time for such an objection went by with Mr. Sully's acceptance of the commission. Moreover, it should be considered that he enjoyed the opportunity of acquiring a distinction, which, to an artist, is more valuable than fortune. The picture is said to be a likeness; but fault is found with its design as well as execution. Its parts are said to be out of harmony with each other—the upper part of the figure not to correspond with the lower. Dignity and repose mark the head and bust, while haste and a hurried step are displayed by the little lady's unmentionables and feet. But I will say nothing further, till we go together, to see the original picture—which will soon be exhibited by the Society.

Stout's statue of the Queen, to be seen at the Stuyvesant Institute, is universally spoken of as a work of considerable merit. It is probably correct in proportion and stature—the feet do not appear so exquisitely small as those of its illustrious archetype. Of Catlin's Gallery of Indian portraits, costumes, scenes, &c., in the same building, I may give you, by and by, a detailed account, although I am no connoisseur in art. It will be better for Mr. Catlin that I am not. He has

been absent from the city with his collection for a year past, and has recently returned, advertising that he has made numerous additions. He is a man of real genius and large knowledge, and should not condescend to emblazon himself after the style of medical empiricism. Many months ago, I read a letter from Mr. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, giving permission to Mr. Catlin to enter his collection in England, free of duty, provided that they were not sold in the United Kingdom. Of this permission it would have been wisdom in Mr. Catlin to have availed himself.

There is one display now in the city, which, *horribile dictu*, is said to be of a place altogether shocking to "ears polite." Of all climates, during the hot weather which is about to ensue, it may be supposed that that of "The Infernal Regions" would be the most disagreeable to a non-resident. Yet, such is the name held up to attract "loafers" during the summer solstice! It has been wisely remarked that "the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him;" yet it seems hardly less cruel to exhibit his skeleton, afterwards, in the mimicry of a situation, supposed to be occupied by his soul. Among the pleasant concomitants of "The Infernal Regions," *real* skeletons of malefactors executed in Ohio are pleasingly enumerated! "Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!" What will be, what can be, man's lower invention, to torture money from the pockets of fools! Don't imagine for a moment, Mr. Messenger, that I have been or intend to take you to a place like that! Heaven forbid! Such sights are splendid and sublime only in poetry. It is very thrilling to read of

"Blue flames dancing on a dungeon floor."

Or of that Stygian lake

"Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles,"

but extremely objectionable in reality or in representation to gentlemen, who, like printers, know what it is to have "the devil to pay."

In literature, New York is rapidly becoming the London of the United States. Authors now visit this metropolis in search of patronage and subsistence, as Crabbe went up to London. He must indeed be poor in capacity who cannot find sufficient literary employment to keep him from starving. The "gray goose quill" is at best a poor instrument, with which to carve out a man's way in this hard and noisy world; but that it can be wielded to better advantage here than in other cities of the union, the number of new books which emanate from our presses, abundantly testify. I have left myself but scant room, in which to dilate on this prolific theme; it is too capacious to be included in the concluding segment of a letter. In the course of our correspondence I shall have much to say about books and authors. You may anticipate also some sketches of the most prominent personages, directing the periodical press. I believe the Editors are all at their desks, at present, with the exception of Col. Webb, who went to England in the Great Western. The *Courier & Enquirer*, however, does not seem to suffer the slightest paralysis in his absence; for by the talents of his coadjutor, Mr. John O. Sargent, it is sustained with admirable vigor. The country, indeed, does not contain a more luminous, forcible and correct writer upon political subjects than Mr. Sargent. His

style is formed upon the noblest models of the English school, and he has transfused into his manner not only the energy but the ease of such masters as Burke and Mackintosh. His wit, also, is as keen and brilliant as a Damascus blade and of as good a temper. But let me not anticipate my proposed sketches.

As I am about to finish my rambling epistle, I hear the booming of cannon. Does it announce the arrival of the Liverpool? It must—for this is Sunday evening, and no other event could cause such big-mouthed explosions. Hark! I hear another sound of more portentous omen. The bells are ringing for fire! I look from my window. The sky darkens and grows lurid with the ascending smoke, and the shooting flames. I must descend into the street and inquire the news.

* * * * *

Up in my attic once more, most excellent Messenger, to furnish you with another illustration of the rapidly shifting panorama of events, beheld by "the lookers on here, in Vienna." I met a gentleman of my acquaintance, who but a little more than two months since departed for England, *Voici!* returned in "the Liverpool." She brings good news about cotton—and tomorrow all Wall street will be delighted. The fire! it still rages—it has already destroyed the beautiful "Church of the Ascension"—(the church ministered to by Dr. Eastburn—him who was lately elected to and declined the Bishoprick of Maryland)—and many dwelling houses are crumbling into ruin beneath the rage of the destructive element. A friend, who was present, told me that he saw a small library of choice old books thrown pitilessly from the windows of a burning house! This loss excites my liveliest sympathies. Nothing can replace it. How I mourn for the poor owner! He has perhaps spent many days of his life in collecting these rare treasures, and now they are deluged in water and trampled under rude feet—all, all, even to the precious little missal in silver clasps that he doated upon!

Addio! You see that I have chosen a simple title to these, my papers; I might have fallen upon a stranger one, but not one which more plainly and directly told the truth. I "trust that I have a good conscience;" nay, more—with uncle Toby I know that I have a good conscience. Therefore, with truth and without ostentation, I may sign myself by a Latin name, expressive of that honesty which every man may modestly claim, and entreat you in your orisons to remember all the sins of

Your faithful

PROBUS.

June 30, 1839.

HINTS.

We are admonished to "be swift to hear and slow to speak." Young people oftentimes reverse the rule—and are slow to hear, but swift to speak.

It is well to be a good talker, but it is better to be a good listener. You can hardly please a man better than to listen to what he has to say.

We may always find occasion to utter what we have to say—and it is generally more acceptable after we have heard out what others have to say.

Compliments are more dangerous than censure.

Petersburg, Va.

c. c.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger :

Mr. White,—The following article was written for, and indeed published, some years ago, in another journal; that journal, however, being a distant one, I think it likely that very few, if any of your readers, have ever before seen it, and I therefore send it to you for reprint in the Messenger. Yours, * * *

WINDOWS, CONSIDERED FROM WITHINSIDE.

The other day a butterfly came into our room and began beating himself against the upper panes of a window half open, thinking to get back. It is a nice point—relieving your butterfly—he is a creature so delicate! If you handle him without ceremony, you bring away on your fingers something which you take to be down, but which is plumes of feathers; and as there are no fairies at hand, two atoms high, to make pens of the quills, and write “articles” on the invisible, there would be a loss. Mr. Jeremy Bentham’s ghost would visit us, shaking his venerable locks at such unnecessary-pain-producing and reasonable-pleasure-preventing heedlessness. Then, if you brush him downwards, you stand a chance of hurting his antennæ, or feelers, and of not knowing what mischief you may do to his eyes, or his sense of touch, or his instruments of dialogue; for some philosophers hold that insects talk with their feelers as dumb people do with their fingers. However, some suffering must be hazarded in order to prevent worse, even to the least and most delicate of Heaven’s creatures, who would not know pleasure if they did not know pain—for pleasure springs from contrast; and perhaps the merrier and happier they are in general, the greater weight of pain they can bear. Besides, all must have their share, or how would the burthen of the great blockish necessity be equally distributed: and finally, what business had little Papilio to come into a place unfit for him, and get to bothering himself with glass? Oh, faith! Your butterfly must learn by experience as well as your Bonaparte.

There was he, beating, fluttering, flouncing—wondering that he could not get through so clear a matter, (for so glass appears to be to insects as well as to men,) and tearing his silken little soul out with ineffectual energy. What plumage he must have left upon the pane! What feathers and colors strewn about, as if some fine lady had gone mad against a ball room door for not being let in!

But we had a higher simile for him than that. “Truly,” thought we, “little friend, thou art like some of the great German transcendentalists, who in thinking to reach at Heaven by an impossible way, (such at least it seemeth at present) run the hazard of cracking their brains and spoiling their wings forever; whereas, if thou, and they, would but stoop a little lower, and begin with earth first, there, before thee lieth open Heaven as well as earth; and thou may’st mount high as thou wilt, after thine own happy fashion, thinking less and enjoying all things.”

And hereupon we contrived to get him downwards—and forth, out into the open air, sprang he—first against the trees before our window, and then over them into the blue ether—as if he had resolved to put our advice into practice.

We have often had occasion to notice the fret and fury into which the common fly seems to put himself against a window. Bees appear to take it more patiently, out of a greater knowledge, and slip about with a strange

air of hopelessness. They seem to “give it up.” These things, as Mr. Pepys said of the humanities at Court, “it is pretty to observe.” Glass itself is a phenomenon that might alone serve a reflecting observer with meditation for a whole morning—so substantial and yet so airlike—so close and compact to keep away the cold, yet so transparent and facile to let light in, the gentlest of all things—so palpably something, and yet to the eye and the perceptions a kind of nothing! It seems absolutely to deceive insects in this respect, which is remarkable, considering how closely they handle it, and what microscopic eyes we suppose them to have. We should doubt, (as we used to do,) whether we did not mistake their ideas on the subject, if we had not so often seen their repeated dashings of themselves against the panes, their stoppings, as if to take breath, and then their recommencement of the same violence. It is difficult to suppose they do this for mere pleasure, for it looks as if they must hurt themselves. Observe in particular the tremendous thumps given himself by that great hulking fellow of a fly, that Ajax of the Diptera, the blue-bottle. Yet in autumn, in their old age, flies congregate in windows as elsewhere, and will take the matter so quietly as sometimes to stand still for hours together. We suppose they love the warmth, or the light; and that either they have found out the secret as to the rest, or

“Years have brought the philosophic mind.”

Why should Mr. Fly plague himself any longer with household matters, which he cannot alter? He has tried hard in his time, and now he resigns himself like a wise insect, and will taste whatsoever tranquil pleasures remain for him, without beating his brains or losing his temper any longer. In natural lives, pleasure survives pain. Even the artificial, who keep up their troubles so long by pride, self-will, and the want of stimulants, contrive to get more pleasure than is supposed out of pain itself, especially by means of thinking themselves ill-used, and of grumbling. If the heart (for want of better training,) does not much keep up its action with them, the spleen does, and so there is action of some sort: and whenever there is action, there is life; and life is found to have something valuable in it for its own sake, apart from ordinary considerations either of pain or pleasure. But your fly and your philosopher are for pleasure too, to the last, if it be harmless. Give old Musca a grain of sugar, and see how he will put down his proboscis to it, and dot and pound, and suck it in, and be as happy as an old West India gentleman pondering on his sugar canes, and extracting a pleasure out of some dulcet recollection.

Gamblers, for want of a sensation, have been known to start up from their wine, and lay a bet upon two rain-drops coming down a pane of glass. How poor are those gentry, even when they win, compared with observers whose resources never need fail them! To the latter, if they please, the rain-drop itself is a world—a world of beauty and mystery and aboriginal idea, bringing before them a thousand images of proportion and reflection, and the elements, and light, and color, and roundness, and delicacy, and fluency, and beneficence, and the refreshed flowers, and the growing corn, and dew-drops in the bushes, and the tears that fall from gentle eyes, and the ocean, and the rainbow, and the origin of all things. In water we behold one of the old primeval mysteries of which the world was made. Thus, the commonest rain drop on a pane of glass becomes a visitor from the solitudes of time.

A window, to those who have read a little in Nature's school, thus becomes a book, or a picture, in which her genius may be studied, handicraft though the canvass be, and little as the glazier may have thought of it. Not that we are to predicate ignorance of your glazier now-a-days, any more than of other classes. The glazier could probably give many a richer man information respecting his glass, and his diamond, and his putty, and let him into a secret or two, besides, respecting the amusement to be derived from it.

But a window is a frame for other pictures than its own. Sometimes for moving ones, as in the instance of a cloud going along, or a bird, or a flash of lightning; sometimes for the distant landscape, sometimes the nearer one, or the trees that are close to it, with their lights and shades; often for the passing multitude. A picture, a harmony, is observable even in the drapery of the curtains that invest it, much more in the sunny vine-leaves, or roses or woodbine that may be visible on its borders or that are trailed against it, and which render a poor casement so pleasant. The other day we saw that beautiful plant the nasturtium trained over a very humble cottage window on several strings, which must have furnished the inmates with a screen, and at the same time permitted them to see through into the road, thus constituting a far better blind than is to be found in many great houses. Views like these give a favorable impression of the disposition and habits of the people within—show how superior they are to their sophistications if rich, and how possessed of natural refinement, if among the poorer classes. Oh! the human mind is a fine graceful thing every where, if the music of nature does but seize its attention, and throw it into its natural attitude. But so little has "the schoolmaster" yet got hold of this point, or made way with it, and so occupied are men with digging gold out of the ground, and neglecting the other treasures which they toss about in profusion during the operation, (as if the clay were better than the flowers which it produced,) that few make the most of the means and appliances for enjoyment that lie round about them, even in their very walls and rooms. Look at the windows down a street, and generally speaking, they are all barren—whereas the inmates might see through roses and geraniums, if they would; but they do not think of it, or not with loving knowledge enough to take the trouble. Those who have the advantage of living in the country or the suburbs, are led in many instances to do better, though their necessity for agreeable sights is not so great. But the presence of Nature tempts them to imitate her. There are few windows any where which might not be used to better advantage than they are, if we have a little money, or can procure even a few seeds. We have read an art of blowing the fire. There is an art even in the shutting and opening of windows. People might close them more against dull objects, and open them more to pleasant ones, and to the air. For a trifle of money, they might have beautiful colors and odors, and a pleasing task, emulous of the showers of April, beneficent as May; for they who cultivate flowers in their windows, (as we have before hinted,) are led instinctively to cultivate them for others as well as themselves; nay, in one respect they do it more so; for you may observe, that wherever there is this "*fenestral horticulture*," (as Evelyn would have called your window-gardening,) the flowers are turned with their faces towards the street.

But "there is an art in the shutting and opening of

windows." Yes, for the sake of air, (which ought to be had night as well as day, in reasonable measure, and with precautions,) and for the sake of excluding, or admitting, what is to be seen out of doors. Suppose for example, a house is partly opposite some pleasant, and partly some unpleasant object; the one a tree or a garden; the other, a grog-shop or a squalid lane. The sight of the first should be admitted as constantly as possible, and with open window. That of the other, if you be rich enough, can be shut out with a painted blind, that shall substitute a beautiful object for the nuisance; or a blind of another sort will serve the purpose; or if even a blind cannot be afforded, the shutters may be partly closed. Shutters should always be divided in two, *horizontally* as well as otherwise, for purposes of this kind. It is sometimes pleasant to close the lower portion, if only to preserve a greater sense of quiet and seclusion, and to read or write the more to yourself; light from above having both a softer and stronger effect than when admitted from all quarters. We have seen shutters, by judicious management in this way, in the house of a poor man who had a taste for nature, contribute to the comfort and even elegance of a room in a surprising manner, and, by the opening of the lower portions and the closure of the upper, at once shut out all the sunshine that was not wanted, and convert a row of stunted trees into an appearance of interminable foliage, as thick as if it had been in a forest.

A window, high up in a building, and commanding a fine prospect, is a sort of looking out of the air, and gives a sense of power, and of superiority to earth. The higher also you go, the healthier. We speak of such windows as Milton fancied, when he wished that his lamp should be seen at midnight in "some high lonely tower;" a passage justly admired for the good nature as well as loftiness of the wish, thus desiring that wayfarers should be the better for his studies, and enjoy the evidence of their fellow-creature's vigils. But elevations of this kind are not readily to be had. As to health, we believe that a very little lift above the ground floor, and so on as you ascend, grows healthier in proportion. *Malaria*, in the countries where a plague of that kind is prevalent, is understood to be confined to a certain distance from the earth; and we really believe, that even in the healthiest quarters, where no positive harm is done by nearness to it, the air is better as the houses ascend, and a seat in a window becomes valuable in proportion. By and bye, perhaps, studies and other favorite sitting rooms will be built accordingly; and more retrospective reverence be shown to the "garrets" that were once so famous in the annals of authorship. The poor poet in Pope, who lay

" ————— high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,"

was better off there than if he had occupied the ground floor. For our parts, in order that we may save the dignity of our meditations, and at the same time give evidence of practising what we preach, we shall finish by stating, that we have written this article in a floor neither high enough to be so poetical, nor low enough for too earthly a prose, in a room made healthy by an open window, partly screened from the observation of passers-by, by the thick foliage of various trees, overlooking which, our eye is presented with at a distance, the tops of cottages and other dwellings, and, still further off, the tower of a church. Some kindness of this sort, Fortune has hitherto never failed to preserve to us, as if in return for the love we bear both to nature and art. And now that the sincerity of our good will has become known, let none dispute the account to which we may turn it for others, as well as for ourselves. *

LOVE UNCHANGING.

And is it just or kind, my mother,
To break my heart to soothe your own?
And would you give me to another
Than him I love and love alone?
Shall I be false to every feeling,
To every plighted word untrue—
And with poor smiles my thoughts concealing,
Bestow this wedded heart anew?

I never loved but once—no, never!
And when a heart like mine is given—
It fondly loves and loves forever,
Unchanging as the truth of Heaven.
Before the sacred marriage-altar,
With him alone, hand linked in hand,
Sustained by trust that cannot falter,
Dear mother, will your daughter stand!

Then deem not that such love will perish,
By any change, or time or chance,
Or I can ever cease to cherish
The thoughts you vainly call "romance."
Undimmed will glow my true devotion,
Now rendered to his dearest name;
Unfaded bloom each sweet emotion,
Through life, through life—the same, the same!

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE CONTRAST—A SKETCH.

THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

'Twas a dark and gloomy night in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and but few dared to brave the bitter coldness of the midnight hour. In a wretched hovel, in one of the most infamous parts of New York, reposing on some musty straw, over which was spread a tattered blanket, lay the *Infidel*. A few coals, with which some charitable hand had filled his fireplace, shed over the scene a dim and gloomy light: by his bedside was placed a rude table, on which were some bottles of medicine; a few torn garments lay scattered about the room, everything indicated the most squalid poverty. Near this sufferer, dying from dissipation and want, sat a woman who had undertaken to nurse him. She often shivered and drew her cloak more closely around her, as the cold wind poured through the crevices of the crazy walls.

There is something in the whistling of the wintry blast melancholy to all; it reminds the poor man of the hardships, the privations, and the sufferings he must undergo, ere the genial warmth of spring returns—it reminds the merciful rich man of the unhappy fate of the many who are exposed to its violence without a shelter for their heads; it reminds the rich sensualist, as he calls for more blankets and a hotter fire, of future at-

tacks of rheumatism and gout. With that soothing and delicate attention, so peculiar to woman, the nurse was bathing his feverish forehead; but he heeded not—yet he was soon to appear before the judgment seat of that God whom he had insulted, whose followers he had reviled, whose religion he had scoffed, whose vengeance he had set at defiance, whose very existence he had denied. He was in a delirium; and his mind was wandering back to those happy days of childhood, when, free from guile, he had lived under the fostering care of a kind and religious mother. Later in life, when he had become more familiar with the world, and had begun to mix with young men of his own age, he had been ridiculed for his religious impressions. At first he was astonished and shocked to hear their impious blasphemy, but soon his ear became familiar with it, and at last he was one of the most profane among them. But his thoughts were now in far happier days: he was talking with his mother and receiving her holy instruction; he heard her uplifting her silvery voice to Heaven in behalf of the wretched; he heard her whispering the words of consolation into the ear of the afflicted, and as she directed their thoughts to Heaven, asking them in the simple eloquence of scripture, "Is there no physician in Israel? Is there no balm in Gilead?" This dream was pleasant. In sickness, in sorrow, even in the hour of death, the memory of a mother's love, of a mother's kindness, of a mother's anxiety, can drive away the mists of sorrow from the soul, with their cheering ray.

His thoughts now reverted from those blissful scenes to the hours spent with his infidel companions—ravings and blasphemies the most impious, poured from his lips; now he was in a public assembly, advocating infidelity, ridiculing, and (such is the vanity of man,) as he thought, disproving the holy faith of his fathers; now he recalled the time when he dared even to trample on the sacred volume of God; and his dim eye saw the maddened populace follow his detestable example. Well might its remembrance convulse his frame with fresh agonies;—he clenched his hand—he tore his hair, he exhibited all the gestures of despairing anguish, until wearied by excitement he sunk into a troubled repose.

The morning dawned, dark, gloomy and cold; a fit time for him to yield up his soul. The physician came, inquired how he had spent the night, felt his pulse, shook his head, and announced to him that his last hour was nigh. The sinner now, for the first time, became sensible of his condition, and in vain endeavored to drive away his awful emotions. "What is death?" said he; "'tis but a release from this miserable world—there is no hell,—I have proved it—there is no hell—but if there is—Oh God! what is the fate of the sinner; he lives unhappy, he dies miserable, and the flames

of hell torture his sight even in the hour of death." The nurse, rude as she was, saw his mental torture with pity, and urged him to look to Him who alone can save from destruction. But the name of his offended and injured God, only increased his blasphemies, and sunk him still deeper in the slough of despond.

The door opened, and a companion who had first led him into the paths of vice, entered. The Infidel recovered himself for a moment: with a bitter smile he said, "Behold thy work! thou hast done this." The wretch approached, and began to pour into his ear his sophistical arguments. But the arguments of Infidelity, however efficacious in health and prosperity, lose all their virtue when life is drawing to a close. The dying man became pale with rage: "Leave me!" he cried. "Begone! you have poisoned my existence; you have directed my soul to hell; and dare you, in *this* hour, torture your victim!" The man slunk away rebuked, perhaps soon to die the same miserable death. The Infidel's delirium increased—he raved, he swore, he blasphemed, until the nurse unable longer to bear the horrid scene, fled, and left him alone to die!

Tongue cannot tell the agonies of his last moments—no friend to smooth his dying pillow, none to pay him "even the poor tribute of a tear." Suffice it to say,

"He cursed his God—and died."

The physician returned in the course of the day; he was dead—yet still his clenched hand, his convulsed limbs, the unearthly expression of his countenance, and the distortion of his features, showed how fierce had been the conflict before his spirit left its earthly tenement—

Truly, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH BED.

'Twas a beautiful morning in the month of May, the vernal breeze was wafting the delicate perfume of the rose and the orange-flower, through the window of the sick man. The sun had scarce begun to pour down his ardent rays, and the invalid's feverish eye, wandering over the green plains, beheld at a distance the laborer slowly following his plough. All was peace and loveliness;—the wren, with his subdued melodious voice, was soothing the ear; and from the topmost branch of a neighboring tree, the mocking-bird was pouring forth his inexhaustible stream of varied song. The clear whistle of the partridge was heard from the neighboring field; the hen with anxious solicitude was calling her tender brood around her. The house dog, wearied by his watch during the night was enjoying a tranquil repose under the shade of a large aspen. In the clear blue expanse of Heaven, unobscured by a cloud, the lazy vulture of

the south was sailing in monotonous rounds. The admirer of our lovely world, standing at the window of the sick man, beholding the beautiful prospect—the James dying away in the distance, its silver bosom occasionally dotted by a white sail, or obscured by the thick smoke of a steam-boat—would unconsciously exclaim, "How beautiful is nature!"

All these met the view of the dying man—the fields whose culture he had superintended, the garden whose flowers he had planted; the river on whose grassy banks he had so often strayed in pleasurable meditation; the birds to whose songs he had listened with so much pleasure in health, and whose nests and tender young he had preserved from the rude hand of the school-boy; old Cæsar, whom he himself had reared, who had followed and defended him in many perils—all these met his eye, and conspired, by their calming influence, to soothe his dying hours. He looked at his old friend, stretched out his emaciated hand to him, and whispered in the low tone of disease, "Here, Cæsar;" the noble animal sprang through the open door in a moment, and licked his master's hand. The old man was affected, he patted his favorite's head, and turning to his daughter said, "Fanny, you will not leave old Cæsar to starve, when I am gone?" She spoke not, but an eloquent flood of tears answered the question. The dog seemed to perceive that something sad was going on, and lying on the floor wagging his tail, he looked wistfully in the face of his master—a master, whom he should never more follow, except to the grave. Yes, his last hour was come; his family were all assembled at his bed-side, and his eye often rested with a fond look on his affectionate wife, and lovely daughter, holding in her arms her first born; neither did he spare a look of regard on his faithful body servant, giving vent, in a corner of the room, to his grief, in a sincere flood of tears. His mind was composed—he had partaken for the last time, of that holiest of rites, and his soul awaited but the mandate of the Mighty One, to wing its way to scenes of far purer bliss. Yet one grief disturbed his dying hour—his son—his only son, was not there. He had, a year before, despite the entreaties of father, mother and sister, taken what property the liberality of his father had bestowed on him, and gone to one of the most dissipated Southern cities, whence many a sad account of him reached his family. They had hoped that the seeds of religion, so early implanted in his heart, might still spring up; and had written him numerous letters assuring him of entire forgiveness, if he would return. The old man's health sunk; and when he saw the hour of death was nigh at hand, he besought him in the most affectionate terms to come to him, that his eyes might not be closed forever, without one last fond look on his only son. They heard nothing from

him, and his coming was despaired of by all; yet still his father seemed to expect him,—and often as he felt that life was fast ebbing away, he would cast an anxious look down the noble avenue which led to the house. “Frank, my son,” muttered he, “will you not comply with the last request of your dying father?” A cloud would settle on his brow for a moment, but it would be immediately dissipated when he beheld his little grandson playing in childish glee with his mother’s dark ringlets. Again would he look down the avenue and heave a deep sigh. Not a word was spoken: they were all overwhelmed with grief. But now his anxious eye catches a glimpse of a horseman rapidly approaching—joyously he shrieked, “’Tis Frank,” and, overcome by the violence of his emotion, fainted. When he recovered, he found his son pale and toil-worn beside him—the instructions of those fond parents had not been lost; kneeling before his father, to beg forgiveness, he could only sob out, in the words of the prodigal son, “Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.” The face of the dying man lighted up—he laid his trembling hand upon his son’s head—“Bless thee, my boy,” said he. He fell back—exclaimed in a low voice, “now Lord let thy servant depart in peace”—a placid smile overspread his countenance—a slight shudder—and he was dead.

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!”

H. A. L.

Richmond, July, 1839.

SCRAPS FROM MS. DRAMAS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE BEST CONDITION.

Save me from riches! for the toil to keep
Accumulated wealth embitters thought.
And let me be preserved from poverty—
Sometimes the teacher sage of wisest maxims,
Bettering the life, raising the perilled soul—
Oftener a scourge, whipping men on to crime.
That state is best wherein is competence,
Peaceful acquirement of sufficient gain
To feed and clothe the body and supply
Necessities of knowledge; store of books,
Scanty but well-selected, garden flowers
Fresh to the sense, a little plot of ground—
Green, daisied ground, just large enough
For children to disport in—and a something left,
A tithe of all incomings, at the close
Of every term to give unto the poor.
The man who can have these and nought beside,
Nor yearns for golden mockeries, is blest—
Blest in repose of mind that surely brings
Contentment, length of days, and quiet sleep!

CLOSE OF A PROLOGUE.

As some lone traveller, whose searching eye
Views on a cliff a rose of beauteous dye,
Boldly resolves the cliff’s rough wall to scale,
And bring the floweret to the lowly vale;
So has our author spent his dearest might
To win your favor on this festal night—
Oh then, sweet friends, let your approving smile
His toil compensate and his care beguile:
Thus will the rose its balmy fragrance give,
And in his heart your memories ever live.

LOVE’S REMONSTRANCE.

Oh, chide me not, sweet mother!—It is true
I deemed I loved Fredrico;—for you praised
His manly virtues with untiring speech,
And urged me take his proffered heart and hand.
He was kind, gentle, pleasant in his bearing—
Told me he loved me—though his voice was cold
And had no music in’t. He kissed my brow,
But ’twas a kiss that seemed like one of blessing,
Not of love. I ne’er smiled or trembled when
I heard his footstep fall:—His eyes to me
Ne’er shone with the sweet light of quenchless love;
He’s gen’rous, and will pardon when he hears
My sad, sad story—and he would not take
My hand without my heart, though wealth were mine
Like Cleopatra’s—and surpassing charms!
My heart is wedded to young Augustine—
I know no duty loftier than the vows
I plighted unto him—I will be his,
Or, like a nun in convent cell immured,
Live lonely with my sorrow till I die!

EARLY LOVE.

The love of early youth—oh! how unlike
The selfish passion of maturer years!
The heart is all devotion—and the thrill
A seraph feels while gazing on the shrine
Of Heaven-revealing radiance in our own.
Nothing above, around, appears too fair
For a resemblance of the maid we love.
Morn’s smile is pale to her’s—the latest star
That melts into the sunlight is less pure!

KNOWLEDGE.

The more knowledge one attains, the more sensible
he becomes of his ignorance; as the higher a traveller
ascends a mountain, the more extensive prospect he
sees, of regions beyond, which he has never explored.
Pleasure is a shadow; Wealth is vanity, and Power
a pageant; but KNOWLEDGE is extatic in enjoyment,
perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in
duration. In the performance of its sacred office, it
fears no danger, spares no expense, omits no exertion.
It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives
into the ocean, perforates the earth, enriches the globe,
explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, as-
cends to the sublime; no place too remote for its grasp;
no heavens too exalted for its reach. *Anon.*

"RICHELIEU"—BY E. L. BULWER.

Agreeably to notice, we now give scene the last of this play. The image and sentiment so beautifully expressed in the concluding lines, are, the author tells us, borrowed from a passage in one of the writings attributed to the Cardinal :

SCENE. III.—Manent Richelieu, Mauprat and Julie, the last kneeling beside the Cardinal; the officer of the guard behind Mauprat. Joseph near Richelieu, watching the King. Louis. Baradas at the back of the King's chair, anxious and disturbed. Orleans at a greater distance, careless and triumphant. The Secretaries. As each Secretary advances in his turn he takes the portfolios from the sub-secretaries.

First Secretary. The affairs of Portugal, Most urgent, Sire;—One short month since the Duke Braganza was a rebel.

Louis. And is still.

First Secretary. No Sire, he has succeeded! He is now Crown'd King of Portugal—craves instant succor Against the arms of Spain.

Louis. We will not grant it Against his lawful king. Eh, Count?

Baradas. No, Sire.

First Secretary. But Spain's your deadliest foe; Whatever can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The Cardinal would send the succors;—(solemnly,)—balance, Sire of Europe!

Louis. The Cardinal!—balance!—We'll consider. Eh, Count?

Baradas. Yes, Sire;—fall back.

First Secretary. But—

Baradas. Oh! fall back, Sir.

Joseph. Humph!

Second Secretary. The affairs of England, Sire, most urgent; Charles The First has lost a battle that decides One half his realm—craves money, Sire, and succor.

Louis. He shall have both. Eh, Baradas?

Baradas. Yes, Sire.

(Oh that despatch!—my veins are fire!)

Richelieu, (feebly, but with great distinctness.) My liege, Forgive me; Charles' cause is lost! A man, Named Cromwell, risen—a great man! your succor Would fail—your loans be squander'd! Pause—reflect.

Louis. Reflect. Eh, Baradas?

Baradas. Reflect, Sire.

Joseph. Humph!

Louis, (aside.) I half repent! No successor to Richelieu!

Round me thrones totter! dynasties dissolve!

The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake!

Joseph. Our star not yet eclipsed! you mark the king? Oh! had we the despatch!

Richelieu. Ah, Joseph! Child,—Would I could help thee.

Enter GENTLEMAN, whispers JOSEPH, they exit hastily.

Baradas, (to SECRETARY.) Sir, fall back.

Second Secretary. But—

Baradas. Pshaw, Sir!

(*Third Secretary, mysteriously.*) The secret correspondence, Sire, most urgent,—

Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics—

Assassins—poisoners—schemes against yourself!

Louis. Myself! most urgent! [*Looking on the documents.*]

Re-enter Joseph with Francois, whose pourpoint is streaked with blood. Francois passes behind the Cardinal's attendants and sheltered by them from the sight of Baradas, &c., falls at Richelieu's feet.

Francois. O! my Lord!

Richelieu. Thou art bleeding!

Francois. A scratch—I have not fail'd! [*Gives the packet.*]

Richelieu. Hush! [*Looking at the contents.*]

Third Secretary, (to KING.) Sire, the Spaniards Have reinforced their army on the frontiers.

The Duc de Bouillon—

Richelieu. Hold! In this department, A paper—here, Sire, read yourself—then take The Count's advice in't.

Enter DE BERINGHEN hastily, and draws aside BARADAS.

(*RICHELIEU, to Secretary, giving an open parchment.*)

Baradas, (bursting from DE BERINGHEN.) What! and left it from thee!

Ha!—hold!

Joseph. Fall back, son,—it is your turn now!

Baradas. Death!—the despatch!

Louis, (reading.) To Bouillon—and sign'd Orleans. Baradas too!—league with our foes of Spain!—

Lead our Italian armies—what! to Paris!

Capture the king—my health require repose—

Make me subscribe my proper abdication—

Orleans, my brother, Regent!—Saints of Heaven!

These are the men I loved.

[*BARADAS draws, attempts to rush out—is arrested. ORLEANS, endeavoring to escape more quickly, meets JOSEPH'S eye, and stops short. RICHELIEU falls back.*]

Joseph. See to the Cardinal!

Baradas. He's dying! and I yet shall dupe the king!

Louis, (rushing to RICHELIEU.) Richelieu!—Lord Cardinal!—'tis I resign!

Reign thou!

Joseph. Alas! too late!—he faints!

Louis. Reign, Richelieu!

Richelieu, (feebly.) With absolute power?

Louis. Most absolute!—Oh, live!

If not for me, for France!

Richelieu. FRANCE!

Louis. Oh! this treason!

The army, Orleans, Bouillon, Heavens! the Spaniard! Where will they be next week?

Richelieu, (starting up.) There,—at my feet!

To the First and Second Secretary. Ere the clock strike!

The Envoys have their answer!

(*To Third Secretary, with a ring.*) This to De Chavigny; he knows the rest—

No need of parchment here—he must not halt

For sleep, for food. In my name,—MINE! he will

Arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head

Of his army!—Ho! there, Count de Baradas,

Thou hast lost the stake!—Away with him!

[*As the Guards open the folding-doors, a view of the ante-room beyond, lined with Courtiers. BARADAS passes thro' the line.*]

Ha!—ha! [*Snatching DE MAUPRAT'S death warrant from the Officer.*]

See here, De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie!

Parchment for battledores!—Embrace your husband!

At last the old man bleases you!

Julie. Oh joy!

You are saved, you live—I hold you in these arms.

De Mauprat. Never to part?

Julie. No—never, Adrien—never!

Louis, (peevishly.) One moment makes a startling cure, Lord Cardinal.

Richelieu. Ay, Sire, for in one moment there did pass Into this wither'd frame the might of France!

My own dear France—I have thee yet—I have saved thee!

I clasp thee still! it was thy voice that call'd me

Back from the tomb! What mistress like our country?

Louis. For Mauprat's pardon—well! But Julie,—

Richelieu,

Leave me one thing to love!

Richelieu. A subject's luxury!

Yet, if you must love something, Sire,—love me!

Louis, (smiling in spite of himself.) Fair proxy for a young fresh demoiselle.

Richelieu. Your heart speaks for my clients. Kneel, my children, And thank your king.

Julie. Ah, tears like these, my liege,
Are dews that mount to Heaven.

Louis. Rise—rise—be happy.

[RICHELIEU beckons to DE BERINGHEN.]

De Beringhen (falteringly.) My Lord—you are—
most—happily—recover'd.

Richelieu. But you are pale, dear Beringhen:—this air
Suits not your delicate frame—I long have thought so:
Sleep not another night in Paris. Go,
Or else your precious life may be in danger.
Leave France, dear Beringhen!

De Beringhen. I shall have time,
More than I ask'd for, to discuss the *paté*. [Exit.]

Richelieu, (to ORLEANS.) For you, repentance, ab-
sence, and confession!

To FRANÇOIS. Never say *fail* again. Brave boy!

To JOSEPH. He'll be—

A Bishop first.

Joseph. Ah, Cardinal;

Richelieu. Ah, Joseph!

[To LOUIS, as De Mauprat and JULIE converse apart.]

See, my liege; see thro' plots and counterplots;
Thro' gain and loss; thro' glory and disgrace;
Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears
Eternal Babel; still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!

Louis. And must we

Thank for that also—our prime minister?

Richelieu. No; let us own it: there is ONE above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
E'vn better than prime ministers.

Alas!

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue; and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away.

The Harper's have published an edition of this play
in connection with three odes by the same author.
They are entitled, "The Last Days of Queen Eliza-
beth," "Cromwell's Dream," and "The Death of
Nelson." They fully double the value of the book.
From the first we make the following extracts:

Call back the gorgeous past!

Lo, England white-robed for a holyday!

While, choral to the clarion's kingly blast,
Peals shout on shout along the virgin's way;

As through the swarming streets rolls on the long array.

Mary is dead! Look from your fire-won homes,

Exulting martyrs! on the mount shall rest

Truth's ark at last! th' avenging Lutheran comes,

And clasps the Book ye died for, to her breast!*

With her, the flower of all the land,

The highborn gallants ride,

And, ever nearest of the band,

With watchful eye and ready hand,

Young Dudley's form of pride!†

* "When she (Elizabeth) was conducted through London
amid the joyful acclamations of her subjects, a boy, who per-
sonated Truth, was let down from one of the triumphal arches,
and presented to her a copy of the Bible. She received the book
with the most gracious deportment, placed it next her bosom,"
&c.—Hume.

† Robert Dudley, afterward the Leicester of doubtful fame,
attended Elizabeth in her passage to the Tower. The streets,
as she passed along, were spread with the finest gravel; banners
and pennons, hangings of silk, of velvet, of cloth, of gold, were
suspended from the balconies, musicians and singers were sta-
tioned amid the populace, as she rode along in her purple robes,
preceded by her heralds, &c.

Ah, ev'n in that exulting hour
Love half allures the soul from power,
And blushes, half-suppressed, betray

The woman's hope and fear;

Like blooms which in the early May

Bud forth beneath a timorous ray,

And mark the mellowing year,

While steals the sweetest of all worship, paid

Less to the monarch than the maid,

Melodious on the ear!

Call back the gorgeous past!

Where, bright and broadening to the main,

Rolls on the scornful river;

Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,

Our Marathon for ever!

No breeze above, but on the mast

The pennon shook as with the blast.

Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,

O'er bristling helms the splendor glow'd,

Leap'd the loud joy from earth to heaven,

As, through the ranks asunder riven,

The warrior-woman rode!

Hark, thrilling through the armèd line

The martial accents ring,

"Though mine the woman's form, yet mine

"The heart of England's king!"*

Wo to the island and the maid!

The pope has preached the new crusade,†

His sons have caught the fiery zeal;

The monks are merry in Castile;

Bold Parma on the main;

And through the deep exulting sweep

The thunder-steeds of Spain.‡

What meteor rides the sulphurous gale?

The flames have caught the giant sail!

Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow;

God and St. George for victory now!

Death in the battle and the wind;

Carnage before and storm behind;

Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar

By Orkney's rugged strands and Erin's ruthless shore.

Joy to the island and the maid!

Pope Sixtus wept the last crusade;

His sons consumed before his zeal

The monks are woful in Castile;

Your monument the main,

The glaive and gale record your tale,

Ye thunder-steeds of Spain!

Turn from the gorgeous past;

Its lonely ghost thou art!

A tree, that, in a world of bloom,

Droops, spectral in its leafless gloom,

Before the griding blast;

But art thou fallen then so low?

Art thou so desolate? wan shadow, No!

Crouch'd, suppliant by the grave's unclosing portal,

Love, which proclaims thee human, bids thee know

A truth more lofty in thy lowliest hour

Than shallowest glory taught to deafen'd power,

"WHAT'S HUMAN IS IMMORTAL!"

* "I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman,
but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too."

Elizabeth's harangue at Tilbury Camp.

She rode bareheaded through the ranks, a page bearing her
helmet, mounted on a war-horse, clad in steel, and wielding a
general's truncheon in her hand. Nothing in Napoleon's
speeches excels the simple and grand eloquence of her impe-
rishable address to her soldiery.

† "Sextus Quintus, the present pope, famous for his capacity
and his tyranny, had published a crusade against England, and
had granted plenary indulgences to every one engaged in the
present invasion."—Hume. This pope was nevertheless Eliza-
beth's admirer as well as foe, and said, not very clerically, "If
a son could be born from us two, he would be master of the
world."

‡ "Steeds of the sea" was the poetic synonyme for ships with
the old Runic bards.

We cannot resist the temptation to quote the Ode entitled "Cromwell's Dream" entire, nor do we think that our readers will find fault with us for doing so. With this we close our extracts.

CROMWELL'S DREAM.

[The conception of this ode originated in a popular tradition of Cromwell's earlier days. It is thus strikingly related by Mr. Forster, in his recent and very valuable Life of Cromwell: "He had laid himself down, too fatigued to hope for sleep, when suddenly the curtains of his bed were slowly withdrawn by a gigantic figure, which bore the aspect of a woman, and which, gazing at him silently for a while, told him that he should, before his death, be the greatest man in England. He remembered when he told the story, and the recollection marked the current of his thoughts, *that the figure had not made mention of the word king.*" Alteration has been made in the scene of the vision and the age of Cromwell.]

The moor spread wild and far
In the sharp whiteness of a wintry shroud,
Midnight yet moonless; and the winds ice-bound,
And a gray dusk—not darkness—reign'd around,
Save where the paleness of a sudden star
Peer'd o'er some haggard precipice of cloud.
Where on the wold, the triple pathway cross'd,
A sturdy wanderer, wearied, lone, and lost,
Paused and gazed round; a dwarf'd but aged yew
O'er the wan rune its gnome-like shadow threw;
The spot invited, and by sleep oppress'd,
Beneath the boughs he laid him down to rest.
A man of stalwart limbs and hardy frame,
Meet for the antique time when force was fame,
Youthful in years—the features yet betray
Thoughts rarely mellow'd till the locks are gray;
Round the firm lips the lines of solemn will
Might warn the wise of danger in the smile;
But the blunt aspect spoke more sternly still
That craft of craft, **THE STUBBORN WILL:**
That which, let what may betide,
Never halts nor swerves aside;
From afar its victim viewing,
Slow of speed, but sure pursuing;
Through maze, up mount, still bounding on its way,
Till it is grimly couch'd beside the conquer'd prey!

II.

The loftiest fate will longest lie
In unrevealing sleep;
And yet unknown the destined race,
Nor yet his soul had walk'd with grace;
Still, on the seas of Time
Drifted the ever-careless prime;
But many a blast that o'er the sky
All idly seems to sweep,
Still while it speeds may spread the seeds,
The toils of autumn reap:
And we must blame the soil, and not the wind,
If hurrying passion leave no golden grain behind.

III.

Seize, seize, seize!*
Bind him strong in the chain,
On his heart, on his brain,
Clasp the gyves of the iron sleep.
Seize, seize, seize,
Ye fiends that dimly sweep
Up from the cloudy deep,
Where Death holds ghastly watch beside his brother,
Ye pale impalpables, that are
Shadows of truths afar,
Prophets that men call DREAMS;
The phantom birth of that mysterious mother,
Who, by the Ebon Gate,

* Ἀῖδέ, λαλέ, λαλέ, λαλέ, (seize, seize, seize).—*Æschyl. Eumen.*, 126.

Beyond the shore where daylight streams,
Sits, muttering spells for mortal state,
Young with eternal years, the Titan sibyl FATE!
Prophets that men call Dreams!

IV.

Seize, seize, seize,
Bind him strong in the chain,
On his heart, on his brain,
Clasp the gyves of the iron sleep!
Awakes or dreams he still?
His eyes are open with a glassy stare,
On the fixed brow the large drops gather chill,
And horror like a wind stirs through the lifted hair.*
Before him stands the thing of dread,
A giant shadow motionless and pale!
As those dim Lemur-vapors† that exale
From the rank grasses rotting o'er the dead,
And startle midnight with the mocking show
Of the still, shrouded bones that sleep below:
So the wan image which the vision bore
Was outlined from the air, no more
Than served to make the loathing sense a bond
Between the world of life and grislier worlds beyond.

V.

"Behold!" the shadow said, and lo,
Where the blank heath had spread, a smiling scene;
Soft woodlands sloping from a village green,
And, waving to blue heaven, the happy cornfields glow:
A modest roof, with ivy cluster'd o'er,
And childhood's busy mirth beside the door.
But, yonder, sunset sleeping on the sod,
Bow labor's rustic sons in solemn prayer;
And, self-made teacher of the truths of God,
The dreamer sees the Phantom-Cromwell there!
"Art thou content, of these the greatest Thou?"
Murmur'd the fiend, "the monster and the priest?"
A sullen anger knit the dreamer's brow,
And from his scornful lips the words came slow,
"The greatest of the hamlet, demon, no!"
Loud laugh'd the fiend, then trembled thro' the sky,
Where haply angels watch'd, a warning sigh;
And darkness swept the scene, and golden quiet ceased.

VI.

"Behold!" the shadow said; a hell-born ray
Shoots through the night, up leaps the unblest'd day,
Spring from the earth the dragons armed seed,
The ghastly squadron wheels and neighs the spectre-
steed.

Unnatural sounds the mother-tongue
As loud from host to host the English warery rung;
Kindred with kindred blent in slaughter, lo
The dark phantasma of the prophet-we!

A gay and glittering band!
Apollo's love-locks in the crest of Mars;
Light-hearted Valor, laughing scorn to scars;
A gay and glittering band,

* ἰς ὄρεα

Ἀσίπ' ὑπὸ λῶε κρατὸς φόβαν.

Soph. *Œdip. Col.*, 1463.

† The Lemures or Larvæ, the evil spirits of the dead, as the Lares were the good. They haunted sepulchres—"loath to leave the bodies that they loved."

† The farm of St. Ives, where Cromwell spent three years, afterward recalled with regret, though not unaffected with dark hypochondria and sullen discontent. Here, as Mr. Forster impressively observes, "in the tenants that rented from him, in the laborers that served under him, he sought to sow the seeds of his after troop of Ironsides. . . . All the famous doctrines of his later and more celebrated years were tried and tested in the little farm of St. Ives. . . . Before going to their field-work in the morning, they (his servants) knelt down with their master in the touching equality of prayer; in the evening they shared with him again the comfort and exaltation of divine precepts."—*Forster's Cromwell*.

Unwitting of the scythe, the lilies of the land!
 Pale in the midst, that stately squadron boast
 A princely form, a mournful brow;
 And still, where plumes are proudest, seen,
 With sparkling eye and dauntless mien,
 The young Achilles* of the host.
 On rolls the surging war, and now
 Along the closing columns ring,
 "Rupert" and "Charles," "The Lady of the Crown,"
 "Down with the Roundhead rebels, down!"
 "St. George and England's king."

A stalwart and a sturdy band,
 Whose souls of sullen zeal
 Are made by the Immortal Hand,
 Invulnerable steel!
 A kneeling host, a pause of prayer,
 A single voice thrills through the air
 "They come. Up, Ironsides!
 For TRUTH and PEACE unsparing smite!
 Behold the accursed Amalekite!"
 The dreamer's heart beat high and loud,
 For, calmly through the carnage-cloud,
 The scourge and servant of the Lord,
 This hand the Bible, that the sword,
 The Phantom-Cromwell rides!

A lurid darkness swallows the array,
 One moment lost; the darkness rolls away,
 And o'er the slaughter done
 Smiles, with his eyes of love, the setting sun.
 Death makes our foe our brother;
 And, meekly, side by side,
 Sleep scowling Hate and sternly smiling Pride,
 On the kind breast of earth, the quiet mother!
 Lo, where the victor sweeps along,
 The Gideon of the gory throng,
 Beneath his hoofs the harmless dead,
 The sunlight glory on his helmed head,
 Before him steel-clad Victory bending,
 Around, from earth to heaven ascending,
 The fiery incense of triumphant song.
 So, as some orb above a mighty stream
 Sway'd by its law, and sparkling in its beam,
 A power apart from that tempestuous tide,
 Calm and aloft behold the phantom-conqueror ride!
 "Art thou content, of these the greatest Thou,
 Hero and patriot?" murmur'd then the fiend.
 The unsleeping dreamer answer'd, "Tempter, nay,
 My soul stands breathless on the mountain's brow,
 And looks beyond!" Again swift darkness screen'd
 The solemn chieftain and the fierce array,
 And armed glory pass'd, like happier peace, away.

VII.

He look'd again, and saw
 A chamber with funereal sables hung,
 Wherein there lay a ghastly, headless thing,
 That once had been a king;
 And by the corpse a living man, whose doom,
 Had both been left to Nature's quiet law,
 Were riper for the garden-house of gloom.*
 Rudely beside the gory clay were flung
 A broken sceptre and an antique crown,
 So, after some imperial tragedy
 August alike with sorrow and renown,
 We smile to see the gauds that moved our awe,
 Purple and orb, in dusty lumber lie;
 Alas, what thousands, on the stage of Time,
 Envi'd the baubles and revered the mime!

* Prince Rupert.

† Henrietta Maria was the popular watchword of the Cavaliers.

* The reader will recall the well-known story of Cromwell opening the coffin of Charles with the *Aid of a private soldier's sword*, and, after gazing on the body some time, observing calmly that it seemed made for long life.

Placed by the trunk, with long and whitening hair
 By dark-red gouts besprent, the severed head
 Up to the gazer's musing eyes, the while,
 Look'd with its livid brow and stony smile.
 On that sad scene his gaze the dreamer fed,
 Familiar both the living and the dead;
 Terror, and hate, and strife concluded there,
 Calm in his six feet realm* the monarch lay;
 And by the warning victim's mangled clay
 The Phantom-Cromwell smiled, and bending down
 With shadowy fingers, toy'd about the shadowy crown,
 "Art thou content, at last, a greater thou
 Than one to whom the loftiest bent the knee,
 Brand to the false, but banner to the free—
 Avenger and deliverer!"

"Fiend," replied
 The dreamer, "who shall palter with the tide?
Deliverer! Pilots who the vessel save
 Leave not the helm while winds are on the wave.
 THE FUTURE IS THE HAVEN OF THE NOW!"
 "True," quoth the fiend; again the darkness spread,
 And night gave back to air the doomsman and the
 dead!

VIII.

He look'd again; and now
 A lofty senate stern with many a form,
 Not unfamiliar to the former strife;
 An anxious passion knit each gather'd brow;
 O'er all, that hush deep not serene, in life,
 As in the air, prophetic of wild storm.
 Uprose a stately shape with dark-bright eye
 And worn cheek lighted with a feverish glow:
 It spoke, and at the aspect and the sound
 The dreamer breath'd a fierce and restless sigh;
 An instinct bade him hate and fear
 That unknown shape, as if a foe were near;
 For, mighty in that mien of thoughtful youth,
 Spoke fraud's most deadly foe—a soul on fire with
 Truth;

A soul without one stain
 Save England's hallowing tears; the sad and starry
 Vane!

There enters on that conclave high
 A solitary man;
 And rustling through the conclave high
 A troubled murmur ran;
 A moment more—loud riot all—
 With pike and morion gleam the startled hall:
 And there, where, since the primal date
 Of Freedom's glorious morn,
 The eternal people solemn sate,
 The people's champion spat his ribald scorn!
 Dark moral to all ages! Blent in one
 The broken fasces and the shatter'd throne;
 The deed that damns immortally is done;
 And FORCE, the Cain of nations, reigns alone!
 The veil is rent, the crafty soul lies bare!
 "Behold," the demon cried, "the *Future Cromwell*,
 there!

Art thou content, on earth the greatest thou,
 APOSTATE AND USURPER?" From his rest
 The dreamer started with a heaving breast,
 The better angels of the human heart
 Not dumb to his: the hell-born laugh'd aloud,
 And o'er the evil vision rush'd the cloud!

"Had Nature been his executioner,

He would have outlived me!"—*Cromwell*, a MS. tragedy.

* A whole epic was in the stern epigram of the Saxon when asked by the rival to his throne "What share of territory wilt thou give me?" "Six feet of land for a grave!"

† When Cromwell came down (leaving his musketeers without the door) to dissolve the Long Parliament, Vane was in the act of urging through the last stage the bill that would have saved the republic. See Forster's spirited account of this scene, *Life of Vane*, 152.

PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE.*

So much has our country abounded in "Hints," "Advice to the Young," "Advice to a newly married pair," &c. &c. that we had begun in sober truth to think, notwithstanding the intrinsic excellence of many of the works of the kind, that those who had read them attentively, were pretty much in the condition of the ass between the bundles of hay—not knowing exactly which course to pursue and consequently at a stand.

In the work before us, from the pen of the venerable Mathew Carey, we have, laid down in a plain unpretending manner, the relative duties of husband and wife, parent and child, employer and subordinate, and master and servant.

From the various topics discussed, it is not to be supposed that we could well enter into a *regular* review of its contents; but under the heads of the different subjects treated upon, we have been struck with the sound reasoning as well as the excellent *moral* contained therein.

After introducing various simple and comprehensible rules for the "promotion of domestic happiness," he thus expresses himself:

"Perhaps the whole art of happiness in the married state, might be compressed into two maxims: "Bear and forbear,"—and "let the husband treat his wife, and the wife her husband with as much respect and attention as *he* would a strange lady, and *she* a strange gentleman."

And again, in alluding to a subject which we hope—nay, which we believe—no sensible person of either sex would indulge in, viz. 'the disgusting practice of *flirting*,' he speaks in this admonitory way:

"I trust much caution is scarcely necessary against flirtations, well calculated to excite uneasiness, doubts and suspicions, in the heart of the husband or wife of the party who indulges in them, and to give occasion to the censorious to make sinister observations. It is unfortunately too true, that the suspicion of misconduct often produces full as much scandal and evil as the reality."

'Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs from Holy Writ.'

"It is a good rule of reason and common sense, that we should not only be, but appear to be, scrupulously correct in our conduct. And be it observed, that however pure and innocent the purposes of the parties may be at the commencement, flirtation too often leads to disastrous results. It imperceptibly, but almost certainly, breaks down some of the guards that hedge round innocence. The parties in these cases are not inaptly compared to the moth fluttering around a lighted candle, unaware of the impending danger. It finally burns its wings and is thus mutilated for life. 'He that loveth the danger shall perish therein.' 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a wise prayer—and while we pray not to be 'led into temptation,' we

* Containing Practical Rules for the Promotion of Domestic Happiness; Rules for the conduct of Husbands and Wives; Of Masters and Mistresses, and Domesticity; Of Parents and Children; and of Young Men entering into Business, &c. By M. Carey, M. A. P. S. Philadelphia—Lea & Blanchard, and Carey & Hart; pp. 212.

most assuredly ought not to lead ourselves into it. I know these remarks will be charged to the account of prudery—but at the risk of that charge, I cannot withhold them.'

Speaking in relation to the practice of Economy, he says, "If you be disposed to economise, I beseech you not to extend your economy to the wages you pay to *seamstresses* or washerwomen, who are too frequently ground to the earth by the inadequacy of the wages they receive. Economise if you will, in shawls, bonnets, and handkerchiefs; but never, by exacting labor from the poor, without adequate compensation, incur the dire anathemas pronounced in the scriptures against the oppressor of the poor."

The benevolence of this philanthropist, confines itself, it would seem, to no particular class or condition, and the fertile resources of his valuable pen, (as well as the liberal bestowment of his coffers,) are ever at the service and command of suffering humanity. In the foregoing paragraph, we behold a plea for the poor seamstress and washerwomen—subjects which too unfrequently employ the pens (*or purses*) of our influential men—bearing upon its face the eloquence of earnest appeal as well as the premonitory whisper of a future retribution.

Under the head of "Rules for Masters and Domesticity," he furnishes us with sundry reasons why there are so many bad servants—which, though written for a different meridian, might well be pondered by many a master or mistress in "Old Virginia." Indeed we cannot refrain, having the good of housekeepers at heart, from extracting the whole article, under the head of "Rules for Masters and Mistresses," and would insist—at least from those most interested we presume—our female friends—giving it a studied perusal.

"The first cardinal rule, the dictate of common sense, reason, and religion, is, to treat domestics as you would wish to be treated yourselves, were you domestics. I am persuaded that the adoption of this single rule would remove one-half of the current complaints against domestics.

Be deaf, and blind, and dumb to small faults. This is a rule too frequently disregarded even by masters and mistresses otherwise excellent and amiable. There is no error in family management that more frequently occasions the loss of good domestics, or produces more discomfort in the intercourse between the heads of families and their domestics.

Do not govern too much. Let the reins of government hang somewhat loosely.

Do not exact too severe service of your domestics—as little as possible out of the ordinary tour of duty.

When they perform any service beyond their proper line of duty, they ought to have some *douceur*.

Oblige your children, if you have any, to treat domestics with uniform civility. Never allow them to order or command domestics, particularly in an imperious tone, which ought not to be tolerated for a moment. One master and one mistress are enough in a family.

Never allow your children to bring tales out of the kitchen, where, in fact, they ought not to be allowed to go, except rarely.'

Do not attempt to confine your domestics too much to the house. Let them have reasonable and stated times of absence.

* There are various reasons for this advice. Man is an imitative animal. He catches involuntarily and imperceptibly the manners of those with whom he associates; and it is obvious, that the manners of domestics are not exactly the kind to be copied by the children of their masters. There is, moreover, in many kitchens a slang, a sort of *double entendre*, with occasional oaths and curses, to the hearing of which children ought not to be accustomed, but which, if they hear, they will be apt to repeat.

Never let the mistress of a family censure or remonstrate with a domestic, whether cook or housemaid, in the kitchen. So surely as she does, so surely will she, in all probability, receive a tart and saucy reply; and probably altercation will ensue, which may cause the loss of a good domestic.

When the mistress has any fault to find, or any admonition to give, let her call the domestic to the parlor door; deliver her reproof or command in as few words as possible; and have the door closed without reply.

If possible, postpone animadversion till after you have had time to cool—and let it be as brief and sober as possible. Avoid long preachments. They are a great nuisance.

When you are hiring domestics, be explicit in stating what you expect them to perform, taking so wide a range as to embrace whatever ought to be required on the one hand, or performed on the other.

Give your directions in a mild but firm tone.

Whatever orders you may have to give a domestic, particularly if they be in any respect unpleasant, deliver them in *propria persona*, not through the medium of another domestic. In the latter case, it is three to one that they will be delivered with some addition or something offensive in the tone, which may be the cause of heart-burning.

On the subject of victuals it is unnecessary to dwell. It is presumable that you will give them a sufficient supply of good, sound wholesome food.

When you have good domestics, cherish them as you would the apple of your eye. They are invaluable.

Shun a too common error; that is, to animadvert as severely on a fault of inadvertence or omission, as if it were the result of contumacy. While the latter deserves severe reprehension, the utmost that ought to take place in the case of the former, is, a gentle admonition.

When your domestics do their duty to your satisfaction, give them their meed of praise. It will encourage them to continue that course. Some masters and mistresses avoid this, lest it might render domestics saucy and insolent!

Allow no broils nor quarrels among your domestics, nor one to assume authority over another. Crush all such attempts in the bud, as you wish family comfort.

In his "Advice to a Young Man," after laying down several important rules for his conduct in business and his moral duties, he says:

"Shun the despicable character of a political brawler. But let nothing, except being bed-ridden, prevent you from exercising that inestimable privilege, the elective franchise. Never disgrace yourself by an absence from the polls, under the unjustifiable, fallacious plea, that your single vote is of no consequence. Some of the most important measures of legislative bodies, here and elsewhere, have been carried by majorities of one, two or three. The vote on the abdication of James II., and the elevation of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain, was carried by a majority of two—51 to 49!!! Let this be an unceasing warning to you of the importance of a vote or two. Never have to reproach yourself, that a profligate man has been elected, or a bad measure adopted, through your absence from this sacred duty."

But to these "devilish fine fellows," as some take pride in being called, who feel it a drudgery to attend to the minutiae of business, and earning by patient industry and economy a competency, and finally a fortune, who conceive it ignominiously vile to be thought mere plodding spirits—he says:

"But, perhaps, you may regard these rules as musty and too humdrum for a man of spirit and taste—a character of which, for aught I know, you may be ambitious. Perhaps you may prefer 'cutting a dash,' like so many of the young gentlemen of the day, at the risk, nay with the certainty, of 'making a splash,' and 'taking the benefit of the act.' If so, I can suit you with a *vade mecum* still more infallible than the former one. I say 'more infallible'—for this has never failed, and never can fail; whereas it is unfortunately too true, that, though a due exertion of care, prudence, and economy, will, nine times in ten, insure success, yet misfortunes, against which no human prudence can guard, occasionally mar their effects.

Marry as soon as possible—and choose a splendid wife, a regu-

lar belle, brought up in luxury, with a refined taste, and elegant accomplishments and liberal propensities. Let her always be in the pink of the fashion. By all means let her start with at least half a dozen embroidered handkerchiefs, at forty, fifty, or sixty dollars each, and every other article in proportion.

Let her, four or five times in the season, see company in grand style—a complete squeeze—in a handsomely-furnished saloon.

If you can procure it on credit, purchase—if not, hire—a country residence, within three or four miles of the city, for the convenience of your friends and acquaintance; for whom, to support your character for hospitality; you ought to keep open house. There you may retire on a summer afternoon, from the cares of business, enjoy the company of your friends, sip your champagne, and crack your walnuts at leisure.

Provide yourself with a handsome curriculo, and a horse that trots at least twelve or fourteen miles an hour.

Purchase goods largely, and always on the longest possible credit, even if the price should be thereby immoderately enhanced.

By a great show of business and appearance of prosperity, procure extensive credits at bank.

Stock your cellar with three or four kinds of wine, madeira, cherry, claret, and champagne.

Purchase a share in one or both of the theatres, and attend with your wife two or three times a week.

Attend all the fancy balls in splendid costume.

Purchase your furniture and clothing on credit, regardless of the enhancement of price.

Speculate largely in the stocks. By a lucky hit you may realize a handsome fortune.

Take an occasional stroll into a gambling house—and be on the watch for an opportunity to "take the flats in."

When you are pressed for money, purchase large quantities of goods, on pretence of sending them to your customers in the western country; but despatch them clandestinely to New York or Baltimore, to be sold by auction.

Frequent the bars of the large hotels, under the idea of seeking customers. You may there refresh yourself, and enliven your spirits, by occasional mint-slings, and other exhilarating potations.

Attend all horseraces and foxchases, and bet largely on the former.

When you fail—as fail you must—take care of "number one." Reserve at least ten thousand dollars to begin the world anew, as an agent. He is "worse than a heathen or a publican," who does not take care of his own family.

By pursuing this system for three or four years, you will crowd into those years as much of what is commonly called "enjoyment," as might be spread over your whole life;—you will, at the close of that period, be cleared of the cares and anxieties of business, by a failure for thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars, as so many are occasionally—pay your preferred creditors ten or twelve cents in the dollar—your other creditors not a single cent—rob and plunder those who have trusted you with labor or property, of whom some will probably be totally ruined—clear yourself by the insolvent law—and you will have the honor to belong, for the remainder of your life, to a large "committee of ways and means,"—billet your wife and children on your father-in-law in his old age—and henceforward pass through the world with a tarnished character.

"Utrum horum mavis—accipe."

His "Advice to a friend about to commence the publication of a newspaper," are both wholesome and sound; and we cannot help thinking, that if very many of our political, yea, and some few of our literary editors, would paste them up in their sanctum sanctorum for consultation, there are times when their publications would be void a great deal of ascerbity and of much of that billinggate slang, which too often disgrace a portion of the press in our land.

We trust our brethren of the press will take it in good part, if we recommend it as a kind of *vade mecum* for their especial use, not doubting but that a majority of them practice the principles and act in accordance with the spirit that prompted the excellent advice.

"You are, my friend, about to enter on as arduous, as thankless, but, at the same time, as useful an occupation, when properly conducted, and as pernicious, when otherwise managed, as any other in the wide range of human industry. I say, 'as thankless,' with the most perfect conviction of the justice of the epithet; for do what you may, you cannot escape censure and abuse. And unless you be more fortunate than the great majority of your collaborators, your remuneration will scarcely be adequate to compensate the labor, the time, the talent, and the unceasing care and anxiety the office of editor imperiously demands. Under this view of the case, were your course not finally determined on, and could you derive a comfortable maintenance in any other occupation, I would use all my endeavors to dissuade you from embarking on the perilous ocean of politics as editor: But the die being cast, and your purpose immovably fixed, I shall not waste remonstrance in vain, nor wantonly trespass on your patience. I shall pursue a course more suitable to the circumstances of the case, by furnishing you with hints that may enable you to accomplish your object in the most useful manner to the public, and the most satisfactory to yourself.

So far as experience qualifies a man for the office of Mentor, I have some pretensions to assume it in the present case, having been three times proprietor and editor of papers; and having necessarily, in that capacity, devoted much time and attention to the duties, the rights, and the privileges of the station. Do not, however, let this consideration have any undue influence on your career. Weigh well my advice, and so far as they are supported by reason and common sense, adopt them as rules of conduct—and no farther. Subject them to the strictest ordeal of investigation.

The types, the presses, and the paper of your journal having been purchased with your money, the journal is, therefore, your property, and subject to your control. But "prescription,"—that is, "custom, continued," according to the lexicographic explanation, "till it has the force of law,"—subjects this control to some salutary restrictions. One of these, and the main one, is, that your fellow-citizens have a clear and indefeasible claim—not as a favor or kindness, but as a right—to the use of your paper, for the discussion of moral and political subjects, calculated to improve their morals, refine their manners, and promote their prosperity and happiness, provided the discussions be managed with decorum and propriety, and not protracted to an unreasonable length. This right, like your control, has its limits, some of which follow:

While the remuneration for your painful labors will greatly depend on your advertisements, you cannot be expected to exclude them for long-winded essays, particularly on subjects of inferior importance. When long essays on vital topics cannot with propriety be excluded, and their insertion would interfere with the room devoted to advertisements, let them be divided, and continued.

When you are requested to publish any article likely to give rise to a demand for satisfaction, either legal or otherwise, insist on the author's allowing you to give up his name, should it be necessary. No man has a right to make you a scape-goat to be responsible for his acrimony. Without such a stipulation, it has been generally and justly regarded as base and unworthy, to betray the name of an author.

Parties are inevitable under any form of government, where the people have the right of deliberating for themselves;—they result, as a necessary consequence, from the diversity of opinion which exists on all subjects.

As you propose to publish a political paper, you will have to choose your party, if you have not done so already, as I presume you have.

It would be of inexpressible advantage, were the public papers open to decorous discussions on both sides of all questions, so as to enable their readers to make fair comparisons, and duly weigh the merits of the parties. But such a plan would be frowned down by zealots on both sides, and would involve the failure of any man who should undertake it. An attempt was made in this city, some years since, to carry on a paper on this plan. It was conducted with considerable ability; had a sickly existence for a few months; and then perished for want of support.

Parties are frequently led astray by ultra men, for their own particular purposes and advancement. They [the parties] aberrate from their known and established principles. This is a case

of extreme difficulty for conscientious editors. They are expected blindly to follow their leaders; and unless they comply, their support is too often partially withdrawn, and rivals patronized against them. Hence a severe conflict between interest and duty. I trust I need not say that you ought not, and I hope will not, so far violate your duty as to advocate measures which your conscience disapproves, however urged on you by partisans—"Fiat justitia, ruat cælum."

While you fearlessly, but candidly, discuss the public conduct of public men, I hope you will exclude from your columns all personal slander against them or any other citizens, and never invade the sacred sanctuary of private life.

Let all your energies and zeal be devoted to excite a national spirit, the want of which, wherever it prevails, produces the most pernicious consequences on the general welfare and prosperity. Were the angel Gabriel to descend from Heaven, and propose a plan calculated to produce the greatest possible good to the country, too many of our citizens would regard it through a party medium, and support or oppose it, as it coincided with or tended to counteract the views of their party! On this point the English stand proudly pre-eminent. Their parties are full as violent as ours on all local subjects—but all unite on great questions involving the national prosperity. "Go, and do thou likewise."

Let no temptation of profit or friendship, ever induce you to disgrace your paper by puffs of worthless books. Let your commendation be known to be the result of conviction, and it will have its due weight with the reading world. But the indiscriminate eulogiums, too frequently bestowed on the republications of British works, many of them of little or no merit, are nauseous.

It is not enough for you to keep your paper open for the lucubrations of correspondents on important topics—more is required at your hands. As you possess the faculty of writing with facility, it is your incumbent duty to aid in the discussion of such topics. From this duty you can claim no exemption.

A fair analysis of foreign intelligence; of the proceedings of congress; and of the state legislature, stripped of the verbiage in which they are commonly enveloped, is a grand desideratum, to which our editors generally do not pay sufficient attention. There is a peculiar knack in this operation, which a man accustomed to the use of the pen, may easily acquire. Two editors of the old school, long since gone to that "country from whose bourne no traveller returns," William Goddard, formerly of this city, and Isaiah Thomas, the proprietor and editor of the *Spy*, published at Worcester, in Massachusetts, were distinguished in this department. Either of them was wont to compress into half a column the essence of half a dozen packets.

Avoid the tone of exaggeration which pervades too many of our newspapers. According to their statements, a stranger might be tempted to believe that our orators are at least equal to those of Greece and Rome. It cannot, in fact, be doubted that in our deliberative bodies there is a very great display of talent occasionally; and that we have orators who might advantageously compare with some of the shining lights of the British parliament. But they are not all Burkes or Sheridans, or Pitts, or Foxes, as might be supposed from the elaborate panegyrics bestowed on them. Be on your guard also against the same spirit of exaggeration which prevails respecting the numbers assembled in town-meetings. They are almost all "the most numerous," and "the most respectable," that ever were seen. Cases have occurred of dozens being magnified into hundreds, and hundreds into thousands, to dazzle people at a distance. This spirit of exaggeration belongs equally to both political parties.

Contaminate not your paper with details of revolting or unmentionable offences, which, through inadvertence, occasionally offend the eye in some of our papers. And be rather sparing of the record of the murders, assassinations, and suicides, which have so greatly and so lamentably increased of late years, to the dishonor of our country.

Be on the look out, and blazon forth, in the strongest light, every straggling instance of honor, liberality, generosity, gratitude, self-devotion, &c., that you find in any of the papers of the United States, to excite a laudable spirit of imitation; a spirit, so far as liberality is concerned, that unfortunately slumbers so much as to require great exertions to excite it. Copy also the most remarkable cases of foreign liberality. Bear always in mind the admonitory lines of Shakspeare:

"One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting on that;
Your praises are our wages."

A good feature in a newspaper would be occasional brief law cases, involving important principles. Some of the police reports are highly exceptionable.

A poet's corner in your fourth page, would be an improvement. Besides gratifying the ladies, to whose taste sufficient attention is rarely paid by our editors, it would afford the advertisements in that page a chance of being seen; whereas they are now too commonly overlooked.

A corner for anecdotes, bon-mots, repartees, &c., would furnish an agreeable variety, provided they did not savor too strongly of Joe Miller Redivivus.

Some of our news printers have an aversion to copy articles from the papers of their neighbors. They pride themselves on their matter being "*all original*." This is truly absurd. I appeal to the most enlightened men in the nation, the Clays, the Websters, the Storys, the Sergeants, &c., to decide whether a good article copied from a rival print, be not preferable to an inferior original one. The question between two articles ought not to be, which is original or which copied—but which is best calculated to answer the objects which an editor ought to keep in view—to instruct and delight—according to the rule of Horace—

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

Avoid the fatal error of neglecting the regular collection of your subscriptions. By this neglect many an editor has been straitened in his circumstances during his whole career, and finally died in poverty, while his books exhibited thousands to his credit. There is but one mode of effectually guarding against this pernicious result, and that is, stopping the paper as soon as the time for which the subscription has been paid has expired. There is not, I believe, any debt whatever, about the payment of which many of our citizens are so indifferent, as debts due for newspapers and advertisements; and, of course, there is scarcely any debt about which the creditor should be more on the *qui vive*.

But we must draw this brief notice to a close. Our object was not to enter into a regular review, which from the desultory character of the work would be impossible, but merely to call attention to some few of its prominent features. Many of the essays, have been published before in the form of communications to various newspapers in Philadelphia and elsewhere—each essay containing in itself much to instruct, amuse and entertain. We commend it for what it purports to be—and in conclusion, remark, with a correspondent of Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.

"I have no more to say except, that if the venerable author had been silent all the rest of his life, and not blessed by his labors, as he has done, all the departments of life, political, social, moral, &c., this little book would have been to his name and memory, what the star is to the morning and the evening—a brilliant which all see, and all delight to behold."

THE TUCKAHOE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

My attention has been called to a publication in your Messenger, for the month of April, 1837, under the above title, which contains so many historical inaccuracies, as to induce me to correct them. Where the writer of the article referred to, obtained his account of the above named colony, I am at a loss to know. Smith, in his second voyage up the Chesapeake, found a tribe of Indians called Tockwoghes, on the river Tockwogh.

It is stated in the above article, that in 1605, "Capt. Smith came over, and remained three years." Now Smith, page 150, states that "on the 19th of December, 1606, we set sail from Black Wall, with the first supply in Virginia."

Under the head Huguenots, it is stated that they settled in South Carolina in 1502. Now the term Huguenot had its origin in 1560. See Rees' Encyclopedia, 9th vol. It is also stated by Rees, (article Carolina,) that no permanent settlement seems to have been made in Carolina, until after the restoration of Charles II., who, by his first charter, dated 24th of March, 1662-1663, granted to Edward, Earl of Clarendon, and seven others, all the lands lying between the 31st and 36th degrees of north latitude, and extending westerly to the South Seas. Under the head, Newfoundland, it is stated that that place was discovered by Sir Humphry Gilbert in 1583. Now Marshall, in his American Colonies, (page 13,) states, that in May, 1496, John Cabot sailed from Bristol, and discovered the islands of Newfoundland and St. John's.

Uttamussack.—The author locates this place twelve miles above Richmond, near the James River. Now, Smith, (page 138,) locates it at Pamaunkee; and at page 117, says that fourteen miles northward from the river Powhatan is the river Pamaunkee. Smith says, that near Uttamussack is a temple, or place of Powhatan's. I think that this temple, was Orapakes. On his map you will find it near the head of Chickahomony, not far from Pamaunkee, in the direction of Cold Harbour, in Hanover.

COLONIES.

Under this head the author states, that "James Town sent out two colonies." One he locates six miles below Richmond. Now according to Smith, (page 236,) West's colony was seated "*by the Falles*," "in a place not only subject to the river's inundation, but round environed with many intolerable inconveniences." The author locates Kiquotan, near Norfolk; whereas, reference to Smith's map will show that Kiquotan includes Hampton and Old Point.

The author says that Williamsburg was laid off in the form of a W. It was not. Governor Nicholson proposed it; but it was not done. Secretary Nelson's house in York Town was demolished by the artillery of the combined armies; and not Governor Nelson's, as the author states. The latter is still in good preservation.

The author, in his rude remarks on the country gentlemen who "have eaten up their estates; their property has gone down their gullets;" was unmindful of the old adage, *nil nisi*, &c., and must have forgotten that his maternal ancestors were included in his philippic. Chelsea, in the olden time, was a very hospitable mansion; and may have been "more generous than just." But I cannot agree with the author, that they were among those of whom he says, "fools make feasts, and wise men come to eat them."

My sole object in making this communication proceeds from a desire to correct the errors of the author of the Tuckahoe Colony. False statements, often published, will injure your valuable periodical. For all my historical corrections, I have given references;—these I consider indispensable.

Chelsea, 1st June, 1839.

C. C. M.

THE COPY-BOOK—NO VIII.

ATOMS.

Don Quixotte was humane, generous, brave, learned, eloquent; yet withal he was worse than a cypher: a cypher would indeed have done no good, but Don Quixotte, by the want of a little common sense, has made the good ridiculous.

Wisdom is more conspicuous when surrounded by folly, as foxfire shows best in the dark.

There are two ways of 'getting up' in the world: the one is to raise one's self, the other to pull down others: the latter is the more easy. Some avail themselves of both.

Historians commonly err in respect to causes and motives. They look for causes adequate and proportionate to the magnitude of the event; whereas the greatest events are often owing to circumstances the most insignificant.

Ignorance is the mother of conceit, but modesty is the child of wisdom.

The world seems some vast complex machine, continually revolving, and each day turning up some new event, to gladden or confound the insects on its surface called men.

If there is a planet inhabited only by women, the first article in their *Magna Charta* is to secure the freedom of speech.

The Persians are termed by the traveller Rich, a nation of dandy-assassins; Voltaire called the French monkey-tigers; the two epithets amount to the same thing, for a dandy is a monkey, and an assassin is a tiger.

Lying is cumulative: one generates another, and that another still, in an infinite series,—a geometric progression of falsehood. A falsehood is like a stone in an arch, each one requires many others to support it.

Truth, like the air, is the most precious of all things, and the least regarded.

Extremes meet—as volcanoes vomit fire amid eternal snow.

The difference between politeness and rudeness, is this: rude people speak ill of you, to your face—polite people wait till you are gone.

If when two particular friends meet in company, all the worst things that they had said of each other were exposed, what droll looks would sometimes be seen.

If a man contends that there is no such thing as truth in the world, I will admit it—at least as far as he is concerned.

Power, wealth, and fame, are sweepstakes usually taken by the best jockey, not by the best horse.

'Barking dogs don't bite.' This adage seems to imply that 'unbarking dogs do bite.' The dogs then in the polar regions must be very fierce, for they never bark.

Liberty is like a rope, in which (according to a superstition of the Laplanders,) the winds are tied up in three knots; loose the first, the wind is favorable; loose the second, it is still more favorable; loose the third, and there is a tempest.

While Sancho Panza was governor of the island of Barataria, one of the courtiers said to him "I am amazed how your worship is able to make such wise decisions, being so illiterate as you are; for I believe you do not even know your letters."

If you put peas into a pan of water, the light and rotten ones come to the top, and this is the way that little great men rise in the world.

When two clouds meet in the heavens, they produce rain; so when two emotions meet in the mind they produce tears.

In some hearts there is a continual war between avarice and liberality, but avarice generally proves victorious in the contest.

It would be a safe speculation, to buy vain men for what they are worth, and sell them for what they think they are worth.

When I behold a lovely woman, I can well conceive, that "man was created little lower than the angels."

Wit produces a smile,—humor laughter.

When a writer asks your candid opinion of his works, you must know he will be very indignant at you if your candid opinion does not coincide with his own.

The best way, sometimes, to keep a secret, is to tell it.

It is very unfortunate some people mistake your wit for rudeness and their rudeness for wit.

The surest way to win the parent is to caress the child.

Books and dogs are friends you may count upon with certainty.

Plagiarism among authors, is like stealing among the Lacedemonians—the criminality is not in the taking, but in the being caught.

Politeness is like a pole that wagoners insert between their horses' heads, which serves at once to keep them together and to prevent them from coming too close together.

We can believe nothing without evidence, and we can disbelieve nothing with evidence.

The metal which wont bend will break.

If the Greenlanders were invaded, they might adopt for their motto, 'pro aris et focis.'

There is but one step from the demagogue to the courtier.

Farmers have been so long complaining of bad crops, it is strange they should still be expecting good ones.

A rotten tree may stand erect while the winds are in their caverns, but the hurricane discloses the secrets of the forest.

Houston has executed what Burr first planned.

Poetry consists in the idea—verse may be prosaic, and prose may be poetic. The poet is like the maker of porcelain, who creates forms of beauty out of sand and clay.

One reason why the ascent of mount Olympus is so difficult, is, that those who fail to get up themselves always confederate to obstruct the progress of others.

An encyclopedia is fit only for a nation of Brobdingnags.

Some cows give good milk, but have a trick of kicking the pail over.

If we cannot have what we love, let us love what we have.

We live not as we wish, but as we can.

It is better to read a small book through, than not to read a big one at all.

Life is a masquerade, and hypocrisy the domino.

Oratory is employed only on great occasions, but good sense is needed every day.

He who buys what he doth not need, will need what he cannot buy.

This life seems like a ship on a voyage across a sea: the crew are variously occupied, but they are all advancing each hour to their destination; their course is direct, the winds invariable, their progress incessant; the sails once set, never for a moment slacken, until the close of the voyage, when they are furled forever.

Petersburg, August 1, 1839.

c. c.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF LIVING AMERICAN POETS AND NOVELISTS.

NO. VI.

MARIA BROOKS.

(*Maria del Occidente.*)

The term, "infancy of poetry," as applied to the American muse, has neither force nor intelligible signification; yet the phrase is constantly on the lips of both Englishmen and Americans—by the one used apologetically—by the other in a sense of lofty superiority—when with truth it can be applied only to the rude poetical compositions of a nation just merging from a savage state—for instance, perhaps, to the didactic and lyrical muse of the Sacs and Foxes, or the fierce song of the ancient Goths. Nevertheless, England is reluctant to give us credit for any thing better than the crude effusions and irregular compositions alone, which marked the earliest era of her own demi-savage state, when her untaught ancestors gave vent to their warlike enthusiasm and fierce passions in bursts of wild verse—extemporaneous compositions, as savage and unpolished as their savage composers. This arises, doubtless, from her habit of forgetting, in her jealous maternal anxiety to keep us in remembrance of our political childhood, that, as members of the social compact, we are not a whit less civilized or less instructed than herself.

It is true, as a nation we are but an infant; but an infant, which, like Minerva, sprung into being in full armor, noble in stature, godlike in wisdom, and clothed with the glory of perfect strength and beauty. America is indeed young; but the members which compose this infantile empire are coeval in civilization with the oldest nations of the earth. Equal with them, and behind them in nothing—whether in religion, philosophy, science, or the literary arts. It is quite time that our literary friends the other side of the Atlantic, should cease to seek among us for the first rudiments alone of poetic composition, as if we were just emerging from a

primitive state of ignorance and knew nothing of the arts of poetry. They should cease to reject our muse, because a thousand years have not elapsed since our national birth—when our poetry has no more to do with our existence as a nation than christianity has itself. Man is by nature a poet, and poetry is alone the language of enthusiasm and passion, or of a lively fancy and brilliant imagination. These—other things being equal, which in the present case we contend they are—must certainly be independent of length of political existence; their dependance being solely on the degree of cultivation of the mind. The scale of mental culture is full as high in America as in England; and save that the revolutionary war has laid the foundation for a distinctive national character, which has ever since been gradually forming, and turning into channels diverging from that which originally burst from the maternal fountain, the current of American thought and genius, we are still one and the same people, and subjects of the same broad empire of mind.

Two people who have the same literature, language, and religion, between them, cannot certainly present any strong points of difference, which can influence their letters. Truly, there is not *such a wide* difference between an intelligent and well educated Englishman, and an intelligent, well educated American. They must think and express themselves on most points, (out of politics,) very much alike. If they do not differ widely in talking prose, neither will they, it is inferable, in writing it. Why then should they in their poetry? The truth is, that the literature of both countries is one and indivisible. We are one people, one tongue, one kindred. The forms of governments may differ, but of the thought, never. The time is already passed, when the superiority of the English mechanic over the American, was a part of the latter's craft—creed: indeed, invention, if not also manual dexterity in giving shape to the cunning images of the inventor's brain, now holds the superiority on this side of the water. The notion should be exploded, that assumes the English poet's brain to be of a substance more ethereal than the American's—assigning the brain, soils and climates, as if it were a cauliflower. Until it can be proven that Lord Byron, Tom Moore, nay, Milton, Scott, and all the glorious company of British poets, would not have had the same identical brains, if their first breath had been drawn in the United States, we shall believe, and so must modest Jonathan, and roaring John Bull, that America can produce as good a poet as England. What our poets want—and we have several who rank with the best English poets—is only a posterity to do them justice! Not six of your British poets, Mr. Bull, were known, as now they are known, till death had sealed their greatness. A poet's fame is peculiarly posthumous. In very truth, our country is so young, that nearly all its poets are still living. There are now seven American poets, who only want the sod to lie twenty years upon their noble breasts, to be universally known and ranked with the greatest poets of Great Britain. This is the true cause of your assertion, that we have no poets—they are all living. Verily it is, because they are and are not.

Having been led, not inappropriately with our subject, into the foregoing remarks, by the recent perusal

of an uncandid article in a late English Review, touching American poetry, we now proceed, in conformity to the plan we have laid down in these hasty sketches, to say something of the fair poetess, whose graceful numbers form the subject of the present paper. Mrs. Maria Brooks, better known under her poetical name of Maria del Occidente, is of Welsh extraction, both of her parents having been born of Cymrian families. Her grandfather emigrated to this country prior to the revolutionary war, and settled in Charlestown, where, being a man of affluence, he constructed a stately mansion, which for many years was the seat of hospitality and refinement. But the war of the revolution suddenly burst out, and with the ashes of Charlestown was mingled those of his abode. The subject of the present sketch was born in Medford, a few miles from Harvard College; the professors of which visited intimately at her father's; and, doubtless, from their conversation, her young mind first imbibed its literary tastes. Thus it was, that before she was nine years of age, she had committed to memory large portions of Pope's *Messiah*; Milton's *Comus*; Addison's *Cato*; portions of Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and some of the translated tragedies of Racine; while those of Shakspeare and Otway were listened to by her with rapture. Many of these passages were committed to memory long before their meaning could possibly be understood. Indeed, before she could read—for learning to read was a painful and difficult task to her—she could recite numerous pieces from the most popular poets of the day. So completely and thoroughly was her mind, at length, imbued with poetry, that on being asked in her ninth year what she most wished for, replied, "to be a poetess." Her childhood was passed during a dark reverse of fortune, which was soon afterwards followed by the death of her father. At the early age of fourteen she was betrothed, and married as soon as her school education was thought finished. The few first years of her womanhood were passed in that sort of commercial affluence, which seldom, in this country, lasts long. The loss of several vessels at sea, in which her husband was concerned, was followed in succession by other losses on land, and these combined converted prosperity to misfortune. At this gloomy period the cultivation of poetry, begun in infancy, was again resorted to as an amusement and consolation. But the idea of writing it was not thought of, though at that time every periodical was full of the imitations of the metrical delineations of Sir Walter Scott—every piano accompanied the exquisite songs of Moore; the poems of Southey and Campbell were read with avidity; and the bitter and sweet of Byron were making their first impressions.

Original composition, however, was the natural fruit of so long and ardent companionship with the works and minds of the best poets, and at the age of twenty, a poem in seven Cantos, *octosyllabic*, was speedily composed, but never published. Many smaller pieces of a light and lyric character followed, which were published anonymously; and in 1820, a small volume of poems appeared, after having been looked over and criticised by some of her literary friends, who were professors in Harvard University. The reception of this volume was sufficiently flattering to its writer, though for the want of some person to do the necessary

business, its circulation was limited. We have come across a Baltimore Review of that day, which declares some of the stanzas to be "the best ever written by any female poet." Five years after its publication, the London Literary Gazette also passed on it a handsome encomium. With this little volume, began the literary existence of our poetess. It is entitled, from its two leading pieces, "*JUDITH, ESTHER, AND OTHER POEMS; By a Lover of the Fine Arts,*" with a graceful and exceedingly appropriate Italian motto, from *METASTASIO*. In the two first poems, the authoress seems to have attempted the description of two females differing entirely in mind and person, yet equal in excellence; choosing only so much of their respective histories as exhibit the most prominent traits of their characters, while they offer her the most striking pictures of each. In *Judith*, she has delineated prudence, fortitude and decision, softened by a tincture of feminine sensibility. In *Esther*, a soul painfully alive to every emotion; a noble elevation of mind struggling with constitutional softness and timidity. The fugitive pieces appear, most of them, to have been written under the influence of vivid impressions. We will extract here and there a stanza from the principal poems, leaving our critical discussion of the character of the writer's mind, when we come to consider her more elaborate work "*Zophiel*."

From *Judith*.

DESCRIPTION OF JUDITH.

With even step, in mourning garb arrayed,
Fair Judith walked, and grandeur marked her air;
Though humble dust, in pious sprinklings laid,
Boiled the dark tresses of her copious hair.

DESCRIPTION OF HER SON.

Softly supine his rosy limbs reposed,
His locks curled high, leaving the forehead bare;
And o'er his eyes the light lids gently closed,
As they had feared to hide the brilliance there.

The above stanzas are not only remarkable for their descriptive beauty, but for a certain concise vigor which in a few words impresses strong and vivid pictures upon the mind. This conciseness, it will be seen, is a striking peculiarity of our poetess.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLEFERNES, &c.

In languid posture the proud victor lay;
Gem-broidered purple canopied his bed,
Soft Pleasure's breath had warmed th' inactive day
But light-winged slumber fluttered o'er his head.

When thus the youth, "rise mighty conqueror, rise!
For more than thou can'st dream of beauty bright
Is blooming for thee! Hero, open thine eyes!
Oh, sun, the loveliest moon is suing for thy light!"

He slowly raised him at the gentle sound—
"Surpassing fair—Bagoas—dost thou say?"
"Fairer than pearls."

* * * *

All unadjusted from his couch he rose;
While borne before him lamps of silver flame,
As 'twere alike, of beauty or repose,
With leisure step indifferent he came.

So many bowed beneath his conquering arms,
So many lonely captives wait his sigh,
Unmoved he wanders through a world of charms,
And scarcely raises his fastidious eye.

* * *

But firm at his approach, the stately dame
 Stood, like a graceful column, and with cheek
 Crimsoned by scorn—when near the Pagan came
 She slowly fell before him proudly meek.

To those who know—which embraces every reader—the story of Judith and Holofernes, the connection of the above stanzas with the narrative will be understood, and the beauties of the poetical narration better appreciated. Seated at the feast, she is thus described :

Above her forehead, fair, mid many a tree,
 Her graceful head a bright tiara wore,
 Yet seemed, so much was there of loftiness,
 As it disdained the ornaments it bore.

While holy scorn and detestation high,
 Oft as the treacherous stream she bows to sip,
Fires the bright convex of her jetty eye,
And curls the living vermil of her lip.

The chief beheld her heightened beauties glow,
 And his devoted temples ached to rest—
 Temples, which oft dark ire's suffusion show—
 On the smooth arch of her majestic breast.

A striking union of strength and beauty constitute a marked peculiarity of our poetess. Her images are chaste and appropriate and nervously expressed ; yet by aiming at too much vigor and terseness, she occasionally becomes obscure and often difficult to be understood. The poem from which the above extracts are made, is, as a whole, a production of great merit ; and when we remember the youthful age and sex of the writer, we cannot withhold from her the praise due to a high order of genius. Its defects proceed from inexperience, and in no instance from deficiency of taste, of which throughout all her productions the poetess evinces the possession in a highly cultivated degree.

From the poem of Esther we have space for but one or two extracts. The measure is the same with that of the preceding. The reader will please to recall the beautiful story as recorded in the Bible, and then peruse the following description of queen Esther's preparations for appearing before the king :

"Take ye, my maids, this mournful garb away,
 Bring all my glowing gems and garments fair ;
 A nation's fate impending hangs to-day,
But on my beauty and your dulcious care."

Prompt to obey, her ivory form they lave ;
 Some comb and braid her hair of wavy gold ;
 Some softly wipe away the limpid wave
 That o'er her dimpled limbs in drops of fragrance rolled.

Refreshed and faultless from their hands she came,
 Like form celestial clad in raiment bright ;
 O'er all her garb rich India's treasures flame,
 In mingling beams of rainbow-colored light.

On her smooth brow, soft ringlets left to flow,
 Played twinkling o'er the turban's stainless white,
 As lingering sunbeams beautifully glow,
 Blue Caucasus, around thy snowy height.

Graceful she entered the forbidden court,
 Her bosom throbbing with her purpose high ;
 Slow were her steps, and unassumed her port,
 While hope just trembled in her azure eye.

Light on the marble fell her ermine tread,
 And when the king, reclined in musing mood,
 Lifts at the gentle sound his stately head,
*Low at his feet the sweet intruder stood.**

* The lines are italicised by the writer of this sketch.

There is an elegance of diction and graceful ease of expression in this poem, which has seldom been surpassed by the sweetest of our female poets. With an extract or two from the fugitive pieces of this little volume, we will conclude our notice of this first book of our accomplished authoress. There is a charming little ballad contained in it, which we regret we have not room to extract entire, and we will not mar it by presenting a fragment. The few passages we shall give, will serve to show the versatility of her genius and the varied sweetness of her numbers. The first extract is the three leading stanzas from a poem, headed "Obituary."

Lone in the desert drear and deep,
 Beneath the forest's whispering shade,
 Where brambles twine and mosses creep,
 The lovely Charlotte's grave is made.

But though no breathing marble there
 Shall gleam in beauty through the gloom,
 The turf that hides her golden hair
 With sweetest desert-flowers shall bloom.

And while the moon her tender light
 Upon the hallowed scene shall fling,
 The mocking bird shall all night
 Among the dewy leaves and sing.

The images in this little poem are natural and appropriate, and the versification smooth, while the sentiments are characterised by that graceful turn of expression which is a pleasing feature in the compositions of this poetess. The following stanza exhibits the poet of nature as well as of sentiment—that is to say—an observer of the beauties of nature as well as portrayer of the emotions of the heart.

Ah ! whither can my Errol stray ?
 The jonquille bud is seen ;
 Soft beams among the dew-drops play—
 The infant-leaves are green.

The violet opens her azure eye,
 The willow waves her locks,
 The bonied columbine on high
 Hangs blushing from the rocks.

Few modern poets abound so much with similes, most of which are beautiful, and all highly graceful and appropriate. Perhaps, however, her comparisons may be considered by many too uniform and of too frequent recurrence, sometimes burdening the line and interrupting the flow of expression.

The following "Morning Hymn" is replete with figures ; yet they are introduced with judgment and managed with much skill and taste. The whole poem is full of grace, and is altogether a pleasing composition.

MORNING HYMN.

Floods of radiance streaming,
 Herald forth the star of day,
 Lucid night tears trembling, gleaming,
 Drop from every tender spray ;
 Buds unfurling,
 Tendrils curling,
 Murmuring meet the love-fraught breeze,
 Music thrilling,
 Brooklets trilling,
 Mingle 'midst the blossomed trees.

Oh! 'tis sweet when such a morning
 Charms us from the couch of rest,
 But a fairer day is dawning
 O'er the desert of my breast.
 Soft assurance
 Of endurance,
 Friendship to my soul has given;
 Hope streams flowing,
 Joy beams glowing,
 Soothe her with the calm of Heaven.

God of mercies! I adore thee,
 Pouring out my raptures' tide;
 Let the coward bow before thee
 When there's nought to seek beside.
 Still improve me,
 Let me love thee
 Dearer when thy bounties flow;
 And when strictest
 Thou afflictest,
 Uncomplaining meet the blow.

It should not be forgotten that the foregoing hymn, as well as the following stanzas, was written at a very early age—this will readily account for several points against which just criticism might level a shaft. Nevertheless, they are not destitute of merit, and are quoted in attestation of the superior poetic talent of the fair authoress. The following is extremely graceful and musical:

Earth her snowy vest uncloses,
 Spring advances soft and fair,
 Coronet of opening roses,
 Blushing in her sunny hair.

Dimpled loves around her flying,
 Sweets to every blossom bring;
 Zephyr hovers o'er and sighing,
 Soothes her with his purple wing.

But my heart ungrateful beating,
 Heedless of the hopeful year,
 Wastes its fervor in repeating
 All that's distant, all that's dear.

Still contentless, wishing, burning,
 Loving what it may not share,
 Every vernal breath returning,
 New regret awakens there.

The death of friends, change of circumstance and country, and the arduous duties of educating orphan children, became very soon enough to impede the progress of an artist laboring merely for amusement, and encouraged by no immediate circle. Ardent indeed must have been the love of poetry, which could continue unimpaired under such circumstances. Born in the decline of the fortunes of her family, the writer of *Zophiël* might have said with her own *Egla*,

"———my infant ears
 Were opened first with moons, and the first ray
 I saw, came dimly through my mother's tears."

The first Canto of "*Zophiël* or the Bride of Seven," was commenced four years after the publication of the first volume of poems, and finished in Cuba, whither, about this period, the poetess removed. In the autumn of 1825, it was published in Boston. The continual warmth, the eternal verdure, the fragrant air, and the leafy retreats of that delightful island, were, it seems, favorable to the continuance of a favorite pursuit, and five other Cantos of the same poem were there conceived and executed.

A work, however, of the length and subject of "*Zophiël*," required much preparation before it could be put to press. The writer, therefore, brought it with her to the United States, and while one of her sons, (now an officer in the United States army,) was pursuing his studies under a professor of Dartmouth College, she found an opportunity of copying the whole; and we ourselves being then a student there also, recall now with pleasure the time when its accomplished authoress deigned to submit occasional passages of it to our youthful criticism. In preparing its numerous and interesting notes, she was much assisted by old and valuable books in the library of that institution; besides which assistance, several of the professors courteously gave such aid as was necessarily required. In the autumn of 1830, the poetess visited France, and had an opportunity of adding other notes to the MS. poem, from curious volumes in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris. The poem was afterwards taken to London, where Washington Irving, (then attached to the United States legation,) with characteristic courtesy, perused it with a high degree of gratification, and placed it in a publisher's hands. The following extract from a letter addressed to a sister of the authoress, by this distinguished writer, may not be uninteresting, while, at the same time, it contains a very just criticism upon the poem in question.

"I have barely had time to give a hasty glance at those parts pointed out by your sister, in her letter, but I saw enough to convince me that it (*Zophiël*), is no ordinary production. It appears to me to show great brilliancy of imagination and a command of the splendid and even gorgeous in language and illustration. It has the stamp also of originality, which is greatly in its favor. I apprehend the faults that may be found in it are on the side of exuberance as to ornament, and amplification as to narrative. These faults, however, are on the right side, and may be remedied by a little pruning."

This frank opinion, from such a source, was no doubt gratifying to the author of *Zophiël*. That she must always have had confidence in her own powers, is manifest from the pains she bestowed upon this poem. Every inward assurance, however, became more strongly confirmed by the concurrence of other distinguished persons. Among these was the poet laureate Mr. Southey. During the childhood of the subject of this sketch, his poem, "*Madoc*," was dispersed, in numbers, about this country. Some of the scenes of that work, laid in Wales, which are charming for their tenderness and simplicity, readily found an answering chord in the bosom of one who never thought of her Cymrian descent, without calling to mind the bards of ancient Mona, with their "sky-blue robes and silver crescents on their arms," who

"Called from their solemn harps such lofty airs,"

as completely subjected the imaginations of the wild but noble beings around them. These harps, be it observed, were not, as at present, mere figures of speech, but of material "wood and strings;" and the bards or Druids who struck them, possessed, or were supposed to possess, the same powers as those who are now called "improvisatori."

Mr. Southey, therefore, became very early an idol in

the imagination of our fair poetess, and a correspondence with that gentleman began in 1825, shortly after the printing of the first Canto of Zophiël. The last notes of the poem were written at Keswick, Cumberland, where Southey not only gave the authoress access to his curious and extensive library, but kindly offered his assistance in making any translations required, though the varied knowledge of languages possessed by her, rendered her, in this respect, almost wholly independent of his proffered assistance. This was during the spring of 1831. The last French revolution had taken place but a few months before, and all England was agitated by the "reform question." Many obstacles, therefore, arose to defer the publication desired; but the MS. was left in the care of Mr. Southey, who, two years afterwards, saw it through the press, correcting the proof-sheets himself, previous to its appearance in London, where, in 1833, it was first published. It is on this work that the subject of the present paper mainly lays her claim to rank as an American poetess. Having now given a brief sketch of the life and movements of the writer, a few extracts from the work itself are given in preference to any comment that can be made upon it; though the story, if related in prose, would be entertaining as a tale of "Arabian Nights."

The title of this work is "ZOPHIËL; or, the Bride of Seven—By Maria del Occidente." It is in six Cantos, and comprises two hundred and fifty pages, including copious notes. The dedication is in the form of an ode, addressed to Robert Southey, Esq. We extract the first, sixth, and concluding stanzas.

Oh! laurel'd bard, how can I part,
Those cheering smiles no more to see,
Until my soothed and solaced heart
Pours forth one grateful lay to thee?

* * * *

Soft be thy sleep as mists that rest
On Skiddaw's top at summer morn;
Smooth be thy days as Derwent's breast,
When summer light is almost gone!

* * * *

And treasured shall thine image be
In memory's purest, holiest shrine,
While truth and honor glow in thee,
Or life's warm quivering pulse is mine.

Keswick, April 18, 1831.

In the composition of the poem of Zophiël, the writer, it seems, has endeavored to adhere entirely to that belief, once prevalent among the fathers of the Greek and Roman churches, which supposes that the oracles of antiquity were delivered by demons or fallen angels, who wandered about the earth, formed attachments to beautiful mortals and caused themselves in many places to be adored as divinities. In endeavoring to give authority for the incidents of the story, we observe that all quotations from the sacred writings have been judiciously avoided; and the beings introduced are therefore to be considered only as Phœbus, Zephyr, &c. under fanciful names. "Most of the systems of ancient philosophy, either western or oriental," continues the preface, "suppose beings similar to the angels of the fathers, and differ from the Mosaic account only in being more full and explicit. Justin Martyr, and others, supposed that even Homer borrowed from Hebraic records and traditions, and hence are found in his wri-

tings an account of the creation of the world, of the tower of Babel, and of the angels cast out of Heaven." Hesiod's beautiful allegory of "Love calling order from Chaos," may, doubtless, be traced to the same source.

We will transcribe the argument of the poem, which in itself forms a spirited and most charming story, instead of attempting a garbled account of its plot. Zophiël is a fallen angel, and having fallen before the creation of man, is supposed to know nothing of the immortality of the human soul.

CANTO I.

GROVE OF ACACIAS.

Argument.—Invocation; Birth and description of Eglâ; Eglâ, alone in her grove of Acacias, is visited by Sephora, and relates an event that took place in her childhood, and reluctantly consents to receive Meles in marriage; Zophiël sees Eglâ asleep and becomes enamored of her; Eglâ is wedded to Meles, and retires to the bridal chamber; Zophiël presents himself to Eglâ, offers her jewels, declares himself her lover, and accuses Meles of crimes; Eglâ becomes afraid, and refuses to listen to Zophiël, who disappears; Meles enters, approaches the couch, and dies suddenly.

CANTO II.

DEATH OF ALTHEITOR.

Argument.—Sardius, in his pavilion, alone with Altheitor; description of the pavilion; Sardius sends a detachment of his guards in search of Meles; Eglâ and her parents are brought before the king, to answer for the murder of Meles; Eglâ relates the manner of Meles' death, is retained at the palace, and invited to banquet with Sardius and his Princes; Sardius determines to espouse Eglâ, but delays his purpose at the entreaty of Idaspes; Eglâ is commanded, on pain of the death of her father, to receive, as bridegroom, whomsoever the king may appoint; Alcestes, Ripheus, Philomars, and Rosanes, seek her chamber, and die in succession; sickness and death of Altheitor; sorrow of Zophiël; Eglâ and her parents sent back to their home.

CANTO III.

PALACE OF GNOMES.

Argument.—Midnight; Zophiël and Phraëriôn sit conversing together near a ruin, on the banks of the Tigris; Zophiël laments his former crimes, speaks of a change in his designs, dwells on the purity of his love for Eglâ, and expresses a wish to preserve her life and beauty beyond the period allotted to mortals; Phraëriôn is induced to lead the way to the palace of Tahathyam; Palace and banquet of Gnomes; Zophiël, by force of entreaty and promise, obtains from Tahathyam a drop of the elixir of life.

CANTO IV.

THE STORM.

Argument.—The gloom that precedes a tempest near Carthage; Zophiël and Phraëriôn returning from the palace of Gnomes; Zophiël loses the piece of spar which contains his invaluable elixir, and narrowly escapes being engulfed by a whirlpool. Zophiël and Phraëriôn emerge from the sea, and rest a moment in the deserts nearest Carthage—they attempt to pursue their course towards Media; the storm increases; Zo-

phiël meets a spirit who detains and reproaches him; Phraërión seeks shelter; Zophiël and Phraërión return to Media.

CANTO V.

ZAMEIA.

Argument.—Morning; Helon and Hariph travelling along the banks of the Tigris; Helon is sorrowful, in consequence of a dream of the preceding night; receives a box from Hariph; Helon and Hariph see the princess Zameia; Neantes relates the story of Zameia, her appearance in the temple of Mylitta; her love for Meles; the falsehood and dereliction of Meles; her sufferings; her escape from the garden of Imlec.

CANTO VI.

BRIDAL OF HELON.

Argument.—Twilight; Eglâ alone in her grove of acacias; Zophiël returns wounded and dejected, and sits watching her invisibly; a being, who wishes to preserve Eglâ, perceives that she is beset with dangers; Zameia dies in attempting the life of Eglâ; Eglâ is reproached by a slave, faints, and is supported by Helon; Helon and Hariph bear her home; Eglâ, about to destroy herself, is saved by Helon, who receives her in marriage, and puts Zophiël to flight, by means of a carnelian box; Hariph discovers himself to be the angel Raphaël; seeks Zophiël in the deserts of Ethiopia, and speaks to him of hope and comfort.

The first introduction of Zophiël, the principal character of the piece, made during the sleep of Eglâ, the heroine of the story, is thus described by the poetess:

Sephora held her to her heart, the while
Grief had its way; then saw her gently laid,
And bade her, kissing her blue eyes, beguile
Slumbering, the fervid noon. Her leafy bed
Breathed forth o'erpowering sighs; increased the heat;
Sleepless had been the night; her weary sense
Could now no more. Lone in the still retreat,
Wounding the flowers to sweetness more intense
She sank. Thus kindly nature lets our woe
Swell till it bursts forth from the o'erfraught breast;
Then draws an opiate from the bluer flow,
And lays her sorrowing child soft in the lap of rest.
Now all the mortal maid lies indolent,
Save one sweet cheek, which the cool velvet turf
Had touched too rude, though all with blooms besprent
One soft arm pillowed. Whiter than the surf
That foams against the sea-rock, looked her neck
By the dark, glossy, odorous shrubs relieved,
That close inclining o'er her, seemed to beck
What 'twas they canopied; and quickly heaved,
Beneath her robes' white folds and azure zone,
Her heart yet incomposed; a fillet through
Peeped softly azure, while with tender moan,
As if of bliss, Zephyr her ringlets blew
Sportive; about her neck their gold he twined,
Kissed the soft violet on her temples warm,
And eyebrow just so dark might well define
Its feble arch; throne of expression's charm.
As the vexed Caspian, though its rage be past,
And the blue smiling heavens swell o'er in peace,
Shook to the centre by the recent blast,
Heaves on tumultuous still, and hath not power to cease;
So still each little pulse was seen to throb,
Though passion and its pain were lulled to rest;
And ever and anon a piteous sob
Shook the pure arch expansive o'er her breast.
Save that, a perfect peace was, sovereign, there
O'er fragrance, sound, and beauty; all was mute;
Only a dove bemoaned her absent phere,
Or fainting breezes swept the slumberer's lute.

Zophiël first catches a glimpse of the captive thus described, after singing in a remote part of the grove the following song to his harp:

"Woe to thee, wild ambition! I employ
Despair's low notes thy dread effects to tell;
Born in high Heaven, her peace thou could'st destroy;
And, but for thee, there had not been a Hell.
Through the celestial domes thy clarion pealed;
Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners ranged,
And straight were friends; hurled from the shrinking field,
They waked in agony to wail the change.
Darting through all her veins the subtle fire,
The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath;
To lot of higher beings learnt to aspire;
Dared to attempt, and doomed the world to death.
The thousand wild desires, that still torment
The fiercely struggling soul where peace once dwelt,
But perished; feverish hope, drear discontent,
Impoisoning all possess. Oh! I have felt
As spirits feel,—yet not for man we mourn,
Scarce o'er the silly bird in state were he,
That builds his nest, loves, sings the morn's return,
And sleeps at evening; save by aid of thee.
Fame ne'er had roused, nor song her records kept;
The gem, the ore, the marble breathing life,
The pencil's colors, all in earth had slept,
Now see them mark with death his victim's strife.
Man found thee, death: but death and dull decay,
Baffling, by aid of thee, his mastery proves;
By mighty works he swells his narrow day
And reigns, for ages, on the world he loves.
Yet what the price? With stings that never cease
Thou goad'st him on, and when too keen the smart,
His highest dole he'd barter but for peace,
Food thou wilt have, or feast upon his heart."

A description of Sardius in his pavilion, at the opening of the second Canto, and of the death of Altheitor are finely conceived and executed, and might form a subject for the pencil of a Girodet, whose Endymion and Atala now in the Louvre at Paris, it would seem, are the models on which she has formed the personal aspect of these imaginative characters. It may here be observed, that four of the Cantos introduce personages entirely new, and though subservient to the plan of the whole, seem, each of them, like a separate poem. The third and fourth Cantos are the most extraordinary, and therefore may be called the best. A writer in *Frazer's Magazine*, in a well written critique, gives preference to the fifth Canto, *ZAMEIA*, probably because it is more in the beaten track, and might well form the subject for an interesting tragedy. The appellation of "Gnome," in the third Canto, had better, perhaps, have been laid aside, as it immediately brings to mind the "Rosicrucian system; and though Pope founded on that system his admirable "Rape of the Lock," but few except regular poets are conversant with its phantasies.

The account given by Tahathyam, in the third Canto, of his own birth and condition, is simple and eloquent, and in conformity with the rest of the piece. His possession of the elixir of life, and the emotion of Zophiël on receiving a drop of that elixir, are among the best conceptions of the poem; while the grief of the fallen Zophiël, at losing the "precious drop," before he could apply it to the preservation of a favorite mortal, is such as must make an impression on every one capable of entering into the feelings portrayed. In the fourth Canto, the meeting of Zophiël with the being who caused his fall, is thus depicted:

“A form before him stood
 In gloomy majesty. Blacker than night
 A flowing mantle fell in cloudy fold
 From its stupendous breast; and as it trod
 The pale and lurid light, at distance rolled
 Before its princely feet receding on the sod.
 ’Twas still as death; save that the thunder spoke
 In mutterings low and far; a look severe
 Seemed as preluding speech; but Zophiël broke
 The silence first: “Why, spirit, art thou here?” &c.

From the foregoing copious extracts, the reader may get some idea of the principal poem of Maria del Occidente, as well as of her miscellaneous writings, and form a judgment of the character of her mind and the order of her genius. The copiousness of her ideas and the wide field of thought which her mind ranges, cannot be unnoted by the most indifferent. It is the province of the poet to conceive, in a degree, of every thing in earth and Heaven; and scarcely an object within the range of poetic vision has escaped her comprehensive eye. Passages appropriate for extracts or mottoes, may be found in almost every page of *Zophiël*; the theologian, the cosmogonist, the philosopher, the alchymist, the historian, the painter, the sculptor, the novelist, the musician, and the “petit maitresse,” may find stanzas savoring of the taste of each.

In epic poetry, *Zophiël* is destined to hold a distinguished rank. It is brilliant with images, finished in its diction, graceful and flowing in its numbers. Its main fault, which may be rather termed a characteristic of style than a fault, consists in too frequent use of ellipses and the transposition of words, thereby giving to her lines a sort of Latin strength and condensation, which the genius of the English tongue will not bear; and any attempts to give it this conciseness, by the omission of particles, invariably lead to obscurity, while the arrangement is both to the ear and eye unpleasing. The opposite to this is to be preferred even at the risk of diffuseness. This is the main fault in the style of our poetess. There are minor ones of manner and expression, which the professed critic will detect without our aid; our province in the progress of these sketches not being so much to criticise as to lift the drapery and draw attention to the exhibition the muses have already prepared. The descriptive powers of our poetess are of a superior order. Notwithstanding the occasional stiffness in style and want of perspicuity and ease, all will admit, who peruse *Zophiël*, that Maria del Occidente is a fine delineator. She has a warm and glowing imagination and a feeling heart, with an ardent love for the beautiful, combined with strong sensibility to the beauties of nature. She transmits freshly to her readers the impressions glowing, as she receives them, and imbues their minds with the ideas and feelings which fill her own soul. Throughout her writings numerous passages of fine description may be found, clothed in diction not less polished than the thoughts are beautiful. She is seldom found languid or giving us words for ideas; and though occasionally exaggerated, her style is simple, and in *Zophiël* tastefully appropriate to the subject. Although she sometimes rests on a single circumstance a little too long, and occasionally dresses her sentences in richer drapery of words than they can well bear, yet for this, the opulence of strong images and gorgeous metaphors that sparkle and blaze throughout *Zophiël*, more than

atone. She never fails to imprint upon the mind a distinct image—this we think a remarkable talent in our poetess—we refer for instance to the descriptions of Judith, Esther, and Holofernes, and to other like passages in our extracts from *Zophiël*.

Considered with respect to its subject, its moral aim and the entire and complete action of the poem *Zophiël*, it is purely epic. It has all that unity of epic action, the “beginning, middle and end,” which Aristotle demands in a poem of this class, and possesses a splendor and dignity commensurate with the magnificence of the apparatus which the poetess employs. The subject is well chosen and skilfully conducted, while the plan is so conceived and managed that a great variety of affecting and striking incidents are introduced. Without aiming constantly to delight us by the brilliancy of her fancy and surprise us with numerous changes in the graceful costume in which she clothes her thoughts, without seeking to excite our wonder and dazzle with the actions of supernatural beings, she aims to touch the heart, and succeeds in the difficult task of enlisting human sympathies in the hapless fate of a spirit. Often sublime and awful, she is also tender and touching; pleasingly contrasting the strange and appalling scenes of the supernatural world with those of earthly love and affection.

Our poetess, in attempting an epic poem, which is the first in order and dignity in poetry, has shown a moral confidence in her powers, that is a strong mark of true genius. That she possesses genius will not be denied. She has succeeded in producing a composition, which with some faults, is a superb production, and entitles her to a rank among the best poets of the day. Why has it been so little known, and its authoress so seldom heard of, may be asked? *Zophiël* was first published in London, and not republished in this country for a long period afterwards, when a limited number of copies was printed in Boston; but whenever it chanced to fall in with one of them, it was spoken highly of by the press. In England, Marie del Occidente is far better known than in her native country. It is due to herself and to her own literature to remain no longer in the retirement which she courts. For the last sixteen years, moreover, she has resided for the most part in the island of Cuba, devoted to the education of two sons. She has never written under her own proper name; but with the modest diffidence of genius, assumed that of Maria del Occidente. Lastly, she has never written for pecuniary profit—nor made interest with publishers or editors for the circulation of her works. These are the reasons why so little is known of a poetess whose pen reflects honor on her sex and the country of her birth. To show that she is known and appreciated abroad, we quote a passage from “*The Doctor*,” which, in connection with other circumstances, be it mentioned in passing, goes far to prove Mr. Southey to be its author. For several years, Mr. Southey and Maria del Occidente have been correspondents. He read the proof sheets of *Zophiël*, which also is dedicated to him. He was also a warm personal friend of the poetess. Now, on the supposition that Mr. Southey is the author of “*The Doctor*,” let us read the following extract from chapter 54, p. i. page 221.

“To set about seeking a wife, is like seeking one’s

fortune, and the probability of finding a good one in such a quest, is less, though poor enough, Heaven knows, in both cases.

The bard has sung, God never form'd a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete !

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness ; these hurt, impede,
And leagu'd with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream ;

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.*

So sings Maria del Occidente, the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses."—[*The Doctor.*]

The friendship existing between Mr. Southey and the poetess, the dedication of *Zophiel* to him and the coincidence of this quotation from *Zophiel* in "*The Doctor*," is, we think, presumptive evidence enough to establish the authorship of this mysterious book.

Mrs. Brooks, at present, resides at West Point, where her son, a lieutenant in the Army, is stationed. Her rural residence in that delightful place, environed by some of the most magnificent scenery on the globe, is well suited to the graceful character of her poetic mind, and has a tendency to keep alive the spirit of poesy, which soon expires in a crowded and densely populated city. If Mr. Bryant and Mr. Halleck lived in the country, they would become voluminous writers, instead of tantalizing us as they now do, with glittering fragments from mines which are rich with entire diamonds. The abode of the poetess is the seat of unpretending elegance and of cultivated literary tastes. Soirees are held in her drawing room almost weekly, where assemble all the literature, scholarship, chivalry, and beauty of the place. The mother of two young gentlemen, she still retains the charm and vivacity of youth. She converses with ease and fluency, and with unaffected simplicity ; while her language is characterized by the natural elegance of diction, which is the result of a cultivated mind and taste ; her manners are marked with the elegance and ease of a high-bred woman, and in society she appears at all times rather as the accomplished woman than the literary lady ; but in the retirement of her own elegant study, she can talk both learnedly and interestingly, and range with the scholar through the wide and varied fields of literature and science. In sincerity of heart, in amiability of nature, and in all the nobler relations and duties of mother and friend, the authoress of *Zophiel* has no less distinguished herself than by her genius and talents.

At present Mrs. Brooks is engaged on a poem of an epic character, which after undergoing the test of her jealous and most critical scrutiny, will doubtless by and by be put to press. A remarkable attribute of our poetess is patience united with an absence of all that feverish anxiety to be seen in print, so characteristic of

**Zophiel.*

the *genus irritabile*. *Zophiel* remained on hand several years before it was published, and was re-written with her own hand, the meanwhile, no less than seven times ; and then, it has been seen, her diffidence would not let her put it to press until she had submitted it both to Washington Irving and Mr. Southey. As a prose writer, Mrs. Brooks is equally careful of her style, and has copied for the sixth time a beautiful story, the size of Chateaubriand's "*Atala*," called "*Idomen*," which we believe, it is her intention to publish when she has made it as perfect as she is capable of making it. This story will be a *bijou* in our American literature. That it must, aside from its rich style, please most readers, is plain, inasmuch as the beautiful descriptions and pleasing sentiments with which it abounds are copied from nature and reality.

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.*

Mankind, in general, have very erroneous ideas of the structure and character of the universe. There is among us much of that feeling which induced the English king to declare, that the length of his arm should be the basis of all measures. Our notions of force, of time, of motion, and of extent, are all drawn from circumstances immediately surrounding us, or from events in which we are the actors. We persuade ourselves, that the changes and vicissitudes which can be crowded into the brief period of the life of a man, are numberless ; we look upon this vast globe which we inhabit, as a mass of inconceivable magnitude and unspeakable importance in the fabric of the universe. A thousand years seems to us well fitted to mark off epochs in eternity, and we turn in disgust from the philosophy that would tell us, that our native earth, which has been the scene of all our loves and all our hopes—to which we have been endeared by the fairest recollections of pleasure, and even by the remembrance of sufferings—from the dust of which we were taken, and to whose bosom we are hastening to return—is nothing more than a little—a very little—star, among the great fires of the firmament.

But Nature knows nothing of individuals. All the laws by which her operations are conducted, are of the most general character ; they are not intended for solitary operation. A stone that is cast from the hand of a child, falls to the ground, not through any specific agency to meet one particular case, but in virtue of the general action of a general law ; a law, which is independent of place and of time. In her periodic motions, the earth revolves in obedience to the same force ; but that force was not called into existence for the guidance of the revolutions of this globe, any more than to direct the accidental fall of a stone. It was to infuse motion into myriads of worlds—to produce organization and life in the midst of silence and death—to direct the gyratory wanderings of star around star, and sun

* *Geology and Mineralogy, considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. William Buckland, D. D., Canon of Christ Church, and Reader in Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Oxford. In two volumes. Philadelphia—Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1837.*

around sun—to maintain in an eternal dance, gigantic systems, in the presence of which our earth and our sun, and all that we see, would shrink into an imperceptible speck. The magnificent machinery of the heavens, may well rebuke our presumption and folly: we are not the lords, but only obscure members of the republic of the universe; and the laws which bind us, are not alone for our good, but for the general benefit of the ten thousand orbs which we see, and for millions which *we know* are far in the abysses of space—the tokens of whose existence our eyes have never beheld, and our telescopes cannot reach.

There is nothing at rest in the world. A system of perpetual change is incident to every thing. The notes of music degenerate into silence, the etherial pulses of light have their shadows, rest succeeds to motion, and death is the allotted portion of all living things. Yet the same heavens that shine upon us, shone upon the first man; the same returning summers bring us the fruits of the earth; we feel pleasure in the same fragrant blossoms, which brought gladness to him; and like him we still hear the same solemn moaning of the sea. And these are things which we think are eternal, and we try to persuade ourselves that they were made for us. But the records of philosophy show, that every thing is in mutation, even in the remote and tranquil skies, where we might hope to look for repose; nor ought we to repine at the brief space of our existence, when even more than one of those enormous worlds have been blotted out:

"Why! who shall talk of thrones and sceptres riven?
Bow'd be our hearts to think of what we are,
When from its height afar,
A world sinks thus, and yon majestic Heaven,
Shines not the less for that one vanished star."

Though our lot has been cast on a little atom that floats amidst myriads of worlds, yet the conditions of our organization is such, that we determine with certainty events which have happened ages ago, and events which are to happen in the coming eternity. We disentangle from the mazy revolutions of the planets, the movements of our earth; we determine her size in yards, and her weight in pounds; we assign the distances and the masses of the bodies of our own system, and track the comet on his pilgrimage of ages, and he returns faithful to our word. We can say in how many seconds a wave of light can reach us from the sun; and that the temperature of the great vacuum, in which the bodies constituting the solar system move, is fifty-eight degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or a little under the freezing point of quicksilver. We can affirm, that the specific gravity of the planet Saturn is about the same as that of Cork, and that there is no fixed star within one hundred millions of millions of miles. Descending from the remote and great, down to the minute, we can show that the breadth of a wave of red light, is the two hundred and sixty-sixth ten millionth part of an inch; and that a particle of such light trembles four hundred and fifty-eight millions of millions of times in one second; or, that a wave of violet colored light, is the one hundred and sixty-seven ten millionth part of an inch in length, and that each particle of it vibrates seven hundred and twenty seven millions of millions of times in the same small interval. We know that matter is com-

posed of excessively minute atoms; and in the densest bodies the distance between the nearest particles, is almost infinitely great compared with the diameter of those atoms: and, little as they are, we can tell the relative weight of these particles, as for example that one of brimstone weighs $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as one of charcoal.

Such are the capabilities of the human intellect for discovery. We have been led to make these remarks, by the perusal of Dr. Buckland's excellent *Bridgewater Treatise on Geology and Mineralogy*. A strict criticism might lead us to object to the title, as a misnomer; for the book in point of fact, is not a work on Geology, much less on Mineralogy. Had it been designated as a treatise on fossil comparative anatomy, we should have been better pleased.

But it is immaterial by what names the master of a feast calls each dish, or from what district he ostensibly procures his wine, if the one is pleasant to the palate and the other unexceptionably mellow. We have here a highly interesting and most excellent work; we will not quarrel with it on account of its name.

The science of Geology may be said to have sprung into existence within the last fifty years. It is true, that we find among the writings of the earliest philosophers, speculations about the origin of the world; and even in the remotest antiquity, these speculations were incorporated with different theological systems. Thus, the Chaldeans and early theosophists of western Europe, believed in the eternity of matter at a period anterior to the institution of fire worship. At the time of the expedition of Alexander, Callisthenes found that the Chaldean priests possessed astronomical observations, reaching backwards over a period of nineteen hundred and three years. They had noticed the extreme regularity of the movements of the heavens, for they were able to reckon eclipses; and therefore knew, that under certain circumstances the moon passed through the shadow of the earth: they had detected the planets, and designated them by proper appellations, and had consecrated the days of the week to the more prominent celestial bodies, giving them names, the analogues of which, even through the vicissitudes of ages, have descended down almost unaltered to us; for, although the reason has been long ago lost, we still call the first day of the week by the name of the sun, and the second by that of the moon. The mere circumstance that they had determined the orbit of the planet mercury, is a lasting and remarkable proof of their skill. On his death bed, it was a subject of regret to the immortal KEPLER, one of the greatest astronomers, that in all his watchings of the heavens, he had never been able to see this star.

The regularity and precision with which the movements of the heavens are accomplished, led these ancient sages to many of their theological opinions; they had already recognised the position of the earth as a member of the solar system, and had determined the length of the year, and the fact of her rotation on her axis. In all their motions, no evidences could be traced of imperfection,—no indications of retardation,—both magnitudes and velocities were unchanged; and hence it was natural to infer that all those orbs were incapable of dissolution or even of decay; and the same reasons which would give to any of them an eternal

duration, would give it also to the earth; and thus the eternity of matter became an established dogma.

It is very remarkable, that in all ages so deeply have mankind been engaged in the study of these bodies—bodies, with which in some sense we have no concern—that astronomy has almost become a perfect science. It is a boast, that there is no movement of the stars, no matter how small or insignificant it may be, the true reason of which has not been discovered. In the early times, when the religion of the leading nations was purely astronomical, we can perceive a reason for this. The remarkable fictions which were based upon the movements of the skies—light which was taken as the representative of OMNIBUS or the good deity, and darkness of Ahriman the evil one—their contests and battles, which were typified by the alternations of the day and the night—the passage of the sun through the signs of the zodiac, the six spring and summer, and the six wintry signs—the respective emblems of the even balancing of good and evil in the world—the powers of darkness, whose resplendent representatives nightly spangle the blue vault, and exercise their influences on the earth beneath them—their vanquished and inferior condition, indicated by their disappearance each morning, at the coming up of the sun—these, and all the mythological machinery of antiquity, amply show how such studies came to be cultivated. It is, we repeat it, a remarkable fact, that whilst men were thus determining the constitution of the heavens above them, and founding their philosophical and religious opinions on their scientific discoveries, they remained in utter ignorance of all the evidence contained in the bosom of the earth, and left it for the last generation to found the science of geology.

In the work before us, the first feature that strikes us is the position which the author at once takes, in reference to one of the most interesting questions of physical geology. Dr. Buckland is a clergyman of the established Church of England, and holds a distinguished office in the ancient University of Oxford. Combining a profound knowledge of the department he more specially cultivates, with other collateral branches of science, whatever opinion he deliberately adopts, will command at once our most serious consideration. He has abandoned as an untenable hypothesis, the doctrine of the recent formation of the earth—and in this able treatise, seeks to harmonise a creation almost indefinitely remote with the contents of the first chapter of the pentateuch.

For many centuries an opinion has prevailed throughout Europe, that the creation of the earth took place at an epoch about six thousand years ago: the precise time is not insisted on, as different calculations made from analogous data, do not exactly coincide—the calculations themselves being based on the Jewish records, and depending mainly on the possibility of marking off series of years, from data found in the Holy Scriptures. On the other hand, the united testimony of almost all oriental pagan nations, asserts an extremely distant period for the civilization of man, and the foundation of many ancient empires; and therefore assigns a still more remote time for the creation of the earth. We have been accustomed to explain these things, by referring to the known habits and genius of Eastern nations, which delight in asserting the antiquity of

their foundation; thus, the Chinese, the Hindus, and the Egyptians, bring forward catalogues of kings and even whole dynasties, which would carry us back to an inconceivably ancient era. In this position of things, the rapid advances of several of the sciences have cast very great doubt in the minds of those most competent to judge, whether the doctrine of a recent creation is really correct,—the question, more from its peculiar position than from its intrinsic value, has assumed an aspect of the deepest interest.

And here we cannot help remarking, that for long it has seemed to us that an entire change is imperiously demanded in the education of modern theologians. Look at any of the great universities in Europe, many of them expressly founded for the purpose of theological education—the very same course of study is now followed, that was adopted two or three centuries ago. At that time it was of importance to be able to understand the Scriptures in the original tongues, to refer to the opinions of old writers, and put down the caviller by dint of superior literary attainments. But the state of things is utterly altered; the disputations of eighteen centuries have settled all the leading points, and he is regarded as an ingenious man who can find a new and plausible interpretation. And what is of infinitely more importance, the ground of attack is changed. Who thinks now, of making war on christianity by bringing forth a passage in the Greek? Does any man in his senses expect to break down the national faith, by a knowledge of Latin or Hebrew? But if Adanson brings from Senegal a section of a tree, and bids the plainest farmer in the land count more than five thousand annual rings in it, there is no classical quotation, no pleasant casuistry, which will binder that man from believing, that the tree was five thousand years old. If the French astronomers point out the principle of the conservation of the solar system, or if HERSCHTEL shows the young student the position of the earth in the universe, he will inevitably be led to consider his own position among the countless myriads of species, and speculate on the comparative importance of his own world. And the arguments with which these things are backed, are irrefragable, unless a man can distrust the plain evidence of his own senses, or doubt the first principles of arithmetic.

And, now, these are the kinds of weapons with which christianity has been assaulted within the last fifty years. It is in vain that we seek any longer to avoid the contest, or shift the ground of attack. An appeal has been made to the works of Nature, and before her tribunal the case must be tried. Astronomy, chemistry, anatomy, geology, and the whole range of the sciences, are giving in their evidence. Even in our own affairs, and in a cause that we may deem most righteous, we subject each witness to a searching cross examination, and do not trust ourselves except to such counsel, as we believe are learned in the law. How much more then, in a case which like this is of inexpressible importance to us, should we be careful to see, that our counsel are well informed of the position of our antagonists, and the exact character and bearing of the testimony to be objected to us.

Dr. Buckland has cast the die, and passed the rubicon;—many of the high church dignitaries have gone with him. In America, some of our leading philoso-

phers have followed. In London, the President of the Geological Society has written a treatise to prove, that all mundane changes have been brought about by the *slow* operation of the causes that are now in existence, involving thereby a pre-existence of thousands of centuries. It is the shame of the Catholic Church, that the nineteenth century was a witness of their edicts, still existing in full force against Galileo and the Copernican system. To this day, in the university of Salamanca, once a leading university of Europe, the Newtonian system of the world is repudiated. Scarce ten years have elapsed, since Cardinal Toriozzi, under the auspices of Pope Pius 7th, proposed in the congregation "that they should wipe off this scandal from the church." But the infallibility of the church and the fulminates of the conclave, have never retarded the universal adoption of the truth. The system of Copernicus, the laws of Kepler, and the works of Newton, have steadily advanced in defiance of the priesthood. It is a striking and an useful lesson.

Shall we for a moment suppose, that the universe is such a crazy machine, that some of its wheels cannot perform a single revolution, before all comes to a stop? Shall we presume to imagine, that it constantly requires botching, and tinkering, and starting again? In a work of art, we admire the regular and steady movement which keeps on undisturbed, when the engineer who made it and set it in motion has gone away—this is the perfection of mechanism—and we characterise that as a miserable failure, which requires the continued tampering of the artizan. Though James Watt, that Hercules of intellect, is dead, his iron children still keep on their incessant motion—their massive arms still pump out oceans, or drive the steam ship over the sea, or speed with the wind from one end of the continent to the other.

The structure, the purposes, the mode of action, and even the probable duration of any machine, may be understood by inspecting its several parts. Let us for awhile pass over the evidence which these geologists furnish us, and see whether we can obtain any indications that enormous periods of time are necessarily consumed, in effecting the revolutions and changes of the heavens. A man who had never seen a watch, would be unable to determine its use by merely considering the vibrations of its balance wheel; nor if he were told that it was for the purpose of effecting the mensuration of time, could he form any idea whether it answered the purpose or not, until he had observed that one of its hands made two revolutions in a day. It is by studying the slow motions of the solar and other systems, that we may be able to indicate how they stand in relation to our measures of time.

It would require a period of more than two hundred thousand years, for the major axis of Jupiter's orbit to accomplish one sidereal revolution, and a period of almost twenty-three thousand years to perform its tropical revolution; the nodes of the orbit of the same planet, revolve in a period of thirty-six thousand years. If, as some of the ancient fathers of the church supposed, all the great planets were in conjunction on the day of creation, there must elapse during each succeeding repetition of that astronomical occurrence, a period of more than seventeen millions of millions of years.

Leaving these distant worlds, let us come nearer

home, and see if in the case of our own earth such inconceivable periods are demanded for the accomplishment of any of her motions. It is so. It requires one hundred and fifteen thousand years for the major axis of the earth's orbit to pass through one sidereal revolution, and twenty-one thousand years to complete its tropical motion. The eccentricity which is slowly decreasing, will not vanish in less than thirty-seven thousand years. The maxima and minima of heat and light, which the earth receives from the sun, have secular epochs, accomplished in a period of about ten thousand years. The return of spring and the other seasons, undergoes a slow but unceasing change—a complete revolution not being accomplished in less than twenty-five thousand years. Taken together, spring and summer occupy at this time a period nearly eight days longer than autumn and winter. This difference is slowly abating; and hence it comes to pass, that for ten thousand five hundred years the northern hemisphere of the earth is more heated than the southern, and then for ten thousand five hundred, less heated.

But some may suppose, that in the perpetual movements and wanderings of the earth, among the mighty bodies that surround her, these slow motions may be disturbed, or the system be destroyed by its own reaction, or by some sudden shock. It would greatly detract from the Architect of the universe, could such events happen; and it is the glory of modern astronomy to prove, *that they are impossible*. All these perturbations, and even all the accumulations of them, begin at zero, and increase during an inexpressible lapse of time, up to unity, and then decrease back again to zero, to increase once more; just as a pendulum descends to the lowest point of its motion, and at that instant begins to ascend, and stops, to redescend; these perturbations run through a series of similar oscillations. It is indeed the glory of modern science to show, that this universe contains in itself no principle of decay, and that without a direct interposition of its Maker, it can continue its own existence, and keep up its own motion THROUGH ETERNITY.

We have said, that all the ideas of mankind in relation to time and space, are drawn from circumstances most nearly concerning them. Were we the inhabitants of another planet, how strangely would all these have been altered. If we had been born in Saturn, our year would have been thirty times as long as it is, or if in Uranus more than eighty times as long. To come nearer home—were we confined to the polar regions of our own earth, our day would have been six months long, and our night six months. An inhabitant of one of the stars, γ , Virginia, would count six hundred and twenty-nine years but as one; and the annual period of Σ , Bootis, is sixteen hundred of our years. If we keep these things in our minds, we may understand how little it becomes the insect that dies in a day, to judge of what is long and what is short.

It is a magnificent sight to stand on the sea shore and watch the breakers dashing among the rocks—we are overwhelmed with awe when we think that this mighty deep, stretches from continent to continent for thousands of miles—we look upon it as a fit emblem of Omnipotence. But when we reflect, that an average depth of three or four miles, is all that science will allow us to assign for "this great and vast sea," and

that the diameter of our earth is eight thousand, we can hardly credit the conclusion to which we are compelled to come, that the varnish on a common globe, bears much the same relation to its mass, that the ocean does to the earth.

The flight of a cannon shot is amazingly rapid, but it would take a cannon shot twenty-two years to pass from the earth to the sun—a distance of almost one hundred millions of miles—yet, in our planetary system, there are bodies more remote than the earth from the sun—the diameter of the orbit of Uranus is almost four thousand millions of miles; a distance utterly inconceivable. Now, if we could imagine a line to be drawn across space, in any part of our system, and to be two hundred millions of miles in length, that line would be *too short* to be seen from the nearest fixed star.

The fixed stars are suns like our earth, shining by their own native light; along with our sun, the larger and brighter of them constitute a special family or assemblage of stars, the number of individuals amounting to many millions; and between each of them, most probably there intervene distances, on the average as great, as those between our sun and any one of them—this countless assemblage, expanded thus over immensity, performs all their evolutions in obedience to the general laws of gravitation, and are probably each one accompanied by lesser and darker globes, which shine only by the reflected light of their principals, and are imperceptible to us, just as our earth and the great planets are imperceptible from the nearest star.

But this magnificent picture, the boundaries of which we cannot understand, must shrink into a speck. Far away, in the depths of space, we catch the pale milky light of brother systems of stars, like our own. The hand of a man would shadow them in their remoteness, and the faint beams which reveal them to us, must take thousands of centuries to cross the great vacuum, although light may fly almost a quarter of a million of miles in one second. With these systems, the firmament seems studded, nor can we number them; for each improvement of the telescope, brings into view others, the faint blush of whose beams had been before imperceptible. And such is the system of the world; what then is man?

Let us therefore beware, how we apply our paltry and pitiful measures of space, or of time, to the fabric of the universe; or how we dare to criticise the works of the Great and Unknown Maker of us all.

It thus appears, from a brief investigation of the mechanism of the world, that the lapse of long periods of time, in the accomplishment of certain events, is a phenomenon by no means of unusual occurrence; and that moreover, there is no reason to suppose it derogatory to the attributes of the Creator, that all the parts of this perfect machinery, can keep on their destined motion, for a period of which we cannot form any conception.

So much for probabilities; but further—philosophers may perhaps show, that as far as the earth is concerned, the matter is capable of *absolute physical proof*. On all hands it is admitted, that the temperature of the earth in high latitudes, was formerly much more exalted than now. This is proved by the abundant occurrence of tropical fossils in those places—remains, both of animals

and plants, now only occurring in the hottest regions. Some writers, not well informed of the leading propositions of mechanics, have endeavored to account for this, on the supposition that the axis of rotation of the earth, underwent a change at the deluge, being tilted from its former position, and that before that event, the ecliptic had no obliquity, and that there was a perpetual summer all over the earth, as old traditions and classical writers attest.

But the stanza of a Roman bard, weighs nothing against a mathematical demonstration. All writers on analytical mechanics agree, that in any solid body whatsoever, be its form or magnitude what it may, "there are at least three axes, at right angles to one another, round any one of which, if the solid begins to revolve, it will continue to revolve forever, provided it be not disturbed by any foreign cause;" and should any cause produce a rotation in any other axis, that rotation would not be permanent for an instant, but the revolving body would at once commence a wriggling oscillation, and directly return to one of the forementioned axes of equilibrium. It is therefore *absolutely impossible*, that the earth could have revolved permanently on another adjacent axis, than that on which her motions are now accomplished.

Moreover, the rocks of the oldest geological epoch, are all rocks of fusion. If a plain man were presented with a cannon ball, and asked his opinion how it was formed, can there be any doubt as to the nature of his answer? The chemist, has just the same, or *even more cogent* evidence, to convince him that the whole family of granites were produced by the action of fire, nor can he be more certain of his own identity, than he is that these rocks have existed in a molten condition, and that their crystalline form is the result of a slow cooling. Once grant this fact, and the hypothesis of the antiquity of the globe, follows as an irresistible consequence.

There is but one process by which the earth's temperature could *fall*, and that is by radiation of its caloric into space. Now, we can find very nearly, the degrees at which granite or syenite will enter into fusion, and we know the present mean temperature of the earth. The whole problem therefore resolves itself into this, "*to find the rate, and therefore the time of cooling, of a spheroidal mass of the magnitude and conducting power of the earth, by radiation into a vacuum through a given number of thermometric degrees.*" Upon these principles, Baron Fourier solved the proposition, and showed, that so nearly had an equilibrium of temperature been gained, in the enormous period of time that has intervened since the fusion of the granite, that it would take hundreds of centuries for it now to descend through a fraction of a degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

Leaving these chemical principles, let us now see how they tally with acknowledged astronomical results. We will imagine, that at some former period the temperature of the whole earth was at the melting point of granite, and it has descended more or less rapidly. Bodies, as they cool, contract in all their dimensions; hence a refrigeration of the globe could not happen, without its bulk becoming less and less. But, mark the mechanical result of this! If a sphere which is rotating on its axis, with a certain velocity, becomes less and less in bulk, its speed of revolution must become greater and greater. If the earth had once a higher

temperature than at present, it *must* have been of greater bulk, it *must* have revolved more slowly, and the *day must* have been longer; but it can be proved, that if the length of the day had decreased the three thousandth part of one second, since the Greek astronomer Hipparchus lived, two thousand years ago, the secular equator of the moon would have been diminished by four seconds and a half; an event which has not happened. This remarkable conclusion, which shows the power of physical science, in determining thermometric measurements, thousands of years before the thermometer itself was invented, shows also, that during the last twenty centuries the mean temperature of the earth has not perceptibly fallen; and, therefore, if it has ever been so high as is here supposed, two thousand years was nothing in comparison with the time which must have elapsed.

We have been induced to follow this course of argument, that our readers may be enabled to see the true position of this question. They will at once perceive, that the exact point is not whether the earth is six or sixty thousand years old, but whether certain rocks are really rocks of fusion;—the decision turns upon that point. And there are parts of evidence which should not here be overlooked; the action of gravity being estimated from the centre of the earth, causes all bodies the nearer they are to that centre, to be more and more dense; so it is stated, that at a depth from the surface short of four hundred miles, water would be as dense as quicksilver. But we know, that the aggregate specific gravity of the *whole earth*, is only about five times that of water, instead of being so vastly high, as this would make it; and hence we draw the inference, that this consideration is overcome by a dilatation, resulting from a very exalted temperature, still existing in the interior. A phenomenon, which volcanic eruptions, hot springs, and the temperature of deep caverns, and mines, seem to attest.

Such we suppose are some of the reasons which have decided Dr. Buckland in the course he has taken. For ourselves, before coming to a final conclusion, we should like to hear the case argued by those who doubt the correctness of his opinion. We should moreover wish to know, whether it be the opinion of oriental scholars, that violence is done by such opinions to the *plain meaning of the first chapter of Genesis*. It is for accomplished linguists *alone*, to settle this difficult point.

Mr. Lyell in his inquiry how far former changes of the earth's surface are referable to *causes that are now in operation*—taking the very ground that Dr. Buckland stands upon, of a very ancient creation—has endeavored to show, in a most elaborate way, that we need not look for miraculous causes to account for the structure of the crust of the earth. Whilst we are open to these arguments, and feel how cogent they are, we must nevertheless remember, that even the discoveries of Geology itself, have demonstrated that *new causes* have made their appearance on the earth—causes which in some cases, bear little or no resemblance to any that preceded or were contemporary with them. The united testimony of all geologists goes to show, that the appearance of man took place in the most recent geological epochs, long after the newer Pleiocene period of Mr. Lyell. Regarded simply as a physical agent, the powers of man are by no means contemptible.

The great Saurian reptiles, the mastodon, the megalonix, had, it is true, vast physical energy, compared with the frail frame of the two handed savage in his helpless infancy; but human intellect would have been an overmatch for them all. To the pterodactyle and the fowls, had been given the realms of air—the great whale and the sea monsters were masters of the ocean—innumerable tribes of wild beasts roamed the face of the earth; but to the human intellect alone, was committed the custody of the most powerful of all elements—Fire. It is to this gift that we trace human ascendancy all over the globe. No created thing can break the laws of its Creator,—Thou shalt be born—thou shalt die: these are the rules for man, and over them he has no control. The half reasoning elephant looks on the cheerful blaze of the camp-fire in the forest, but nature has forbidden him to touch it, and he never dreams of replenishing it. If the sea and the air and the earth have their tenants, although all corporeal organizations cease to exist far below a red heat, yet man is lord of the fire—with it, he is enabled to live beneath the poles—with it he has put all things under his feet—a single spark gives him omnipotence, and the wild beast flees before him—and cities sink down at the play of his artillery. There are but few epochs in human history—the creation of man—his discovery of the properties of fire—the invention of the printing press—gunpowder—and the steam engine.

It would afford matter of curious inquiry to ascertain how much of the intellectual superiority of man, is due to his control of this extraordinary element. Unlike the air or the water, he could not live in it, but it was committed to his care, to be created when he chose—vast charter of power—his curiosity has led him to subject all sorts of bodies to its action, and to the fund of knowledge he has thence derived, almost all his comforts and all his power are due.

If geologists will have their periods—if they tell us that the sea tribes first make the appearance, and then the tribes of the earth and the air—let them add thereto the most astonishing of all, the creation of a creature having the control of fire.

As an example of our author's method of description, we shall select parts of his account of the plesiosaurus, an extinct animal:—

"We come next to consider a genus of extinct animals, nearly allied in structure to the ichthyosaurus, and coextensive with it through the middle ages of our terrestrial history. The discovery of this genus, forms one of the most important additions that geology has made to comparative anatomy. It is of the plesiosaurus, that Cuvier asserts the structure to have been the most heteroclit, and its characters altogether the most monstrous, that have been yet found amid the ruins of a former world. To the head of a lizard, it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped, the ribs of a chameleon, and the paddles of a whale. Such are the strange combinations of form and structure in the plesiosaurus—a genus, the remains of which, after interment for thousands of years amidst the wreck of millions of extinct inhabitants of the ancient earth, are at length recalled to light by the researches of the geologist, and submitted to our examination, in nearly as

perfect a state, as the bones of species that are now existing upon the earth.

"The plesiosaurs appear to have lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and to have breathed air like the ichthyosaurs, and our modern cetacea. We are already acquainted with five or six species, some of which attained a prodigious size and length; but our present observations will be chiefly limited to that which is the best known, and perhaps the most remarkable of them all, viz. the plesiosaurus dolichodeirus.

HEAD.

"The head of the plesiosaurus dolichodeirus, exhibits a combination of the characters of the ichthyosaurus—the crocodile, and the lizard, but most nearly approaches to the latter. It agrees with the ichthyosaurus in the smallness of its nostrils, and also in their position near the anterior angle of the eye; it resembles the crocodile, in having the teeth lodged in distinct alveoli, but differs from both, in the form and shortness of its head, many characters of which approach closely to the iguana.

NECK.

"The most anomalous of all the characters of the plesiosaurus dolichodeirus, is the extraordinary extension of the neck, to a length almost equalling that of the body and tail together, and surpassing in the number of its vertebræ (about thirty three) that of the most long-necked bird, the swan: it thus deviates in the greatest degree from the almost universal law, which limits the cervical vertebræ of quadrupeds to a very small number.

EXTREMITIES.

"As the plesiosaurus breathed air, and was therefore obliged to rise often to the surface for inspiration, this necessity was met by an apparatus in the chest and pelvis, and in the bones of the arms and legs, enabling it to ascend and descend in the water after the manner of the ichthyosaurs and cetacea; accordingly the legs were converted into paddles, longer and more powerful than those of the ichthyosaurus, thus compensating for the comparatively small assistance which it could have derived from its tail.

"Comparing these extremities with those of other vertebrated animals, we trace a regular series of links and gradations, from the corresponding parts of the highest mammalia, to their least perfect form in the fins of fishes. In the fore paddle of the plesiosaurus, we have all the essential parts of the fore-leg of a quadruped, and even of a human arm: first, the scapula, next the humerus, then the radius and ulna, succeeded by the bones of the carpus and metacarpus, and these followed by five fingers, each composed of a continuous series of phalanges. The hind paddle also, offers precisely the same analogies to the leg and foot of the mammalia; the pelvis and femur are succeeded by a tibia and fibula, which articulate with the bones of the tarsus and metatarsus, followed by the numerous phalanges of five long toes.

"From the consideration of all its characters, Mr. Conybeare has drawn the following inferences, with respect to the habits of the plesiosaurus dolichodeirus: 'That it was aquatic, is evident from the form of its paddles; that it was marine is almost equally so, from the remains with which it is universally associated; that it may have occasionally visited the shore, the re-

semblance of its extremities, to those of the turtle may lead us to conjecture; its motion, however, must have been very awkward on land; its long neck must have impeded its progress through the water; presenting a striking contrast to the organization which so admirably fits the ichthyosaurus to cut through the waves. May it not therefore be concluded (since, in addition to these circumstances, its respiration must have required frequent access of air,) that it swam upon or near the surface; arching back its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach. It may, perhaps, have lurked in shoal water along the coast, concealed among the sea-weed; and raising its nostrils to a level with the surface, from a considerable depth, may have found a secure retreat from the assaults of dangerous enemies; while the length and flexibility of its neck may have compensated for the want of strength in its jaws, and its incapacity for swift motion through the water, by the suddenness and agility of the attack which they enabled it to make on every animal, fitted for its prey, which came within its reach.'

"We began our account of the plesiosaurus, with quoting the high authority of Cuvier, for considering it as one of the most anomalous and monstrous productions of the ancient systems of creation; we have seen, in proceeding through our examination of its details, that these apparent anomalies consist only in the diversified arrangement, and varied proportion, of parts fundamentally the same as those that occur in the most perfectly formed creatures of the present world.

"Pursuing the analogies of construction, that connect the existing inhabitants of the earth with those extinct genera and species, which preceded the creation of our race, we find an unbroken chain of affinities pervading the entire series of organised beings, and connecting all past and present forms of animal existence, by close and harmonious ties. Even our own bodies, and some of their most important organs are brought into close and direct comparison with those of reptiles, which, at first sight, appear the most monstrous productions of creation; and in the very hand and fingers with which we write their history, we recognise the type of the paddles of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus.

"Extending a similar comparison through the four great classes of vertebral animals, we find in each species a varied adaptation of analogous parts, to the different circumstances and conditions in which it was intended to be placed. Ascending from the lower orders, we trace a gradual advancement in structure and office, till we arrive at those whose functions are the most exalted; thus, the fin of the fish becomes the paddle of the reptile ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus; the same organ is converted into the wing of the pterodactyle, the bat, and the bird; it becomes the fore foot or paw in quadrupeds, that move upon the land, and attains its highest consummation in the arm and hand of rational man."

Let us take again another example;

THE PTERODACTYLE.

"The structure of these animals is so exceedingly anomalous, that the first discovered pterodactyle, was considered by one naturalist to be a bird, by another as a species of bat, and by a third as a flying reptile.

"This extraordinary discordance of opinion, respect-

ing a creature whose skeleton was almost entire, arose from the presence of characters, apparently belonging to each of the three classes to which it was referred. The form of its head, and length of neck, resembling that of birds; its wings approaching to the proportion and form of those of bats; and the body and tail approximating to those of ordinary mammalia. These characters, connected with a small skull, as is usual among reptiles, and a beak furnished with not less than sixty pointed teeth, presented a combination of apparent anomalies, which it was reserved for the genius of Cuvier to reconcile. In his hands, this apparently monstrous production of the ancient world, has been converted into one of the most beautiful examples yet afforded by comparative anatomy, of the harmony that pervades all nature, in the adaptation of the same parts of the animal frame, to infinitely varied conditions of existence.

"In the case of the pterodactyle we have an extinct genus of the order saurians, in the class of reptiles, (a class that now moves only on the land or in the water,) adapted by a peculiarity of structure to fly in the air. It will be interesting to see how the anterior extremity, which in the fore leg of the modern lizard and crocodiles is an organ of locomotion on land, became converted into a membraniferous wing, and how far the other parts of the body are modified so as to fit the entire animal machine for the functions of flight. The detail of this inquiry will afford such striking examples of numerical agreement in the component bones of every limb, with those in the corresponding limbs of living lizards, and are at the same time so illustrative of contrivances for the adjustment of the same organ to effect different ends, that I shall select for examination a few points from the long and beautiful analysis which Cuvier has given of the structure of this animal.

"We are already acquainted with eight species of this genus, varying from the size of a snipe to that of a cor-morant.

"In external form, these animals somewhat resemble our modern bats and vampires: most of them had the nose elongated, like the snout of a crocodile, and armed with conical teeth. Their eyes were of enormous size, apparently enabling them to fly by night. From their wings projected fingers, terminated by long hooks, like the curved claw on the thumb of the bat. These must have formed a powerful paw, wherewith the animal was enabled to creep or climb, or suspend itself from trees.

"It is probable also that the pterodactyles had the power of swimming, which is so common in reptiles, and which is now possessed by the pteropus pselaphon or vampire bat of the island of Bonin. Thus, like Milton's fiend, all qualified for all services and all elements, the creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas, or crawled on the shores of a turbulent planet.

'The Fiend,

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.'

"With flocks of such-like creatures flying in the air, and shoals of no less monstrous ichthyosauri and plesiosauri, swimming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of the primeval

lakes and rivers, air, sea, and land, must have been strangely tenanted in these early periods of our infant world.

"As the most obvious feature of these fossil reptiles is the presence of organs of flight, it is natural to look for the peculiarities of the bird or bat, in the structure of their component bones. All attempts, however, to identify them with birds are stopped at once by the fact of their having teeth in the beak, resembling those of reptiles; the form of a single bone, the os quadratum, enabled Cuvier to pronounce at once that the creature was a lizard; but a lizard possessing wings exists not in the present creation, and is to be found only among the dragons of romance and heraldry; while a moment's comparison of the head and teeth with those of bats, shows that the fossil animals in question, cannot be referred to that family of flying mammalia.

"The vertebræ of the neck are much elongated, and are six or seven only in number, whereas they vary from nine to twenty-three in birds. In birds, the vertebræ of the back also vary from seven to eleven, whilst in the pterodactyles there are nearly twenty; the ribs of the pterodactyles are thin and thread-shaped, like those of lizards; those of birds are flat and broad, with a still broader apophysis, peculiar to them. In the foot of birds, the metatarsal bones are consolidated into one; in the pterodactyles all the metatarsal bones are distinct, the bones of the pelvis also differ widely from those of a bird, and resemble those of a lizard; all these points of agreement with the type of lizards, and of difference from the character of birds, leave no doubt as to the place in which the pterodactyles must be ranged, among the lizards, notwithstanding the approximation which the possession of wings seems to give them to birds or bats.

"As an insulated fact, it may seem to be of little moment, whether a lizard or a fossil pterodactyle, might have four or five joints in its fourth finger, or its fourth toe: but those who have patience to examine the minutiae of this structure, will find in it an exemplification of the general principle, that things apparently minute and trifling in themselves, may acquire importance when viewed in connexion with others, which, taken singly, appear equally insignificant. If we examine the fore foot of the existing lizards, we find the number of joints regularly increased by the addition of one, as we proceed from the first finger, or thumb, which has two joints, to the third, in which there are four; this is precisely the numerical arrangement which takes place in the three first fingers of the hand of the pterodactyle. Thus far the three first fingers of the fossil reptile agree in structure with those of the fore foot of living lizards; but as the hand of the pterodactyle was to be converted into an organ of flight, the joints of the fourth or fifth finger were lengthened, to become expansors of a membranous wing.

"As the bones in the wing of the pterodactyle thus agree in number and proportion with those in the fore foot of the lizard, so do they differ entirely from the arrangement of the bones which form the expansors of the wing of the bat.

"The total number of toes in the pterodactyles is usually four; the exterior or little toe being deficient; if we compare the number and proportion of the joints in these four toes with those of lizards, we find the agree-

ment as to number to be not less perfect than it is in the fingers; we have in each case two joints in the first or great toe, three in the second, four in the third, and five in the fourth. As to proportion also, the penultimate joint is always the longest, and the antepenultimate, or last but two, the shortest; these relative proportions are also precisely the same as in the feet of lizards. The apparent use of this disposition of the shortest joints in the middle of the toes of lizards, is to give greater power of flexion for bending round and laying fast hold on twigs and branches of trees of various dimensions, or on inequalities of the surface of the ground or rocks, in the act of climbing or running.

"All these coincidences of number and proportion, can only have originated in a premeditated adaptation of each part to its peculiar office; they teach us to arrange an extinct animal under an existing family of reptiles; and when we find so many other peculiarities of this tribe, in almost every bone of the skeleton of the pterodactyle, with such modifications, and such only as were necessary to fit it for the purposes of flight, we perceive unity of design pervading every part, and adapting to motion in the air, organs which in other genera are calculated for progression on the ground or in the water.

"If we compare the foot of the pterodactyle with that of the bat, we shall find that the bat, like most other mammalia, has three joints in every toe, excepting the first, which has only two; still these two in the bat are equal in length to the three bones of the other toes, so that the five claws of its foot range in one straight line, forming altogether the compound hook by which the animal suspends itself in caves, with its head downwards, during its long periods of hybernation: the weight of its body being divided equally by this contrivance between each of the ten toes. The unequal length of the toes of the pterodactyle, must have rendered it almost impossible for its claws to range uniformly in line, like those of the bat, and as no single claw could have supported for a long time the weight of the whole body, we may infer that the pterodactyles did not suspend themselves after the manner of the bats. The size and form of the foot, and also of the leg and thigh, show that they had the power of standing firmly on the ground, where, with their wings folded, they possibly moved after the manner of birds; they could also perch on trees, and climb on rocks and cliffs, with their hind and fore feet conjointly, like bats and lizards."

These extracts will serve to show the excellent descriptive powers of our author, and his method of explaining in a popular way the results of the labors of the ablest comparative anatomists. Passages like these, cannot be read by those who have little acquaintance with geology, without agreeable surprise; they will at once readily see that there is a minute exactitude in these researches, for which perhaps they were not prepared—an exactitude belonging only to such sciences as are far advanced beyond the regions of mere speculation,—and that carries with itself the very stamp and impress of truth.

(Page 157.) "When we see the body of an ichthyosaurus, still containing the food it had eaten just before its death, and its ribs still surrounding the remains of fishes, that were swallowed ten thousand or more than ten times ten thousand years ago, all these vast inter-

vals seem annihilated, time altogether disappears, and we are almost brought into as immediate contact with events of immeasurably distant periods, as with the affairs of yesterday."

Speaking of the tracks of animals, one of the most remarkable discoveries of geologists, he says—

(Page 198.) "Scotland has recently afforded evidence of the existence of more than one species of these terrestrial reptiles (tortoises,) during the period of the new red or variegated sandstone formation. The nature of this evidence is almost unique in the history of organic remains.

"It is not uncommon to find on the surface of sandstone, tracks which mark the passage of small crustacea, and other marine animals, whilst this stone was in a state of loose sand at the bottom of the sea. Laminated sandstones are also often disposed in minute undulations, resembling those formed by the ripple of agitated water upon sand.

"The same causes, which have so commonly preserved these undulations, would equally preserve any impressions that might happen to have been made on beds of sand, by the feet of animals; the only essential condition of such preservation being, that they should have become covered with a further deposit of earthly matter, before they were obliterated by any succeeding agitations of the water.

"The nature of the impressions in Dumfriesshire, may be seen by reference to Pl. 26. They traverse the rock in a direction either up or down, and not across the surfaces of the strata, which are now inclined at an angle of 38°. On one slab there are twenty-four continuous impressions of feet, forming a regular track, with six distinct repetitions of the mark of each foot, the fore foot being differently shaped from the hind foot; the marks of claws are also very distinct.

"Notwithstanding this absence of bones, from the rocks which are thus abundantly impressed with footsteps, the latter alone suffice to assure us both of the existence and character of the animals, by which they were made. Their form is much too short for the feet of crocodiles, or any other known saurians; and it is to the testudinata, or tortoise, that we look with most probability of finding the species to which their origin is due.

"The historian or the antiquary may have traversed the fields of ancient or of modern battles, and may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, of all the countless millions of men and beasts, whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles, that crawled upon the half finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible. No history has recorded their creation or destruction; their very bones are found no more among the fossil relics of a former world. Centuries and thousands of years may have rolled away, between the time in which these footsteps were impressed by tortoises, upon the sands of their native Scotland, and the hour when they are again laid bare and exposed to our curious and admiring eyes. Yet we behold them stamped upon the rock, distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow, as if to show that thousands of years

are but as nothing amidst eternity ; and, as it were, in mockery of the fleeting perishable course of the mightiest potentates among mankind."

We have spoken of the exactitude and minuteness of geological research. Were we disposed we might draw abundant arguments from other collateral sources. On a footing with these fossil tracks, we might place fossil insects of many varieties,—spiders from the Jura limestone, scorpions from the carboniferous rocks, coleopterous insects in ironstone, the hard wing covers of beetles from the oolite slate,—and some of these so well preserved, that even the hairs on them are as distinct as in their living successors,—the ink bags of the loligo or cuttle fish, in such excellent preservation that the author has made drawings of *extinct* species, with their own sepia,—of so excellent a color as to deceive an expert painter, who begged to know by what colorman it had been prepared. We might also cite the *unhatched* eggs of birds, and a thousand varieties of the soft and delicious fruits of the tropics, converted by the slow process of petrification into stones so hard that they may be used to strike fire.

The Flora of this old world is not of less interest than its Fauna. Our author remarks, (p. 341.)

"If we take a general review of the remains of *terrestrial* vegetables, that are distributed through the three great periods of geological history, we find a similar division of them into groups, each respectively indicating the same successive diminutions of temperature upon the land, which have been inferred from the remains of the vegetation of the sea. Thus, in strata of the transition series, we have an association of a few *existing* families of *endogenous* plants, chiefly ferns and equisetaceæ, with *extinct* families, both *endogenous* and *exogenous*, which some modern botanists have considered to indicate a climate hotter than that of the tropics of the present day.

"In the secondary formations, the species of these most early families become much less numerous, and many of their genera, and even of the families themselves, entirely cease ; and a large increase takes place in two families that comprehend many existing forms of vegetables, and are rare in the coal formation, viz. *cycadeæ* and *coniferæ*. The united characters of the groups associated in this series, indicate a climate whose temperature was nearly similar to that which prevails within the present tropics.

"In the tertiary deposits, the greater number of the families of the first series, and many of those of the second, disappear ; and a more complicated dicotyledonous vegetation takes place of the simpler forms which predominated through the two preceding periods. Smaller equisetaceæ also succeed to the gigantic calamites. Ferns are reduced in size and number to the scanty proportions they bear on the southern verge of our temperate climates ; the presence of palms attest the absence of any severe degree of cold, and the general character marks a climate nearly approaching to that of the Mediterranean."

In relation to the vegetable origin of the coal deposits, (p. 344.)

"A similar abundance of distinctly preserved vegetable remains, occurs throughout the other coal fields of Great Britain. But the finest example I have ever witnessed, is that of the coal mines of Bohemia, just men-

tioned. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces, bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms, with which the galleries of these instructive coal mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal black color of these vegetables, with the light groundwork of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world ; he beholds trees, of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigor of their primeval life ; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians.

"Such are the grand natural herbaria, wherein these most ancient remains of the vegetable kingdom are preserved in a state of integrity, little short of their living perfection, under conditions of our planet which exist no more."

There is an excellent quotation from Dr. Lindley, (p. 351,) which we cannot avoid extracting. It is in reference to the lepidodendron.

"The lepidodendra, are, after calamites, the most abundant class of fossils in the coal formation of the north of England ; they are sometimes of enormous size, fragments of stems occurring from twenty to forty-five feet long ; in the Jarrow colliery, a compressed tree of this class measured four feet two inches in breadth. Thirty-four species of lepidodendron are enumerated in M. Ad. Brongniart's catalogue of fossil plants of the coal formation.

"The internal structure of the lepidodendron has been shown to be intermediate between lycopodiaceæ and coniferæ, and the conclusions which Professor Lindley draws from the intermediate condition of this curious extinct genus of fossil plants, are in perfect accordance with the inferences which we have had occasion to derive from analogous conditions in extinct genera of fossil animals. To botanists this discovery is of very high interest, as it proves that those systematists are right, who contend for the possibility of certain chasms now existing between the gradations of organization, being caused by the extinction of genera or even of whole orders ; the existence of which was necessary to complete the harmony, which, it is believed, originally existed in the structure of all parts of the vegetable kingdom. By means of lepidodendron, a better passage is established from flowering to flowerless plants, than by either equisetum or cycas, or any other known genus."

We might greatly extend these excerpts ; enough perhaps has been done to show the high character of the work. The second volume, which consists entirely of expensive plates, with their explanation, must of course speak for itself. It appeals at once to the eye, even of those who are not conversant with the minutiae of geology and natural history. It contains, as a preface, a large and beautiful plate, several feet long, as an explanatory section of the crust of the earth, appropriately colored ;

and we may venture to assert, that more geology may be learnt from the study of this plate, than from reading *some* professed treatises on the science. Indeed, any one who will take up this second volume, and look at its plates, and remember that these are the faithful representations of fossil organic remains, he will at once understand what we have been all along laboring to impress, that GEOLOGY, so far from being a science of mere speculation, appeals at once to our eyes and to our reason, and stands forth, though the youngest, not less beautiful or less enchanting than her sisters, and proudly claims kindred with Astronomy in her perfection, and Mathematics in her exactitude.

The whole range of science is lending its aid to geological development, chemistry, comparative anatomy, astronomy, natural history, and physics. The moment a fossil plant is formed, the botanist considers it and assigns it its proper place in the Flora,—an extinct animal,—the comparative anatomist announces its functions and laws of life,—the mechanical philosopher is studying the conditions of the structure of the earth's crust, so that in this way the science increases as it were in a geometrical ratio. A few years will doubtless produce results, for which, at the present moment, we should be found quite unprepared were they announced to us. But there is that dependance of one thing on another in the natural world, that the philosopher is often able to trace effects and causes, and find symmetry and relationship where ordinary men perceive nothing but confusion. The structure of the *eye* of an extinct fossil animal, will point out to us the condition of the medium in which it lived, in relation to light; and hence we can, from a single evidence of this sort, indicate the general character of external nature at any given epoch. The eye of a trilobite, found in the transition rocks, reveals to us the constitution of the sea at that remote period, and also that of the atmosphere; we know from the conformity of these ancient organs to the eyes of recent crustaceans, that little or no change has taken place in relation to the impressions of light on these organs in the long lapse of time that has intervened; and thereby that the media in which these animals lived, has not much changed in its physical character.

And what is more, it is millions of years since these creatures lived, if we are to believe our eloquent author; and yet in all that immensity of time, and with the experience which the springing into existence of a thousand species might have given him, the Almighty has never seen proper to alter in any respect this particular species of organ; but he forms the eye of the animal born to-day, on the earth, on the very same unaltered model which he gave to those of a remote period;—surely this is no blind chance, but deliberative wisdom and forecast,—an evidence of perfect OMNISCIENCE.

Here we shall leave our author, and we rise from the perusal of his work both entertained and instructed. We have freely discussed what we consider to be the capital objection to it, if there be any objection at all, and sincerely and cheerfully recommend it to our readers. To those who would be captious, as well as to those who would be considerate, we would ask for it a fair perusal; and because the subject on which it professes to treat is yet in its infancy, and has already

done much, and promises far more, we would say to both, in the ambiguous phrase of the monarch of the Roman lyre,

"Favete lingua."

Δ.

VERSICULI—NO. III.

BY LEWIS ST. MAUR.

SONG OF THE LOVER OF PLEASURE.

Come to the banquet now,
Drain the full goblet dry,
Eat, drink, the hours are passing on—
To-morrow we must die.

Come, here are luxuries,
The fruit of every clime;
Here satisfy your appetites—
Haste! seize the fleeting time.

And here are choicest wines,
From distant, sunny hills;
You here may drown a thousand cares,
Drive off a thousand ills.

Our life is but a day,
And swift its moments fly;
What hinders that our hearts be gay?
To-morrow we must die.

And, after death, what then?
Say, is our spirit naught?
Come, come, that dampens all our joy;
In wine we'll drown that thought.
The hours are swiftly passing by,
And on the morrow we must die,

NO. IV.

TO A COMET.

What art thou, flaming visitor,
That flashest o'er the sky,
Streaming along its azure blue
Thy frightful bloody dye?
At what eternal distant fire
Dost light thy blazing torch—
Or hast thou, in thy flaunting trail,
The power to burn and scorch?

Dost thou presage some coming ill,
Or desolation dire,
Or writest on the firmament,
In characters of fire,
The dread approach of him we call
The fiend insatiate, Death,
Who breathes thro' thee, his messenger,
A hot and withering breath?

Art thou the prison-house of them—
The damned souls who dwell
In torment which we can't conceive,
But think of as a HELL?

Dost drop them into liquid fire,
To writhe in untold pain,
Then dashest to the coldest point
Of the "intense inane?"

Or art thou but a vapor-wreath,
Floating along the sky,
And coming to our sight awhile,
We know not whence nor why?
Or dost thou weave a graceful dance
Through worlds of splendor bright,
Which seem to human eyes to gem
The diadem of night?

Thou art a thing surpassing strange,
And He who made thy form
To gleam amid the light of stars,
And ride above the storm,
Who rais'd on the confines of space
A temple for thy rest,
Of all the wise, the wisest is,
Of all the good, the BEST.

POLITICAL SCIENCE;

A discourse on the questions, "What is the seat of sovereignty in the United States, and what the relation of the People of those States to the Federal and State Governments respectively," read before the Petersburg Lyceum on the 16th of May, 1839. By Judge Beverley Tucker, of William and Mary College.

Gentlemen of the Lyceum—

When I accepted the courtesy which invited me to lay before you my thoughts on such subject as I might select, it became my duty to fix on one not unworthy of the occasion. I owed it to you to choose a theme the bare announcement of which might awaken important reflections in your minds, and thus supply those deficiencies in myself, which it may, at the same time, render more conspicuous. It happens fortunately that the nature of our institutions suggests innumerable topics of this character; and the page of our history is resplendent with events worthy to be commemorated in loftier strains and to be illustrated by profounder reflections than any which I can offer.

This day, gentlemen, is the anniversary of such an event. Sixty-three years have now rolled away since, in the ancient capital of Virginia, a deed was done worthy to live forever in the memory and in the hearts of Virginia's sons. Yet may I not ask, without offence, how many of those who hear these words are aware of the event to which they allude? How many are aware that this day is at all distinguishable from other days, when the sun, in his progress round the earth, looks every where on the same events, monstrous indeed when contemplated singly, but, to the eye that beholds all things, stale and monotonous in their ever recurring atrocity? In one region indeed he views a scene, where Despotism, with his iron grasp, crushes the hearts and hopes of prostrate nations. In another the infuriate shout of lawless anarchy rises from tumultuous millions just escaped from chains, wreaking their boarded

vengeance on the heads of tyrants, and then turning their thirsty weapons on each other's hearts. In these two extremes is a summary of the every-day history of man. *Here* the dull ox bears not more tamely the master's yoke, than he submits to the exactions, the caprices, the atrocious cruelties of tyranny. *There*, the tiger roars not for his prey, with more eager ferocity than that which whets his sword against his brother's life, and proclaims "war to the knife," against him who hung with him at the same breast.

How refreshing, how consoling to the jaded spirit, to turn from the contemplation of scenes like these, to the calm, yet grand and imposing spectacle of a people but just emancipated from a degrading thralldom, and, in sober wisdom and quiet dignity, addressing themselves, as to the performance of a sacred duty, to the solemn and responsible task of SELF GOVERNMENT!

That spectacle, on this day sixty-three years, Virginia exhibited to the world, and the memory of that majestic scene it is now my task to rescue from oblivion. It was on that day that she renounced her colonial dependence on Great Britain, and separated herself forever from that kingdom. Then it was, that, bursting the manacles of a foreign tyranny, she, in the same moment, imposed upon herself the salutary restraints of law and order. In that moment she commenced the work of forming a government complete within itself, and, having perfected that work, she, on the 29th of June, in the same year, performed the highest function of independent sovereignty, by adopting, ordaining and establishing the constitution under which all of us were born. Then it was that, sufficient to herself for all the purposes of government, she prescribed that oath of fealty and allegiance to her sole and separate sovereignty, which all of us, who have held any office under her authority have solemnly called upon the searcher of hearts to witness and record. In that hour, gentlemen, it could not be certainly known, that the other colonies would take the same decisive step. It was indeed expected. In the same breath in which she declared her own independence, Virginia had advised it. She had instructed her delegates in the general congress to urge it; and it was by the voice of one of her sons, whose name will ever proudly live in her history, that the word of power was spoken, at which the chain that bound the colonies to the parent kingdom fell asunder, "as flax that severs at the touch of fire." But even then, and while the terms of the general declaration of independence were yet unsettled, her's had already gone forth. The voice of her defiance was already ringing in the tyrant's ears, her's was the cry that summoned him to the strife, her's was the shout that invited his vengeance.

"Me! me! *Adsum qui feci. In me convertite ferrum.*"

I am persuaded, gentlemen, that I should disappoint your just wishes, should I permit myself to be led away by this glorious theme into a declamatory celebration of this important event. It becomes me to suppose, that, in inviting me to appear before you, you expected that I should submit to you sober thoughts upon some subject of deep practical and enduring interest. I was bound to suppose that you wished me to select a topic illustrative of some important point in the institutions of our country. It was under this impression that I fixed on

this day, not as a theme for schoolboy declamation, but as a text for remarks, which I trust may be thought not unworthy of serious and solemn meditation.

I will not weary you by laying before you the record of the transaction to which I have adverted. Enough has been said to show that Virginia, on that occasion, standing in her own place, and in her own strength, performed for herself the highest and most unequivocal act of absolute and independent sovereignty. She then affirmed in herself the *right* of self-government; she then took upon herself the *task* of self-government. In that day she commenced the work of framing for herself a constitution, under which all the powers of government were to be exercised by the ministers of her sole and sovereign will. In that day she severed her people from all connection with any other power, from all subjection or responsibility to any authority on earth but her own. Her right to do this was indeed contested by the only country having an interest in disputing it; but the contest was finally relinquished. By the treaty of peace the sovereignty thus claimed was distinctly recognised by England, and, through her, by all the world. Thus, by the common consent of all mankind was Virginia established in the character of a free, sovereign and independent state—in the indefinite right to govern her people, to control and direct their conduct in all things, to hold them responsible to her for all their acts, and irresponsible to all the world besides.

In the contemplation of this remarkable event, questions present themselves to the mind, which will deserve our most serious thoughts. Virginia then affirmed her sovereignty, and it has since been recognised by all the world. But what is that which was thus affirmed and thus recognized? What is sovereignty; and what is the seat of that sovereignty among us?

I shall not trouble you, gentlemen, with a formal definition of the word. I am afraid I could offer none which should assign it a palpable and efficient meaning at which some who affect to stickle for the sovereignty of Virginia would not impatiently cavil. Yet even at the hands of such I will accept what shall serve me as a definition.

Define it as we may, none will deny, that where all power rightfully is, *there must be sovereignty*. And where is that? I give the answer from an authority that none can question. I give it in the language of that bill of rights which was intended to guard from misconstruction and abuse the powers which Virginia was about to confer on her own public functionaries. Its promulgation was immediately consequent on the declaration of her independence, and immediately preceded the adoption of the constitution. The three may be considered as simultaneous, and each may be taken as illustrating and explaining the other two. In that instrument it is declared, "that all power is vested in, and consequently derived from the people; that magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at all times amenable to them." Whose words are these? I answer that the bill of rights, in which they are found, was adopted *nemine contradicente* in the same convention which ordained and established the constitution. They are then the unanimous voice of the people of Virginia, proclaimed by the lips of those, who, clothed with all the authority then recognised within her borders, thus declared that they held it as the trustees and servants of the peo-

ple. They are the concurrent declaration of all concerned, both rulers and people, that to the latter all power rightfully belongs, and that the former are but their servants.

Of what people were these words spoken? Of the people of the ancient colony of Virginia, then in the act of establishing itself a free, sovereign and independent state. There was none other of whom they could be spoken. To that hour the yoke of colonial vassalage still rested on the necks of all the other North American colonies. As yet there was no political union between Virginia and the rest, nor was there any thing to draw or compel them to each other, but a common danger, and a common enemy. They were indeed invited and expected to follow the lead of Virginia. So too was Canada; and there was not one of them, which, like Canada, might not have identified herself with the common enemy, by shrinking from that decisive step of which Virginia had just set the example.

What then do we learn from these words? Do they not teach us that governments are but creatures, and the people the creator? that they, whom we familiarly call rulers, are but servants, and that the people are their master? that sovereignty cannot be rightfully predicated of government, the creature, or of magistrates the servants, but that it inheres, and must forever rightfully inhere in the people, the creator and master.

If this admits of any doubt, that doubt must vanish when we read in the same instrument the farther declaration, "that whenever any government shall be found inadequate or contrary to the happiness and safety of the people, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the common weal."

Gentlemen—in other countries men may speculate on the theory of the social compact. Here is the thing itself, in written and palpable form. In these words, *thus promulgated*, we find an authority for affirming their truth. As far as we are concerned they are true, because thus declared to be so. Elsewhere the authority of government may not be the result of universal consent, and men may elsewhere be governed by laws enacted by those whose behests they have never agreed to obey. Not so here. Here is the unanimous act of all concerned; the unanimous consent of all to live in obedience and fealty to Virginia, under any form of government that a majority of her people may prescribe to the rest, so long as it may be so prescribed, and no longer. If there be any lawful sovereignty on earth; if any where the authority of men to bind their fellows can be traced to a legitimate source, it is here.

May I not then safely affirm, that on the day when these memorable words were spoken, Virginia was a sovereign state; that her sovereignty resided in the collective body of the people, and that in that people was the seat of all power. May I not affirm, that nothing then done can be rightfully so construed as at all to derogate from this paramount supremacy thus distinctly asserted? May I not go farther and affirm, in virtue of this fundamental principle of our social compact, that nothing done then or since, and nothing to be done hereafter, can have the effect of disparaging or impairing the sovereign right here pronounced to be *unalienable and indefeasible*, but by the utter dissolution

of the society in which it is declared to inhere? Virginia may dissolve her ancient incorporation; her people may disband, or amalgamate themselves, by a sort of political fusion, with another community, but here stand the original terms of our association, that so long as she retains her individuality, so long will the right of a majority of her people to reform, alter, or abolish any form of government that they have adopted, or may adopt, remain *indubitable, unalienable, indefeasible*. Are we not at least bound to understand these words as qualifying and explaining every delegation of power made by the constitution about to be adopted? Are they not an admonition to those, whom, in conformity to the jargon of courts, we call our rulers, that they are our *servants* still—that their powers, however great, are not their own, but *ours*, exerted through them, *our instruments*.

I beg you to observe, gentlemen, that the answer to these questions is not to be affected by the *degree* of power thus conferred, or the forms used in designating and appointing those who are to exercise it. Remove all the restrictions of the constitution on the powers of government; obliterate every prohibition; surrender the freedom of religion, of speech, and of the press; abolish popular election, and let the title to office be conferred by lot or birth, for one year or for life; it will make no difference. The rights of the people will be less secure, but not less unquestionable. The ultimate sovereignty may be not so easily exerted, but it will be no less sacred. As long as the words of the people are sounding in the ears of magistrates; as long as they are admonished in the very charter of their authority, that their powers are but delegated, and may be resumed; that the constitution is but the creature of the people, and may be by them abolished; and that they themselves are servants, not masters; so long must it be confessed that the seat of sovereignty is in the people. "Be ye sure," saith the Psalmist, "that the Lord he is God. It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves." "God spake once. Yea, twice have I heard the same. Power belongeth unto God." "He can create, and he destroy," and he "is God alone." Gentlemen, I mean nothing profane. But such is the relation in which the people stand to the *political* existence of their governments; and such is the language, modified to the nature of the case, which it becomes magistrates to apply to their creator, the master of their life, the people.

But, gentlemen, it is not my purpose to magnify this sovereignty of the people. It is not from my lips that even to this hallowed name shall be addressed that flattery which all sovereigns delight to hear. My only object is to disabuse the minds of those who are in the habit of imputing sovereignty to governments. The error is so natural that it is almost universal. In other countries it may not be error. There may perhaps be nations, where, by the consent of all concerned, sovereignty resides somewhere else than in the people. I do not know that the case is possible; but if it be, that is their concern, not ours. But, unfortunately, our lips are familiar with forms of speech more suited to foreign institutions than our own. We are taught to associate, in our minds, the idea of sovereignty with the trappings of royalty; and we look at least for the insignia of active power; the axe—the fasces, and the lictors. It demands an effort of thought and imagination for which

we are illy prepared, to look beyond the veil, to the presiding spirit of the Temple, that sanctifies the Priest, the Altar, and the Sacrifice. Like him who spoke to Moses on the Mount, it has no bodily presence by which we can identify it. It is an object of contemplation to the mind alone. The moral and intellectual faculty alone can comprehend it. What is that object? It is the *COMMON MIND*, made up of the collective intelligence and experience and virtue, and alike of the prejudices, passions and infirmities of a great multitude, bound together in one great permanent co-partnership of generation with generation; of the living with the dead, and with those who are yet unborn; in which the wisdom of each is the wisdom of all; the strength of each the strength of all; and the wants and weaknesses of each alike the care of all. He must have a very imperfect perception of this object, who does not discover in it something to be approached with reverence and awe. The idea of a common will pervading such a multitude, and acting with a power so overwhelming, is august and imposing. The sense of moral dignity must be perverted and corrupt in that man, who does not feel that it is the more august, the more imposing, because, withdrawn from vulgar gaze; "circling its throne with the majesty of darkness," it reposes quietly within the sanctuary; while they who strut the busy stage of life, and dazzle men's eyes with the trappings of authority, are but its servants, "the ministers of its will, to do its pleasure."

With us, at least then, gentlemen, government is not sovereign. And this is the truth with which I am mainly anxious to impress you. If there be no sovereignty in government, we owe it no allegiance. That sentiment; that subordination of the heart; that devotion of spirit, which accounts the surrender of life itself a cheap sacrifice, is due alone to that collective whole, of which we ourselves are part.

But is there then no sovereignty in that great central government, which, Colossus-like, bestrides the continent, and beneath which the states are sometimes invited to seek shelter for their violated rights and insulted dignity? Can there be so much active power, and yet no sovereignty? Can the thing so huge be yet a creature?

Yes, gentlemen. That central government itself is but "the Leviathan of all the creatures of the people's will. Huge as it is, and while it 'lies floating many a rood,' it is still a creature. Its ribs, its fins, its whale-bone, its blubber, the very spiracles through which it spouts its torrents of brine against the author of its existence, every thing of it and about it is from the people."

In proclaiming that ratification of the federal constitution, from which it derives all its authority over her citizens, Virginia again accompanied this new delegation of power with the same emphatic declaration, "that all power is naturally vested in, and consequently derived from the people; that magistrates, therefore, are their trustees and agents, and at all times amenable to them." In the very act of ratification itself she again declares, "that the powers granted under the constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them, whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression."

Was I right, when I just now inferred from the use

of such language as coupled with the delegation of power to the functionaries of the state governments, that by that delegation the sovereignty of the people was in no wise surrendered or impaired? And shall I be wrong when I draw the like inference now? Is the sovereign right of the people to annihilate the work of their hands, to recall the powers they have granted, to abolish the government they have established, the less sacred, the less unquestionable, because the exercise of the right might be attended with greater difficulty in the latter case than in the former?

I foresee that many will be reluctant to give to these questions the only answer they admit of. Their democracy is content to exercise itself in domineering over the poor limited and feeble state government, which meekly recognises its responsibility and dependence on the people for its existence, and which is not provided with the means to purchase favor, or to overawe disaffection. At Washington things wear a different face; and men require double conviction before they will consent to adopt opinions which may not find favor in the eyes of those who dispense honors to which the loftiest ambition may aspire, and distribute revenues that might glut the rapacity of avarice. Such gentlemen will tell me, that though sovereignty is not to be imputed to the government of the United States, yet it resides in an imaginary body politic which they call the people of the United States.

To this, I answer at once, there is no such body politic, and no such people. In proof of the first of these assertions, I appeal to the record. The Journal of the Convention, by which the constitution was framed and submitted to the states, respectively, shows that it was proposed in that assembly to constitute the United States a body politic, endowed with the powers appropriate to that character; and that this proposition was either rejected or withdrawn by the proposer as inadmissible. There is then no such body politic as the United States, and therefore there can be no such people as the people of the United States. The idea of a people is not that of a mere multitude of men. It is that of men so associated as to form a body politic. Where there is no body politic there is no people; and though a number of bodies politic may associate their combined authority and force, for the accomplishment of any common purpose, the several bodies politic thus associated do but form a league, each retaining its several and distinct political individuality, without constituting a new body politic compounded of the whole.

But I do not choose to rest this proposition on an argument, which may seem too technical for the magnitude of the subject. I shall be the last to contend that the great and essential rights of men are to be determined by the niceties of special pleading. It is to the test of practical consequence that I propose to bring the question.

If the inhabitants of these United States have indeed undergone that sort of political fusion, by which states are melted down into one aggregate body politic, then in that body politic reside all the rights and powers incident to that character. A body politic owes not its authority to the government by which it is pleased to act, nor to the constitution establishing that government. These are but its creatures, and instruments. It is paramount to both, and its existence and powers

will survive the abolition of both. We are all familiar with the recent instance in which the commonwealth of Virginia, no longer satisfied with the constitution first adopted, no longer willing to have its authority represented by the functionaries appointed under that constitution, came forward on the stage, and, by one word of power, annihilated both. But was the commonwealth of Virginia annihilated? Was the arm of her authority shortened? Was the right of the collective whole to give law to itself in all its parts at all impaired? Just the reverse of this was the fact. The limited authority of the agent was exchanged for the unlimited authority of the master. A government of mitigated and restricted powers had disappeared, and we found ourselves in the presence of an authority indefinite—boundless—to which all things were lawful. Then it was that the absurdity of imputing sovereignty to governments was indeed made manifest. That beggarly counterfeit sovereignty vanished like the detected valet at the appearance of the master whose clothes he had stolen, and whose name he had assumed. That which before had seemed the source of authority was now found to be its instrument. That which before had seemed the fountain of light and heat, now proved to have been but a screen to soften the intensity of its rays. It was removed, and we stood at once in the unmitigated blaze of a sovereign power, to which none might say "What doest thou?" From the government existing under the constitution, men were safe in life and liberty and property, save only their responsibility for crimes previously defined and known. The rights of conscience, the right to bear arms, the privilege of speech and of the press, all were safe. Bills of attainder, *ex post facto* laws, and laws invading vested rights had not been within the competency of that government. But the power which abolished it, and took its place, acknowledged no such restrictions. Supreme in all things, its will was law, without responsibility and without appeal.

Such was the effect of the abolition of the constitution of Virginia. What was it but the removal of an incumbrance, not unaptly likened to the frail covering of clay that binds down to earth the indestructible spirit of man. Strip off that worthless husk. Take away the organs of sense, through which as through loop-holes we look out dimly on the objects that surround us. What then! The soul needs them not. All eye, all ear, all nerve, it sees and hears and feels, alike in every part.

Just so of the sovereignty of the people, when, by the abolition of constitutions and governments, it frees itself from self-imposed restraints. It doffs aside the puny agency of magistrates, executive, legislative and judicial; and stands confessed in unclouded majesty, sufficient for itself in all things, combining and exercising all powers and all functions.

Gentlemen; if there be such a people, and such a body politic as the people of the United States, even such must be the effect of the abolition of the constitution of the United States. But is any one prepared to admit this? Do they err who suppose that the abolition of that constitution and the revocation of the powers delegated by the states, would but reinstate the states themselves in the exercise of those powers? Are we to be told, that instead of this, the abolition of that

instrument would abolish too the constitutions of the states, and even the states themselves? Are we to believe, that as a necessary consequence of such a measure, the ancient landmarks between the states, must instantly disappear? Is the whole organized population of twenty-six distinct states to sink down at once, into one chaotic mass, in which the *discordia semine rerum*, shall struggle for the mastery, and finally take whatever form a majority of the whole may choose to impose? Can it be that the severance of the only tie that binds us to the other states, is to be followed by a necessary complete and indissoluble amalgamation with them?

Gentlemen; I beg you calmly and distinctly to contemplate the absurdity of this idea. At present, the only right of the man of Maine, Missouri or Louisiana to meddle with any thing that concerns Virginia is derived from the constitution. By this, certain defined and limited powers are conferred on the common agents of all the states. To abolish the constitution should be to determine these powers. And shall we be told, that instead of this, the effect of such a measure must be to abolish, not the powers themselves, but all limitations on those powers. Yet this must be so, if indeed there be a body politic comprehending all the inhabitants of the United States. Whatever abuses then, whatever oppressions we may encounter, must be borne with patience, lest a worse thing befall us. We must be careful not to recall any authority, which, in the language of the ratification by Virginia, "may be perverted to our injury or oppression," lest, in the attempt, we do but make a full surrender of that and every other power whatever. Gentlemen; if the science of government admits of a *reductio ad absurdum*, this is one. If there be any proposition, which may be proved to be false, by the preposterous conclusions to which it leads, such is the proposition that affirms the sovereignty of the United States, or the existence of such a body politic or such a people.

How then, it may be asked, are we to understand the language of Virginia herself, when, in ratifying the constitution, she declares, that "the powers granted under the constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression?"

I answer, that the phrase must be understood here as in the preamble to the constitution, not as technically designating a political body, but as a mere noun of multitude. For, I beg you to observe, gentlemen, the declaration is that the powers granted may be *resumed*—restored to those to whom they before belonged; not distributed, in wide and wasteful profusion to those who had never yet possessed them. The states alone had possessed these powers as separate and distinct bodies politic, and they could only be *resumed* in the same character. The grant and the resumption of power are both predicated of the same subject. Of this subject it is alike affirmed, that the powers under the constitution had been granted and were to be resumed thereby, and hence we conclude that these powers proceeded from the same source to which they were to revert. That source then was the sovereignty of the states, and not any such *body politic* as the people of the United States, whose association would be dissolved by the very act which was to restore the power to the hands that conferred it. So far then from giving countenance

to the idea of the existence of any such body politic, this very language exposes the absurdity of that idea. It shows, that the abrogation of the constitution was not to be attended with the consequences which the existence of any such body politic would render inevitable. It was not to be followed by the establishment of an absolute and unqualified supremacy in the collective whole, but the parts were to be *reinstated* in the exercise of all the powers and functions which they had delegated.

Observe then, I beseech you, gentlemen, the difference between the actual, though dormant sovereignty of the people of Virginia, and the imaginary sovereignty of the people of the United States. Take away the constitution of Virginia: the government is abolished, but the people and the commonwealth remain. The sovereignty, which before had slumbered while its servants watched, is awakened, and its authority absolute, boundless, unqualified, takes the place of the restricted functionaries it supersedes. But take away the constitution of the United States, and no such august object is disclosed. The people of the United States vanish. The body politic, if there be one, dissolves into thin air; and we see instead, twenty-six distinct and disconnected states, each under its simple republican forms, exercising its separate sovereignty by the same limited and responsible agents as before. Virginia may abolish her constitution, and, by the original terms of her social pact, a majority of her people may prescribe to the rest what form they will. But let the constitution of the United States be abolished, and the authority of the central government expires, and can never be restored but by the unanimous consent of each one of the several states. None would have power to bind the rest in any thing.

The government then, is but the outward covering of the body politic—the fleshly vesture of the spirit within. Through this indeed it performs the functions of sovereignty, and, in the exercise of these functions, are the evidences of its living energy. And here, gentlemen, is the proof of a self-inherent power, original and indestructible. *The State has power to lay down her life; and she has power to take it up again.* Not so the Union. Let the spirit once depart from the government of the United States, and it sleeps in eternal death. The master of life—the same power which first created may restore it; but the act will not be the act of the people of the United States, acting by any authority in a majority, or in any other portion to bind the rest, but the free and voluntary act of sovereign and independent states completely dissociated, and coming together again by a new league, in forming which each must act for herself alone.

The occasion does not admit that I should trace out in detail all the results of this argument. Nor have I a right to weary you by conjecturing the answers and objections to it which will doubtless be eagerly urged by those who bow the knee to the Baal of federal supremacy. Such will be shocked and scandalized at being told that their God is no God. I cannot stop to soothe their offended superstition; but I will take leave to say what must be the legitimate result of the doctrine which denies the sovereignty of the states, or affirms that of the government or people of the United States.

If the government be sovereign, then all our ideas of

the sovereignty of the people are erroneous. If the government be sovereign, then are magistrates no longer the servants of the people, but their masters. But, gentlemen, if they are our masters, it must be because Virginia has made them so. She once was sovereign, and her's was once the only voice which spoke in tones of authority to her children. If her sovereignty be impaired, it must have been by her own act, when she commanded her people to render obedience to the authority of the officers of the federal government. Had she not done this, we should have owed them none. But she commanded it, and her command was law to us. But what did she command? Was it that we should obey them as *our masters* and *her's*? No, gentlemen: she commanded us to obey them as her *trustees* and *agents*, as the ministers of her will. In the very act of commanding our obedience she declared them to be so, and as such, as persons authorised to speak and act in her behalf, in their appropriate spheres, she required us to submit to her authority represented by them. Over us, at least, the government of the United States is not sovereign.

But the people of the United States!!! Gentlemen; I will admit, that if there be a body politic consisting of the whole population of the United States, that body politic is sovereign, and the sole sovereign over us. And not only is that body politic sovereign over us, but it is sovereign over the government of the United States, consisting of its agents and servants, and over the constitution, its creature. What then becomes of the reserved rights of the States? Of what value to us are all constitutional limitations on the powers of the central government? Why were they imposed? Was it not because Virginia did not mean to assign to any authority, acting on behalf of the whole Union, power to legislate for her people in *all things*? And why not? Was it not because it was clearly foreseen that such an authority, having no control but the will of the collective majority, must become, in the hands of that majority, an instrument for the plunder and oppression of minorities? Has not the event proved the wisdom of this apprehension? Are we not sensible, that they who struggle to free the government of the United States from the restraints of the constitution, do so only that they may give free scope to a system of plunder and oppression, of which we are to be the victims? In this danger we look to the constitution as the safe-guard of our rights. But of what value is that safe-guard, if, after all, it is but the creature of that very majority against which it should protect us? Constitutions cannot give law to the sovereignty that creates and may abolish them. They are but the instruments by which the sovereignty makes known and enforces its will; instruments that the sovereignty may at any moment cast away, if unsuited to its purposes.

Gentlemen—if the ideas I have presented are not utterly false, they should lead you to perceive, that they who talk to you of *divided* sovereignty, talk of that which is absurd and can have no existence. *There can be but one Supreme. There is no god but God.* The officers of the federal and state governments, said Mr. Madison, in his exposition of the constitution, are alike the agents of the people of the several states; the one set acting in the name, and for the behoof of one state alone, the other acting for all alike. The state acts

through both, *surrendering* nothing of its sovereignty to either, but *delegating* an authority to exercise some of the *functions* of sovereignty to one set, some to the other.

Gentlemen—in this view of the subject I see nothing but harmony and consistency; and in this view I see the only security for our covenanted rights. The conclusion to which it conducts is rational and safe. It shows the sovereignty, which the states once possessed, and which they never have surrendered in terms, still abiding in them; and it establishes you in the comfortable assurance, that your relation to the federal and state governments alike is that of a master to servants; not that of servants to a master.

But I may perhaps be asked, why I urge, with so much earnestness, what no one denies. Who among us questions the sovereignty of Virginia, that I should argue it as if it were disputed? I admit, gentlemen, that it has not been my fortune to meet with any one among us disposed to deny it. But while it is thus universally admitted, I have been concerned to see that men seem strangely afraid to affix any distinct meaning to the word. I am doubtful whether, in the mouths of most men, it stands for any thing more than a mere vague compliment paid in the same spirit in which the subject of a king imputes *majesty* to the crowned puppet that he despises. A sovereign should command the fear and love, the respect and reverence of his subjects. Their allegiance should be an affair of the heart, not mere lip service. His personal qualities indeed may render this impossible; but to a people, owning no other sovereign, such qualities certainly cannot be imputed by themselves. Every citizen of a sovereign state should be expected to recognise in that state an object at once august and lovely, before which all that is evil in man should stand rebuked, and to which all the better affections of the heart should cling with humble but proud devotion. And is it thus that the citizens of Virginia are affected to her at this day? It should be so. The memory of her old renown is still our inheritance. The men who made her name illustrious in the annals of the world are still remembered as her sons. She is still the mother of heroes and the nurse of statesmen; and the same simple integrity and self renouncing devotion to the right, which once distinguished her, are still her characteristics. She is still the mistress of our acts, the protectress of our lives and fortunes, the guardian of all our rights, the sanctuary of our honor. What has happened, that so few hearts are animated by the sentiments appropriate to this relation? Why is it that so few regard her with the eye of reverential love,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty:
But rather drowns, and hang their eye-lids down,
Sleep in her face, and render such aspect,
As cloudy men use to their adversaries?

Why is it that her own proud banner no longer floats from her capitol? Why is it, that, with a name to live, her sovereignty is as though it were dead? Why, that while none among us deny it, none find pride in asserting it; none resent the denial or invasion of it by others?

Do I speak of that which is not? Are not you all sensible that these things are so? And why? Is it that she has stripped herself of the means of reward-

ing her children's love? Is it that the honors that tempt ambition are bestowed by functionaries who act on behalf of other states as well as her? Is it that the revenues to which the mercenary zeal of avarice looks for its reward, have been poured into the common treasury of the Union? Alas! yes. The simple badges of distinction won in her service, the laurel garland and the oaken wreath, have lost their charm. There is now no value but in gilded honors; no majesty in a diadem that does not glitter; no authority in any sceptre not of gold. Thus it is that no man cries "God bless her!" and thus it is that they who speak of her sovereignty as *any thing but a name*, provoke the rage of such as "do but crook the hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning."

How else is it, that over a transaction like that of which this day reminds us, the sable pall of oblivion has already fallen? How is it that the memory of such an event has perished from our minds? What pilgrim visits the spot consecrated by that glorious act? What monument marks it to the eye? Alas! "The fire has resounded in its halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more." None summons the sons of Virginia to "build the walls of her political Zion." None "takes pleasure in her stones." The scene of so many hal-
lowing recollections is waste and desecrated;

"While Desolation, on the grass grown streets,
Expands her raven-wing; and up the wall
Where senates once the price of monarchs doomed,
Himes the gliding snake, through hoary weeds
That clothe the mouldering ruin."

Are we then indifferent to the blessings which that event brought with it? Have the rights then asserted lost their value in our estimation? Are the principles then proclaimed, and consecrated by the blood of our fathers, no longer sacred to our hearts? Have we lost that honest pride with which men cherish the glories of their ancestors; and have our minds, impatient of the debt of gratitude, hastened to shake off the memory of obligations to the men of that day, which can never be cancelled?

No, gentlemen; such is not the temper of this people. The men of that day live, and, I trust, will live forever, in the hearts of their descendants. We cherish them as the founders of our free institutions, and the champions of our rights. We venerate them as our instructors in the science of self-government, and our great exemplars in all its arduous duties. We boast them as the bold defenders of the rights of an infant people, against the power of the most formidable nation upon earth. Not a year passes over that the fourth of July is not hailed as the birth day of American Independence. Never does the sun rise on that day, that his advent is not welcomed with the roar of artillery, while the sound of jubilee rises up in grand and harmonious accord from the lips and hearts of grateful millions. Never does it pass, that the hymn of grateful praise, the choral song, the voice of eulogy, does not ring through the land, celebrating the glories of the illustrious men who acted and suffered and triumphed in the scenes which the return of that day recalls. And well may this be so. The annals of mankind may be searched in vain for examples more illustrious of virtue, wisdom and ability. Above all we contemplate, with admiring wonder, the intrepid boldness, the self-devoted magnanimity,

which manned the hearts of thirteen feeble, disunited colonies to defy a power accustomed to give law to Europe. We remember, that of their own strength they as yet had no experience. Their sufficiency had seemed all derived from her. And now the sword which had so long flamed before them, guarding, like that of the angel of the Lord, their forest paradise, was to be turned against them. Without armies, without navies, without revenue, without resources of any kind, but such as a good cause, a clear conscience, a strong will, and a firm reliance on Providence, suggest to impotence itself, they stood, like the son of Jesse, confronted with the mailed and giant form before which the stoutest hearts had quailed. Like him indeed they were not unfamiliar with the taste of danger. Like him they had grappled successfully with a savage foe, and learned that the path to safety often leads through the midst of peril. The red man of the forest had been to them the lion and the bear; and they had learned to trust for their defence against this new enemy, in the same gracious power who had delivered them from their former foes.

Of such noble confidence glorious success is the appropriate fruit. To this the instincts of our nature teach the heart to give its highest admiration, and thus instructed, we learn that boldness in extremity of danger is the part of prudence.

This wise and just and salutary sentiment is nobly taught in the example before us. Whenever we shall learn to look on it with that cool and calculating and self-seeking wisdom, which measures the strength of the adversary we should defy, and balances consequences and counts the cost of any struggle in defence of our rights, our freedom will be well nigh gone. Thus it is, that in celebrating the virtues and achievements of our ancestors, we perform a duty, not only to the illustrious dead, but to ourselves and our posterity. It is a duty which brings its own reward in its chastening, purifying, and humbling, yet elevating and ennobling influence on our hearts. It teaches us to prize our rights at the full value of the sacrifice they cost: it renews the love of liberty in our bosoms; and, above all, we are encouraged to feel, that all obstacles to success in a good cause must go down before the concentrated energy of a people resolved to live free or die.

Such, gentlemen, is the lesson taught us by the history of our revolutionary struggle, and well does it deserve that we should keep it fresh in our memories, and warm in our hearts. By no passage in that history is this lesson so strikingly inculcated, as in that which records the event of which this day reminds us. Was it glorious for the Congress of the United States, that on the fourth day of July, 1776, they adopted the bold and hazardous resolve which established their independence? Was it glorious that the representatives of three millions of people, new to the tasks of government, unprovided with the organization, the implements, and the resources of war, thus naked and defenceless, dared defy the wrath of a nation armed to the teeth in all the panoply of war; a nation whose power encircled the globe; whose flag floated over every sea; whose arms had triumphed on every shore, and whose coffers overflowed with contributions from the commerce of the whole earth? Was this an act to be remembered with wonder, and with grateful praise by us? Was

this an act which should fill our hearts with pride while we trace our descent from its illustrious authors? Oh, yes! And happy he, who, on the records of that day, can point to some time-honored name, and say, "Thus my father spoke, and thus he acted; here he fought, and here he fell."

What then, gentlemen, should be our pride of heart in remembering, that it was not on the 4th of July, 1776, but on the 15th of May in the same year; not by the concurrent voice of three millions of people, but by that of one fifth of that number; not by the unanimous resolve of thirteen colonies, but by her own sole and separate act, that Virginia took her independent stand among the nations of the earth.

We do injustice to the dignity of this theme, we do wrong to our fathers and to ourselves, when we permit the memory of this event to fade from our minds. It well deserves to be remembered, and commemorated, not as a topic of vague and empty declamation, but as an occasion for sober thought, and serious self-examination. It calls upon us, as in the presence of the sacred dead, to look into our own hearts, and estimate the value which we set at this day on the heritage purchased by the blood of our fathers. That heritage is the *independent sovereignty of Virginia*, and the inquiry to which I have invited your thoughts, is to lead you to a just sense of its importance, and a wise choice of the means of preserving it. It is a question on which depends the value of all those charters to which you look as the monuments of your liberties. You owe it to yourselves to understand all these aright, that you may transmit unimpaired to your children the blessings which they have so far secured to you.

No people should ever permit themselves to feel secure in the enjoyment of their rights. They are always in danger from some quarter. The rights of men are always the natural prey of the worst passions of the human heart, whether aspiring or base. Ambition, in its eagle-flight, is ever hovering over them, and ready at any unguarded moment, to pounce upon them. The serpent-guile of avarice, that creeps upon its belly, and eats the dust, is always seeking to invade the nest where all our dearest blessings lie. If we mean to preserve them, we must watch over them; we must learn to know and number them; we must study the tenure by which we hold them; we must qualify ourselves to scent afar off the dangers that threaten them; to trace the serpent by his slime, and to know the eagle by his portentous scream.

The rights of Virginia have been more than once invaded, and the assault has always been on the same quarter. The device of the enemy has always been to question her sovereignty; to deny her right to self-government, and to establish a claim to hold her, (always, as it has been pretended, for her own good,) in a state of pupillage. Whether the object were to bring her under the dominion of a low-bred tyrant in a distant land, the murderer of his king, and the felon usurper of his country's rights; or to lay open her resources to the plundering rapacity of a foreign parliament, claiming the right to give what was not their own; or to transfer her very heart's blood, by a sort of political suction-pipe, to fertilize the barren shores of a neighboring state; in each and every instance, the device of the adversary has been to deny and to deride her claim of

sovereignty. Here they saw was her tower of strength, and all their art has been employed to wile her from it, and to tempt her to put her trust in other defences, and to rely on the justice and benevolence of those who offered protection in the words and tones of friendship. Happily for her, she has been always no less sensible than they of the consequences of such reliance, and has always, in her hour of need, sought safety behind the bulwark of her sovereignty. Therefore it is that I have been thus careful to lay bare to you its foundations; to remove the rubbish that conceals them, and to show that it is built upon a rock.

Gentlemen—if I have so far succeeded in embodying the idea of the sovereignty of Virginia, that it is palpable to your understandings, that your minds "can lay hold of it by faith"—then I say to you, "Consecrate it in your hearts: establish it in the hearts of your children: set it up among your household gods: hang it out on your banners, with the true and appropriate motto, *In hoc signo vicimus; in hoc signo vincemus.*" If any man shall persuade you to exchange this sacred right of a people constituting a community within themselves, to govern themselves in all things, and to decide for themselves, in the last resort, in all that pertains to their welfare, for the plighted faith of other communities, or for any other security under Heaven, distrust him. He would tempt you to the league of the sheep with the wolf. Consent to part with that jealous guardian of your rights, under whose wakeful care you may sleep secure from all external danger, and every thing you can ask will be promised you. But put away from among you that sanction to your rights, which unfettered and irresponsible sovereignty alone affords, and you will find that all your covenants are but a paltering juggle, "that keeps the word of promise to the ear, but breaks it to the hope."

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Sister of Charity, whose pious care

Smooths with soft touch the wrinkled couch of woe;
Whose sacrifice, more sweet than sounding pray'r,
Ascends, a grateful tribute from below,
Rich incense of the heart, whose fragrant breath
Is redolent of Heaven's unfading wreath.

Thy ceaseless office is the work of love—

T' assuage the anguish of the sons of pain—
With holiest fervor kindled from above,

To sympathise with grief—with soothing strain
To whisper to the troubled bosom rest—
Child of benevolence, thy deed how blest!

With brow inclined, and mildly-melting eye,
I see thee bending o'er the sufferer's head,
And each bland art of solace fondly try

To pluck the thorns that o'er his couch are spread—
While tears of pity flow adown thy cheek,
And love divine glows in thine aspect meek.

And when all earthly hope forsakes the heart,
When mortal mists, like evening shadows roll,
Amid the gloom, thine angel tones impart

Peace to the breast and courage to the soul—
Pointing, with eye of faith, beyond the grave,
To Him, who in that hour alone can save.

How enviable is thy blameless lot—

How gentle is thy calm, unruffled way—
Life's vexing cares, unknown, at least, forgot,
No lowering clouds deform thy cheerful day ;
Whose eve, as was its morn, serenely bright,
Is but the dawning of eternal light.

Wise virgin, thou, whose lamp is duly trimm'd
And kindled by a ray of love divine,
Tho' Hymen's torch, by youths and maidens hymn'd,
Blaze not for thee, a heavenly spouse is thine :
For thee the Bridegroom hath prepared a feast
Ambrosial, in the mansions of the blest ;

Where thou—who here dost walk with lowly pace,
Mid pain and penury, disease and woe—
Arrayed in living light, shalt take thy place
With the bright throng, fast by the throne, whence
flow
The streams of life, watering that blissful shore—
And quaff youth, beauty, joy, forevermore.

Washington, D. C.

J. L. M.

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

LECTURE III.

In order that we may successfully investigate mental powers by means of organization, we must be able,

I. To discover the mental qualities of individuals from their actions.

II. To ascertain the size of the brain during life. Let us see whether these things are practicable.

It is worthy of remark, that men familiar with human life and conduct have ever had much practical knowledge of the philosophy which we teach, while metaphysicians have been floundering in the dark. They have observed that one person is very covetous, another cruel, another benevolent, another proud, another vain ; that some have a passion for poetry, some for music. In their intercourse with society they have tried to produce the same course of conduct by very different appeals. To the covetous they would describe the profitableness of the course ; to the benevolent its kindness ; to the vain its praise-worthiness. They felt assured, too, that these dispositions are natural, uniform, and permanent, and never expected that a man prone to covetousness to-day will to-morrow become very benevolent ; that to-day an individual may be deaf to the voice of censure or of fame who yesterday was tremblingly alive to every breath that was blown upon his character.

As to intellectual endowments, these cannot be simulated. To produce a Catalani's burst of melody, you must be a Catalani ; to send forth the splendid eloquence of a Chalmers, you must be gifted with his ideality. In surveying the wonderful performances of some men, you know that they must possess certain extraordinary powers, and that by no ordinary man can their performances be equalled or even successfully imitated. To fathom, like Newton, the profundities of science ; to soar, like Shakespeare and Milton, beyond the boundaries of sublunary space, requires a mind far different from that which can scarcely grope its way through the daily occurrences of life, or which sees no glory in the heavens, and no loveliness on earth. 'He has a genius for music,' 'he had a genius for painting,' 'he has a genius for nothing,' are common expressions, and express the conviction of what experience has produced. Men believe, doubtless, that education may improve any faculty—but not that it can produce genius ; whereas great genius cannot be wholly hidden by any accumulation of difficulties. It is observed, doubt-

less, that one who seems a dullard at ten, may be a genius at twenty—because the child has not the full-grown powers of a man. But it is not imagined that every body may be made a genius by any education or in any length of time. We acknowledge that different individuals may follow a line of conduct, the same in external appearance, from different internal motives ; and that seemingly virtuous deeds are often performed under the influence of selfishness and cunning. For example, there were two girls, Mary and Jane, walking in an orchard, and they saw two fine apples lying on the grass. Mary was about to run pick them up, give one to her sister and eat the other herself. But Jane checked her and remarked that as the orchard belonged not to their father but to his tenant they had no right to the apples, and it would be wrong to take them. Such conduct would be considered as indicative of a nice sense of justice, and rare strictness of moral conduct. But mark these little girls : they go home, and as soon as Mary has set down to work, Jane steals out, picks up the apples, and eats them both herself. Now her conduct wears a very different aspect, and indicates a disgusting combination of cunning, dishonesty and selfishness. Had you formed your opinion of her character from a partial knowledge of her conduct, that opinion would doubtless have been very erroneous. You need therefore to exercise a rigid scrutiny in forming your opinion, but from such scrutiny few indeed are able to tell their true dispositions ; and if there be persons who do possess this power of discrimination, it forms the predominant feature in their mental constitution ; and, as will afterward be shown, is indicated by a particular form of organization.

I venture to conclude, then, that the first point is established in favor of Phrenology. Let us now inquire whether it be possible to discover the true form of the brain by observing the form of the head.

In forming animals, Nature seems to have proceeded with as much uniformity as in forming the solar system. We find animals continually increasing in intelligence, and as we proceed up the scale, 'the brain,' to use the words of Dr. Conolly in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is observed progressively improved in its structure, and, with reference to the spinal marrow and nerves, augmented in volume more and more, until we reach the human brain.' And it is a remarkable fact, that man seems to pass through every gradation of animal existence. His heart at first is a mere salient point, like that of an insect ; then a sack like that of a fish ; then two sacks like that of an amphibious animal ; then a regular double heart. So the human brain, according to Sumner, has no convolutions till the sixth or seventh month of gestation, being in this respect like the brain of fishes and birds in which convolutions are never found. Convolutions then begin to appear and gradually enlarge to adult age.

Atheists have taken advantage of these facts to maintain that man is merely an improved edition of an animal. Now this is not correct ; for beside having all that the animal possesses, he has parts which it does not possess : he is endowed with moral sentiments and reflective faculties ; and it would be just as correct to say that a locomotive steam-carriage is an improved edition of a wheelbarrow because both have two sides, a bottom and a wheel.

The brain comes to maturity at different ages in different persons ; seldom before the age of twenty, and sometimes, according to Gall, not before forty. My own observations prove that it generally continues spontaneous growth to twenty-three years of age, and sometimes to twenty-eight.

A good-sized, mature brain in man weighs 3 lbs. 8 oz. ; in woman 3 lbs. 4 oz. The brain of distinguished men is often very heavy ; Cuvier's weighed 3 lbs. 10 oz. 4½ dr.

The brain is a mass of soft matter, incapable of feeling pain on being injured. It consists of two hemispheres or halves, which are separated from each other by a membrane called the falx-form or scythe-shaped process ; each hemisphere is divided into three lobes, the anterior, middle and posterior. This last division is to some extent artificial ; for though the divisions partially exist, as you perceive on looking at the base of this cast ; on the superior surface you see no such divisions. Then there is the cerebellum or little brain, situated beneath the posterior part of the cerebrum or true brain, and separated from it by a membrane called the tentorium. There are in fact two brains, just as there are two eyes or two ears, each hemisphere being capable of independent action, but united to its fellow at the bottom of the medial cleft by a commissure or connecting part. On the surface of the brain, as you perceive, there are waving lines : these

are called convolutions. They vary from half an inch to an inch in depth. I have said that in the lowest animals convolutions do not exist. We do not find them in fishes, nor in birds, nor in the lowest of the quadrupeds, such as the rat and mouse. As we proceed up the scale, convolutions commence and increase in size and number. Every one must have been struck with the difference as to docility between dogs and cats. Accordingly Desmoulins estimates the convolutions of the dog to exceed by six or eight times those of the cat. The ape has more large and numerous convolutions than the dog, though some dogs are scarcely inferior to the higher order, even of apes, in this respect. The most marked superiority exists in the apes of the old world over those of the new, as is well known; and there is a corresponding difference in the convolutions. It was stated by M. Bérard that none of the gentlemen present at the dissection of Cuvier's brain remembered to have seen one so complicated, or with convolutions so numerous and compact, or with such deep arefractuosities: these last were stated as an inch deep. Atrocious criminals and idiots have been noticed to have very small, narrow and shallow convolutions.

According to Haller, the brain is supplied with one fifth of all the blood in the body; according to Dr. Monro, with one tenth. In either case the supply is very great. Each hemisphere has its own arteries or bloodvessels of supply; but the venous blood is carried away by a common canal.

The substance of the brain is composed of a white matter in the interior, called the *medullary* portion, and of a gray or *cineritious* matter forming the outside or bark, which lies down with the convolutions, and forms the dark substance seen between the folds. It does not blend gradually with the white or medullary matter, but, on the contrary, the line of demarcation is abrupt. The supply of blood seems to be greater than in the medullary portion.

The convolutions appear intended for the purpose of increasing the superficial extent of the brain, without enlarging its absolute size—an arrangement analogous to that employed in the eye of the eagle, and in which, as I before remarked, the retina does not form a simple concave surface, as in man, but is presented in folds to the rays of light, whereby the intensity of vision is increased proportionately to the increase of nervous surface exposed to their influence.

It is often asked, whether in the brain there are distinct lines of separation observable between the organs. We answer no. We presume that in the brain such distinctions do exist, though our present means of observation are too imperfect to detect them; but, as I have before stated, this objection lies against the distinct formations of the different parts of the spinal column, as well as against the distinct functions of the different parts of the brain.

Sir Charles Bell remarks, that "whatever we observe on one side, has a corresponding part on the other; and an exact resemblance and symmetry is preserved in all the lateral divisions of the brain." This statement is not rigidly correct. There is a general correspondence between the parts on the opposite sides of the brain, but not an "exact symmetry." But the symmetry is as great as between corresponding parts in any part of the body, as between the bloodvessels of the left and right arms, for instance, or between the muscles of the two opposite sides. On talking over this matter with Dr. Conolly, he remarked, that as the convolutions were nothing but folds, and as the folding was for the sake of packing, a little difference in the folding probably has no influence on the cerebral functions.

I have said that we cannot point out the exact line of demarcation between any two organs in the brain. It must not be inferred from this that no difference can be discovered between various parts, for the convolutions of the propensities are much larger than those of the sentiments, and these last are much larger than those of the intellect, so that if you were to cut out a convolution from an adult brain and present it to a skillful phrenologist he would have no difficulty in telling from what part of the brain it had been cut.

The different parts of the brain are brought into communication with each other by means of a number of commissures. At the base of the cleft between the two hemispheres of the brain is a large body which consists of fibres passing from one hemisphere to the other, and uniting them: this is called the *corpus callosum*. Ten years ago I pointed out a convolution of the brain lying above the corpus callosum, extending from the bottom of concentrativeness to the organs of the intellectual fa-

culties. This convolution Mr. Solly has recently shown to be a commissure uniting the posterior and anterior portions of the brain.

Mr. Solly describes nine commissures—six transverse, two longitudinal, and one oblique. The commissure which unites the anterior and posterior of the brain, I showed to a number of physicians both in this city and Philadelphia. Dr. McClellan of Philadelphia confessed that before my arrival in that city he used to deride Phrenology, mentioning in particular to his class that no communication was found to exist between the anterior and posterior portions of the brain. He found, however, that he had been laughing at his own ignorance. But he had the rare magnanimity to confess it to his medical students.

The capital or top of the spinal marrow is called the *medulla oblongata*. Here we notice three bodies on each side, constituting what are called the *corpora pyramidalia*, the *corpora olivaria*, and the *corpora restiformia*.

The *corpora pyramidalia* are in continuation of the anterior or motory tract of the spinal marrow. They are fibrous, decussate at their lower extremity, proceed upward through the *pores varolii*, escape from its upper border, and the greater number pass still upward, from the anterior and external bundles of the *crura cerebri* and exterior part of the *corpora striata*, and ultimately expand into the inferior, anterior, and exterior convolutions of the anterior and middle lobes of the brain. A number of fibres of the *corpora pyramidalia* pass into the posterior lobes and a number into the cerebellum. We shall immediately see how beautifully this arrangement of the motory fibres corroborates phrenological doctrines.

The intellectual faculties are situated in the anterior lobe of the brain. They enable man to perceive objects that exist, their qualities and relations, and when acting together they constitute *will*. We have seen that the intellectual organs spring from the *corpora pyramidalia*, which are at the top of the motory tract of the spinal marrow. Here, then, is a direct relation between the convolutions which manifest *will*, and the motory tract which executes *will*.

The *corpora olivaria* and *corpora restiformia* spring from those columns of the spinal cord which are devoted to sensation. The former pass upward into the pores varolii, and form the posterior and anterior parts of the *crura*; thence through the great posterior ganglion, and expand partly into the convolutions of the anterior lobe lying on its upper surface, toward the mesial line, partly into the superior convolutions toward the mesial line of the middle lobe; but chiefly into the convolutions of the posterior lobes. The latter ascend and form the chief part of the cerebellum, but a portion enters into the composition of the posterior lobes of the brain. The distribution of these fibres is also in beautiful harmony with the doctrines of our science.

The convolutions of the middle and those of the posterior lobes of the brain, manifest the feelings. These, as we have seen, spring chiefly from the *corpora restiformia*. The function of the cerebellum is to manifest the instinct of reproduction, which is also a feeling; and the cerebellum springs, as I have just said, from the *corpora restiformia*. Now these bodies constitute the top of the sensory tract of the spinal marrow.

We see, then, that while the intellectual organs are formed of fibres connected with the motory tract, the organs of the feelings are formed of fibres connected principally with the sensory, but partly with the motory tract.

The arrangement of structure by which the organs of feeling are supplied with fibres in direct connection with the motory tract, is another manifestation of that harmony which subsists between Phrenology and Anatomy, rightly understood. Each feeling manifests itself by means of the muscular system. Thus fear, rage, or any other feeling, communicates great energy to the muscles of voluntary motion. Again, each feeling impresses certain peculiar motions, called its language, on the muscular nerves: thus self-esteem, when predominant, gives the tendency to carry the head and body reclining backward. Hence, again, we see the necessity of a direct communication between the feelings and nerves of motion.

We now come to the question—Can the size of the cerebral convolutions be ascertained by inspection of the head during life?

The brain is embraced by three membranes: the *pia mater* and *tunica arachnoidea*, both very thin, which sink down into its furrows, and *dura mater*, which is thin but strong, and adheres strongly to the inner surface of the skull. The brain enclosed

in these membranes so exactly fills the interior of the skull that a cast in plaster of the interior of the skull is a *fac simile* of the brain covered by the dura mater.

The skull is the bony case: this is composed of three layers—a very compact one internally, a less compact one externally, and a cellular layer between, called the diploë. Now the external surface of the skull corresponds almost exactly, except in a few points, which I shall mention—the skull is almost equally thick throughout. The departure from perfect parallelism, where it occurs, is limited to one-tenth or one-eighth of an inch. Again, the integuments or coverings of the skull lie close to its surface, and are so uniform in thickness as to exhibit its true figure. Thus, then, there is in general no obstacle to the discovery of the form of the brain by the form of the skull or head.

The skull is very thin at the orbital plates, and at the sphenoidal portion of the temporal bone; it is thick at the ridges of the frontal and occipital bones, but this is always the case, and therefore presents no difficulty.

One part of the brain, however, does sometimes present a difficulty. I refer to a cavity called the frontal sinus. It lies above the nose and is formed between the external and internal surfaces of the skull. The size of this sinus varies. But recollect that it only interferes with five organs—form, size, weight, individuality and locality. Again, below the age of 12 it does not exist: and as the five organs before mentioned are generally very active before that age, the sinus cannot interfere with our observation of them before that period. After this age it appears, gradually enlarges, and after 20 may present some difficulty to the observer.

Look at this skull for yourselves. You see that the parallelism of the outer and inner surfaces is almost complete. You will observe the same in this, and this, and this—in short, in all healthy skulls. Observe this skull—it is that of a boy 12 years old—you see the sinus does not exist. In this we have it of average size; and, when of this size, no difficulty is presented.

Recollect, Phrenologists pretend not to tell the power of an organ when the brain or skull is diseased. They make their observations on healthy individuals in the prime of life. It is therefore utterly futile to bring against us morbid specimens. In disease of the brain the inner table of the skull recedes, and not the outer, the space between being filled up with bone, rendering the skull very thick—sometimes enormously so. Here is a skull as irregular on the surface as the sea ruffled by the wind; but then it is the skull of a very old man. I knew a gentleman in Bath 86 years of age, in whose skull a like change has taken place. Such cases are not uncommon, and I am at a loss to account for them, since they seem not to result from disease, as the faculties of the gentleman I refer to are healthily manifested. This skull is very thick and irregular: it belonged to a dragoon in the British service, who became insane, and nine months afterward killed himself. In suicides we often find the frontal sinus very wide—sometimes half an inch.

Dr. Sewall of Washington, to whom, when on there, I was indebted for many acts of kindness, has published a work against Phrenology, almost entirely taken up with a description of diseased skulls. Now, as I remarked to him, his work is no more Anti-Phrenological than it is Anti-Geological or Anti anything else. To the frontal sinus I shall again allude when I come to the range of faculties which may be interfered with by its size. In the meanwhile, however, bear in mind, that there is a great difference between the possibility of discovering the functions of an organ and of applying this discovery practically in all cases, so as to be able, in every instance, to predicate the exact degree in which every particular mental power is present in each individual. Now we have seen that before 12 no impediment to its observation exists. Again, in after life, if the skull be depressed in this part, no error can be committed in stating the subjacent organs as small; for if the sinus be larger than it seems, the error will be on the side of the Phrenologist. The only cases which at any time can be productive of error are those in which the sinus causes a protuberance without, to which the brain does not correspond within. But even here, it is possible, in general, to distinguish between external appearances produced by a large development of the frontal sinus and those indicating large development of the organs. In the first, they are generally abrupt and ridgy; in the second, they present a rounder swell, and follow the direction of the organs as delineated on the busts.

We may be asked how it is that such a skull as the one I hold

can be enlarged to the size of an adult skull. The explanation is this: Two processes are ever going on in the system—deposition and absorption—by the first of which new particles are laid down, and by the second old ones are taken up. The skull, then, is a strong, but not an adamant barrier. It shields the brain by its powerful structure, yet forever changes to accommodate itself to the size of its noble occupant; for it is worthy of remark, that throughout organized nature the hard parts yield to the soft. Thus large lungs produce a large chest—not a large chest large lungs. So the skull is formed to the brain—not the brain to the skull. At first the brain is covered by a mere membrane, in which bone at length begins to be deposited. The deposition commences at particular points, and bony rays shoot out in all directions, just as you have seen in the formation of ice. It is not till some time after birth that ossification is complete. The skull is formed into eight bones, which unite at their edges, and become dovetailed together. The lines of union are called *sutures* or *seams*.

The extent to which the head may be enlarged is seen from this enormous skull, which belonged to an individual whom I saw at St. Thomas's Hospital, who was troubled with water in the brain. His faculties were sound, but his head was so heavy that he could not support it.

In commencing the study of Phrenology, individuals generally become very diligent feelers of their own heads. They search about, and finally they rest upon this large protuberance behind the ear. They are in amazement at the size of the 'bump,' as they are pleased to call it. Then they wonder whether it is a good bump or a bad one. Now this protuberance is a mere bone called the mastoid process, and is for the attachment of muscles. It has no relation whatever to the brain, and may therefore be not unaptly styled the Aes's Bridge, over which incipient Phrenologists have to pass.

With regard to this word 'bump,' which has long been supposed to contain a whole volume of wit within itself, allow me to remark, that I think its use is sanctioned by neither correctness of language nor sound philosophy. It is often used, too, in a low, contemptuous sense. It is evident to me that the brain is the work of God, and eminently displays His goodness and wisdom. In talking of it, we ought, therefore, to use philosophical and respectful language. What would you think of a man's taste who, before speaking of the functions of the eye, should say—"Come, let us say something about the blinkers?"—or as an introduction to a conversation about the functions of the stomach, should say—"Come, let us talk about the bread-basket?" Yet such expressions are on a par with—"Come, let us talk about the bumps."

In concluding this part of my subject, let me show you how unimportant a difference of one-tenth or one-eighth of an inch is in the thickness of the skull. This is the head of Joseph Hume, M. P.; this of Dr. Chalmers. The general size is the same in both; yet, in the region of ideality, Chalmers' head is an inch and a quarter wider than Hume's. Contrast this head of General Wurmser with that of the Hindoo in the regions of destructiveness and combativeness. Contrast these three heads in the region of firmness: there is a difference of more than an inch. Contrast this head of an idiot with that of Dr. Gall: how vast the difference! We evidently need not trouble ourselves about very minute shades.

As to authority, the best is on our side. Magendie says, that "the only way of estimating the volume of the brain in a living person is to measure the dimensions of the skull. Every other means, even that proposed by Comper, is uncertain." Sir Charles Bell, Cuvier, Monro, Blumenbach, and others, hold similar language. That the form of the brain can be ascertained by the form of the head may then be considered as established.

But it has been objected that the whole method of Phrenologists is empirical, and that we cannot weigh or measure either an organ or its manifestation. We plead guilty to the charge, and freely admit that the two elements in our method of investigation are both in their own nature *estimative*. But then we affirm, that if an observer possess an average endowment of the observing and reflecting faculties, he may, by due practice, learn to estimate both development and manifestation with sufficient precision to lead him to positive conclusions. Phrenology rests on the same kind of evidence as the practice of Medicine. Diseases are judged of by their appearances or the symptoms which they present. The knowledge of what organs are affected, the degree to which they are affected, and of the extent to

which medicines act on them, depend entirely on *estimative* evidence.

The same general laws of evidence must necessarily apply to the study of Phrenology as of Medicine. The mental manifestations are neither ponderable nor measurable any more than the capacity for pain or pleasure, or the powers of hearing or sight. We *estimate* the degree to which these susceptibilities and capacities are possessed by different individuals, and regard our knowledge as substantial; we *estimate* the force of mental manifestations by the exercise of observation and reflection, and must necessarily do so, or remain forever ignorant of mental science. Again, I have just demonstrated that differences between the forms of particular organs, and between their sizes, when large and small, are so palpable that to deny the possibility of distinguishing them, in favorable cases, is perfectly absurd; and in *proving* science, we are not only entitled but bound by the dictates of common sense to select the simplest and most striking cases as best calculated to bring truth to light. Those individuals, therefore, who object to the evidence on which Phrenology is founded, appear to me completely to misunderstand the nature of the inquiry. To deny the possibility of estimating the size of the cerebral organs and mental manifestation is as absurd as to deny that we can estimate whether any feature of the body be large or small, or whether a person be blind, near-sighted or sharp-sighted.

I shall now proceed to describe the particular organs, premising that the faculties are divided into two orders—*Feelings* and *Intellect*; the feelings into two genera—*Propensities* and *Sentiments*. Of the Propensities I shall now treat:

AMATIVENESS.

To find the situation of this organ, feel on the middle line toward the base of the skull at the back part of the head, and you will feel a small bony projection. Amativeness is situated below that point and between the mastoid processes. The size of the organ is indicated by the extension of the inferior surface of the occipital bone backward and downward, or by the thickness of the neck at these parts between the ears. Its large size gives great peripheral expansion to the neck from the ears backward. In infants, the cerebellum is the least developed of all the cerebral parts. At this time it forms but from one-thirteenth to one-twentieth of the weight of the brain, whereas at adult age it weighs from one-eighth to one-sixth. In infants, the part of the neck corresponding to the cerebellum appears attached to the middle of the base of the skull; towards puberty the neck begins to expand behind. This part is generally more developed in males than in females.

The function of the cerebellum is to manifest the sexual feelings. In this bust of Dr. Hette the development is very small, as you perceive, and the manifestation of feeling corresponded. Compare the bust of Hette with this of Mitchell and this of Dean—how enormous the development in these last!—both of whom were executed, Mitchell for murdering a young woman whom he had seduced, Dean for murdering a child without any rational motive, and undoubtedly under the influence of diseased cerebral action, occasioned by disappointed love. You see here the head of the Rev. Mr. Martin, in which it is very small. This is the head of Linn, the parricide, in which it is very large. The head of Gall, as you perceive, shows a very large cerebellum—and it seems to have been the only faculty in him which he abused.

The faculty exercises a very great influence on the character. Boys before the age of puberty are generally undifferentiated and even rude toward the other sex, but after that age they become kind and attentive. It softens all the harsh feelings of our nature, and increases the force and activity of all the kindly and benevolent affections.

It is thought by many that the functions of this organ cannot be approached. But it appears to me that "to the pure all things are pure," and that there is no function which does not present an aspect in which it may be made to manifest the great goodness of the Creator.

Some think it best that young people should be kept in entire ignorance of the function of this organ. This is an opinion to which I can by no means subscribe. The organ of Amativeness is the largest of all the mental organs, and being endowed with natural activity, it fills the mind spontaneously with emotions and suggestions, the manifestation of which may be directed and controlled, but which cannot be prevented from arising,

even though you shut youth out entirely from the world. The question is not, therefore, whether the feeling shall arise or not—over that we have no control—but whether it shall be placed under the guidance of an enlightened understanding or be withdrawn from the eye of reason and allowed to riot in all the fierceness of a blind animal instinct. The former course appears to me the only one consistent with reason and morality, and the one which should be invariably adopted in education.

Messrs. Flourens and Magendie think they have discovered, by inflicting injuries on the cerebellum, that it serves for the regulation of muscular motion. But from these experiments no certain conclusions are deducible. The infliction of injury on one part of the nervous system deranges other parts—and hence it is not the way to determine the functions of any. Again, Mr. Solly has discovered a column of fibres which passes from the motory tract of the medulla oblongata to the cerebellum. Now when these experimenters sliced this part, they commenced at the distant extremity of the motory fibres and destroyed them to the medulla oblongata. By thus injuring and irritating the motory tract, no wonder that convulsions followed! The cerebellum is composed, as I have before said, of fibres connected with the motory as well as the sensory tract of nerves. It is an organ of feeling, but also influences voluntary motion by instinctive impulses. Injuries of the cerebellum may therefore cause irregular or convulsive muscular movements without being the regulator of such movements. That the cerebellum may manifest other functions than that of Amativeness is not, however, impossible; but that this faculty occupies the largest part of it is unquestionable.

TO A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

BY GODFREY UNDERWOOD.

When I see you, dear Bunny,
So lively and funny,
Just budding on life's verdant tree;
I cannot but pray,
That the sunbeams may play
Still brightly, as ever, on thee.

But should care make its nest
In the boughs of thy breast,
It may soften the shade of thy brow,
To turn to the hour,
When infancy's bower
Thy young bosom pillow'd, as now.

So I'll gallop along
With my bit of a song,
And endeavor to pluck from Parnassus,
A leaf, that, in rhyme,
Shall tell of the time
When your idol was—bread and molasses.

You are gay as a lark;
By fits, cross as a shark;
And rather too fat to be nimble;
And so little, I trow,
That, indeed, you might go
To bed in your grandmother's thimble.

Your hair is like flax;
Your complexion, like wax
Tinted o'er with the hue of the rose;
And, already, I deem,
Of your beauties you dream,
From the way that you pout at the beaux.

When you're thus in a pet,
The most finished coquette
Might envy your innocent arts;
For, as oft as you pout,
The beaux always give out,
And away you run off with their hearts.

But your glee and your glory
Lie most in the story
Of the monkey that rode on a staff;
Bless my soul how you roar
When the story is o'er,
And we tell you, "Now, Bunny! now laugh."*

I would I might know
Half the fancies that flow
Through thy breast, like the rivulet's dance;
When thine eye lightens up,
Like a full, flashing cup,
And thy soul sparkles forth in its glance.

Oh! merry and wild
Is the heart of a child;
And sorrow that Time, on his flight,
In memory's cell
Should leave nothing to tell
Of infancy's dreams of delight!

But keep thy young heart
From time's follies apart—
And the dreams that enraptur'd thee, then,
The same rapture will give;
And, each day, wilt thou live
Thine infancy over again.

* In allusion to a domestic incident of frequent recurrence.

A VIRGINIA COMEDY.*

This is certainly something new under the sun. A Virginia Comedy! Long as the Old Dominion has been celebrated for some things,—long as her sons have been distinguished for following certain paths,—great as her career of glory has been in law, politics, war, eloquence, and even general literature,—this is the first time, we believe, and if not the first—assuredly one of the very few attempts ever made within her borders, in the field of dramatic writing. Well, why should not a Virginian try his skill in that department, as well as other folks? American comedies, tragedies, and farces without number, have been manufactured north of Mason's and Dixon's line, and there is nothing in the Constitution, that we know of, which prohibits a Southern man from entering the arena, if he thinks proper. Let it not be said by those who are opposed to theatrical exhibitions, that the dramatic writer necessarily encourages the stage. Far from it; for besides that there are some plays altogether unsuited to scenic representation, it frequently occurs that no other kind of writing is so effective in illustrating national or individual character and manners. Nothing is frequently so vivid, natural

*Whigs and Democrats, or Love of no Politics; A Comedy in three acts.—"To show the very age and body of the time—his form and pressure."—*Shakspeare*.—Richmond: Printed and published by T. W. White: 1839.

and impressive, as that species of composition which represents *present action*, and does not depend for effect upon mere description. Hundreds have read, and will read again, Shakspeare, Joanna Baillie, Goldsmith and Sheridan, (to say nothing of the great Greek dramatists,) whose scruples might disincline them to visit the theatre—even to witness the highest efforts of histrionic genius. Our present purpose, however, is not to decant upon the comparative merits of dramatic writing, whether in Tragedy or Comedy—but rather to put some of our more scrupulous readers on their guard, lest they should confound things, which, in themselves, are altogether distinct,—or, lest they might suppose that a good story, in the form of dialogue, may not be as innocently read, as the same story told in the shape of descriptive narration.

When we sat down to give the work before us a dispassionate reading, we confess, from its title and other circumstances, we were apprehensive it might wear a political party tinge, which would deprive us, in consequence of our neutral attitude in politics, from even considering its claims to literary justice; but we are gratified in assuring our readers, that upon an attentive examination, we see nothing in it to justify such fears. Whatever may be the author's political bias, it is evident that he has indulged in nothing like party rancor. His aim, on the contrary, seems to have been a nobler one,—reaching at the gradual and mild reform of certain objectionable practices in society, which the good and intelligent of all parties unite in condemning—and which, *as practices*, do not exclusively belong to any particular branch of the church political. The author contends, in his preface, that Demagoguism, as he terms it, or that system of deception, by which the passions, prejudices and frailties of the multitude are flattered, in order to win their confidence and gain their suffrages—no matter by what party it is employed—is calculated, in the end, to subvert free government, by poisoning its fountains;—and, surely, this is a truism, which all who are capable of reflection, will duly acknowledge. He illustrates too, in the action of the Comedy, we think, with considerable skill, the incompatibility of ultra-professions of equality, with the laws of social organization; and clearly shows, that a man may perform all his obligations, as one of the equal political sovereigns of the country, without relinquishing that just rank in the scale of society, to which virtue, intellect, and refinement may entitle him. In another respect, the author is entitled to our sincere thanks, for rigidly excluding from his pages every thing of an immoral tendency—especially profane jesting and coarse inuendo. The purest female mind may read, and read with satisfaction, without the least shock to its delicacy. This alone, if the example were generally followed, would be a great improvement in dramatic composition. There is another task, and one of some difficulty, in which it strikes us the author has been successful,—and that is, in imparting considerable interest to his scenes, from the commencement to the *dénouement*, without any deviation from the simplicity of nature. The whole action seems to be in good keeping—preserving sufficient variety of character, without any startling contrasts,—and presenting a continued display of agreeable humor, without broad farce or coarse caricature.

We do not know precisely how the play would suit

the stage—the gentlemen of the “sock and buskin,” are the best judges of that. We speak of it as a work for the closet exclusively,—and we are altogether deceived, if it does not afford an hour or two’s most agreeable reading. Of one thing we feel strongly assured, without absolutely knowing the fact, that the author has revealed in the performance itself, the possession of higher capabilities than those he has thought proper to exert. He states in his preface, that it was the composition of “a few leisure hours,”—and, if so, we are confident if he would repeat the effort, and bestow “many” leisure hours upon a new work, he would be amply rewarded for his labor—in the public approbation. We intended to have made some quotations from the book, as specimens of the style—but forbear doing so, on reflection,—because, of all descriptions of writing, the Drama is best judged of as a whole; and least appreciated, if its parts be separately considered. In the execution of his task, the author has faithfully observed the dramatic unities as they are called, of time, place and action. His female characters appear to us to be well sustained; and we were almost as much interested in the bustling, scolding, maternally-affectionate Mrs. Roundtree, as in her sprightly yet sentimental daughter,—or, in the noble, high-souled Miss Worthington. Such characters as General Fairweather and Major Roundtree, are often seen in society. We do not say that their portraits have been drawn from actual originals—but we think, that no intelligent reader could study them, without perceiving a strong resemblance to living models. It is probable, that in sketching *Supine*, the author had Dr. Pangloss in his mind’s eye,—but we well remember to have seen some pedantic schoolmasters in our own country, very much like him. Upon the whole, we hope the author will pluck up literary courage, if indeed he lacks it, and delight the public again with some kindred display of his powers.

In conclusion—we take the liberty of remarking, with some reluctance and delicacy, that we hope no one will be so uncharitable, as to suppose that the foregoing brief notice of a new native literary work, has been, in any respect, biassed or influenced by the accidental circumstance, that the pamphlet itself issues from our press. When we are mean enough to sacrifice the free and independent expression of our sentiments—it shall be for *something*,—but not for the contemptible consideration of a very small job—which might have been done elsewhere,—and which, no matter where done, should have received the same notice at our hands. As printer and editor, we stand altogether upon different grounds.

CEREMONY, EXPERIENCE AND LIFE.

Ceremony is the language of respect—and the rule is *‘De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio;’* respect which is not expressed is thought not to exist.

Experience teaches us that a certain degree of ceremony and etiquette is to be kept up, even between near relatives and intimate friends.

Life is a tassellated pavement—dovetailed mosaic—here black acre and there white acre,—clouds to-day, sunshine to-morrow;—it is a series of lessons.

Petersburg, Va.

c. c.

TO THE AMARANTH.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Thou art not of earth, thou beautiful thing,
With thy changeless form and hue—
For thou in thy heart hast ever borne
A drop of that living dew
That nourished thee, when earth was young,
And the music of Eden around thee rung.

Thou art not of earth: no change is thine—
No touch of death or decay;
And the airs that fann’d thee in Paradise,
Seem over thy leaves to play;
And they whisper still of fadeless bowers,
Where never shall wither the blooming flowers.

Thou art not of earth: thou changest not
When the wintry blast is high,
Tho’ thy scattered leaves are wildly toss’d
On the wind as it rushes by;
For even then, in that hour of dread,
Not a hue of beauty hath left the dead.

I deem that Eve, when in sorrow forced
From her Eden home to part,
Must have sadly look’d on those fadeless bowers,
And she clasp’d thee to her heart—
And thou in thy exile still dost tell
Of a changeless home where the good shall dwell.

“MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.”*

[Selected.]

Oh! man is like the leaves of spring
The time of many flowers,
When all at once, the glowing sun
A brighter lustre pours.

Like them, youth’s passing flowers delight
This child even of a day,
Whom Heaven, through good and ill, hath left
Darkling to grope his way.

The fates grim-low’ring near him stand,
Whose life is but a breath;
One points to peevish, cheerless age,
And one to gloomy death.

Short lived the fruit of lusty youth!
’Tis like the sunny ray,
That warms the teeming earth—and then
Full quickly fades away.

And when youth’s gladsome hours have fled,
And flowers all withered are,
To die, is better than to live,
Yea! surely, better far.

Oh! many, many are the woes
The heart of man that tear,—
Domestic sorrows, and the pangs
Which poverty must bear.

One longs for children:—childless still
This man of sorrow dies:
No child to bear him to the grave,—
No child to close his eyes.

’Mid heart-corroding, fell disease,
Another’s life is spent:
Oh! lives not one whom angry Heaven
Hath not much sorrow sent!

* Burns.

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VOL. V.

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No. IX.

ŒDIPUS AT COLONOS

FROM THE CHORAL PIECE OF SOPHOCLES.

Thou hast come to the land of the steed !
Oh stranger—to homes of the blest !
To the clime that is fairest indeed ;
To Colonos, the silvery drest !
Where the voice of the nightingale ever
Is heard in the green-growing vale ;
Where she dwells with the ivy, that never
Hath moved its dark leaves to the gale ;
Where the sun never shone thro' the groves of the God ;
Where the fruits of the trees over-teem ;
Where never the foot of the traveller trod,
Nor star shot a wandering beam ;
Where Bacchus still roves through the blissful abode,
And woos the young-nymphs by the stream.

Thou hast come where the Narcis, each day,
With its clusters, doth burst into bloom ;
Where the dew-drops bespangle the ray
Of the crocus, all gold, and perfume :
Where flowerets their colors display,
That crowned the fair goddess of old ;
Where the fountains unceasingly play,
That down to Cephissus are rolled.
Thou hast come to the clime where the muse
Never spurned, with her chorus, to dance ;
Where ever the mother of beauty doth choose
To kindle young love by her glance ;
To the clime of bright stars and sweet dews,
To the land of the spear and the lance !

Thou hast come where there groweth a tree,
Unplanted, and darkly up-sprung !
None such by the Dorian sea,
Or the land of the east, hath been sung ;
'Tis the fear of our foes,—and shall be
Forever the nurse of our young !

'Tis the azure-leaved fountain of oil,
Aye watched by the Morian Jove ;
'Tis the olive—that none shall despoil
Of the blue-eyed Athené above !
Yet more may we sing of our soil,
Of the motherly land that we love !

Our land is the queen of the sea !
Our land is the land of the steed !
And such 'tis our glory to be,—
To the god who gave all, be the meed !
Posidon, thine own be the praise,
For the boast of our song, and our lyre !
He only to heights of such glory could raise
Who curbed the steed's spirit of fire,
And launched the light car o'er the ways
Of the wave-footed Nereids' sire.

Highlands of the Hudson, July, 1839.

VOL. V.—73

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.*

Thirty years ago, it was an easy task, in our country, to make a poetical reputation. A few metrical compositions, thrown together into a thin mis-shapen volume, were quite sufficient to form a halo, or weave a garland, for the brows of any infatuated young person, who, like Gray's 'moping owl,' took solitary satisfaction in complaining to the moon. In those days there was a plentiful lack of 'the vision and the faculty divine ;' and when, occasionally, it chanced to shine upon the upturned, wondering eyes of mortals, they almost looked to behold the dispenser of fanciful splendors,

Bestride the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sail upon the bosom of the air.

To the fact we assert, bear witness the names of many who, never having perpetrated verses enough to eke out a volume, were destined to an immortality of preservation in the amber of Mr. Samuel Kettell's 'Specimens of American Poetry.' Were it not for the existence and assistance of that illustrious compendium, we have some doubt whether we should ever have been aware of the brilliant sparkles which those meteors emitted in their time. Even under the supposition that their glories had burst through the obscurity of our researches, we should hardly have deemed them fixed stars in the firmament of fame, had they not so appeared to the telescopic observation of Mr. Kettell.

* We have before us a work entitled "The Ruins of Athens ; Titania's Banquet, a mask ; and other Poems ;" of which we intended to publish a review. But the above article, from the Democratic Review, having fallen under our eye, containing a notice of Mr. Hill's volume, among others, we have concluded to substitute it for the intended review. We do not say that we are prepared to adopt all the opinions of the writer set forth in the above. There will be a difference of opinion, perhaps, among our readers—which will be decided by each individual agreeably to his own taste—as to whether Mr. Bryant is entitled to the topmost seat among our American poets. Of this we are certain, that his *Thanatopsis* and his *Lines to the Evening Wind*, are powerful claims to that high honor. We say *high honor*, for, although, as the reviewer well remarks, "thirty years ago it was an easy task in our country, to make a poetical reputation," and the chief of such poets, *then*, would, perhaps, *now* be harping his measures to the dull waters of Lethe—still, at the present day, he who wins the palm must indeed be one of whose work it can be said, that "from the library of English poets it would be difficult to select a more freshly pleasing volume." There are lyres of glorious tone strung all along on the heights of our Parnassus, and twined with wreaths wet with the dews of Helicon, and he who touches the most cunning chord of all, must use a master-hand and draw out all the sweetest music of his instrument. We are gratified to find that Halleck and Sprague are placed so high in the list. But we ask, where is the name of him who wrote the "Coral Grove?" Where is the name of "Percival?" We do not see it among the number. Surely, when our choicest spirits are mentioned he deserves a place?

We have already inflicted quite an article upon the reader in the form of a note, and we hasten, therefore, to relieve him of our "talk," by urging him to partake of the banquet culled for him among the rich dainties of the Democratic Review.

[Editor So. Lit. Messenger.]

This gentleman has generously provided us with the names of some hundreds of American poets, and of each one in particular has framed a brief biographical notice, which must be extremely consoling to the friends of the departed. Should this resurrectionist of the dry and crumbling remains of defunct poetasters, philanthropically set himself to digging at this day, he would find a hundred subjects where he found one before, all fitted to adorn his museum of decayed specimens.

We fear that we have fallen into a little metaphorical confusion, in expatiating on the labors of Mr. Kettell; but it cannot be greater than that of his 'poets.' If the appellation of 'poets' were awarded to most of the metre-ballad-mongers, whose twattle has been thus resuscitated, we are right in the asseveration that the bays of poetic renown must, at no very distant period, have been of facile attainment. At present, it is a task of some magnitude, and we assert this in the face of any merely fictitious reputation which some self-deceiving rhymers may fancy that he enjoys. Your mere poetaster now is not distinguished from the herd of common men; no one turns to mark his abstracted air, or the fine phrenzy of his rolling eye; he may write 'till his ink be dry,' and unless he can excel most of the 'specimens,' he must confine his 'wild love of fame' to the perusers of the journal, through which his sentimental slip-slop is drizzled on to the public. And why is this? What has wrought this change in the public estimation of verse-making and verse-makers? We reply, unhesitatingly, the large quantity of excellent poetry, really, intrinsically excellent, which has been published within these last thirty years.

It is by no means our intention to attempt, within the judicious boundaries prescribed to a paper in a Democratic Review, (where many voices may claim audience) an investigation or exposition of all the good verses which have appeared within the specified period of time. Far from it. We propose simply to set down

"A chosen tally of that singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,"

have worthily achieved, and are worthy to bear, the name and fame of 'poets.' Besides these, we shall confine our remarks to the few authors whose books have been published so lately as to authorize their selection as texts to a cursory dissertation on recent American poetry.

We would state fairly in the outset, that we are about to express our own honest opinions, not those of the public; and the reason that we consider these opinions worthy to be expressed is, because they are formed not hastily or with prejudice, but reflectingly and with judgment. We shall not draw rein upon our pen, but let it race freely and merrily over the whole course; thus shall we the more speedily attain the goal, and be watched with more excited gratification by our goodly crowd of spectators. Some of our notions will be found to agree wonderfully well with those entertained by his majesty, the many; while others will differ so entirely, that they will be pronounced queer and paradoxical. We commence our career from one point of general agreement, which is this: Mr. William Cullen Bryant is the best poet in America. As it is quite needless to enter upon the

proof of a fact which is strikingly evident, we shall not undertake to adduce the testimony which is so abundantly afforded by many of his long-published pieces. We have examined this testimony again and again, and always with increased delight. It is rich and copious. From the library of English poets it would be difficult to select a more freshly pleasing volume than Mr. Bryant's. It administers welcome nurture to the contemplative mind. It contains but little to excite the joyous and merry-hearted to louder mirth, but much to soothe and soften the elated spirit into a quietude that more nearly approaches true happiness. 'Thanatopsis' is not so sublime as 'Coleridge's Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni,' but its effect on the imagination of the reader is scarcely less grand. It is not so perfect a production as the 'Elegy in a Country Church Yard,' but its strains Æolian sweep through the mind with a power equally subduing, for it breathes the same 'sad, sweet music of humanity.' Its concluding lines fall upon the ear as if uttered by some warning angel.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Next, scarcely inferior to this, comes the 'Hymn to the Evening Wind.' Either would of itself be enough to stamp its author as a man of high poetical genius. These two, and the 'Song of Marion's Men,' are as common and as popular in the United States as many of the oldest lyrics of the British bards.

Had Mr. Bryant stopped with the volume which comprises, with many others scarcely less admirable, these three fine poems, we should have been equally free to grant him the place which he now holds by general consent; but we should have done so with less lively gratification than we now experience—arising, as it does, from our appreciation of his late pieces, given to the public in the pages of this Review. The pieces to which we allude are not familiar alone to the readers of this journal; their transfer to the columns of nearly every journal from the disputed territory to the seat of the Florida war has made them equally familiar to our countrymen in general. They have been rightfully designated by a Northern critic as 'not only acquisitions to American literature but additions to the English language.' They emanate from the same rich source of genius, which has so abundantly proved that their author is destined to occupy an enduring rank among the authors of the age. There is but one other man in existence who could have created such lines, on such a subject, as those that flow like living streams of beauty from 'The Fountain.' No known living poet but Wordsworth could have originated the glorious thought in four lines, which we shall presently quote. They occur in the magnificent stanzas entitled 'The Battle Field,' printed a year since in this magazine. In reading the whole poem, they did not so break away from the entire chain of melody as to produce the single and startling effect which they afterwards did, upon our

encountering them casually in Mr. Forrest's oration, on our last anniversary of national independence. There is a Shakspearean grandeur in the idea, and a Miltonic dignity in its expression. Read aloud.

"Truth crush'd to earth, will rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

To Mr. Halleck, we are willing to assign a rank inferior only to that occupied by Mr. Bryant in the scale of those who have so elevated the standard of American poetry during these latter years. If a man were to be judged by the quantity, not by the quality of his works, then would Mr. Halleck's laurels be few and faded. As it is,

"Few have worn a greener wreath,
Than that which binds his hair."

To use an expressive mercantile phrase, he has done a very small business on a large capital. In this respect he excels every modern poet, except Gray. His taste is quite as fastidious as Gray's or Campbell's; there is the same intense polish in his lines, and the same exquisite nicety in his versification. We wish that he had imitated their sobriety. They never indulge in antics or cut pirouettes at the conclusion of a poetical movement, as stately and graceful as a minuet. The fair form of 'Alnwick Castle' is spoiled by its mean and miserable ending. If this be wit, we beg to be spared its infliction. Mr. Halleck's finest poem are his lines in memory of Burns; they were probably suggested by Wordsworth's *Rob Roy*, but are none the less attractive on that account.

Equal to Mr. Halleck, and superior—in that he has written so much more—is Mr. Charles Sprague. It is curious that both these gentlemen should be the curators of extensive money concerns. That the mind of one at least has received no sordid taint, we may infer from this distich:

"The fool who holds it heresy to think,
And loves no music but the dollar's clink."

Mr. Sprague has wrought rich treasures from every vein that he has struck. He has been so successful in all, that we are doubtful in which he has best succeeded. He displays the same singular felicity in sarcastic, pathetic, and spirited verse. His 'Curiosity' is a noble poem; the language has scarcely a more splendid lyric than his Shakspeare Ode, and we know of few strains of deeper tenderness than those on the Death of a Sister, the Family Reunion, and others of the same tone. The arrow that would find a chink in Mr. Sprague's bright armor, must be more adroitly aimed than ours; he is impervious to our criticism.

In thus cursorily speaking of three of our best poets, we have sufficiently proved our postulate; as long as they, and others like them, live to write, (we wish that they wrote to live,) there will be little danger of our tolerating that which is in itself indifferent, because it is comparatively good. Before passing, however, to speak of those writers whose more recent works immediately invite our observations, we would name one, to whom may, with singular fidelity, be applied Pope's expressive line:

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, a rabid opposition paper, has all the richest endowments of genius. He deserted 'the muse's bower,' to fight and scuffle on the dusty arena of politics. He flung aside his golden-voiced lute for the brazen-throated trumpet. Some of his earlier effusions are 'beautiful exceedingly.' His lines by his mother's grave, written at the age of fourteen, are more remarkable than any other juvenile production we ever saw. They breathe the very soul of sorrow; nothing could be more irresistibly touching and plaintive. His latter pieces, especially those which tell of love, seem flushed with the rosiest hues of passion, pervaded with a glow like old Anacreon's. His fault is too lavish a profusion of imagery, the use of too many spangling epithets, which despoil his thoughts of their simplicity and beauty. Practice would have amended this—but he has not practiced—he probably never will again practice poetry; he is a politician. Some of the most valuable contributions to American poetry have been made by those who have never yet had ambition enough to collect their scattered effusions into volumes. To convince the reader how sincerely this is to be regretted, we need mention no other names than those of the two last mentioned writers, Sprague and Prentice. We would that they could be persuaded to do so at this time, and we would that every writer upon whose efforts public approval has set its seal could be induced to follow the example.

Mr. Dawes' 'Athenia of Damascus,' Mr. Willis's 'Bianca Visconti,' and Mr. Epes Sargent's 'Velasco'—a tragedy which was successfully brought forward at the Park theatre, in New York, and which has met with considerable praise from the periodical press—have all appeared within the last six months. Neither of these dramas have extraordinary merit; that by Mr. Sargent is by far the best as a whole, although those of Mr. Dawes and Mr. Willis contain finer passages of a fanciful description. We shall now speak of these dramas, though not with the particularity to which their defects as well as merits entitle them. That of Mr. Dawes has appeared in a separate form as well as in his volume. It legitimately claims our attention among his other poetical works—which will be last treated in this paper, since they are the most important under notice. We would premise our remarks on the other two dramas, with the mention of the fact, that they are the only native productions of merit, which have been given to the public in readable form, after their representation at the theatre. Dr. Robert M. Bird, of Philadelphia, author of *Calavar*, *The Infidel*, &c., was the first of any eminence who came forward as a dramatist. His 'Gladiator,' and 'Broker of Bogota,' never found their way to the publishers, less, as we imagine, through fear of their being submitted to the test of literary criticism, than from apprehension of diminishing their attractiveness on the stage.

Mr. Willis has published three dramatic works. The first was the tragedy which lies in a very neat garb before us, and is called 'Bianca Visconti, or the Heart Overtasked.' It was written two years since, with a view to the acting by Miss Clifton of the principal female character. This is the way in which all American writing for the stage has been elicited. Mr. Dawes' 'Athenia' was written for a Mrs. George Jones, (a woman, like Miss Clifton, of fine appearance, and

it has been stated of superior histrionic power) and Mr. Sargent's 'Izadore,' the heroine in 'Velasco,' for Miss Tree. The effect of this must be to direct the author's attention to one bright point, from which he trusts to diffuse a radiance over the whole piece. Other matters are merely auxiliary—and the consequence is an inferior development of character, and no very skilful management of plot. This criticism applies to Mr. Willis's performances rather than to those of the other two writers.

After the somewhat equivocal success of 'Bianca Visconti,' Mr. Willis was betrayed into the perpetration of a comedy, which was (to use the common phrase) 'damned' silently on the second night of representation. It is said to have been so broadly farcical and so outrageously absurd, that it proved impossible, even for an audience fully determined on being delighted, to endure it. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, Mr. Willis steps like a stalwart knight again into the lists. If we were to credit the daily journals, we should believe that he had rent the laurel from Shakspeare's bust to adorn his living temples, and that in 'Tortosa, or the Usurer,' the world beheld a comedy, such as no age since that of good Queen Bess can boast. The truth is, that there is little or no dramatic power displayed in the piece. It is like Bianca Visconti, to which it is decidedly inferior in stage effect—a graceful poem running over with sparkling conceits and glittering fancies, which bubble up and burst on the surface like the air-jewels in a beaker of rosy champagne.

It has been remarked of the plays of Sheridan Knowles, that in no one of them is there an allusion which would call a blush to the cheek of purity. This is a high degree of praise which cannot be awarded to the dramas of Mr. Willis. There is an indelicacy on the second page of 'Bianca Visconti,' and there are several in the comedy of 'Tortosa.' When will authors learn that filth is filth, though it be wrapped in a web woven from the costliest looms of Cashmere? We will not detain the reader with an analysis of the tragedy before us. The plot is poor in incident, but managed so as to stimulate and increase the interest of the reader the more as he approaches toward the catastrophe. It is tragic enough to suit the taste of one who would 'sup full with horrors.' It hinges upon the high dramatic circumstance of a sister being accessory to the murder of a young and innocent brother, who stands in the path of her lover's ambition. But we leave the plot, which we do not like, for the poetry, which we do like—and with which it is our duty to deal in this paper. Here is a beautiful passage, expressive of Bianca's joy at the fruition of her long cherished hopes of happiness with her bridegroom, Sforza—beautiful, though it trenches on the 'isle' in Moore's 'Blue summer ocean far off and alone.'

"Oh, I'll build

A home upon some green and flowery isle
In the lone lakes, where we will use our empire
Only to keep away the gazing world.
The purple mountains and the glassy waters
Shall make a hush'd pavilion with the sky,
And we too in the midst will live alone,
Counting the hours by stars and waking birds,
And jealous but of sleep!"

"I remember

The fair Giovana in her pride at Naples.
Gods! what a light enveloped her! She left
Little to shine in history—but her beauty
Was of that order that the universe
Seem'd governed by her motion. Men look'd on her
As if her next step would arrest the world;
And as the sea-bird seems to rule the wave,
He rides so buoyantly, all things around her—
The glittering army, the spread gonfalon,
The pomp, the music, the bright sun in Heaven—
Seemed glorious by her leave."

Here is something musical that will be deemed exquisite, till one endeavors to get at the meaning, and perceives that it begins with a hypothesis, very like a bull.

"If the rose

Were born a lily, and, by force of heart
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honorable. They
Who take it by inheritance alone—
Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there
But for the bright originals in Heaven!"

The finest scene in the piece—and it is, poetically, very beautiful—is that in the fifth act, of an interview between Sforza, the hero, Bianca, and her young brother Giulio. We should like to give it as the fairest specimen of Mr. Willis's dramatic as well as poetic powers; but the limits, to which the number of matters treated in this article restrains us, forbid. The final melancholy madness of Bianca is so like Ophelia's, that we are ready to award to it the praise of successful imitation.

Mr. Willis's dramas will hardly keep even short-lived possession of the stage, but they will maintain a more respectable rank in imaginative literature than his formerly published poems. They are less disfigured by affectations, and are pervaded by a more masculine tone of sentiment. They show that the author has of late conceived a nobler ambition, than to be the Waller of modern court circles—a *preux chevalier*, a sort of Sir Piercio Shafton, enrapturing the intellects of boarding schools misses with metrical euphuisms and elaborate fooleries. He seems to have learned to reflect more upon his art, and less upon himself. Such reflection may not be so agreeable, but we will find it far more beneficial; the famous Greek precept, and Pope's scarcely less famous line, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Sargent is the author of several fugitive poems of considerable merit. He writes with scrupulous correctness, rather than remarkable power. He is guided rather by nice taste than bold ambition. He never startles his reader, nor shocks him; he is never venturesome, never 'in wandering mazes lost;' the path he treads lies smooth, and plain, and verdant before him, and he is sure that he has answerable skill to pick his steps. He never walks blindfold, or with his eyes behind him. Had he been Icarus, he would never have attempted to fly, even had his wings been made of feathers instead of wax. He is not wanting, however, in self-confidence, for he is sure of success by never over-estimating his own powers. He will take a permanent, though not very brilliant, position among our writers. Were he more daring, he might reach a higher

point; but as there is no danger of his aiming beyond his reach, so there is none of his not reaching his aim. Of this we are certain;—in his future course he will culminate, and not decline. His modesty, no less than his abilities, entitles him to our most favorable consideration. His play, 'Velasco,' was quietly issued from the prolific press of the Harpers with little or no flourish of trumpets. It was read and liked. It was acted, and succeeded. The newspapers puffed it as they do every thing else, *ad nauseam*. This set the author's fame afloat, and a strong voice of judicious approval has kept it sailing on bravely ever since. We shall not swell the gale, but keep it blowing.

Since to Mr. Sargent has been accorded the praise of being the best dramatist in the country—a praise it would be difficult to gainsay—we should be glad to exhibit his pretensions by liberal quotations. This would also prove the justice of our other remarks; but we must rest content with simply showing, from this play, that he is a poet of no inferior merit. We could do this more efficiently from his first dramatic attempt, called 'The Genoese.' It has not been published; but should be, were it unredeemed, except by certain beautiful passages. Though it was horribly mangled at the Park theatre, we saw and heard enough to make us prefer its story, plot, and incidents, to those of 'Velasco.' In the play before us, we regard the choice of all these as unfortunate; the melo-dramatic termination of the third act is decidedly bad. But to the poetry. Here is a subject for the pencil of Weir:

"Our routed troops were flying in dismay
Before the turban'd Moors, when from the gloom
Of a green thicket rushed a mounted knight!
His charger white as snow—his battle-axe
Poised in his right hand, while his left upreared
The Christian ensign, blazoning the cross!"

Here is an exquisite figure; the last line is eminently good.

"Oh! ne'er did mariner, long toss'd at sea,
With no benignant star to point his course,
Hail with more rapture the first gleam of land,
Than I from War's seam'd visage and wild glance,
Turn to the blue eyes of maternal peace!"

These words of parting between a brother and sister, when the latter is about to be wedded, remind us, by their pathos, of certain touches in 'Ion.'

JULIO.—"Alas! I never yet have parted from thee
With the sad thought, that ere we met again
Thou wouldst be all another's—never more
The gay, free-hearted, fond, and careless girl,
Whose laugh in bower and hall was sweetest music.
Is not the thought well worth a casual tear?"

IZIDORA.—Why should I be less happy or less fond?
The influence of all outward things—
The sky; the sunshine, and the vernal earth,
Beauty and song—will they not be the same?
Ah! there are spirits in this fretful world
Which grow not old, and change not with the seasons!

JULIO.—Oh, let not that assure thee! Time, my sister,
Is not content with marring outward charms;
His deepening furrows reach the spirit's core."

The following, exhibiting the rage that pervades the breast of an old Castilian, who has been insulted by a blow, and is impotent to avenge the injury, is full of force and spirit:

DE LERMA—(taking up his sword.)—"Thou treacherous steel! art thou the same, alas!
Of yore so crimson'd in the Moorish wars?
Methinks there should have been a soul in thee—
The soul of victories and great achievements,
To form a living instrument of vengeance,
And, in the weakness of thy master's arm,
To leap spontaneous to his honor's rescue.
Go! 't is a mockery to wear thee now.

[Throws down his sword.

Struck like a menial! buffeted! degraded!
And baffled in my impotent attack!
Oh Fate! oh Time!—Why, when ye took away
From this right arm its cunning and its strength—
Its power to shield from wrong, or to redress,
Did ye not pluck from out this swelling heart
Its torturing sense of insult and of shame?
I am sunk lower than the lowest wretch!
Oh, that the earth might hide me!—that I might
Sink fathoms deep beneath its peaceful breast!"

We are willing to rest our assertion, that this piece contains evidences of decided poetical genius, on one more extract:

SCENE III.—*A glen near the castle of Gonzalez. A storm is raging, with thunder and lightning. Enter Velasco from the rocks in the back-ground.*

VELASCO.—"I lay my brow against the marble rock,
I hold it throbbing to the dewy grass;
There is no coldness in the summer rain!
The elements have lost their attributes.
The oaks are shiver'd round me, in the blaze
Of the near lightning, as it bursts the folds
Of its black cerements; but no gracious bolt
Blasts me or scathes! A wilder storm is here!
The fiery quiver of the clouds will be
Exhausted soon—the hurricane will sink;
And, through the vista of the western clouds,
The slant rays of the setting sun will stream;
And birds, on every glistening bow, will hail
The refulgent brightness and the fresher'd air;
But when will pass away from this sad heart
The cloud of grief—the tempest of remorse?
When will the winged hopes, that glanced and sang
In joy's melodious atmosphere, return,
To welcome back the gladness of the soul?"

In bidding adieu to Mr. Sargent, we greet the appearance of a writer who differs from him in every essential characteristic, as much as it is possible for one person to differ from another. The author of the 'Ruins of Athens' is evidently a man of taste, feeling, fancy and imagination, and yet we are free to say that he is not destined to be a poet. The present work has been before the public some years; and if it has not made his name particularly familiar as a poet, the present republication—for it bears neither the name nor the semblance of a second edition—is not likely to increase the small acquaintance that now exists. It is composed of a number of exemplifications of rhythm and metre, which have very much the air of exercises. Some will do, and others will not. Mr. Hill has courage enough, but lacks strength. He is evidently a disciple of Byron and Shelly, and all those whom the author of Philip Van Artevelde wisely classes as 'the Phantastic School.' These are they who behold Nature by torchlight instead of daylight and starlight. They delight in the glare of strong radiance, and the gloom of deep shadow. Yet we are perhaps wrong in supposing that Mr. Hill is more an admirer of such volcanic effulgence than of the serene glories of poets like Wordsworth; for he is a thorough imitator of them

all. He lays little claim to original talent, and we find even more in his avowed 'Imitations,' than in other portions of his handsome, but very badly printed volume. The first long piece, 'The Ruins of Athens,' is in the Childe Harold stanza, and very Childe Haroldish. The second, 'Titania's Banquet,' is pretty, but is rather the effluence of a mind where there had been a mingling up of Shakspeare's 'Midsummer's Night Dream,' Tom Hood's 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' and Dr. Drake's 'Culprit Fay,' in 'most admired disorder.' Mr. Hill is not, however, without merit conspicuous and commendable in his class. He is an excellent versifier, and chisels out his poetical statues with laudable assiduity. If he does not produce a Laocoon, or a Venus, it is not his fault. He is, therefore, entitled to the credit of considerable success, particularly in his descriptive pieces, imitatory of Wordsworth. He chose a good master there—much better than Tom Moore, and other worthies, whose manners and dress are elsewhere assumed.

There are, nevertheless, as we have said before, displayed throughout this volume much both of taste and feeling; and it is only in the severe impartiality of criticism, adjudicating the formidable claims of a poet and his volume, to be connected with our permanent literature, that we have been compelled to use a single word of disparagement. As contributions in the magazines to our monthly anthology, as the offerings of a man of refinement and education to the enjoyments of social life, these poems would win for their amiable author all the praise and distinction of which a delicate and susceptible mind need be ambitious. We shall be willing, and even rejoiced, if the public voice, in investing him with the bays of the poet, will do more; and we cheerfully lend our aid to that great consummation of book-making, by copying the following excellent stanzas:

TO A FLOWER FROM THE ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS.

"Frail, withered leaf! thy tints are shed,
Thine odor scents a distant air;
No spirit here survives the dead,
And seems to say, 'The relic spare!'
Around me flowers in sunshine sleep,
Whose dewy sweets arrest the bee,
Or blushing at my window peep;
Yet do I turn from them to thee.

"For thou wast cradled—nurtured, where
The men, whose birth was Freedom's, rose;
There still survive their trophies; there
The bones of heroes—gods, repose;
Memorial of feelings high
As met the mount my awe-struck gaze,
Whose relics, though in dust they lie,
Bespeak the pride of former days.

"Prized, in remembrance of a spot,
Whose time-worn image haunts me still;
For who has marked, and e'er forgot,
The trophies of that glorious hill?
Still, though in shattered pride, elate,
But soon to perish, like the flower
Sprung from the dust that strews the seat,
The monuments of human power."

We now approach the most serious portion of our task. Mr. Rufus Dawes is a genuine poet. He has an eye quick to distinguish the beautiful, and an ear

sensitively alive to the delicate music that pervades the air, and yet comes from no visible instrument. He is much inclined to philosophical musing, and addicted to refined abstractions. His mood is wild and speculative, yet study has imparted to him good taste. Sometimes, however, he goes sadly astray. He has done so in the book before us; and were it not for an occasional

dash of purity and brightness,

Which shows the man of sense and of politeness,

we should have guessed every new poet to be the writer of 'Geraldine,' before Rufus Dawes. We protest against the nondescript style therein displayed—against the unnatural blending of the bold and strong with the frail and feeble. That splendidly vicious poem, Don Juan, was, if not the first, the principal source of the popular taste for this incongruous intermixture of high and low ideas in poetry. Hostile as it is to every precept of a correct, critical taste, this style continues to find its imitators. We regret to censure Mr. Dawes as one of them. His 'Athenia of Damascus,' and many of the miscellaneous effusions collected into this volume, evince his capacity for purer and better things, and make us certain that he can touch the finer chords of sentiment, and wake the deeper melodies of nature. 'Geraldine,' the leading production of this volume, is an exaggerated specimen of the villainous style of Don Juan. Its rhythm is the same, and the resemblance is pretty exact in all respects, save the number of lines in each stanza. Its versification is like that of Mr. Halleck's 'Fanny,'—than which no equal number of verses were ever more egregiously overrated—and its efforts at wit are something similar, though more vulgar and less comprehensible. 'Fanny' was famously liked in its day, and the Gothamites chuckled over it, because they entered fully into the spirit of its local jokes and personal allusions. If we remember aright, there are no stanzas in it worthy of preservation, except those often-quoted ones commencing—

"Weekawken! In thy mountain scenery yet!"

We challenge any stranger to account for the great popularity with which it was originally attended, and which its remembrance now maintains. The author, of course, is not at fault; his object was to amuse the town, and he succeeded. He probably never dreamed that 'Fanny' would be more than the belle of a single season; if her many admirers are now clamorous for her re-appearance in a new attire, he is not to be reprehended for acceding to their wishes, provided they are willing to pay him roundly for the trouble of a second bringing out. No similar apology can be made for the chaperon of 'Geraldine.' She makes her debut in all the pride and splendor of an elegant dress—by no means an unpretending aspirant for admiration. We are ungallant enough to pronounce the lady a fright, and to recommend her speedy consignment to the shades of quietest obscurity.

The critic can have a no more unpleasant duty to perform than one of condemnation, even where he feels perfectly indifferent to the subject of his strictures. This duty becomes peculiarly irksome when he takes up the work of an author, in whose favor he had been agreeably prepossessed, and finds nothing but stubble where he looked for little else than flowers. Were we

equally disposed, with his warmest friends, to extol Mr. Dawes' poetry, (and that we are, he has but to know us to feel assured,) we could not, if we simply regarded the author and not the public, avoid an exemplary, though brief, exposure of the gross demerits of the production which gives a name to this volume, and which is made first and most distinctly to demand the reader's attention. To do this in as few words as possible, and with the fewest possible citations, shall be our earnest endeavor. The choice of metre was the author's first misfortune. It is both feeble and common, and should have been rejected on both accounts. Yet, in the opening stanzas, the author puts it to its very best use, giving it all the tone and swell of which it is susceptible. The strain first assumes tenderness, in description, and then draws near to sublimity, in invocation. Afterwards it glides off into a metaphysical flourish, at the beginning and end of which a father and daughter are introduced—the first being surnamed 'Wilton,' and the latter christened 'Geraldine.'

Now the story runs that this young lady, as heroines always do in poems, falls in love with a good-for-nothing, 'ne'er-do-weel' sort of a scape-grace. His name is Waldron, and he loves Geraldine to distraction, as he takes pains to evince by killing a rival, and running away with an improper female, who is called Alice Acus, so as to rhyme with 'make us.' Previous to this delicate piece of attention on his part, he turns pirate—a regular out-and-out Corsair, and rushes, in the maddest spirit of desperation, to sea, in a 'long, low, black-looking schooner.' Geraldine, as is becoming under the circumstances, goes into a galloping consumption, looks pale and hectic, and cries pretty much all the time, because the cruel fates have separated her from her amiable admirer. Old Wilton, her papa, judiciously determines to carry his sick daughter to a warmer climate. They depart in a ship; which is of course attacked by the pirate Waldron; and the upshot of the whole matter is the indiscriminate demise, in the most horrible way, of the entire party. This rigmarole is more ridiculous in the author's verse than in our prose; it occupies, however, but a small portion of the poem, the chief part being the most irrelevant digression. Herein it resembles Don Juan most manifestly. There is a light mingling of coarse humor and affected pathos, a similar use of slang terms and vulgar expressions, the same striving after oddity of rhyme, with equally shocking success. There are, moreover, repeated attempts at the tender, the devotional, and the sublime, which, unlike those of Don Juan, are bombastic failures.

If the following commissions are not enough to send to the tomb of the Capulets any poem by any poet, then are slang, silliness, and smut, 'tolerable, and to be endured.'

"The goose that has the largest share of stuffing."

"And very often went to bed a beast."

"And many, who to ruin are turned over,
But 'go to grass,' to roll themselves 'in clover.'"

"Who awes the great menagerie of fops,
In admiration at his whisker crops."

"Alphesibanus might renounce his jumps,
To see *sallantes satyros* in pumps."

"Throw off your modesty, and damn your eyes."

"Suppose you have some half a dozen daughters,
From four feet high to five, with some odd inches,
But cast your bread, you know, upon the waters,
And save the shoe from telling where it pinches.
Throw open wide your doors—burn spermaceti,
And never more despair of Bell or Betty."

"And so the city Fair of matrimony
Blazes for ever, and the bids run high.

"What's offered, ladies, for this matter o' money?—
A hundred thousand in the stocks! who'll buy?—
Going!—who bids?—going!—he's good as Rothschild—
Gone!—and Miss Wilhelmina rocks the Goth's child."

"Poor devil that was married for his Bentons,
And having lost them, shares his rib's repentance."

"But now-a-days instead of wasting pearls,
They have a way of melting down the girls."

"Pope Alexander always had his followers,
As Alexander Pope has had his swallows."

"May rob the very altar of a horn,
'Sprinkling with rosy light the dewy lawn.'"

"Now there are many different kinds of lions,
As there are wares, from porcelain to 'Brummagen';
Some manufactured by the curling-irons,
And others, the museums, should you rummage 'em."

"While o'er the blue, MacAdamised rotundo,
Flectit equos, curruque volans, dat lora secundo."

"At length they heard the dipping of the oars,
And Wilton saw at once the frightful cause."

These four last are the most shocking violations of Nick Bottom's rule we ever heard of; though the sense can hardly be said to be sacrificed to sound. They are infinitely worse than the Yankee distich—

There goes our old mill down the water,
A darn sight faster than it ought to."

We shall cheerfully bid adieu to this ridiculous performance with the quoting of certain passages which read, not as if they were imitations, but as if they were 'scissorized' out of the whole cloth of Don Juan:

"—gently raised
Her dimpling hand of snow, where one warm kiss
Thrilled to her heart with love's delicious bliss."

"The morn is up again—the dewy morn!
Fresh from the bed of night, in matron bloom,
Weeping to see so many take a 'horn'
And walk out rosy from the soda-room."

"Not that there's any pleasure in the danger,
More than being shot at with ounce bullets.
'T is sweet to seem to be to fear a stranger,
The while we wish that we were feeding pullets.
Most men can fight a duel to the letter;
Yet when a man survives, he feels the better."

"Long did the combat last, till only five
Were left within the Vulture. They at length
Were overpowered by numbers yet alive—
Faint with the loss of blood, and without strength.
But while the pirate was of plunder thinking,
He found both vessels filling and fast sinking."

"The hot sun blazed upon their naked heads,
And boiled the blood within them—till some grew
Mad, and blasphemed and tore their flesh in shreds,
While others, starving, helped the deed to do—
Then, weeping in wild mirth, drank the dark gore,
And cried aloud to God, and shrieked for more."

"Arm locked in arm, they turned them from the crowd,
And gazed upon each other"—

Like the Irishman's portrait, each one of the preceding may be said to be more like than the original.

Turn we now, with a feeling as grateful as 'the cool plashing of a plangent wave' to one who is travel-sore, and nearly stifled with the dust of the desert, unto 'Athenia of Damascus.' Here is a delightful dramatic poem, the flow of whose lines, like that of a palm-shaded rivulet, is pure, limpid, and sparkling.

The subject is too lofty for the modern stage, although with judicious curtailment, it can doubtless be represented with effect. The beautiful thoughts and language, with which it is rife, would be lost in recitation; yet it has a sufficiency of incident to keep alive a pleasant interest.

It is deep tragedy. We are trespassing beyond our limits, and can gratify our reader with but one charming extract.

ACT II.—SCENE I. *A pleasure ground in Damascus.*
(ATHENIA alone.)

ATH.—I will not pluck thee from thy parent tree,
Sweet rose of beauty! while the rain-drops hang
O'er thy clear blush their modest ornaments—
Another hour shall glory in thy smile,
And when the day light dies, the queen of heaven
Shall fold thee in a silver veil of love,
Forgetting her Endymion. Foolish heart!
As if I loved!—Yet truly, as I live,
I fear I love the very thought of love!
Oh, childish joy—indefinite delight!—
That I should dream so sweetly—and at morn
Find my eyes wet with tears!—

Enter CALOUS.

CAL.—[Embracing her.] Athenia!

ATH.—Thank thee, Heaven!

CAL.—What kind indulgent power
Has smiled on Calous, that so much bliss
At once should dissipate his darkest gloom,
And make a noon of midnight!

ATH.—Thank thee, Heaven!

CAL.—Say, then, thou lovest me still, Athenia?

ATH.—Love thee! Indeed I know not if I love.
When thou art nigh, I fain would be alone—
And when away, I'm sad and desolate:
Beset this maiden fickleness of thought!
I would not give the treasure of my love
For all the wealth that earth or ocean covers:
And thou wilt save our altars, Calous!
The holy cross, and every dear remain
Of sainted martyr, still inviolate!
So shall we wander in our hours of joy,
On the green margin of life's sunny stream,
With more delight than ever—shall we not?

CAL.—What grief can throw a shadow o'er our way,
When love is cloudless?—let thy heart be still,
Young Halcyon, on its marble resting place!
There is no fear, Athenia, that the foe
Can harm Damascus: though his arm is strong,
The arm above is stronger. Even now
The victory is ours.

ATH.—Alas, Damascus!

CAL.—Chase these vain fears!—and dost thou, maiden,
think

The soil where Adam trod in majesty—
The land Jehovah guarded, when the fiend
Drove Saul to persecute—and where the light
And breath of God softened his heart of steel,
Turning his thoughts to pity and to love;
Think'st thou this consecrated place can yield
While He is with us, as He e'er has been?

ATH.—His ways are dark and deeply intricate:
When Heaven was kindest, innocence was lost,
And Paradise gave birth to misery.

CAL.—Let not such thoughts plant lilies on thy cheek,
My own Athenia! All will yet be well.
Come, let me bind a chaplet of fresh flowers
To deck thy temples: I will steal an hour
From anxious care, and sacrifice to love
The hopes and wishes I have nursed for thee.
Not always thus shall be our wayward lot,
To wander here and steal from love's rich store
These precious moments of sweet ecstasy!
Not always thus, my girl! When dove-eyed peace
Spreads her white wings again, the sacred tie
Shall bind our wedded hearts: till then, my love,
Thy smile shall cheer me on in peril's hour,
With its dear influence!

After 'Athenia' comes 'Lancaster,' a poem that has many excellences, and is worthy of the genius of the writer. It is, however, upon his miscellaneous pieces that Mr. Dawes' reputation as a poet mainly depends. The melody of their versification is truly enchanting. The ideas, too, are worthy of such exquisite expression. The public are aware of the beauties of all these productions, for none have been more liberally transferred to our literary journals. We have space for the shortest only:

ART THOU HAPPY, LOVELY LADY?

Art thou happy, lovely lady,
In the splendor round thee thrown?
Can the jewels that array thee
Bring the peace which must have flown?
By the vows which thou hast spoken,
By the faith which thou hast broken,
I ask of thee no token
That my heart is sad and lone.

There was one that loved thee, Mary!
There was one that fondly kept
A hope which could not vary,
Till in agony it slept.
He loved thee, dearly loved thee,
And thought his passion moved thee;
But disappointment proved thee
What love has often wept.

Had Mr. Dawes been a common-place poet, or simply a new claimant for distinction, we should have been more prodigal of commendation, and more niggard of blame. Bind up this volume without 'Geraldine,' and you have an admirable collection of poetry, fit to appear worthily, if not the first, in a 'Library of American Poets.'

Some asinine individual, who must have been as partial to paradoxes as his long-eared archetype to thistles, has taken upon himself to remark, that there are few or no materials for romance in America. This critic must be nearly related to the observing person of whom Wordsworth remarks:

'A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.'

It would, perhaps, not be too extravagant to say that the poetical resources of our country are boundless. Nature has here granted every thing to genius which can excite, exalt, enlarge, and ennoble its powers. Nothing is narrow, nothing is confined. All is height, all is expansion. Cliffs throw aloft mighty bastions; mountains lift impregnable parapets to the sky; rivers 'roll in majesty;' lakes spread abroad like seas; and prairies meet the wide horizon all around with undula-

tions of magnificent verdure. Here, too, are forests, in whose vast dim cloisters, the mind may feel a sense of loneliness and an overwhelming awe, which no fabrics of human rearing could impart; for here, in ancient days, man came to build his altars and to worship. These trees are glorious columns; these leaves are gorgeous tracery; here is a 'majestical roof, fretted with golden fire;'

'The groves were God's first temples!'

In America, too, are diversities of climate, yielding diversified delights. Here Winter erects his palaces of glittering ice, while there Spring displays her flowery avenues and her green arcades; here Summer shows her silver fountains and her billows of golden grain, when in another region of our vast domain, Autumn pours from her exhaustless horn the copious harvest and transmutes, with a subtle alchemy, the emerald of the woods into ruby and topaz, and

'All the hues that mingle in the rainbow.'

Our history, too, is poetical. Let Time but wrap it in his mighty shadows, and what were the fables of old compared to our familiar story! How inspiring, how sublime the contemplation of those few brave hearts who, led by one greater than Leonidas, dared to cast themselves into the rocky defile of freedom, opposed advancing armies, died not, but conquered! The blood tingles and rushes through our veins as we trace these words. Dull, cold, critical as we are, we are almost incited to the utterance of burning thoughts. Shall there, then, be no more poets, in our 'dear, dear country?' Shall there not be one great poet? That man whose eye can roam over the borders of our land, and see these things of which we have spoken, needs not the spirit of prophecy to answer, "Yes!"

THE MOTHER'S RAINY DAY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

When the soft summer-shower, whose herald-drops
Stirr'd the broad vine-leaves, to an answering joy
Swell to protracted rain,—soothing the mind
With sense of leisure,—Mother, haste to call
Thy little flock around thee. Let them hail
The rainy day as one when tenderest love
Brings forth for them its richest stores of thought.
Think'st thou the needle's thrift, or housewife's lore,
Yields richer payment? Mother! thou may'st stamp
Such trace upon the waxen mind, as life,
With all its swelling floods, shall ne'er blot out.
So, take thy bright-eyed nursling on thy knee,
And tell him of the God, who rules the cloud,
And calms the tempest—and the glorious sun
Brings forth rejoicing from the rosy east,
To gild the morn.

Unlock thy treasur'd hoards
Of hallow'd lore,—how little Samuel heard
At midnight, 'neath the temple's solemn arch,
Jehovah's voice, and hasted to obey,—
How young Josiah turn'd to Israel's God
Ere yet eight summers ripened on his brow,—
And how the sick child to his father cried
"My head! my head!" then in his mother's arms

Grew pale and died,—and how the prophet's prayer
Did pluck him from the jaws of death again.
Tell too, thy little daughter, while she sits
Heedful beside thee,—how the shepherds heard
The harps of angels, while they watch'd their sheep,—
And how the infant Saviour found no bed
Save a straw manger 'mid the horned train,—
And how he rais'd the Ruler's daughter up,
When on her dead brow lay the weeper's tear,—
How at the tomb of Lazarus, he mourned
With the sad sisters—and, when the wild sea
And wilder tempest raged, stretch'd out his hand,
And saved the faint disciple on the wave,
Who pray'd to him.

Then, when the moisten'd eye
Reveals the softening soul, cast in thy seed—
And Heaven and holy angels water it!
So shall the spirit of the summer-storm
Gleam as a rainbow, when thy soul goes up
With its dread company of deeds and thoughts,
To bide the audit of the day of doom.

Hartford, Conn., July 24, 1839.

THE MISSIONARY;

By the authoress of "The Poet," "The Poet's Destiny," &c.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a mild autumn afternoon that two young men sauntered leisurely through the grounds attached to ——— university.

"This place has changed but little since I was last here," said one of them; "and yet I look on its 'old familiar' features with feelings widely different from those they suggested two years since."

"You are changed, Eugene," replied his companion; "the same two years which have left, as they found me, a student in those old halls, have made you a calm, thoughtful man, forgetful of the gay employments of boyish days, or remembering only to repent them."

"Nay, Charles, you are mistaken; I look on the pleasures of the past with no regret, save for their departure; and its friendships, I hope, will long cheer my lonely pilgrimage."

"Have you forgotten the one tenderer tie of that time?" asked the other with a smile; "or was that too relinquished with the dull studies over which it cast a charm?"

An expression of pain crossed Eugene's brow, and he paused for a moment before he said, "I can have no love hereafter but my profession; for the one you name, it is sorrow to recall, and its hopes are gone forever!"

"Forever" is a lover's word, Courtland, and means nothing as you use it. But seriously, Eugene, why do you speak so despondingly on this subject?"

"Because I have thought of it long and sadly," was the answer; "and the happiness of this tie can be mine no longer. I can offer your cousin no fair prospects; for since we last met my plans are altered, and now the church must be my bride."

"But why must your engagement be dissolved?" persisted Charles. "You are both very young; and with your eloquence in the pulpit, Eugene, you can never remain unknown and unsought."

"I have not told you my reason ; I am going abroad as a missionary !"

"Going abroad as a missionary !" repeated Charles slowly, and looking with the greatest surprise on his friend ; "you cannot be in earnest, Eugene !"

"Is this a theme for jesting ?" answered Courtland. "You know, Charles, that I studied for the ministry against the wishes of my friends ; I devoted myself voluntarily to my course, and would you have me follow it only when it leads through a pathway of flowers ?"

"But you carry your ideas of duty too far," replied Charles ; "for though you have selected a profession which in a measure debars you from the gaieties of society, it need not deprive you of what is dearer. Why leave home, friends and kindred, to seek a foreign land, when the wide field of our own country yet offers so much to improve ?"

"Here there are many engaged in the same holy work," he answered, "and my aid would avail little ; but in the distant wilderness, I may kindle a light where all now is gloom, and rear an altar of faith amid the darkness of ignorance and superstition !"

"You are enthusiastic. Courtland, you forget, in your ardor, the difficulties of the task. You must encounter dangers, sorrow, and separation from all you love, to win an uncertain end—to attain that reward which so many have toiled for in vain. You should not act rashly in an affair like this ; for remember how deeply your conduct will influence the happiness of many !"

"I have meditated long on my resolve," replied Eugene, "and I cannot change it ;—but let us leave this subject, my friend, for I would not embitter with vain regrets the few hours which yet remain for us to spend together." And in reminiscences of their college days, the friends forgot, for a time, the sad clouds which darkened the horizon of the future.

Eugene Courtland was an only child, and the recent death of his widowed mother, had made him an orphan. Moving in the first circle of society, and inheriting wealth, his choice of a profession astonished, and in a degree disappointed, the friends who had marked out for him a more brilliant destiny. Rich, handsome, and talented, it was, perhaps, singular that one so young and surrounded by so many temptations, should have devoted his life to a course which must shut him out from those pleasures and excitements, that made the joys of his younger years : but Courtland's was too pure a spirit to love such pleasures long, and he turned from the emptiness of fashion, with a feeling of weariness, and sought relief in the holy studies which had made him what he was. Without any of that ambition, which even in religion finds a place, Eugene's was the eloquence of the soul ; and the deep, calm voice that lent melody to his words, had already lured many to seek that Heaven where hope is lost in bliss. With his advantages and connexions, he could not be unsought—and even at the time of my story, his name had won interest and fame. His ardent zeal and constant anticipations of success in whatever he attempted, if exerted in any other cause, might have made him a visionary ; but his dreams were so firmly based, and his wishes so free from the taint of earth, that he might rather be deemed an enthusiast. Courtland's chief fault, was the extent to which he carried his ideas of duty—his entire

sacrifice of every personal gratification, to the great end for which he labored. And even this defect, though sometimes leading to unnecessary privations, was too nearly a virtue to be blamed. A strong example of this trait, was his decision to leave all the thousand blessed ties of friendship and love, for a stranger's dwelling and an exile's lot. That this determination cost many struggles, we cannot doubt—for in common with all of lofty intellect, Eugene felt that powerful love of home, which lingers faintly round every heart, and finds an echo in every spirit. Perhaps there were moments when sadder thoughts usurped the place of hope—when he acknowledged that the trials willingly encountered, were severe indeed ; but this conviction, while shadowing the present, had no effect on his purposes, and he ever turned with purified feelings, from his existing griefs, to look on that troubled hereafter which promises so much, to fulfil so little !

CHAPTER II.

"Of course, Gertrude, you are going to church to-day, to hear the 'farewell' of your beloved ?" said Helen Derwood, as she looked up with a smile from the letter she was writing, to address her cousin.

"Yes, I am going," answered Gertrude quietly ; and the smile she attempted to force, was lost in a tear that asked no bidding.

"What wretched taste Mr. Courtland displays," continued Helen. "I really once thought him a delightful person ; and his being a minister, I could forgive—for the dress becomes him so well—but when he chooses to act the saint so far as to be a missionary, I positively cannot pardon him. Is it not ridiculous, Gertrude, to fancy him, with his splendid beauty, preaching to a congregation of savages, who may, perhaps, take his life by way of rewarding his kindness ?" And Helen threw down her pen to laugh at the picture her imagination had drawn.

"I see nothing so ludicrous in the idea," said Gertrude, with more spirit than she generally ventured to exhibit before her gay companion.

"Mr. Courtland may carry his self-devotion farther than necessity demands, but his motives at least, should shield him from ridicule !"

"Bravo, my fair cousin !" retorted Helen sarcastically. "You are really eloquent on the subject. May I be permitted to ask how long Miss Gertrude Leslie has undertaken the defence of her lover ? She is truly disinterested, when this same lover has grown so indifferent to her attractions, as to leave them willingly, perhaps forever !"

Gertrude's eyes filled with burning tears, and attempting no answer to her laughing friend, she silently quit the room.

A smile of contempt, blended with triumph, curved Helen's haughty lip, and she resumed her pen to continue her letter. This, as it may serve to explain her motives, we will read as she writes :

"You cannot fancy, dear Caroline, how tired I am becoming of this stupid place ! For the first two or three months of my visit, I had enough to amuse me, in laughing at my aunt's visitors and plaguing my cousin Gertrude ; but now, even these resources fail me.

One cannot laugh at the same people forever, and Gertrude is so amiable, that my teasing produces no effect more entertaining than silence, and, sometimes, tears. She is a lovely little creature, but sadly deficient in energy and spirit; any person may control her wishes in trifles, though I doubt if she would be easy to rule where her feelings were deeply interested. Just at this time too, she is wrapt in the rose-colored mantle of her first love, and, as you may imagine, is no very agreeable companion, except to the gentleman of her choice. Now who do you think he is? No other than my earliest idol, the young, handsome, rich and fascinating Eugene Courtland! You remember how I used to rave concerning this same Eugene, and when he studied for the ministry, how good I, too, suddenly became! Well, this very hero of my young dreams, is the *fiancé* of my fair cousin.

"But the best of the tale you have yet to hear—for though they seem devoted to each other, and I sincerely believe they are, he in a fit of romantic enthusiasm, has resolved to leave his betrothed and go abroad as a missionary! Why, I cannot fancy—for with his celebrity he could always gain notice, and with his attractions always win admiration.

"I believe Gertrude would willingly marry him, even now, and go with him, but my aunt has other prospects for her, and I suppose she will be left to lose at the same time both her spirits and her lover. In truth I do not much pity these two, though Gertrude is my cousin and Eugene was my 'worshipped-one;' for she positively provokes me with her want of character, and I have never quite forgiven him his indifference to *mes beaux yeux*. I expect the romance will end in his dying a martyr's death among the savages, and her being led to the altar by some persecuting suitor, as a broken hearted bride. This last occurrence would not surprise me; for Gertrude's sweet, spiritless manners, please the men here, and her mother is strongly advocating a certain rich gentleman's cause. He is silent, stupid, and some twenty years older than his lady-love; but my aunt, in her worldly wisdom, has forgotten to count his follies and years, while counting his wealth. Is it not refreshing to find among the sentimentalists of the present day, one whose aims and views are so like our own, as those of *ma tante*? Gertrude's goodness tires me, and I feel relief in looking on the politic manœuvres of her mother, who, by the way, has made me promise to use my influence in changing my cousin's feelings for Courtland. When this was first proposed, I made a show of reluctance, and talked a good deal of nonsense about blighted affections, blasted hopes *et tout cela*, just to impress my companion with a due sense of my exalted disposition. After the graceful opposition had been carried far enough for my purpose, I became gradually convinced by her sound reasoning, began to discover that Gertrude's 'strange infatuation' should be discouraged, and then gave the required assent. I could not have been allotted a more pleasant task; for Gertrude, as you may see, is no great favorite of mine, and I long to be revenged on Courtland for his want of taste; so I take every possible opportunity of ridiculing him, and try to pique her into anger at his late determination. With him, I can do nothing; for even I, the proud and successful coquette of the last winter, feel abashed before the calm, holy dignity of his perfect beauty! Whether

I shall be able to make these young lovers quarrel, remains to be seen; but, if perseverance can ensure the result, I have nothing to fear."

With timid steps, Gertrude entered the church, where, it might be, for the last time, she was to hear the lofty eloquence that so long had haunted her spirit. Her cheek was pale, and looked pure as snow in the sunlight, contrasted with the dark ringlets clustering beside it. Heavy tears gathered in her eyes, and her mother and cousin, noticing her emotion, exchanged glances in silence. To Gertrude, no thought was present, save one sad anticipation of the future, and her vision was only broken by the deep, earnest voice that made her sweetest music. She trembled when those tones fell on her ear, as she remembered with how much of earthly love she approached the shrine of Heaven. "It is for the last time!" her heart whispered, even while it accused; and she did not struggle to correct a fault which might never be committed by her again.

Few were there who looked without interest on the young and gifted being standing before them, wrapt in holy devotion. Strange beauty was on his pale thoughtful brow, round which the bright hair shone like a golden halo, and in the soft, liquid eyes that were clear and placid as the Heaven he preached. The rich red lips had besought comfort for many a mourner, and the peaceful smile which parted them, reflected unshadowed the loveliness of his spirit.

Gertrude gazed almost in idolatry, as she listened to the words of unfeigned humility, uttered by one so favored among men; and when, for the last time, he invoked a blessing on his hearers, the kind hopes of many hearts were whispered in supplications for his happiness. Long and solemn was the voiceless pause that followed his parting benediction, and with a faltering step the missionary left the sacred temple he might enter no more. His pale, spiritual face, glowed with heavenly enthusiasm, and if some earthly sorrow mingled there, it served only to adorn the brow it saddened.

In silence that day the lovers met and parted, for the hearts of both were too full for expression; and after a single pressure of his loved one's hand, Courtland left her to seek consolation in solitude and prayer.

CHAPTER III.

Gertrude was alone in her room, thinking mournfully of coming days, when a letter was given her, and the single glance that showed Eugene's writing, called a bright blush to her fair young cheek.

The note was from Courtland, and contained these lines: "Gertrude, dear Gertrude! when we met yesterday, I could not speak, even to you; so many memories of scenes gone, so many thoughts of those to come, were crowding upon me—and even now I write you these hurried words because I would not risk, by a meeting, the composure we are each endeavoring to attain. I am aware, dearest, that many deem my determination to go abroad, a rash and useless one; you too, might think it argued indifference to the vows which bind us, did you not know me well enough to forbid a doubt of the love which has been yours for years. Even they who smile most scornfully at what they term my wild enthusiasm, would cease to condemn the resolve,

could they realize the heavenly aspirations which attract me onward. The self approval which I feel, I regard as a token of divine approbation—as a sign, that however unworthy the offering, the sacrifice of home and hope, will be accepted on high. The struggle will be fearful, Gertrude; but will not that very struggle purify and exalt the deed that demands it? The thought that you will suffer by this act, is my darkest memory; for I would not sully with a tear for me, the sweet eyes which so often have greeted me in kindness. But it is not to say this, that I write to you: it is to give back, if you will, the faith you pledged before my lot was changed. Think not, my dearest one, that I offer this without trembling. Too many tender hopes are clustered round the promise of your love, for me to relinquish it calmly; but it may be, it *must* be, long, Gertrude, before we are again together, and I cannot retain that promise when you hereafter may regret its gift. Act as you think best, dearest; if your decision be one which will insure our meeting after the present trial hath gone by, I will bless you from my soul; and the hope of return will go forth with me, as a joy and reward. If you deem it wisest to dissolve an engagement offering so little to tempt you, then, be it thus; I will obey that mandate also, and my prayers will ascend for the tranquillity of her whose love I treasured, and whose friendship I should prize. This evening, Gertrude, I shall hear your resolve, and meet you for the last time during many months. Ask peace from Heaven, my cherished one, and He whose eye sleepeth not, will shed a balm even over the bitterness of our farewell!"

For many hours after reading this note, Gertrude wept wildly; and when, exhausted by sorrow, she sunk into a troubled sleep, the bright tears that rested on her flushed cheek, glittered like dew-drops on the leaf of a rose.

The following letter from Helen to her friend, will serve to unfold the continuation of this story.

"You would really be amused, *mon amie*, could you see the tragedy which is every day performed here by my little cousin Gertrude! We were sitting with my aunt this morning, and she, in her usual quiet manner, began, cautiously, to speak of the wealth, amiability, and other good qualities of Mr. Mervin, the gentleman whose suit she advocates. I too, occasionally joined in his praises, though, *entre nous*, I had to manufacture virtues for him, as he has nothing on earth to recommend him but his riches. Gertrude did not notice the conversation, and sat silent, looking the very picture of despair. At length, emboldened by this indifference, my aunt spoke of Eugene, with many graceful regrets for the want of regard for his friends which his conduct evinced. But to this, even Gertrude could not listen, and she hastily left her entertaining friends. I did not see her for two or three hours after this scene, and then, on going to her room, found her asleep with a letter in her hand. As the letter was from Eugene, I took the liberty of glancing over it. The style was sad and affectionate; he offered her the choice of keeping or breaking their engagement, and as I recall his words of tenderness, I almost marvel at the disposition which causes Gertrude to submit to a separation that costs them both such suffering. Had Courtland written me such a letter, I positively believe, that with all my fondness for society and desire for admiration, I would have been silly

enough to volunteer my attendance during his expedition. But Gertrude, notwithstanding her romance, lacks the energy to take such a step. I sometimes fear that even the united skill of my aunt and myself, will fail in its intention; for though obedient in every thing else to her mother's slightest wish, Gertrude cannot be persuaded or forced into discarding Eugene, or encouraging another. She is to be pitied, and I sometimes *do* pity her, but the recollection of my unsuccessful attempt to captivate Courtland, comes back as an incentive to a perseverance which will give me a triumph over him. Gertrude must decide speedily, for the missionary leaves to-morrow. Even if she should not now retract her vows, I hope much during his absence, from continued entreaties and her own want of firmness. To be defeated now, for the second time, by Eugene, would be mortifying indeed, while to succeed, will gratify the lurking dislike that is excited by thoughts of him who passed me by to love one like Gertrude."

Some idea of Helen's character, may be gathered from these specimens of her confidential correspondence, though she was too habitually insincere to reveal all her feelings, even in such intercourse. Handsome, rather than beautiful, with brilliant powers and animated manners, Helen possessed exactly the traits which are calculated to produce, at first, a favorable impression in society; while deeper knowledge of her disposition almost always erased the earlier and gentler judgment. Where Helen wished to please, she rarely failed; and this sort of success, had given her a reliance on her attractions, which made indifference to them an offence she could not pardon. Toward those she disliked—and their name was Legion—she was haughty and satirical; for with naturally quick perceptions, she exerted the unenviable talent of turning into ridicule all who fell under the ban of her displeasure. Gay, spirited and confident, Helen's mind was well fitted to control her cousin; for Gertrude, though superior in amiability, was generally deficient in the energy and self-possession which distinguished her companion. The origin of Helen's feelings for Eugene, her letter has confessed, and amid her liveliness and pretended indifference, we may, perhaps, trace even yet some slight hidden lingering of the tenderness that once marked her opinion of the missionary. But if such were the fact, there was little noble or refined in a sentiment whose disappointment urged her to sacrifice all the earthly happiness of a being like Courtland.

CHAPTER IV.

The fair young moon hung like a silver crescent from the ceiling of Heaven, and the stars in their shadowless beauty were pure and bright as a christian's hopes. Far away reposed a few gorgeous clouds which the sunset had blest, and in gratitude they still gilded the place where their glory had been given.

Low and tender were the words that the lover breathed that night to the lady of his choice, and she listened with sad attention to the soft, modulated tones which were sweeter than the whispers of the summer wind. She knew that voice would soon be to her but a remembered melody, a sound to be heard no more save in the music of her dreams, and the deep eyes that looked on

her now, would for many years, meet hers no longer. The hand that now held hers, might clasp it not again, and the brightest star that lit her sky, was departing for another sphere. Even if they met again, both would be changed—and to those who love, what is change but sorrow? Gertrude spoke not, and Eugene was sad, but calm. He talked of resignation, of hope, and a firmer trust on that One, for whom he was leaving all.

"But, Gertrude," he said, "I know that during my absence, your love will be sought by many, and I would not bind you by vows, from which time may steal their charms. If one more worthy of your affection should ask it, consider yourself free, dearest, from a promise, which, however precious to me, I would relinquish for your happiness."

A passionate burst of tears was her only answer; and with a faltering tone, Eugene continued—

"Be calm, my Gertrude; for my sake, control these feelings; let not the thought of this last meeting be darkened by such sorrow. If you would now dissolve the tie between us, I will submit to the decision and return here no more!"

Gertrude raised her full dark eyes to his, and in the concentrated whisper of intense emotion, she answered, "I will be yours, Eugene—and yours only!"

Those words went with the wanderer to another land, and when the wild waves of the deep ocean foamed between him and home, that promise dwelt in the exile's spirit, his only hope on earth.

"I must tell you, dear Caroline," wrote Helen to her friend, "the continuation of the lovers' romance. *Adieu!* the affair has ended for the present, as I expected, in the gentleman's departure alone, and the renewal of my little cousin's vows. My efforts thus far, have entirely failed; but, though disappointed, I am not surprised, for I well knew that months of artful persuasion would lose their effect before one loving whisper from Eugene's lips. My aunt is now exerting all her powers to make a match between Mr. Mervin (the rich lover, *vous savez*,) and her daughter. Though very much doubting her success, I offer no opposition to the plan. Gertrude has appeared lately in a new character; for the once irresolute tone of her disposition has given place to a gentle, but steady reliance on her own decisions. I confess that this change has altered my views; and I sometimes think, instead of interfering with Gertrude's love, it would be wiser to practice my arts on the wealthy lover. I know my cousin would thank me for monopolizing his attentions, though my aunt might object to the exchange. What think you of this scheme? If I mistake not, the gentleman would prove an easy capture; so my only difficulty would be to reconcile my aunt to the affair. She is bent upon marrying her daughter to a rich old simpleton, but if that cannot be done, she might surely allow her niece the second opportunity. Mervin would be no contemptible prize for me, as I am not sentimentally inclined towards any one at present, and his gold is a great temptation. I had a kind, brotherly lecture from Charles, last night, on my conduct to Eugene and Gertrude, and he tried to make me promise that I would not interfere with them for the future. I would promise no such thing, just to plague Charles by opposition—and he left me really angry at my obstinacy. Did you ever hear of such an unreasonable person as this brother of mine? He fancies be-

cause he admires Eugene so highly, that I must do the same; two years ago I might have listened with more interest to his praises—but now, *tout cela s'est passé!*"

CHAPTER V.

A year had gone by since the events of the last chapter, and Gertrude had in a measure recovered her usual tranquillity. Letters from Courtland, which reached her at long intervals, taught her to look on the future with a less anxious eye, and to rest firmer trust on Him who had guided the wanderer's way.

Mrs. Leslie had ceased to combat with her daughter's wishes, when she found how much they effected her happiness—and released by Helen's marriage, from her importunities, Gertrude gradually became reconciled to her situation.

But at length Eugene's letters grew sadder; he alluded more rarely to his return and oftener urged submission to whatever might be in store for them. His words were less ardent, and his recollections of home were hallowed and painful as memories of the dead.

Gertrude felt alarmed at this melancholy; she scarcely knew why, but it was so unlike Courtland's usual cheering style, that a thousand vague fears came over her like shadows.

She fancied him sick and alone in a far off land, with no friend to comfort and soothe him. She pictured his solitary dwelling, wanting the light of a loving eye, the music of a tender voice; and for a moment she was tempted to doubt the wisdom which heaped so many trials on one so pure and good. At last came the confirmation of her apprehensions; Eugene was ill. He said he might linger long in suffering, but he bid her not hope for such a life. The writing of the letter was almost illegible, and the eye could scarcely recognise in its irregular characters, the flowing lines of Eugene's hand. For an instant, Gertrude was unable to credit the fearful tidings, but the sentences were before her which his trembling hand had traced, and she could not doubt them.

Wild and fervent was the first prayer of the betrothed for her idol's life; then came the thought of his humility, compared with her daring supplication, and with a chastened spirit, she asked mercy for him who had left all on earth to gain hope in Heaven. Silently Mrs. Leslie read the intelligence, and with sorrow for his affliction blended recollections of her own conduct toward the exile. Gertrude, too, her child, her only one, was mourning; and the mother knelt, for the first time, in true and lowly pleading for blessings on the missionary.

"Mother," said Gertrude, and her voice was low and earnest; "mother, I would not grieve you, but Eugene is sad and comfortless, and he must not die alone!" Mrs. Leslie had expected this, but she replied not as she gazed on the pale face of her child. "Do not deny me, dear mother," continued Gertrude in the same deep, passionate tone; "I would not otherwise leave you, but he is suffering. You have kind friends who will supply my place during the few months of our separation, but he has none to cheer him. Give me your blessing, mother, and let it go with me to his loneliness!" "Be it as you will, dearest!" was the faltering answer, and the parent's benediction was mingled with her daughter's tears.

LETTER FROM HELEN MERVIN TO HER FRIEND.

"How I wish you were near me, *ma chère* Caroline, that I might have some society that I could enjoy! Now, do not imagine from this introduction, I intend being sentimental, for I have no such idea; but indeed I do feel dull and desperate, shut up in this castle-like country place, away from all rational companions. Not that I am really alone, for Mr. Mervin is here with some of his friends; but I do not include either the host or his visitors among companionable people. This house itself is delightful, and its decorations are splendid; but they are nothing to me in my solitude. Besides the disagreeables of a silly husband and his still more stupid associates, I have the charming prospect of spending the next winter at this same gay establishment, instead of going, like every lady else, to the city. Dependant as I am on society for pleasure, picture if you can my gloom and anger at this sage resolution of my intellectual *mari*! I little suspected when I exerted so many attractions to win this man, that instead of spending his wealth and laughing at his follies among a brilliant crowd, I should be condemned to spend my time in the country, with him forever at my side. I sometimes wish I had made Gertrude marry him, but it is too late for repentance now. There is yet another reason for my dejection. I have just heard that Eugene is ill. My old wish for a triumph over Courtland has vanished, and I sometimes think if I ever loved any body it was him. Compare, just for curiosity, Caroline, the reality of my first love with my descriptions of Mervin; for I cannot pay him even the poor compliment of being my last love. We are not the most affectionate people in the world; for I never was intended for a quiet domestic character, and I suspect even Mervin's dull mind has discovered that fact. You recollect how I rejoiced in his conquest and prided myself on winning him from Gertrude! I begin to think my joy then was as illy founded as my wisdom; and unless I can have society, to forget in its giddy tumult the want of social sympathy, my fate will be clouded indeed.

"But enough of these sober realities; I will not tire you with my regrets; but sometimes, Caroline, I envy Gertrude her pure love for Courtland, and I too, would have undertaken the voyage before her, to meet the gentle smile and tender greeting that will be her best reward!"

CHAPTER VI.

The round moon rose high in the cloudless heavens, and a light breeze curled into tiny waves the waters of the blue ocean. A single vessel held its solitary course, and on its deck sat the maiden whose love, like the mariner's star, had guided her across the wide sea. Her eyes watched the sparkling path behind the ship, and her heart throbbed quicker, as she remembered that another sunset would find her with Courtland! By her side stood a man on whose brow years and cares had left their mingled seals, and among whose dark locks time had scattered silver. He also, was a missionary, and under his guidance Gertrude had left her home. Like Eugene, he too had come on a holy errand—but his life had lost its freshness, and in quitting his early

haunts, he quitted only the vivid memories of sorrows gone. No young heart had mourned his departure, for all who loved him, were at rest; and in seeking another dwelling, he was seeking also a peace and happiness he had not left. During their tedious voyage, he had been to Gertrude kind as a father, for her placid beauty recalled the soft eyes of his own children, whose sleep was in the grave.

He had soothed her fears, revived her hopes, and knelt with her in prayer; and under his instruction she learned a lesson of lowliness. His mission commanded her interest, and created a yet loftier reverence for those who forsake all things to go forth among strangers and do good!

Disturbed were Gertrude's slumbers during that last long night upon the ocean, and with the eagerness of a child she hailed the blue shadowy outline of land which greeted her waking glance. Until then, she had clung only to the fair side of the future; but now that her journey was closing, a throng of fears flitted before her. Eugene might be dying—might be dead—and all was forgotten in that one thought.

"Do not despond, my child," was her companion's encouragement, as he saw the large tears resting on her lashes; "our prayers have been offered in sincerity, and they will not prove in vain!"

* * * * *

The tall palm trees reared their crests above the missionary's dwelling, and the rich vines of a sunny clime, entwined its lowly roof. There was little of improvement around, but gorgeous flowers of many hues had sprung up unsown, and art was scarcely missed where nature had lavished so much. Birds of brilliant plumage fluttered among the trees and offered the sweet incense of their evening song. The sun was declining, and it cast over the dark woods the glory of its own death—giving earth, sky and water a lustre, pure and bright as the light of fame which gilds the patriot's tomb.

Beside a table within the hut, sat Eugene Courtland; a book lay open before him and a pencil was in his hand, but his thoughts were not with his studies. His cheek had parted with its early flush, and his eyes, though beautiful as ever, were calmer and sadder; his brow was pale, and placid; suffering had left there no darkness and no frown. The meditations of the solitary, were mournful; and resting his clasped hands on the expanded page, he pressed his forehead upon them in silence. Long visions of the past were with him; then came the soft dreams that concentrate years of happiness in a single thought. A shadow dimmed the sunlight; a gentle step crossed the threshold, and Eugene woke from his fancied blessedness, to realize all, in meeting the gaze of Gertrude!

LETTER FROM HELEN MERVIN TO HER FRIEND.

"Caroline, Eugene has returned, and I have seen him! I needed but this to make me wretched; for I could have borne more calmly my union with a soulless, sensual man, had I never met again the loved reality of my only pure ideal. Excluded from the world I idolize, and forbidden to mingle in its pleasures, by the caprice of a despised companion, how often have I mourned the voluntary act which sealed my misery! Gertrude and Eugene look so happy, that my heart almost reproaches

me for the part I once acted toward them. We met last evening at my aunt's, but I did not tell Mervin of his invitation, for I could not bear that Eugene should see my husband. He is already disagreeable enough to me, without needing contrast to render him more so. Gertrude's sweet, placid face, was a mirror of joy, and I think her disposition has improved, for she has overcome that want of decision which used to mark her conduct. I could almost love her now, if Charles did not plague me by holding her up as my model, and by constantly comparing her manners and acts with what he is pleased to call the 'worldliness' of my own. Courtland's health is fast recovering, and the lassitude of suffering, has given a gentler and lovelier style to a beauty that was always spiritual. His voice has no longer the strength which once distinguished it, but its low, subdued tones, have gained in melody what they have lost in power. The enthusiasm for his calling lingers still, though he has learned from experience the falseness of the hopes which carried him among strangers, and has found how little can be done even by the most unwearied, unless assisted by many. As I listened to his expressions of holy gratitude, I almost wondered at the humility which, in giving such thanks, forgets the trials and sacrifices that have won him blessings. Courtland asked after Mervin, and I fancied that I read something of pity in Gertrude's look, when she heard the question. But I answered with a smile, and she was too sincere herself to suspect the depth of sadness that gaiety concealed. I left them with a mind more discontented than ever with my self-appointed lot; and when I returned to my splendid but lonely home—watched for by no brightening eye—greeted by no tender welcome—I turned from the empty ornaments of wealth with a sickened heart and wearied spirit. I sought my own room—it was adorned with all the luxuries that gold could buy—but there, also, I was alone; and, in bitterness of soul, I deplored a destiny so different in its gilded vanity, from the peaceful, loving life of the missionary's bride!"

J. T. L.

August, 1839.

RETURN ENRAPTURED HOURS.

Return, enraptur'd hours,
When Delia's heart was mine;
When she with wreaths of flowers
My temples did entwine.
No jealousy nor care
Corroded in my breast,
But visions light as air
Presided o'er my rest.

Since I'm removed from state,
And bid adieu to time,
At my unhappy fate
Let Delia not repine;
But may the mighty Jove
Crown her with happiness—
'Tis grant, ye powers above,
And take my soul to bliss.

Now, nightly o'er my bed
No airy phantoms play,
No flow'rets deck my head
Each vernal holiday.
Far, far from the sad plain,
The cruel Delia flies—
While, racked with jealous pain,
Her wretched André dies.

B.

A LECTURE,

Delivered to the Law Class of William and Mary College, June 17, 1839, being the last of a course of Lectures on the Philosophy of Government and Constitutional Law. By Judge Beverley Tucker.*

I know not, gentlemen, whether a desire to recall some of the thoughts presented in the course of lectures which I am about to conclude, is suggested by a sense of duty to you or to myself. It may be due to both. Among you, I flatter myself, there are some whose partial friendship might dispose them to adopt my opinions with too much confidence. These, I am especially bound to guard against any evil consequences of a sentiment which so justly deserves my gratitude. On the other hand, it has been often my duty to present considerations favorable to opinions which my own mind does not decidedly adopt; and in the minds of those who reject them I may stand charged with errors from which I am free.

In the progress of these lectures, I have endeavored to guard against both of these evils. You will remember, that in the outset, I said, that I would not flatter you with a promise, that political truths which have eluded the investigations of the most candid and enlightened of all ages, should be laid open to you. These words were perhaps understood, at the moment, as the mere common-place of modesty—real or affected. But they had a far deeper meaning. They were uttered under a conviction, which all subsequent investigation and reflection have but confirmed, that researches into the philosophy of government promise, at best, but an approximation to truth; and that, to him whose mind cannot be brought to rest content in doubt, they promise nothing at all. If there be any such among you, he will be sensible that he has derived no benefit from me. The only service I could have rendered such a one, would have been to effect such a change in the temper and disposition of his mind, as to prepare him to enter, an humble and teachable pupil, in the school of experience. If I have failed in this, I have failed in every thing. With such, I fear, I am particularly liable to misconstruction. To such, every suggestion calculated to throw a doubt on any cherished opinion, might seem like the avowal of the opposite opinion. In politics, as in religion, to him whose comfort requires an infallible guide, any doubt of his infallibility seems equivalent to a direct contradiction of all his doctrines. To the bigot, all others are bigots. To doubt, is bigotry. To hesitate—to pause and reflect, is bigotry. All who are not for him, are against him, and he against them.

Against this uncandid temper—the parent of so much

* Published at the request of the Class.

error, so much faction, strife, contention, and bitterness of heart—my labors have been particularly directed. It is a temper that can serve no purpose but to make him who cherishes it the ready instrument of party, the easy tool of any who will repeat his creed, and tickle his ear with the plausible formulas which he habitually receives as compends of political truth. At the same time he is ready to denounce all who will not repeat this creed and these formulas. Hence, men distinguished for that thoughtful sobriety of understanding which reflects patiently and judges wisely, can have no place in his confidence. He has reduced the science of government to a system of maxims, and the man who hesitates to adopt any one of them, is set down in his mind as devoted to another system, the opposite of his in all things. Thus it is, that the discreet and conscientious are condemned by bigots and system makers of all parties; and thus it is, that the affairs of nations are given up to the blundering misrule of the rash and unscrupulous, while the men most competent to manage them are condemned to inaction and obscurity. Belonging to no party, they are charged with the sins and errors of all parties. Having the wisdom to perceive that they do not know every thing, they are set down by the confident and presumptuous as knowing nothing.

This is no enviable lot; yet I frankly confess to you, that the aim of all my instructions has been to dispose and qualify you to take your place among these. These are, after all, the salt of the earth. Were such men more common, mutual support might ensure them more respect, and their numbers might give them consequence and authority. To increase their number would be to render the state the most important service. Something like this is the object I have had in view. But you will see, gentlemen, that it is at your expense that I have proposed to accomplish it. I have sought to enlist you in a forlorn hope, where you may have to sacrifice every thing in a strenuous effort to serve your country, it may be, in spite of herself. But I have not sought to *beguile* you into a service so desperate. I have offered neither pay nor bounty; neither the emoluments of office, nor the applause of your contemporaries. I have not taught you to hope the countenance of any party, nor the favor of any leader. I have told you, as I tell you now, the naked and unvarnished truth, and admonished you in the outset, that if you wish to win your way to power and distinction by the arts of the demagogue and partizan, you should avoid this place.

I have been aware, that in a system of instruction adapted to these ideas, there can be nothing to make it popular. This, too, I have already told you. But it is not my business to study popularity, but truth. I am fully aware, that by him who is eager after knowledge, rash confidence is preferred as a guide before sober doubt; that to most men specious error is far more palatable than unseemly truth; and that the safest opinions are those which are most current.

Here, gentlemen, is one of the inconveniences that attends the study of political science. In physics, in mathematics, and even in morals, investigation is stimulated and encouraged by the honors which await him who discovers a new truth, or detects an established error. Such are the foundations of that fame which renders immortal the names of Bacon and Newton, and promises the same reward to the men whose researches,

in our day, have penetrated so deeply into all the mysteries of Nature. With this honor in prospect, the philosopher addresses himself to his task as one who seeks for hidden treasure. If he fails, he can but die and be forgotten. But if he succeeds, he secures for himself a name among the benefactors of mankind.

Far different is the lot of him who devotes himself to the investigation of political science. That which is immortality to others may be death to him. He follows after truth, as one who tracks an enemy that may turn and destroy him. He will do more to advance his fame by devising specious sophisms in defence of vulgar errors, than by the discovery of a new truth, which, being new, must clash with opinions consecrated by prejudice, and sanctioned by the authority of numbers.

Thus it is, that each country has its own political creed, which no man dares assail. So true is this, that, turn where you will, you will find the prevalent opinion of every people, favorable, in the main, to their own institutions. Abuses may indeed be perceived; but, for the most part, radical defects are mistaken for abuses. The spirit of revolution, too, sometimes suggests innovation and change; but, in the calm and healthy condition of every community, the *beau idéal* of a perfect government seems to each something not widely different from its own. The authority of numbers is no evidence that any of these is right; for, numbers decide one way in a republic, and another way in a monarchy. Precisely thus, at this moment, do the most enlightened men of the two most enlightened countries in the world differ from each other. Yet in each the authority of numbers supervises the researches of the political philosopher; and the love of fame, which is the incentive to all other investigations, does but awaken a more lively dread of the scourge with which public opinion stands prepared to punish the unlucky discoverer of any unpalatable truth.

You will see, gentlemen, that if, like most men, I have a zeal for my art, I take a poor way to recommend it. It might, perhaps, be thought that the ideas I have just suggested, are at the bottom of the doubting and undecided character of almost every thing that I have said to you. But though it may seem safer to doubt than to err, yet this idea is often deceptive. Error may be condemned; and truth may pass for error. But he who teaches either, will not stand alone. He will always have some to concur with and countenance him. But he who doubts has all the world against him. He is at the centre of the magnetic card, and there is no point of the compass from which he does not appear to be at the opposite edge of the horizon. He will not even obtain the praise of candor. To question the perfection of the institutions of his own country, is, at home, supposed to indicate a secret preference for a government as different as possible: while abroad, he is regarded in every nation, as having a glimmering perception of the excellence of the institutions of that particular nation, without daring to avow it.

You see, then, gentlemen, that the temper of mind which I have endeavored to inspire, is, of all, the most unfavorable to popularity and advancement. *But the end is not yet.* We do not live for ourselves, nor even for our contemporaries alone. "*Dis immortalibus sero,*" was the noble saying of the aged Roman, as his gray hairs fell over the plough, while putting in a crop which

he could not live to reap. Our country is not a thing of a day: and fame is immortal. And remember, gentlemen, that they whose speculations on government have purchased for them an interest in that immortal thing, are they whose respect for the opinions of their countrymen, did not deter them from correcting their errors and rebuking their prejudices. To those who may be disposed to accompany me in the study of political science in this spirit, I am bound, in candor, to say, in the words of the Apostle, that "if in this life only we have hope, we are, of all men, the most miserable." Our doubts, if unreasonable, will only excite contempt; if well founded they will provoke the resentment of those whose rashness and errors they rebuke. How many venture into public service, with no qualification, save only a presumptuous ignorance, unconscious of those mysteries in the science of government, which the wisest explore in vain! Deprive such men of their ill-founded confidence, by opening their eyes to see the difficulties and dangers that beset the statesman's path, and you leave them nothing. And how can we hope the forgiveness of such, who deeming themselves wise, are awakened from their delusion, but to find that they "are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked?" Nothing, in short, can be more unthankful than the task of him who would couch the eyes of such, as, being blind, yet fancy that they see.

I have not meant to intimate, gentlemen, that every part of political science is alike involved in mystery and paradox. I have had no difficulty in teaching you, that the great principles which lie at the foundations of all free institutions, are unquestionably true. The primitive equality of man, and the right of each individual to live exempt from all human authority, to which he has not consented to submit, either by express compact, or by legitimate and fair implication, cannot be taught more unequivocally by any than they have been by myself.

But, when we trace this *primitive equality* to the inequalities which grow out of it, and furnish the measure of its value—when we begin to inquire, on the one hand, how far regulations in derogation and curtailment of these *adscititious advantages*, can be reconciled to the respect due to that principle of *original equality* out of which they grow, and, on the other, how far the ulterior preservation of *essential equality* may be endangered by the *unqualified allowance* of these advantages, we enter on questions full of difficulty and doubt.

So, too, of the right of self government. This I have affirmed; and I go farther, and affirm also, man's *capacity* for self government. But do I affirm this of *all men—every where—under all conditions—and in all circumstances?* Assuredly no! It is not true of the ignorant, the vicious, the licentious, the self indulgent. It is not true of any who are not willing to take security against themselves, by self imposed restraints on will and appetite. The man who affirms of himself, that he is capable of regulating his own conduct, and who, therefore, refuses to acknowledge the authority of any moral code, gives proof against himself of the falsehood of his pretensions. We know this to be true of individuals; and it is yet more fearfully true of men in great masses. It has been aptly said, that freedom in multitudes is power; and in multitudes not under the regulated discipline of fixed principles and self imposed

restraints, it is power in its most formidable aspect. Opinion restrains the abuse of power in an individual; but power in multitudes, makes for itself what is easily mistaken for the opinion of the world. There is nothing so ruthless, nothing so dead, alike to conscience and to shame, as a licentious crowd unrestrained by authority.

When we come, then, to inquire how far the present enjoyment of liberty may consist with those conventional and self imposed limitations on the right of self government, which may be necessary to its preservation, we enter on a task which any man may well tremble to undertake. To him who would dogmatize here, the adjustment of the balance between those powers, contending yet harmonious, on which the order of the planetary system depends, would seem an easy problem. The countless worlds, revolving, each in its appointed path, implicitly obey the law impressed on them at creation. Not so the moral universe, the world of will and passion. With these the Omnipotent himself must parley; tolerating much present evil for the sake of ultimate and greater good; yielding that he may conquer. When we say, that no man can confidently decide how far a people jealous of the right of self government should voluntarily limit its exercise, we do but affirm that human institutions are subject to the necessity inhering in the nature of things, which is one of the conditions of the moral government of the universe. Step forth, philosopher! you who have discovered the great *arcana*!—you who have ascertained how best to reconcile the present enjoyment of happiness with its perpetuity; the present exercise of freedom with security against its tendencies to self destruction!—step forth, and read a lesson to the Most High! He shall hear you gladly! He shall descend from the throne of his power, and, taking the place of the learner, shall meekly seat himself at your feet! For my part, while I see the nature of all earthly blessings; while I mark their liability to perish in the using; while I witness the hard servitude of those who yield themselves to the dominion of passion, I shall believe that none are capable of freedom, who are not "disposed to put moral chains upon their own appetites, and who are not more inclined to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, than to the flattery of knaves." When, therefore, the question arises, "what does wisdom teach, and what are the proper and salutary restraints to be imposed?" I am not ashamed to be baffled by a difficulty which for six thousand years has tasked the resources of almighty Power and all seeing Wisdom. The discipline of life,—the hopes of heaven,—the terrors of hell,—all have been employed to this end, and its accomplishment is yet remote.

"He is a freeman whom the truth makes free;"

and the truth that thus emancipates him, is that which teaches that there is no freedom for him, in whom there is not an abiding disposition to bring appetite and passion under the dominion of fixed laws, whose authority freedom must not dare to question. To him who is not content to be free on these terms, "chains under darkness" is the appointed lot in this world, as in the next. To this the Word of God and the experience of all mankind alike bear witness. This is all that can be known with certainty. This is the truth, from which the wisest of ancient sages learned that he knew no-

thing. Beyond this all is darkness. On the unsearchable mystery which lies buried in the depths of that impenetrable abyss of night, we can but muse and marvel at the presumption which pretends to have fathomed it. But while the pride of human wisdom stands thus rebuked, we find consolation in the thought, that the truth which thus baffles our researches, is of the number of "the hidden things that belong to God." To him we leave it.

But it is not alone of the great fundamental principles common to *all* free institutions, that I have ventured to speak with confidence. In the application of these principles to *our own* institutions, we have the aid of lights sufficiently clear to guide us to certain conclusions.

Thus, when we affirm, "that man has a right to live exempt from all human authority, to which he has not consented to submit, either by express compact, or by legitimate and fair implication," we perceive the necessity of showing the evidences of that consent, in virtue of which we ourselves are governed. Here we speak from the record, and we speak boldly. We find the charter which, more than two hundred years ago, constituted Virginia a body politic. We find the unanimous declaration of all the members of that body, solemnly proclaimed, sixty-three years ago, "that all power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; that magistrates are their *trustees* and *servants*, and at all times amenable to them; and that, when government shall be found inadequate to their happiness and safety, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable and indefeasible right to reform, alter or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the common weal."

These propositions, thus affirmed by all whom it concerned, are true, because they have affirmed them, if for no other reason. They form the basis of the compact which they prefaced, and afford a clew to its interpretation. Guided by this, we arrive at the conclusion, that sovereignty, whether sleeping or awake, whether active or in repose, is in the people: that sovereignty cannot, therefore, be rightfully predicated of any government; and that where there is no people, there is no sovereignty.

Proceeding on these principles to analyse the structure of that great federal compact, which is the talisman of security, power, prosperity, and happiness to the people of these states, I have shown you the recorded evidence of its binding authority over you. I have laid before you the solemn act of Virginia, declaring "her assent and ratification of that instrument," and her mandate announcing to all whom it might concern that it is binding upon her people. I have thus endeavored to impress on your minds the conviction, that in giving your respect to the functionaries, and your obedience to the laws of the central government thereby established, you do but obey her; that you do this, because she has commanded it, and by no other authority; and that, should she ever think proper to revoke this mandate, her will, in that too, must be law to you. I have not presented those propositions as undisputed; but I have affirmed, that so long as we look to the *record* which *alone witnesses* of the obligation of the federal constitution; so long as we abide by the *law* and the *testimony*, they can never be rightfully or truly denied.

I have urged these thoughts the more strenuously,

because on the clear and distinct recognition of these depends the preservation of our cherished Union. So long as the federal government is professedly a government of opinion, opinion will uphold it. But, let it claim to rule by force, and the question will presently arise, whether a free people *can* be governed by force. The answer to that question will be written in characters of blood; and that answer, whatever it may be, must be fatal to union. The decision, thus made, must be followed by a violent disruption of the bond, and a separation of the inhabitants of this continent into a microcosm of petty states, weak factions and contemptible, or by the all pervading sway of one vast frightful consolidated despotism.

Of the truth, then, or the value of the fundamental principles *common to all* free governments, and of those which are *peculiar to our own*, I would not have you doubt. But for the means of giving security and efficacy to these, I must be content to leave you to the teachings of that school of *observation* and *experience*, into which you will pass from this. There it is, gentlemen, that honors are to be conferred, which a generous ambition well may covet. Of these, the parchment and the wax which you receive at our hands, are but the types; and, trust me, that your success in winning these higher honors, depends much less on what you may have learned here, than on your disposition to improve the lessons to be taught hereafter. Hence, I have rather studied to establish this disposition in your minds, than to implant there even those most cherished opinions, which can never be eradicated from my own. By a different course, I might but have led you to conclusions in which you might rest satisfied, forgetful of the arguments by which they had been deduced. You would thus only add yourselves to the number of those whose mouths are full of dogmas unsupported by reason, who, knowing nothing, claim to know every thing, and render their ignorance more conspicuous, disgusting and offensive, by misapplied presumption. Where certainty is attainable, it may be criminal to doubt. In matters of high moral or political duty, it is always so. But on questions in which mere expediency is an important condition, *experience* is the only teacher. If I have at any time forestalled the lessons of that faithful and candid instructor, I have done you wrong; and I beseech you, in justice to yourselves, and to me, to endeavor to divest your minds of all impressions, which you do not feel yourselves prepared to vindicate by reason. I should promise myself more honor from a pupil, who, dissenting from me, should be always found ready to give a reason for his faith, than from a hundred who might answer, by the book, every question in a political catechism of my own framing, giving no reason and no authority but mine for his answers. My business has been to teach you to observe; to compare; to think;—and he who, applying my lessons, arrives at results different from my own, will do me credit with the wise and candid, even in exposing my errors.

But I have proposed to myself a higher honor. When, instead of announcing an opinion, and enforcing it by argument, I lay before you the considerations that belong to both sides of any disputed question, or furnish your minds with thoughts and reflections susceptible of being variously applied by yourselves in the investigation of more than one truth, I establish for myself a

claim to some part of the credit of all you may discover or achieve. Not having been encouraged to sit down contented in a conclusion hastily adopted, you must remember the arguments for and against it, or you remember nothing. Not having made up your minds how to decide a question, you cannot cheat yourselves into the belief that you understand it. So long as it remains a subject of doubt with you, so long will you continue to meditate and reflect, and memory will tenaciously cling to every consideration, which, when first presented, seemed to throw light upon the subject. Your opinions thus formed, will be your own; yet, while you enjoy the pleasure of having arrived at truth by your own researches, you will perhaps be ready to attribute your success in part to me. But though I may deceive myself in this, of one thing I am sure; that whenever experience may, at any time, convince you of the error of opinions too hastily adopted, you will at least exempt me from any part of the blame of that error.

You see then, gentlemen, how large an interest I have in dealing candidly, fairly and impartially with you. So far from wishing to charge your minds with my opinions, it has not been without painful misgivings that I have sometimes discharged the duty of leading you to conviction, in cases where it might be criminal to doubt. The idea that such convictions may, at any time, be prejudicial to your advancement or your usefulness in life, is one which I cannot contemplate without anxiety. Should this apprehension be realized, you will be too generous to blame me; but I shall find it hard not to blame myself. Yet even in that event, we shall both enjoy high consolations. The perception of truth is sweet: the love of truth is ennobling; and an uncalculating devotion to truth is honorable even in the eyes of its enemies.

In these thoughts you may perceive the reason, gentlemen, why I have carefully avoided any remarks which might influence your inclinations in favor of any of those party leaders who claim to monopolize the confidence of the people. I presume it cannot be unknown to you, that I am not remarkable for indifference to the political occurrences of the day. I am aware too, that I am unfortunately, supposed to be much addicted to personal predilections in favor of distinguished men. In this particular I need not, at this day, tell you that I have been misunderstood. Such predilections I do not feel. *Nullius in verba*, is the cardinal maxim which I learned in early life, from the only politician who ever possessed my entire confidence. But though not only unpledged, but indisposed to follow any political leader, I am certainly not without my aversions and antipathies. With these, however, it was no part of my business to infect you. I have certainly not endeavored to do so; and hence it has always been with reluctance, that I have touched on topics connected with the characters and public history of political aspirants. You may, one of these days, be surprised to discover, that I have, in some instances, been careful not to advert to transactions which came directly within the scope of my remarks, on subjects of the most absorbing interest. But it would not have been just to you, to have invited or provoked the coöperation or resistance of any political prejudice which you might have already entertained. My business was, to lay my thoughts before you, and by fair and candid arguments to lead you into the light

of the truth. Why then, should I have introduced into the discussion an element which might have influenced you to adopt my views without a well founded conviction of their correctness, or to reject them, alike without reason? On the other hand, how uncandid and unworthy of the relation I bear to you, to take advantage of my position for the purpose of infecting you with my partialities or dislikings. If, at any time, I have fallen into this error, gentlemen, I beg you, in consideration of my inadvertence, to pardon a lapse which would admit of no other apology.

Sometimes, indeed, it has been my duty to express myself in a way, which, to the uncandid, might have savored of a wish to insinuate into your minds something of my own feelings of liking or aversion. "History," it has been said, "is philosophy teaching by example:" and he must be illy qualified to direct your researches after truth, who should reject the lessons of this sage instructor. From these, indeed, we learn all that can be known. Here it is, that we discover the connexion between events and their causes, and here we learn that lesson, so humbling to the presumption of the mere theorist, which I have so often labored to illustrate and enforce. I allude to the tendency of moral causes, in their ill-regulated action on the minds of men, to provoke reaction, and thus to produce results exactly the reverse of those intended or expected. Here, too, it is that we learn to contrast the *profession* of the aspirant, with the *practice* of successful ambition. As the experienced seaman augurs the storm from the slumbering calm that precedes it, and, in the cloud on the horizon, "no bigger than a man's hand," detects the tempest that may overwhelm him in the deep, so he who reads the future in the past history of man, is sometimes enabled to discover the approach of danger at the moment when the watchman on the wall is crying "peace, and all is well."

But, where shall we look for those facts which furnish this precious wisdom? Shall we find them in the fabulous legends of remote antiquity? Shall we seek them in histories more modern, perhaps more authentic, but which may mislead us, because we know not enough of the manners, habits and circumstances of ancient states, to determine all the conditions that may have influenced in the production of any result? Coming down to modern times, shall we take all our examples from the nations of Europe and Asia, at the hazard of being misled in the same way? In short, gentlemen, when, at any time, the history of our own country—the history of events happening in our own time, and under our own eyes, in which all that is done is the work of men whom we personally know and understand in all their relations—when this sure, authentic and ungarbled evidence discloses facts of which the political philosopher in other lands would be glad to avail himself, shall we alone be denied the advantage of it? We may speak of Miltiades and Camillus, of Pericles and Cæsar, of Alcibiades and Catiline—we come down to Elizabeth and Henry the 4th, to Cromwell and Bonaparte, to Chatham and Sully—we may even cite the example of WASHINGTON, consecrated to the use of all the world by liberty and virtue—and we may speak of Arnold and of Burr, whom the hangman, Infamy, has delivered up for dissection: But must we necessarily stop there? If, at any time, the best means of explaining and illustrating an impor-

tant truth cannot be employed, but by naming those who are still upon the stage of life, must we forbear to use these means, lest we be suspected of flattery or malignity? The necessity for doing this should indeed be always clear and strong: and you will bear me witness, that I have commonly done so with reluctance. Fortunately for me, gentlemen, (unfortunately for our country,) it has happened that I could not perform my whole duty in this particular, without showing you that there is not one among those sworn defenders of the Constitution, who stand most conspicuous as candidates for public favor, and public honors, at whose hands it has not received a wound. I have often indeed endeavored to give the history of the fact without naming the actor. Yet I have, from time to time, had occasion to name them all, and though I have never attempted to excite your indignation, yet there is not one of them whom I have foreborne to censure. I have felt it to be right that I should censure them: for, one of the most important lessons you can learn is the danger of yielding yourselves up to the impulses of that confidence, so natural to inexperienced and sanguine youth. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men." If you go into life prepared to pin your faith upon the sleeve of any leader, to follow the fortunes and devote yourselves to the service of any political aspirant, my conscience ought to acquit me of having failed to warn you against conduct so dangerous and so criminal. It does acquit me. If such are the purposes which will accompany you into any station, to which your country may call you, the fault will not be mine. I have done what I could. With other powers I might have done more: and had I the eloquence which might inspire you with a just zeal for your country's rights, and a righteous indignation against all who invade them, I am not sure that it would not have been my duty to lay aside all reserve; to strip off all concealment; to show the assassins of the Constitution "hacking each other's daggers in its sides;" expose its bleeding wounds, and "bid them speak for me."

Yet I must not mislead you, gentlemen, by withdrawing your attention from the fact, that he, who, in political life would act alone, must always act without effect. His efforts must often be associated with those of men who do not fully possess his confidence, and to secure their coöperation, he must frequently tolerate, and sometimes support measures which his judgment condemns. This is one of those hard conditions, "twin-born with greatness," which gives the successful aspirant so much cause to envy him, who, in the independence of private life, chooses his company and regulates his conduct by the dictates of his own conscience.

In this, gentlemen, as in many other particulars, you will find that the ideas I have endeavored to inculcate, are not such as will qualify you to take an early and a prominent stand in the service of your country, or to win your way at once to the honors and emoluments of office. But if these last be the objects to which you purpose to devote yourselves, nothing that I have said will stand in your way. The political adventurer is never at a loss to divest himself of any inconvenient opinions, which might retard his progress in the career of ambition. Besides, there are no imaginable opinions which it may not at some time suit him to adopt. The devoted adherent of Cromwell the *Protector*, would

have awkwardly paid his court, by echoing the sentiments of Cromwell, the *commander of the army of the Parliament*. So long as parties retain their names, their watchwords and their leaders, their principles may vary indefinitely; and the very men who might now denounce as criminal, any sentiment expressed in this discourse, may, at a future day, take it as the watchword of their party.

But after all, gentlemen, the prize most worthy to reward the toils of him who gives himself to the service of his country, is one which does not depend on the capricious coincidence of public opinion with his fixed principles and convictions. The ostracism was the crowning glory of the life of Aristides. The exile of Camillus made him the saviour of his country: and the fame that lives and will live, when all the honors that contemporary approbation can bestow, shall be forgotten, is the meed of that virtuous constancy, that alike defies the tyrant's power, and resists the unbridled passions of the multitude. The man of virtuous wisdom cannot be withheld from the service of his country. Condemned to retirement, his unambitious life affords a pledge of sincerity, which gives sanction and authority to his known opinions. The man of virtuous wisdom cannot be hid. His brightness shines through the cloud that would obscure him, and, gilded with his beams, he wears it as a glory. His fame is the gift of him, whose approbation is the only true honor. Without the vantage ground of high station, he utters his voice, and it is heard by the listening ear that leans to catch his words. His post is the post of honor, whatever it be, and he occupies it without fear of change. Man conferred it not, and man cannot take it away. And above all, gentlemen, when that day shall come, which comes alike to all; when the warrior's wreath, and the statesman's civic crown, alike shall wither at the touch of death, the garland that decks his tomb shall bloom in immortal freshness, watered by the pious tears of a grateful country, and guarded by the care of him to whom the memory of the just is precious.

ADDRESS ON CIVIL ENGINEERING.

On Tuesday, July 2nd, Professor MILLINGTON completed the course of instruction, which he gives on the subject of Civil Engineering in William and Mary College, by a public examination of his class, and concluded with the following remarks, which are here published at the request of the class.

"Having closed this examination, my functions, as your teacher, cease for the present session, and we shall shortly have to part. I cannot, however, permit this event to take place, without some expression of my feelings on the occasion. After your experience, gentlemen, I need not tell you that the acquirement of knowledge is a dry and laborious occupation; and there is no doubt but that many (particularly among the juniors) who attend college, will look upon their instructors in the light of a set of tormentors, who are perpetually goading them onwards, in a rough and disagreeable path, to which they see no end; and even

when the end at length appears, they observe no reward to recompense them for their toil.

Far different are the views of the instructors, and those who have been instructed. Their previous labors have put them in possession of the facts, that as the world advances in civilization, the sinewy arm of the savage warrior sinks into impotence before the armed mind of the enlightened man—that virtue and knowledge are the elements of power, by which men can not only make themselves happy, but promote the welfare and happiness of those around them; and by which, not only individuals, but whole nations are made to rise in power and general estimation.

Such feelings cannot but engender an enthusiastic spirit in the breasts of instructors to promote the advancement of their pupils, so long as they find their precepts take root, and are not scattered before the winds; and such, gentlemen, have been my feelings during the progress of the session now about to close; for I can, without flattery, state to you, that the conduct of my philosophical and engineer classes, and of the major part of my junior class, has been such as not only merits, but commands my admiration and approval. They have convinced me, that they came to this place for the honorable purpose of improving themselves, that they might hereafter ornament their country; and this declaration, fortunately, does not depend upon my opinion alone, but upon the very excellent examinations they have gone through, in a manner so creditable to themselves, in the several departments of science in which they have embarked.

Still, gentlemen, you must keep in mind that the quantity and quality of instruction we can impart here, is not sufficient to make the perfect man. To some, perhaps, our course of instruction may appear long and minute; but those who duly view the subject, will find that it is a mere skimming over the surface, without attempting to fathom the depth. We may sow the seeds of a Bacon, a Newton, or a Locke, but it takes years for the plant to arrive at maturity. We may study the map, and become intimately acquainted with the roads, and the relative bearings and distances of places, but we know nothing of their beauties and deformities or comparative advantages without much tedious travelling, and perhaps encountering many hardships. So, gentlemen, it is with a college. All we can profess to do, is to act as your pilots—to steer you with safety from an unknown coast—to warn you of dangers and difficulties—to carry you through them, and to launch you into the wide ocean of public life, with ample sailing directions and precautions for your future safety—and here, like the pilot, we must leave you, that we may return to take charge of new adventurers.

Being now free, you may suppose that nothing more remains than to pursue your onward course and arrive at the haven of fame and prosperity. But the voyage through life is beset with many difficulties; and as the prudent mariner never ceases to keep watch for the shoals, the rocks and tempests that may assail his progress, so, like him, you must be watchful, and not permit indolence and apathy to lull you into the idea that your progress is certain and secure; for life, like the ocean, is beset with many obstacles—among the most prominent of which are, dissipation, idleness, and

vanity, upon any of which the moral frame may be as effectually stranded and lost, as the bark of the mariner may be upon the rocks and shoals of the ocean. It is against these I desire to warn you; and it will require your every effort to steer clear of them; for they are often so sunk and disguised that you may be entangled in their mazes even before you know you are encountering them; and should you find yourselves within these trammels, safety can alone be sought by a vigorous determination and effort of mind and body to abandon the former track, and by steering a new course in the never failing path of moral rectitude. This applies equally to every calling and occupation of life. But the observations I have just been making have been more particularly called forth by the subject of our late discussions on engineering. There is, perhaps, no profession that is beset with greater difficulties and temptations than that of the civil engineer, especially on his outset into life, and on this account I shall lay before you a few remarks, drawn from my own experience in the profession, and which may, perhaps, prove useful to such of you as intend to confine your future exertions to this useful branch of business.

Civil engineering, like all other professions, arises out of the necessities of society, for they all, in common, spring from the mutual dependence of men on each other, and the advantages that accrue to individuals from a division of talent and labor. No man would call upon the lawyer to plead his cause, or the physician to attend his family under sickness, if he felt convinced that his own talents and acquirements were superior to those of the person he employs. But a confidence is engendered by his knowledge, that the men he selects as his advisers have minutely studied their several professions in their younger days, and by devoting themselves exclusively to their pursuits in after life, he feels assured they must have become expert and proficient. And so it is with the more recently formed profession of the engineer. He must study in early life, not only to learn what has been done, but what yet remains to be done; for as the arts and manufacturing processes improve and multiply in an almost countless ratio—as the civilization of a country advances, structures are required beyond the skill and reach of the ordinary builder or mechanic, and then it is that the science and acquirements of the engineer are called into action; for I have before explained to you, that the skill of the engineer is not confined to the mere construction of rail roads, canals and bridges, for the easy transportation of goods, but to the construction of machinery of every kind, for converting raw materials to useful purposes, and to many other objects.

To obtain public confidence, the young engineer must, therefore, in the first place, convince the public that he has duly studied and made himself (to a certain extent) master of his subject; and he must also accomplish or produce some work which may show that he is capable of carrying his conceptions into practical effect. The certificates of competency about to be delivered from this venerable institution to such of her alumni as have successfully prosecuted the subject of engineering within her walls, will no doubt go far to accomplish the first of these desiderata; but the second is difficult of obtention, because it seldom happens that a young engineer, without experience, is entrusted with

the execution of a large work. Still, however, in a subordinate capacity, or while acting under a more experienced master, he will have many opportunities of evincing his proficiency and obtaining preferment. Independent of this, the genius of the young aspirant is free to digest new plans, and many of the most useful works both of this country and of Britain have originated in this way. The public mind is seldom excited to action until some object is brought before it, on which it can operate. And if a young engineer can suggest plans for the improvement of his country and is able to show their benefit and advantage, it seldom happens that they are brought forward in vain. They only require to be known that they may be adopted, and then in justice to the inventor he is rewarded by being made the superintendent or executor of his own designs.

The next difficulty in which the engineer is involved, arises from his great responsibility. He is frequently employed not only to design but to execute large and national concerns, in which vast capitals may be involved. His master or employer, from the nature of the concern, is seldom a single individual, but generally a board or committee, consisting of many persons, all of whom he has to conciliate and please. His original design, therefore, requires intense thought and consideration, for it is subject to the revision and animadversion of all his employers, and the almost impossibility of pleasing every body is universally admitted. It is therefore, necessary, that he shall be prepared with sound arguments to support every part of what he is about to execute, unless he sees good reason in the discussion of his plans for altering or amending any part of them. Firmness and decision of character will here prove of great value to him.

Another difficulty the engineer has to contend with, arises from the durability of his works. Men of all professions are liable to err; but it happens, fortunately for most of them, that unless their errors are very glaring, they are soon forgotten and fall into oblivion, and consequently do not leave an indelible stain on their professional reputation. Not so, however, with the engineer—his works are, in their very nature, permanent—and they are frequently large and open to public view—so that they become monuments which proclaim the skill or incompetency of their constructors to future generations, in language that cannot be disguised or misunderstood. Errors of construction, such as have just been alluded to, frequently arise from a desire on the part of the engineer to please his employer, (even at the risk of his own reputation,) a practice that every engineer should sedulously avoid. His skill should be such as will enable him to determine the least quantity of material which he can use with safety for a given construction, and if he swerves at all from rule, it should be on the side of additional strength rather than of insufficiency. If he introduces more material than what is palpably necessary for the strength of his construction, he will be justly blamed for a lavish expenditure of his employer's money. The error is, however, frequently on the other side; because, with the view of courting public favor or that of his employer, or for bringing his work within the first estimated cost, he frequently economizes materials and labor to such an extent as to introduce insecurity; and should a failure occur in consequence, he is never thanked for his laud-

able endeavor to diminish expense; but is universally blamed for want of skill, and perhaps loses his professional reputation forever.

The last point to which I wish to call your attention, regards your treatment of and demeanor towards contractors and workmen, who may be employed under your directions. In this respect, the engineer has a very important and responsible duty to perform, for he is in almost all cases the arbiter or judge between the employer and the employed. In making contracts, or valuing work after it has been executed, it becomes his duty to regulate all prices in such manner that they may be fair and equitable between both parties, without favor or affection to either. Contractors, and those who have spent years upon public works, you will in general find to be cunning and over-reaching, and ever ready to convert every thing, both in measure and price, to their own advantage. But I have always found, that when they meet a man who understands his business, and who is firm in his resolution to do justice to them, and no more, they are submissive, and ever ready to yield to what is fair and right. It has been the practice with some engineers, to grind down their workmen to the lowest cent, and barely to allow them living profits, for the sole purpose of currying favor with their employers; but such conduct never fails to lead to neglect and inattention to the work, as well as endless disputes and disagreements; and you may rest assured, on my own experience, that the only sure way to command the respect of the employer and workmen, is to observe the most strict and impartial justice between them.

It frequently happens, that the works of the engineer place him and his workmen in thinly populated, or even unfrequented places; and, as man is naturally gregarious and fond of society, intimacies may arise which ought never to be carried beyond the limits of propriety. Contractors, and the lower order of laborers under them, are naturally prone to indulgence in drinking and idle habits; and if these are once joined in, or sanctioned by the engineer, there will be an end of all future order and subordination—consequently, such practices should be scrupulously avoided. Public contractors are ever ready to stand treat, as they call it—that is to provide entertainments at their own cost; yet they probably never do so, but for the purpose of serving their own interests, by establishing friendships, in order that their omissions and defalcations may pass unnoticed, or that they may take advantage in some shape or another. Above all, the practice of borrowing money from contractors or workmen cannot be too much deprecated, for this is in fact giving up all hold upon the workman, and yielding him a degree of power which it is not right he should possess. The only true way of gaining the esteem and confidence of your workmen, is to set them a good example in your own conduct and demeanor. To be courteous and civil without being too intimate—to be punctual in all your own appointments and duties, and to exact a like return on their parts—never to find fault unless there is just cause for doing so, and then to be firm and resolute in having that which is wrong amended—to show strict and impartial justice and integrity in all your proceedings, and such a thorough knowledge of what you are about, as will give confidence in the propriety of your orders, which you must

never fail to see promptly executed. Such conduct will not only gain you the good will and esteem of your workmen, but of your employers and the public at the same time.

I have trespassed longer on your time, in laying these hints before you, than I had at first intended, but shall now conclude.

To you, gentlemen, of the engineer class, and of all my classes, I now beg to tender my warm thanks for the kind attention I have met with from you all, during the past session, and to hope that the instructions I have endeavored to lay before you, may ripen into the fruit of usefulness in your after lives. And as our relation of master and student here ceases, I wish you all health, happiness and prosperity, and trust that the friendship that has been engendered between us during our intercourse in the present session, may endure to the end of our lives, as I assure you it will do to the end of mine."

ADDRESS

Delivered before the Students of William and Mary College, on the 3d of July, 1839, by Professor Robert Saunders. Published at the request of the Students.

Gentlemen of William and Mary—

At the close of another college session, it becomes us to offer you a few words of farewell at parting, of congratulation at your success, and of cheering on your onward course. There can, indeed, be no more worthy cause of congratulation than the simple fact that you enjoy the privilege of education—that the mysteries of your own nature have been revealed to you—that the high endowments, the far-reaching aspirations, the vast capacities, which are the immortal heritage of man, are unveiled to your view, and put in action within you—that you are not of the mass who exist, and pass from existence, in unconsciousness of the treasures they possess, but that you have been adjudged worthy of kindling fires on the altars of science and philosophy—of opening the portals beyond which lie the hidden things of nature. Such being the magnificent results of intellectual cultivation, it would seem but necessary to place them in view of the youthful aspirant, to ensure untiring energy, and a sustained and sustaining ardor in their acquisition—and it would appear an infatuation little short of madness, were he to turn aside, or linger on his path. Could we, indeed, see things as they are—were nothing obscured from our sight by the mists of familiar error, or weakened in its influence by the force of accident and habit, we should be able to set a proper value upon the glorious privilege of education. But such is our constitution, that those who possess it have their perception of its value blunted by its possession—and those who possess it not, require its aid to invest them with the very knowledge of their deficiency. For these last, this is indeed a wise and beneficent provision. In this sense, but in this alone, the oft quoted line is true—that "if ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." That those, however, having this inestimable gift, should yet esteem

it not as it deserves to be esteemed, but should advance with a slow and uncertain step (if indeed they advance at all,) in the career of acquirement, unless some powerful incentive be applied to urge them forward, is one of the innumerable evidences before us, that there is no good provided for man which does not demand voluntary exertion to acquire and to retain it. You have, my young friends, so far manifested a perfect appreciation of the value of knowledge. You have commenced your career most auspiciously. The time which you have passed with us, has afforded to you moments of golden opportunity, which most of you have grasped and made your own. But the impressions which you have thus received, will be weakened, and ultimately effaced, by contact with the world. Time itself will wear them out, unless they are constantly renewed and deepened by that continued exertion of which I have spoken as the only price of learning. Are you capable of this exertion? I will not flatter you. It is arduous. But its very difficulty should arouse your pride to achieve it. This difficulty is, however, greatest on the threshold. Action is unpleasant only to the mind which is unused to it. Soon it becomes a habit—and finally, (such is the happy constitution of our intellectual nature,) what was once an irksome and a weary task, becomes the source of the purest and most exalted gratification—and the mind is gradually led to the highest state of cultivation of which it is susceptible, by receiving as the reward of each additional effort, a corresponding increment of pleasure.

The tumultuous amusements, the evanescent pleasures, and exciting employments of youth, may cause to go unheeded the restless workings of the unsatisfied spirit; but age will come, to which those amusements will be as childish toys, on whose taste those pleasures will pall, and for whose strength those employments are too fervent; then, when the bright hues which floated in the atmosphere of life's morning, have faded away, and given place to the gray of its twilight, will the mild lustre of intellectual attainments beam with delightful radiance. Then can the cultivated mind look in upon itself, and find in its ample stores a solace for that heartless want of sympathy with which the world are wont to regard old age. How blank and dreary, then, is the life of one who has neglected the opportunities of his youth!—who, in the hey-day of enjoyment grasped the tinsel and the dross, and cast away or heeded not the pure gold. The mind of such a man, waste, uncultivated, and barren, compared with a mind richly stored with the fruits of reading and reflection, is as the homely piece of unsightly canvass compared with the same material glowing with magic tints and embodying the immortal conceptions of the painter. Can you, under the influence of these considerations, and with the lofty destiny of the intellect fully revealed to you, be satisfied with yourselves, if you press not on to the fulfilment of that destiny? Can you consent to the degradation, after having been within view of the sacred fane, of having it again hidden from your sight, by falling back upon those who, in the language of the Roman historian, "*Vitam transeunt veluti pecora?*"

Will you not rather hold fast what you have gained, and be able hereafter to say, with the Roman orator, "*quantum alie tribuunt tempestivis convivis, quantum*

denique alex, quantum pila, tantum mihi egomet-ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsit?" As one means of the greatest efficacy in promoting and perfecting mental culture, let me recommend to you to *think*. It has been remarked, that one element of characteristic difference between men, is the fact, that one man thinks, while another permits his fellows to think for him. The great importance of thinking, consists in the circumstance that it requires independent action of the mind, and thereby produces that intimate knowledge of the extent of one's own abilities which is absolutely essential to success. The man who adopts, without examination, the thoughts of others, may fancy them his own, and imagine himself wise. But no one can delude himself by the belief that his powers are great, who becomes acquainted with their weakness. It is not of great moment whether your reflections be at first altogether correct—that just diffidence in your own powers, which I have just spoken of as a consequence of the habit of thinking, will necessarily prompt you to seek support for your conclusions in the opinions of others. The mind will sit as arbiter between conflicting sentiments; and you will eventually establish habits of clear, precise and accurate thought; than which there is no faculty more valuable, and none more rarely possessed. The reason why this faculty so seldom appears, is plain. This exercise of the mind, is, to the beginner, as irksome as any other; and willing to enjoy the reputation of possessing a well stored mind, he is unable to resist the temptation of ministering to his indolence, by appropriating the thoughts of others, which lie in profusion around him courting his acceptance. He is, in fine, content to be one of those who use, and not of those who add to the store.

Labor in acquisition, invaluable as it is, suffices not then altogether to advance to their full grown vigor all the powers of the intellect. It may make you learned; but thought must accompany it, to make you wise and efficient.

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books."

To the considerations which I have already mentioned, as urging you to pursue the career of knowledge which you have commenced, may be added one peculiarly applicable to you as citizens of a republic.

The success of republican government depends, as all agree, upon the virtue and right thinking of the people. That republic must inevitably end in ruin, the moral rectitude of whose people is perverted, or their good sense bewildered. A sound and wholesome and overruling public opinion is essential to its existence. Whence is this public opinion to emanate? From the feverish atmosphere of politics?—from the reeking steam of faction, or from the midnight darkness of ignorance? To what source are we to look for this public opinion, but to those whose hearts, elevated by the precepts of virtuous wisdom, and whose minds, purified by the influence of literature and thought, raise them above the unwholesome vapors engendered by party strife? Every day is the importance of the establishment of a learned class in our country, becoming more and more palpable to the patriot's eye. A class, who, separated from politics, with intellect unclouded by

ambition and unbiassed by party spirit, may decide impartially upon the course of their fellow citizens; unheeding alike the blandishments of the courtier and the denunciations of the demagogue. As patriots, then, I call upon you to devote yourselves to your country. Be not deceived—think not, as is too generally imagined, that your services in public life are alone valuable to your country. Far more efficient will be your aid if you shall render your mind capable of directing the public course of others.

It is true, your recompense may be less brilliant—for action is more dazzling to men than thought. You may not be hailed by the plaudits of sycophantic partisans; but you will enjoy the pure and exulting satisfaction of being applauded by your own hearts! and who will compare the roar of the multitude with the still small voice of an approving conscience?

Be not discouraged either, if the sphere of your influence should be limited. Every one whose intellect has been advanced to the highest point of cultivation of which it is susceptible, will add something to the general store of proper thinking and virtuous feeling. Indeed, his power will be far more than he is himself aware of. For, as Shakspeare compares a good deed in this bad world to a little candle which shines from afar, so, most apposite would be the comparison to one whose mind, though naturally not of extraordinary force, is yet conspicuously elevated by careful and diligent training. But, young gentlemen, there is less in superiority of intellect than is usually supposed. Look around you in the world—even within your short experience you must have observed that men's influence and efficiency are not altogether commensurate with their mental powers. You often see a man distinguished for his success, who was originally not blessed with a commanding intellect—and, on the other hand, how many do you find of minds the most acute, and of information the most varied, who rest in inglorious apathy, and are known and felt, not beyond the sphere of their familiar acquaintance. There must be some cause for this—and the cause is one which should inspire every one who enjoys the blessings of education to press forward with unblanching eye to the light which blazes on

"The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar."

It is, that greatness and distinction are the result rather of moral effort than of mental superiority—rather of the determination than the ability to be great. It requires but the sustained exercise of the *will*—the concentration of the moral energy of man, to elevate him to any point which he may choose to attain.

I speak not here, of course, of those whose intellect is too feeble even to incite the possessor to this exertion of the will; nor, on the other hand, of those who seemingly descended from a higher sphere, speak but to command—put forth the hand but to subdue—and who see all things by the lightning glance of genius. But of all others, it may be confidently affirmed, that the will alone is wanting to elevate them before the world. Every man who has exercised much influence over his fellow man, has been distinguished by the imperiousness of his will—the invincible strength of his determination. The will, indeed, comprises the whole moral efficacy of man. He wills to do whatever he does. Since, then, greatness is, to a certain extent,

within your own control, resolve, my young friends, to be known to your generation. Exert the energy which adorns a man; let pride sustain the exertion, and you must succeed.

"On reason build *resolve*—that column of true majesty in man," is fraught with wisdom, short only of inspiration. But, alas! all this has been said "many a time and oft"—and with how little effect, we all know. What has been many times repeated, falls upon the ear like snow upon the water. The rich rewards of mental exertion have been so often set before youthful hearers, without effect, that it would seem as if language had lost its force; and yet, strange perversity of the human character! nothing is required of them but to appreciate themselves. Familiarity is the deadly foe of respect. It is our very familiarity with ourselves which prevents us from being great. Could men view themselves as they view others; free from the influence of narrow vanity on the one hand, and of want of self-confidence on the other, how many of those who die unknown, would fill the world with their fame: and yet this requires but the *will*. This cannot be too often reiterated. That young men could but be persuaded of this; that some master spirit,—some one whose high privilege—whose illustrious appanage it is to arouse and command the human intellect,—would but compel young men to look inward upon themselves; and would exhibit to them, as though a crystal, the noble capacities with which they are endowed, and the results which flow from their exercise!

May we not hope, however, my young friends, that the peculiarity of your situation, to which I have already alluded, will cause our counsels to be *not* altogether unheeded by you? that the evidences which are every day gathering around you, of the absolute necessity of exertion imposed upon you, will urge you to gird on your armor with a high and holy determination not to falter in the glorious cause?

If you are capable of forming this determination, in order that you may keep it inviolate, shun, as you would a pestilence, "*improba Siren Desidia*," the foul siren Sloth, and resist, with iron firmness, all her blandishments—for in her train marches every vice which degrades the soul. Let no portion of your time pass without improvement; stop the moments in their flight and extract from each all that it can bestow—for remember that the present only is your own; that time, like the fabled Pactolus, yields its treasures to those only who arrest its course, but, if unheeded, bears them on to the great ocean of the past. Remember too, that your sojourn here is but the commencement of your career—that you have here learned only to use the weapons with which you are to contend on the arena of the world, and that if you relax your exercise, not only will your weapons rust, but your hand will forget its familiar use of them.

To those of you, then, who have taken the high honors bestowed by our venerable institution, I would say—consider those honors as the champions in the olympic games regarded the voices of friends—cheering them to victory—and to those whose first efforts have received their appropriate rewards, I would liken those rewards to the trumpet-note, calling the combatants to the contest. To both, let the goal be your own honor and your country's good.

And now, my young friends, we must part. The allotted portion of instruction which it was at once our duty and our pleasure to bestow, has been accomplished. The intimate relation which has existed between us is at an end, and now it only remains for us to express to you as a body, our admiration of your conduct, which has rendered this relation (so often one of enmity and discord,) a relation of friendship and good feeling, and which has reduced college discipline to the grateful task of treating gentlemen as they deserve to be treated. So long as the students of William and Mary sustain the character for talent, for industry and gentlemanly demeanor, which has distinguished them during the past session, and which has never been excelled, there will be no fear that our beloved and venerable alma mater will lose the lofty character she bears. And now, my young friends, on behalf of each one of us, I wish each one of you a happy meeting with your friends at home, and bid you an affectionate farewell.

DESULTORY SPECULATOR;

NO. V.

The following paper was prepared for, and, I believe, published some time ago in a northern periodical, but not being much read south of the Potomac, the article may not, therefore, have been seen by the great mass of your readers. I have made some additions to it, and as one of the speculations of my leisure moments, send it to you for your valuable magazine, to be preserved, if it be worthy of it.

THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

In proportion as mankind advance in civilization and refinement, the condition of the female becomes more propitious and happy. In the first rude state of society, woman is treated as a slave—she is compelled to bear all the burdens and endure all the toils which the necessity of contributing to the comfort, support and ease of her husband and master, devolves upon her. The painful experience of this wretched condition, has been, in many instances, so appalling, that females in that stage of society, have often been induced to take away the life of their infant daughters, to prevent the future misery and privation, which they know they were doomed to suffer, if permitted to live. From this state of degradation and wretchedness woman emerges as the human mind becomes refined and polished by christianity and civilization. The beautiful system of christian philosophy and benevolence introduced by the Son of God, has done more to civilize mankind, and meliorate the moral condition of society, than all the schemes of philosophy that the wisdom of man has ever introduced or created, and woman owes more to it than to all the intellectual refinement and culture to which the human race had previously attained. Even among those nations that had made considerable progress in civilization—the Egyptians, Phenicians, Babylonians and Persians—but little attention was paid to the cultivation of the female mind, and they were still held in a state of comparative degradation. It is said that the kings of

the Medes and Persians, were instructed by women; but it does not appear that this circumstance tended to improve their condition. In Greece it seems to have been still worse. Among this enlightened people, women were regarded in the light of slaves, and excluded from the benefits and advantages of education. The precepts of Solon and Lycurgus, the great lawgivers of Athens and Lacedemon, were calculated rather to make them bold, indelicate and masculine, than refined, chaste and intelligent. Woman, beautiful and devoted woman, was considered as the mere plaything of man, intended solely to minister to his pleasures or to contribute to his physical enjoyments. Sappho, Corinna, Aspasia, form splendid exceptions, it is true, but they stand alone upon the canvass.* Even in the romantic days of chivalry, when such ardent devotion was professed for the fair sex, it does not appear that any great efforts were made to cultivate their minds, or give them that intellectual improvement which adds new lustre to their beauty and enlarges the sources of their happiness. As the mild doctrines of christianity expanded, and the civilization resulting from it continued to advance, the female character took a higher tone—and she began to exercise a more ennobling and salutary influence upon the destinies and conduct of man. She began to be considered as the true helpmate, companion and friend of man, capable of guiding his actions as well as of soothing his sorrows and alleviating his miseries; and greater attention was, therefore, paid to her moral and intellectual culture, till it was found not only just, but expedient to afford all the facilities necessary to make her a useful and valuable, as well as a fascinating member of society. She now holds the rank for which her maker created and designed her, and which she would always have held, if man had consulted his own interest and happiness. Her present position in society, requires high intellectual cultivation. She is to be the mother of men in whose hands are to be placed the destinies of her country and the moral welfare of her species. It is highly important that she should be well instructed, to enable her to infuse into the minds of her offspring an early love of knowledge and the principles of virtue. In all republics this is more especially necessary, as the duration and stability of the government depend upon the virtue and intelligence of the people. "Heaven," says the celebrated Segur, "in creating woman, seemed to say to man, behold either the torment or delight of your present and future existence. Give a direction to this being, calculated by the extreme pliancy of her mind to receive all the impressions you may wish to bestow upon her. It is another self I offer to you: in taking charge of her you ought, in a certain degree, to identify her with yourself." "Her breast," says another writer on this subject, with great truth and beauty, "sustains and nourishes us; her hands direct our earliest steps; her gentle voice teaches us to lisp our first expressions; she wipes away the first tears we shed; and to her we are indebted for our chief pleasures. In fact nature seems to have confided man to her continual care; the cradle of infancy is her peculiar charge, and her kind compassion soothes the bed of

*The Grecian and Roman women were under perpetual guardianship, and never trusted with the management of their own fortunes; and every father had the power of life and death over his daughters.

death." The well educated mother, has it in her power to raise up citizens, who may be a blessing and ornament to their country and add new glory to its name; for the impressions which she makes upon the plastic minds of her offspring, are never eradicated, and seldom fail to influence their future conduct in life. Most of the great men who have shed lustre upon the annals of the world, owe to their mothers, the elements of their distinction. It is mental superiority and not mere personal beauty, that gives to woman her greatest and most durable attraction. The enlightened and virtuous mind is calculated and never fails to fix the esteem and love of man. "External accomplishments," says Fordyce, "are continually losing, and internal attractions are continually gaining. A beautiful character is as the morning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Sense, spirit, sweetness, are immortal. All besidea wither like grass. When beauty of looks loses its power to please, (and this will as inevitably follow as the night follows the day,) the soul will seek a soul—it will refuse to be satisfied with any thing else. If it find none, in vain shall the softest eye sparkle—in vain shall the softest eye entice. But if a mind appear—and wherever it resides, a mind will appear—it is recognized, admired and embraced, even though the eye possesses no lustre, and smiles at the moment be banished by sorrow."

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven!
This luring fountain in itself contains,
The beautiful and sublime! Here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces."

Education is, moreover, a source of happiness as well as of usefulness to woman. From the present organization of society, she must necessarily be much alone, her vocations are domestic and her duties solitary. She cannot mingle with the world like man, and has often to submit to the caprice and cruelty of her husband. In such a condition then, it will be obvious that her happiness must be greatly promoted by the resources with which a good education has furnished her, and upon which she can at all times draw, for her own gratification, and, as a social being, that of others. It has been correctly observed by an American writer, that "the instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favors public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and best; and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of every thing and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men."

The education of females should be as liberal as possible, but without being too masculine. As she is excluded, by her relative condition in society, from following any of the learned professions, it will not be necessary that she should study law, medicine or theology, as a science; nor is it at all important that she should make herself familiar with the higher branches of ma-

thematics; though the example of Mrs. Somerville would prove that such studies are far from being unsuited or uncongenial to the female mind. I would divide a proper system of female education into two branches, the useful and ornamental—on each of which I propose to make some cursory remarks. Reading, writing and arithmetic, constitute the foundation and most important elements of all learning, and those should of course be first attained. To read and write well is no ordinary accomplishment. Every female should be taught to read with correct emphasis and agreeable cadence, avoiding too great rapidity of utterance on the one hand, and a drawing and monotonous manner on the other. It is not enough to learn to read, merely to acquire ideas; but an effort should be made to reach, in this, as in the art of penmanship, the highest attainable degree of perfection. The reading of a beautiful passage of poetry or prose, with taste, sensibility and feeling, produces an agreeable effect on the hearer, and enhances the gratification which its literary merits are calculated to afford. Fine penmanship is a most desirable acquisition to both sexes. A slovenly hand is as offensive as vulgarisms in language; and a female should always strive to write with grace and elegance, and not to pause till she attains excellence in this art. Arithmetic is of more importance, in a course of female education, than is generally admitted or imagined; and too little attention is paid to it by the instructor, as well as the pupil. Women in this country are often placed in a situation where a knowledge of arithmetic becomes almost indispensable to their security and success. The cause of its neglect arises from a too general impression that they will have no occasion to employ it in the course of life to which they are destined; but they will find, that in the ordinary transactions of the world, its utility is much greater than they had supposed. To these branches should follow, or be simultaneously acquired, a knowledge of grammar, which should be carefully studied and well understood, not only with a view to correct speaking but to correct composition. It is very offensive to a well educated mind, to hear a beautiful young woman, or one mingling in genteel society, violating the ordinary rules of grammar in her common conversation, or to see them violated in her written compositions. It denotes an inattention and carelessness, if not an ignorance or vulgarity, extremely reprehensible. The rules of composition should also claim particular attention, and the art acquired, by frequent practice, as early as possible, as one combining utility and ornament. I know of scarcely any other more useful in the whole structure of female education. To be able, at all times, when required, to convey one's thoughts with facility, and in a neat, appropriate and elegant style, is an attainment which should excite the ambition and stimulate the exertion of every female mind. There is no condition in life in which this useful art may not be exercised with advantage and pleasure. The occasions will be numerous in which facility and skill in epistolary composition, will be required. A writer of distinction has correctly observed, that "the epistolary style deserves to be cultivated more than any other, since none is of more various and frequent use through the whole subordination of human life." Facility in this species of composition is not only highly useful, but it serves to give a charm to the communications of friendship, and

a grace and beauty to thought. Every female should, therefore, endeavor to make herself mistress of this pleasing and valuable art.

To the branches of education I have mentioned, should now be added the study of history, connected with geography and chronology, which have been justly termed its two eyes. History and geography are almost inseparable; the one should always accompany the other, for they elucidate and render each other interesting. The advantage of a correct knowledge of general history, to both sexes, must be obvious. It supplies them with food for reflection and conversation, and the examples it furnishes may serve to guide them in forming a judgment of men, and the policy of nations. It teaches them practical philosophy; for it is philosophy teaching by example; gives experience of the world, and expands and enlightens the mind. History is the school of philosophy, the mistress of life. Her precepts are the precepts of wisdom and virtue; her sphere the circumference of the world and the circle of time; her principles are the principles of rectitude, and her deductions the deductions of experience and truth. It is calculated to amuse the fancy, to improve the understanding, and to invigorate the sentiments of virtue. The pleasure derived from the perusal of a well written history, is nearly as great as that from a well written work of imagination, while the utility resulting from the former, is much greater. "Works of fiction," says Dr. Priestly, "resemble those machines which we contrive to illustrate the principles of philosophy; real history resembles the experiments made by the air pump, or electrical machine, which exhibits the operations of nature, and the God of nature himself." In the study of history, the student should endeavor to acquire and retain only that which may be useful and necessary; such as a knowledge of the virtues and vices, the genius and character, the laws and customs, the constitution and policy, the literature, sciences and arts of nations, and the causes which led to their rise, overthrow or decline. The most interesting portion of history, however, is biography, and its study is attended not only with great advantage, but with satisfaction and pleasure.

To open a wider field of usefulness to the female mind, the elements of some of the physical sciences should be acquired,—natural philosophy, botany and chemistry. The former embraces physical geography, astronomy, and natural history. "Astronomy," says Delauze, a French author, "is the foundation of geography, the guide of chronology, and the light of history. It serves not only to determine the position of places and to fix dates; but to rectify the relations of historians and discover the causes of their prejudices." Some acquaintance with natural history, will be found both useful and interesting. A knowledge of the history and operations of nature, will diminish or destroy the influence of superstition, delusion and error; for

"Nature well known, no prodigies remain."

Chemistry also should enter into a system of female education. It develops the various phenomena of nature, illustrates the physiology of vegetable life, and gives to the useful and domestic arts, their greatest power and excellence. "A young lady acquainted with the general principles of chemistry," says the authoress of "Thoughts on Domestic Education," "could, with increased intelligence and precision, direct many of the domestic opera-

tions of a household; and some knowledge of the laws of nature, (as developed in natural and experimental philosophy,) would tend to many useful results in the business of private life." Mineralogy might, also, be added, as these two sciences are closely connected; but all that it may be necessary to acquire of both, will be to class and distinguish one mineral from another; to know the component parts and properties of bodies, to be able to analyse them by tests, and to understand their nature, affinities and combinations, and the uses to which they may be applied. But of the physical sciences the most beautiful and alluring is botany. This science affords a source of endless pleasure to its votary, by the beauty it unfolds and the mysteries of nature it develops. Its moral influence is felt by begetting simple tastes, infusing into the mind ideas of order, and into the soul sentiments of benevolence and peace. There is something in this science that seems to assimilate to the female character, and to render it a desirable object of pursuit to the fair sex. To them

"The meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that oft lie too deep for tears."

In this beautiful science there is not

"A tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom but contains
A folio volume. We may read and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please and something to instruct."

While acquiring a knowledge of the sciences I have mentioned, or before commencing their study, the modern languages might be attended to and learnt. An acquaintance with the French, Italian and Spanish languages should be attained by every well educated female, as valuable keys to knowledge, and as calculated to render their possessor more useful and fascinating in the various walks of life. German, if desired, might also be added to these; and I should not object to the study of Latin, because its attainment will make her better acquainted with the principles of grammar, and improve and refine her taste and give discipline to her mind. It will not be required that she should labor to make herself a mistress of this language; because, it would demand a longer time than could well be devoted to its attainment; but such an acquaintance with it as would enable her to read Virgil, with tolerable facility, might be useful, in rendering the acquisition of the modern languages more easy and pleasant, and the nomenclature of the sciences less difficult and unintelligible. In studying the modern languages, the learner should not stop short of the power of reading, writing and speaking them with correctness and facility.

There is another important branch of female education, which I think has been and still is too much neglected, from its being absurdly considered as degrading to, and unworthy of the character of a lady. I mean a knowledge of the domestic concerns of a family. In the proper management of a household, the future wife cannot be too early initiated. To know how to superintend and direct the affairs of a family with judicious skill and ability; to be able, when necessary, to give her personal aid, is a species of knowledge that every female, in this country, whatever may be the rank or affluence of her parents or her own expectations, should endeavor to obtain. Skill in the use of the needle, and the management of the household, is not at all incom-

patible with the most extensive literary attainments or the highest intellectual gifts, and will be found of great value to every woman who may become the mistress of a family. There is much truth in the following remarks, by the authoress of 'Thoughts on Domestic Education,' from which I have already had occasion to quote: "The first lessons of housewifery should be practiced under the eye of the mother. At fifteen years of age, a girl will know enough of arithmetic to be ready at accounts, and will have sufficient judgment to reason fairly on what she observes. At that age she may occasionally attend her mother in her daily visits to the kitchen and larder. Let her behold the arrangement of household business—the manner of giving directions—the plan of furnishing supplies. She will thus gradually imbibe a clear conception of all such matters; she will understand the usefulness of method; will find out the usual consumption of a family,—and know what to expect from the industry and what to pardon to the frailty of domestics."

I will now proceed to speak of the second or ornamental branch of female education. Under this division may be classed music, drawing, painting, dancing, and ornamental needle work. No accomplishments are more interesting or fascinating than the three former. They serve to beguile the tedium of solitude, to embellish the circles of society, and to throw around their possessor a charm and witchery which few can resist, and with which all must be delighted. In rural retirement, nothing can be more gratifying than the agreeable employment of copying the beauties of nature as they are unfolded to the eye of taste, and transferring the rich and varied tints of the landscape, or the more gaudy and flaunting beauties of the vegetable kingdom. The female who cultivates this fine art will never be at a loss for amusement or occupation. Every thing around her furnishes a model; and after she has exhausted all "the old," she can still imagine "new worlds" for the display of her pictorial skill, and by the magic of her pencil can "give to airy nothings, a local habitation and a name." If tired with this delightful occupation, she can resort to one equally charming and effective in calling up the most exquisite associations, and producing those sounds which fall upon the ear "like the sweet south upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor."

Music, both instrumental and vocal, should be acquired. The latter, Dr. Rush thinks should never be neglected in the education of a female. "Besides preparing her," he says, "to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life—and even the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind." This eminent physician entertained the opinion derived from the experience his profession afforded—"that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributed very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes exposed them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them." This he attributes to the strength which their lungs acquire by being frequently exercised in vocal music. There is a charm in music that few can resist. It is difficult to conceive the fascination which surrounds a woman to

whom nature has given a fine voice, and who has acquired skill in music. Mere personal beauty is lost in the charm which music infuses, and the senses are often taken captive by the "melody of sweet sounds." The heart forgets its hatreds and the feelings lose their bitterness and asperity under the influence of heavenly harmony.

Dancing, the "poetry of motion," is also an accomplishment which, by contributing to the grace and health of the body and the flow of the animal spirits, should not be neglected. The natural buoyancy of the young mind, and the pleasure derived from motion, will induce the young of both sexes to acquire this art, and it is, therefore, scarcely necessary to recommend its attainment. Women seem to have a kind of natural propensity for dancing, and usually excel in it. But to much excellence in this art, it is necessary to receive early instruction, which is now accessible to most young women. Connected with this accomplishment is the art of riding on horseback, which as it likewise conduces to the vigor and grace of the body, and to promote health, should not be neglected by any who have an opportunity to acquire it. To be able to manage a horse and to sit with ease in the saddle, is a desirable accomplishment to both men and women, and will be found agreeable and salutary. Every female should labor to attain grace in her attitudes and motion. She should endeavor to be like Venus, *dea apparuit motu*. This may be accomplished by the arts of dancing and riding, of which I have just spoken. The French women estimate grace as a paramount beauty, and often repeat the line of La Fontaine,

"Et la grace plus belle encore que la beauté."

The ancients seemed to have considered it inseparable from beauty; for Venus is never made to appear unaccompanied by the three Graces.

Tapestry, embroidery, and other ornamental needle work, are different sources of amusement, and serve to fill up a solitary hour agreeably. They give employment to the fingers, tend to vary the amusements of life, and may be useful in adversity, as affording means of support. The leisure moments of women are, from her condition in society, necessarily numerous; and the more her resources are multiplied, the more her happiness is promoted. These, however, are mere tributaries. The highest and most enduring source of happiness will be found in religion, which will be her friend in prosperity, and her support and consolation in adversity, and should be early and deeply implanted in the female heart. "Christianity," says an American writer, "is itself full of grace. It is a refiner of the heart; it imparts correctness of perception, delicacy of sentiment, and all those nicer shades of thought and feeling which constitute elegance of mind. Women imbibe more deeply the spirit of religion, when they carry its charm into the detail of life; when they are fascinating as well as faithful, and agreeable as well as good."

I shall not attempt, in this brief essay, to lay down the proper course of reading to be pursued by a young woman, after she has acquired the elements of knowledge I have endeavored to point out for her attainment. This would require more time and space than have been allotted to this essay, and will, after all, be regulated by the good sense and taste of the young lady, and

the judgment and experience of the literary friends whom she may consult. But I cannot, while on this subject, omit to impress upon the minds of young women the necessity of reading, if they are read at all, the works which issue in such profusion from the press, under the designation of romances, novels and tales, with great caution. The tendency of most of these productions is pernicious, by begetting a morbid sensibility, false notions of life, a distempered imagination, and a disrelish for graver and more useful works. History, biography, voyages, and travels, &c., should engross the most of the time she can devote to reading; and from that source, with the best literary periodicals of the day, both foreign and domestic, and the works of the most eminent poets of all nations, whose language she understands, she will derive a larger fund of knowledge, greater acquaintance with the world, and more abundant topics of conversation—the great charm of social intercourse. The society of a female whose mind has been thus cultivated and improved, will be eagerly sought and enjoyed by the virtuous and intelligent of the other sex. She will be fitted for the sphere in which she should revolve; be better prepared to discharge her appropriate duties in society, and be happier in herself, and the source of greater happiness to others.

August, 1839.

G. W.

THE DYING SWAN;

A FABLE OF HERDEIS.*

"Shall I alone, then, hushed and silent be?"
Sighed the still Swan, whilst floating on the sea,
In that soft hour whose radiance from on high
Makes the clear wave the mirror of the sky—
"Shall I alone, of all the feathery race,
In silence gaze on Nature's glorious face?
In silence gaze, whilst, as I glide along,
My pent heart burns to pour its life in song?
I envy not the birds of glancing hues—
The Eagle's flight my state might well refuse—
I who, white-rocking on the lulling tide,
A living ship to cleave its waters glide—
I who, with dazzling neck and feathery snow,
Gleam o'er the wave, or seek the world below—
But thee, oh! Philomel! I envy thee,
When, spell-bound, loitering on the shining sea,
Slowly my waves along the deep are driven,
And bathe me raptured in the beams of Heaven—
How would I sing thee, Golden Evening Sun!
How breathe thy beauty and my bliss as one—
How in the mirror where thy blushes lie,
Plunge with a fatal joy, and gladly die!"

Even as he spake, the bright swan dived below,
Lighting the dim waves with his gleamy snow,
Piercing, with curving neck, the clear blue main,
To rear him sparkling from its deeps again.
But, as he rises, lo! with gentle lure,
A shape resplendent calls him to the shore.

* The German prose original affords only the simple outline, and is as short as it is beautiful. To the translation alone belong "slow length," and an attempt at ornament.

Even as he looks, the happy bird is won,
And hastes to greet the God of evening's sun.

"Hail, loveliest Swan!" the beamy Phœbus said—
And o'er his lips the light of kindness played—
"The prayer which, nourished in thy burning breast,
Only the worship of thy sighs confessed,
Apollo grants—by love deferred so long—
The hour is come—the hour that yields thee song!"

He touched the mute adorer with his lyre,
And woke the utterance of its hidden fire—
Enrapturing tones the Swan's soft breast pervade,
And lo! the minstrel of the sea is made.

Glowing with joy, he pours a godlike song—
Grateful he breathes a tribute warm and strong—
He sings the evening splendor of the sun—
The fires which thence the glancing sea hath won—
His own pure life, whose calm and happy flow
Is bright as streams that glitter as they go;—
Soft as his graceful form the lore-breathed lay,
And long and sleepy waves its charm obey,
Follow the gliding Swan with liquid roll,
Or, charged with music, faint on beach and shoal.

But soft!—as melts in song the sea-bird's heart,
A change—and lo! Elysium hears his art.
Still at Apollo's feet he weaves the strain,
So long desired, nor now desired in vain,
Since even the melody to life denied
To hymn his loftier state is now supplied.
All blest, he listens to immortal lays,
Even whilst a God's bright smile returns his gaze—
He rests adoring at Apollo's feet—
But, hark! what music renders mourning sweet?
What lay o'erburdened with the heart's excess,
Wakes his own soul to equal tenderness?
What gleamy shape of snow-light glides serene
Through the still glory of the immortal scene?
'Tis the companion of his ocean home—
'Tis she, more dazzling than that ocean's foam—
Pouring the wild song, blent of joy and grief,
That gave her voice, when Phœbus sent relief,
And bade the sad one in that anguished lay
Float to Elysium from the world away!

And Innocence beholds—the goddess bright,
Whose heavenly beauty clothes itself in light—
She sees—and claims, with loving heart, the pair—
Most happy they, to own her sacred care!—
To catch the glory of her smile from far,
Or through the blue waves guide her pearly car,
What time, descending to its waters free,
She bathes her young limbs in the glowing sea!

MORAL.

Patience and hope—all silent as thou art,
Thou of long griefs and trials—steadfast heart!
Await in calm and trust, nor yet repine
That Heaven in love conceals its high design—
Secure that all which warmed thy wishes here,
Shall be thine own in dying—and more dear.

T. H. E.

HINTS.

Show your equals candor—your inferiors civility—
your superiors respect.

Affectation is the aiming to seem to be what you are
not. Avoid it.

C. C.

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

LECTURE IV.

PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.

This organ is situated on each side the mesial line immediately above the cerebellum, and corresponds to the protuberance of the occiput. Gall remarked, that in the human race the occiput is in general more prominent in the female skull than in the male, and he inferred the brain lying beneath to be the organ of some faculty which is stronger in women than in men—but of what faculty he knew not. At length he noticed the corresponding part of the monkey's head to be similar in this respect to woman's, and he concluded it to be the probable seat of some faculty which is strong both in women and these animals. For a long time he tried without success to ascertain what the faculty could be, till one day during a lecture it occurred to him that monkeys were exceedingly fond of young, and the thought flashed upon his mind that this might be the long-sought faculty. He dismissed his class, retired immediately to his cabinet, and found that the female skull exceeded the male in this part throughout all species of animals. He now pursued his observations with vigor, which ended in the full establishment of the organ as that which gives attachment to children.

This feeling has been confounded with that of benevolence, but it is often large when benevolence is very small, and small when benevolence is very large. When large, it renders the office of rearing children pleasant, nay, delightful, even when they belong to others. Sir Walter Scott remarks, that among children there is a sort of freemasonry by which they detect almost instantly those who pay attention to them merely that they may be pleasing to the parents, and that they recognize by intuition those who take real pleasure in their society.

This faculty is frequently abused; people often pamper and spoil children instead of training them rationally. They forget that this feeling is not so much a virtue as a reward; that it is a blind feeling; indeed, all the propensities are blind—and by proving this, Phrenology will confer one of its greatest boons on MANKIND.

This faculty sometimes takes an interesting direction. In the United States, all ladies who have arrived at adult age seem to be married; but in my own country, this (alas!) is not the case; and among unmarried ladies we see the amiable feeling now under consideration lavished upon lap-dogs, cats or birds; these delightful and interesting little animals being used as substitutes for children. This practice is often ridiculed; but recollect that it is the manifestation of a feeling, which, under more favorable circumstances, would have rendered them excellent and devoted mothers.

The difference between male and female skulls is distinguishable at the earliest age. That of the male is the broadest; that of the female the longest. Owing to the greater size of this organ, the manifestations correspond. The girl, as soon as she can walk, wants her doll, whereas the boy seldom cares for such a plaything: he wants his whip and top.

Dr. Gall knew instances of ladies who never took any interest whatever in their children, though they tenderly loved their husbands. I found it difficult to realize this fact till I met with a case precisely similar. A lady in Edinburgh used to send her children away from home to be reared and educated, and never cared about seeing them till they were grown up, when she treated them, not as children, but as friends and companions. I was not sufficiently acquainted with her to examine her head, but a lady of my acquaintance, who was an excellent Phrenologist, did so, and found the organ to be uncommonly small. Her head appeared truncated behind.

It is a remarkable ordination of nature that this feeling bears a reference to the weakness and helplessness of its objects rather than to any other of their physical or moral qualities. A lady of this city told me that the very stupidity of a daughter three or four years of age strongly excited her affection.

In twenty-nine women who committed child-murder, twenty-

five had the organ very small. It may be thought from this that its absence leads to infanticide; recollect, however, that you can never bring a positive out of a negative. The murder depends upon certain exciting causes, operating on a peculiar organization. Were this feeling strong, it would supply a powerful restraining motive.

Here is the skull of a negro; this of a Scotch highlander; this of a Charib from the island of St. Vincent; see how largely the organ is developed—and these people strikingly manifest love of children. When at Brussels, I was talking with a woman concerning the behavior of the Scotch highlanders. She said they were as gentle and affectionate in the house as they were brave in the field, and that they were very fond of children. See what a large development in the skull of the poet Burns—and how beautifully is the feeling manifested in his poetry! In the Esquimaux it is very large; here is a specimen. Captain Parry says that love of children is almost the only amiable feeling they manifest. He met a party of them without food and almost dying with hunger; he relieved them, and the first thing they did was to feed their children, not attending to their own wants till the little ones were fully satisfied.

The superiority of the feeling in females is beautifully exemplified in a story told by Morier, in his Persian travels. The small-pox was very destructive in Persia, and the surgeons of the embassy commenced vaccinating. The women took their children in crowds. The priests disliked this, but wishing to put it down without appearing to do so, and being well skilled in human nature, they got government to put ferashes at the ambassador's gate, under the pretence of doing him honor, but in reality to prevent women from bringing their children. They said the *fathers*, and not the *mothers*, must bring them. This produced a remarkable decrease in the amount of applications.

This organ is sometimes diseased. Mental derangement is one of those subjects on which Phrenology throws a flood of light. Afflictions of the mind, by reason of men's ignorance, have been a source of immense anxiety and maltreatment. People have known not what to do. Sometimes terrified, sometimes horrified, sometimes mystified, they have had no idea that it was the disease of a *material* organ, which was probably in a state of exalted action, and which, like inflammation of the eye, might be got rid of by a proper remedial course. A woman attended by Dr. Combe had intense pain in this organ, attended by great anxiety about her children. Under proper treatment, the pain and anxiety diminished simultaneously. I saw a woman in a lunatic asylum in whom this organ was very large, and whose sole anxiety seemed about her children. She thought they had been stolen; and she uttered the most piercing shrieks and plaintive moans. She fell on her knees to the superintendent, and implored him to restore them, with a depth of feeling which I could not have thought it possible to express.

A lady of New York, in whom this organ is very large, told me that she frequently dreams of children. She described one dream which imparted to her the most exquisite delight, in which she seemed to have her whole lap full of babies, which were smiling, sprawling, raising their hands, and tossing about in the most interesting manner imaginable.

I now come to what is called the *Natural Language of the Organs*. Up to this time you will perhaps grant that I have been talking with a show, at least, of reason; but now you will probably set me down as fanciful and absurd. I am prepared for this; but I doubt not that you will acknowledge its truth before the end of the course; for as most of you have some predominant organ, and as each organ has a language of its own, though you may think my description of the natural language of those organs in which you are weak to be ridiculous, you will recognize the language of your own strong organs, and be convinced that there is something in it after all.

The law of action, as laid down by Gall, is, that the motions are all in the direction of the seat of the organs. That natural language does exist all will allow when they reflect, that by mien, walk and gesture the actors of pantomime are enabled to operate powerfully on the feelings without uttering a word. The natural tendency of Philoprogenitiveness is to throw the head backward.

Near Manchester I saw a young woman bring her husband's breakfast to him and sit by the road-side till he ate it, spending the time in caressing her child. Her whole manner was expressive of the highest delight. She kissed and fondled the infant,

and then she threw back her head and pressed it toward the neck as close as possible, repeating the same action several times. It would have formed a most beautiful subject for a painter. The great painters of Italy noticed the same expression, and in their representations of the murder of the innocents, they place the bereft mothers with their heads thrown back and the extreme of agony depicted in their faces.

CONCENTRATIVENESS.

This organ is situated immediately above Philoprogenitiveness, and below Self-Esteem. I shall not occupy much time upon it. Spurzheim, from observing it large in animals fond of dwelling in one place, called it *Inhabitiveness*. I observe persons whose thoughts, like clouds, come and go without regularly—whose sentences have succession without relation. In them I have found the organ very small. I observed others, of less mental capacity, remarkable for continuity of thought, and for the natural relationship existing between the successive subjects of their conversation. In these I have found the organ large. It appeared to me, therefore, that its function is to *keep two or more organs in continuous and simultaneous activity*. Dr. Hoppe and the Rev. Dr. Welch agreed with me in this view. I have already mentioned that I noticed some years ago a convolution of the brain running from the region of this organ near the base of the cleft between the two cerebral hemispheres and terminating in the anterior lobe, and that Dr. Solly has since proved this to be a commissure.

Dr. Vimont of Paris has made some observations which, if established, will reconcile the views of Dr. Spurzheim and myself. Having directed his attention to birds which live on fish, and which hover over water, watch with intense fixedness and then dart downward as though they were arrows rather than living beings, and having compared them with ducks and other such animals which practice no such concentrated watchfulness and action, he found in the first a great development of the lower part of this region, and in the others great deficiency. This he calls *Concentrativeness*. He found that this organ did not occupy the whole space, but left a region immediately above it and below Self-Esteem, which, he is convinced, appertains to the faculty of *Inhabitiveness*. If this view be correct, and I am pretty well satisfied that it is, then are Dr. Spurzheim's views and my own reconciled.

ADHESIVENESS.

This organ is situated at the middle of the parietal bone, on each side of the lower part of *Concentrativeness* and the upper part of *Philoprogenitiveness*. Dr. Gall was requested to mould the head of a lady who was a model of friendship. He did so, and found two large symmetrical protuberances, one on each side. The lady had suffered great mutations of fortune. She had been rich, and then poor—again rich, and again poor; but amid all these changes she remained firmly attached to her friends. The idea naturally suggested itself that this part might be the organ of the disposition to attachment. Many subsequent observations confirmed the conjecture.

You will seldom find this organ in an isolated protuberant state. Its large size is generally indicated by the breadth and fullness of this region. Compare these two skulls; this is the skull of an Esquimaux in which *Amativeness* and *Philoprogenitiveness* are very large, and *Adhesiveness* small; this is the skull of a Swiss, in which all three are very large.

Those in whom this organ is large feel the instinctive tendency to embrace and cling to the object of their affections. Boys manifest it by their attachment to dogs and rabbits, and in girls, to the feeling of *Philoprogenitiveness* it adds the hug of affection which they bestow upon their dolls. I have seen the poet Moore, and know this organ to be very large in him, and his poetry breathes its very spirit:

"The heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will cannot flourish alone;
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself and make closely its own."

Again—how it glows in the following lines:—

"The heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

In general this organ is larger and the faculty stronger in woman than in man; and the extreme ardor and constancy of

their attachment may be attributed to this circumstance. In them alone can friendship be found in the fullness of perfection. Taking advantage of this proneness to attachment—this consecration of the heart to the object of affection—some men, for the gratification of a most despicable vanity, or from a worse motive, sport with this beautiful trait of female nature—conduct which would subject them to double infamy, but which is too often counted nothing of,—the seducer, glorying in his successful villany, while the wronged one is mourning in utter wretchedness over ruined hopes and a blighted name.

We often find strong attachment subsisting between persons of very different mental characters, in whom there are many points of repulsion; but the strength of this feeling serves as an eternal bond of union. There are husbands and wives in whom the attracting and repelling forces are so balanced that they can be happy neither together nor apart. They are forever quarrelling and making matters up; they part and unite, part again and again unite; again fly off, and again come together. They are a complete puzzle to their friends, who can place no dependence on their assertions or protestations. In these cases, Adhesiveness will generally be found largely developed in both parties.

This faculty is the bond of union among men, and gives rise to society. It is found large in many animals; but there are some, as the fox and magpie, which live in the marriage state; that is, they are attached for life: some, again, as the dog, live in society, but are not attached for life. Spurzheim thought attachment and attachment for life as modifications of the same faculty. Gall inclined to think them distinct faculties; and Dr. Vimont thinks he has proved this to be the case, and considers the region which we ascribe to Philoprogenitiveness as comprising two organs—love of young in the middle, and on each side attachment for life.

This organ is sometimes so active in oxen and horses, that they become sick when deprived of their accustomed companions. This diseased condition of the organ in man is called nostalgia. Many are unaware of the strength of this feeling till they have occasion to leave home. When away from their friends and companions they feel a yearning toward them, and a longing and craving to be again at home.

Amativeness, philoprogenitiveness and adhesiveness form the group of domestic affections, in the due regulation and proper exercise of which so much of our happiness depends.

The natural language of this faculty is to embrace and cause the organs to approach, as you see in this plate of two little girls, and this of a girl and dove. When a dog or cat is under the influence of this faculty, and wants to show great attachment, it will rub this part of the head against its master's leg. When two persons meet in whom this organ predominates, they feel an involuntary attachment toward each other springing up in their minds, unless their other faculties be very incongruous. Those who have it large give the hand a hearty shake on meeting; those who have it small, hardly press the hand at all. With the first, absent friends are ever present; they think of them with a warm glow of affection. With the last, out of sight out of mind. The organ was large in Burns, and his poetry is full of its spirit. It was large in Mary Mac Innes the murderer, and she strongly manifested the feeling. A person to whom she was firmly attached had sent her a pocket-handkerchief with his name written on one corner, and also half an orange, requesting that she would eat it on the scaffold in token of their mutual affection, he having eaten the other half the preceding morning at the corresponding hour. She held the corner of the handkerchief on which his name was written, in her mouth all the night preceding her execution. When seated on the drop she took the orange from the turnkey, saying, "Tell him that I die perfectly satisfied that he has done all in his power for my life, and that I eat the orange as he desired me. May God bless him. Say to him that it was my dying request that he may avoid drink and bad company, and be sure never to be late out at night." She forgot eternity in the ardor of her attachment.

In 1836, Dr. John Scott, of Edinburgh, had a patient whom he examined after death, and in whom he found the lungs extensively diseased. This was conceived to be a sufficient cause of death, and the examination proceeded no further till the brother of the deceased asked them with eagerness what they had found to be the condition of the brain; and when he learned that no examination had taken place, he requested that they would proceed to examine it. They did so, and to their astonishment

found 27 abscesses, 11 in the cerebellum and 16 or 17 more in the posterior lobe, there being but one in the intellectual region. The brother then stated his reason for making the request he had. His brother, he said, had been a resident of London, where his family then resided, and that he was formerly very much attached to his family; that when he first came to Edinburgh he manifested about them the usual anxiety, but that before he died attachment to them was utterly lost, and that he would hardly have mentioned them in his will if he had not been urged to do so.

COMBATIVENESS.

The organ of this faculty is situated immediately backward and upward of the ear. Gall discovered this organ by collecting together a number of the lower classes of society, studying their characters and comparing their developments. He found such as were remarkable for being *brave* to have this part large, such as were noted for cowardice to have it very small. Subsequent observations established the discovery. In Vienna animal combats were frequently exhibited, and one man was so intrepid that he often presented himself alone in the arena to sustain the attack of a bull or a wild boar. In him Gall found it very large. He found it very large in a young lady who had repeatedly dressed herself in male attire and maintained battles with men.

Dr. Brown speaks of this faculty. "There is," says he "a principle in our mind which is to us like a constant protector, which may slumber, indeed, but which awakes only at seasons when its vigilance would be useless; which awakes, therefore, at the first appearance of unjust intention, and which becomes more watchful and more vigorous in proportion to the violence of the attack which it has to dread." "Courage," says Dr. Johnson, "is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected even when it is associated with vice." Sterne's Uncle Toby is a personification of great combativeness, benevolence and integrity.

This faculty produces active courage—the instinctive propensity to oppose. It gives that boldness to the mind which enables it to remain undaunted amid opposition. A considerable endowment of it is therefore indispensable to all great and magnanimous characters. I know a gentleman in whom the moral sentiments are large and combativeness very small. He confessed that he felt the want of a proper development of this organ as a great deficiency in his character. He lacked the courage to oppose even manifest wrong. He felt that he should have been a much more useful man with a proper endowment of combativeness, and he sometimes shed tears at his own pusillanimity. A man without proper combativeness is always trodden under foot.

This organ is very large, as you may see by this head, in General Wurmsier, who defended Mantua against Bonaparte. Fighting was his chief delight. His intellect was by no means remarkable, and Napoleon said he gave him more trouble than ten better men. By his sudden and fierce attacks, made in defiance of all military principles, he kept the French in a continual state of alarm. It is very large, as you may see, in King Robert Bruce, and all know how strongly he manifested the faculty. Let the skull of either of these heroes be compared with this of a Cingalese boy.

The faculty is of great service to the barrister. It causes his energies to rise in proportion as he is opposed. Combined with destructiveness it inspires authors with the love of battles. Sir Walter Scott, who possessed this combination, was above his usual energy when describing the fight, the slaughter, and the shouts of victory. From this sympathy of authors with warriors, a successful butcher is too often elevated to the rank of a hero, and success in arms considered glorious without reference to the merits of the quarrel.

This faculty, large, gives the love of contention. Thus you find persons who dispute every thing. They say it is the love of truth which instigates them; but it is in reality the love of quarrelling. If you say to such a one that it is a fine day, he will perhaps ask you who is finding fault with the day. When combativeness is large and undirected by the moral sentiments, it becomes a great disturber of domestic peace. The hours which should be devoted to pure and quiet enjoyment are embittered by strife and contradiction.

This organ it is for the gratification of which the prize-fights of England are sanctioned. It is generally very large in those who murder from sudden impulses, as Haggart and Mac Innes.

It is generally more developed in man than in woman, but sometimes it predominates in the latter, and gives her a bold, forward air. It gives girls a tendency to romp. You see this organ very large in the statue of the ancient gladiator.

Those in whom it is large are very pugnacious when intoxicated, though at other times they may restrain the propensity within proper bounds.

Here is the skull of a native of one of the British Isles, where the people have the propensity so strong that it is said in song that "when one meets his friend he for love knocks him down." An Irish gentleman told me that at their fairs it was not uncommon for one of his countrymen, after becoming excited by whiskey, and unable any longer to repress his pugnacity, to range along the booths till he could see a head poking out somewhere, when he would give it a blow which would bring out its owner in quick time, when a regular fight would ensue. Contrast this head with that of the Hindoo, in whom combativeness is feeble: what a difference you perceive! Bull-dogs are always broad here, grey-hounds narrow. When horses are narrow behind the ears they are shy, when broad they are bold; when broad here and low in the forehead they are vicious; when broad here and high in the forehead, they are both bold and good-natured.

In our intercourse with men the knowledge of the mode in which this faculty operates is most useful. Knowing that such men constantly desire to oppose, the best plan is to state your opinion or arguments as clearly as possible, and if your meaning is perverted and your expressions distorted and the question embarrassed by extraneous matter, to drop the argument and leave your opponent in quiet possession of the field. This will be to him a real punishment and give a better chance for your views to sink into his mind.

This organ is often diseased. Penil says, "A maniac naturally peaceful and gentle in disposition, appeared to be inspired by the demon of malice during the fit. He was then in an unceasingly mischievous activity. He locked up his companions in their cells, provoked and struck them, and at every word raised some new quarrel and fighting." I have before related a case in which diseased manifestation was attended with abscess in the organ.

The natural language of this propensity is to throw the head backward and to one side, as in the attitude of boxing. The painters have noticed this. It gives a cutting expression to the lips, and a harsh thumping sound to the voice. Boys who have it large, stand up boldly when fighting, and look their adversary in the face. Those who have it small rarely fight, but if they do they generally poke their head as soon as possible to the breast of the adversary. It has been objected to this view of the natural language, that men put themselves into the described attitude because it is the best position both for attack and defence. We reply that boys who are quite young instinctively assume this attitude without in the slightest degree considering its propensity; and that this attitude is best is an inevitable consequence of its being natural.

TO MY MOTHER.

Yes! we have met again! Tho' Time's cold fingers
Have pressed that pale and lovely brow of thine,
A hallowed beauty 'round it mildly lingers—
Wreathing the pathway of thy life's decline:
And in thine eye so bright yet softly beaming,
Whene'er sweet thoughts are clust'ring in thy heart.
We see the light of sacred feeling gleaming
On those of whom I form a cherished part.
Thou wert my teacher, where the dark woods bending
O'er the glad waters woo'd the soft blue air;
And there thy voice, with winds and waters blending,
For thy soul's treasure breathed a fervent prayer—
The starry poems of creation shining
On the broad page of Heaven's bright mystic dome,
Whilst in the shade of its dim light reclining
Thou pictured'st forth the spirit's final home.

VOL. V.—77

How earnestly thou watched the boy unfolding
Into the dawn of manhood's iron age,
And with no eye but the UNSEEN's beholding
Open'd the wisdom of the sacred page!
How leaped his heart whene'er thou told the story
Of thy land's struggle on the dark sea's foam,
Or when its banner flashed in deathless glory
Amid the foliage of our forest home.

Oh! for that hour again, when softly stealing
In the dim twilight from all stranger eyes,
I marked thee weeping and together kneeling
By a low grave looked on the glowing skies—
Dreaming we saw the husband, sire, imploring
For us amid the white-robed seraph-band,
That we at last might bow with him adoring
Among the armies of the "Better Land!"

It may not be! The hour when Life's young roses
Wreathed every moment, hath departed! Now
The iron crown of manhood's day reposes
Weary and dark upon its wrinkled brow;
Fierce looks of hate, from eyes once mildly beaming,
Have steel'd the soul (whose daring pinions woo
The lofty stars) to Nature, in her earth-deeps gleaming,
Where vestal burns, but not for me, the True.

Have not deep wrongs, to wild remembrance calling,
Closed that young soul to sympathy and love,
Like murky clouds, black, stern, and thickly falling
Where God's bright rainbow glittered once above?
Here! here! forever here we feel the fire,
Unquenched by blood-drops of the heart and frame,
Nor wealth, nor tall Ambition's glory can aspire
To ease the spirit of its torturing flame.

Yet unto thee, dear mother! when a-weary
With the world's strife, would I a boy return,
And like a child lost in the forest dreary,
Weep o'er the dust of Memory's holy urn—
And with thee kneel beneath the spherèd air,
And know, that as of old our God watched o'er us there!

Louisville, Ky., 1839.

W. WALLACE.

IS THERE A GOD?

Is there a God? Go gaze upon the stars,
Whose course is ever to his bidding true;
Whose bright glad beauty nought of sorrow mars!
Go! gaze upon them in their homes of blue,
Undimmed by age, unchanged by aught that's new;
Will they not tell thee there is One whose might
Holds up that gorgeous arch of azure hue,
And placed the keystone of the "solemn night"
Within its broad blue bosom, beautiful and bright?

Is there a God? Look round on this green earth,
Upon the Iris-tinted flowers that lay
In wild profusion where he gave them birth!
Will they not in their silent beauty say,
"The One who made us is our shield and stay?"
"Tis He sustains each pale and fragile stalk,
Who beautifies, or smites us with decay,
"In garden bower, or simple forest walk!"
"Mortal! we dare not his high power to mock?"

Clark's Mills, O.

EGERIA.

MY COUSIN HELEN.

ONLY A SKETCH.

When I first saw my cousin Helen, she was just seventeen, and the very image of Hebe. Image, did I say? Alas! the word was ill selected—for Helen, besides being the most beautiful and sentient creature in life, was also, at that time, the wildest—the gayest—and the most uncontrolled. She laughed! How she did laugh! at the old and the ugly—the good and the bad—the cross and the careless—the harsh and the indulgent—and all this out of the mere overflow of high spirits, and without the smallest admixture of malice. She was only irrepressibly happy—so cheerful and so good natured, that it was infectious even to look at her. She loved climbing—she loved walking. She followed, on horseback, all her male cousins over fence, ditch, and stream, with as bold a consciousness of competence to the amusement, as they themselves experienced. She danced like a sylph run mad—so easy, so graceful, yet so free and capricious were her motions. She ran like Atalanta—she bounded like a fawn. Equal muscular spring did I never yet see; and withal her figure was, even then, the perfection of form—a little full in its proportions, but grace itself. And then her face! Such a complexion—so utterly fair, and yet so clear that the blood flowed about her cheek as if shown through a half transparent medium; whilst, if you had judged from the blue veins that streaked her temples, you would have thought the creature's life fed by some celestial essence. Never did darkly auburn locks part over a beautiful forehead in lines so wavy or so shining—never yet did flowing curls arrange their rich rings around a face in adaptation to it so clinging and entire—never were brows so delicate, yet so marked, or lashes so long, so dark, so soft. And never looked life more laughingly from human eyes, than from the clear hazel depths of hers. Her features put all other lineaments to shame, for separate beauty and combined harmony. Her lips too, bright and fragrant as some matchless bud. Neck, bosom, hand, arm—I think the keenest fault-finder could have found none with either. She was, of course, an acknowledged beauty, and the best of her beauty was that it left upon your mind the memory of perfect agreement and perfect grace. And these were characteristics also of her conduct—manners she had none—and not less so of her heart and mind, ungoverned and ungovernable as they certainly were. Nothing could be less hoyden than her ways. She laughed more than any body I ever saw, and yet she did not laugh too much, for you could not for your soul help joining her. And she sang like a bird, though she never could be kept quiet long enough to acquire the remotest idea of music, as a science—Nature having vouchsafed to her all the tones, and all the taste, of which she ever was mistress. As for study—she ran away if any one even spoke of it—and “in respect of” painting, she loved the coloring that God has spread upon the world by far too well, to have the preliminary patience, with crooked lines and blotches, by virtue of which alone good imitators are formed. And so of the sister art. She really (after her fashion) loved poetry. She felt its influence even in life and action, which contain more of its spirit than is generally

comprehended. Her eyes could fill for the tragic, and shine for the comic muse; but then she could no more have read the *Paradise Lost* than she could have written it. What could be received without effort, she received with enthusiasm. What cost her trouble, she repelled with all her might—and Heaven knows that was far from inconsiderable. Add to all this, that Helen was a most incorrigible mimic, and I think I have pretty well showed up her defects.

The daughter—the only child indeed—of people bred in the courtesies and indulgences of the first station, and withal extremely wealthy, she had never known restraint, far less repulse; and she was, for this reason, confiding, naïve, and sincere. I said she had never known restraint, nor said I so, forgetting the frequent exhortations of her maiden aunt—a person high in the family esteem—but, as they were never heeded by reckless Helen, they could never be said to have imposed a check upon her exuberant spirits.

“Helen! Helen!” would the old lady exclaim, as the young lady's laugh, or too active motions occasionally invaded her own most starched and proper repose,—“You startle me to death! When, when will you acquire even the rudiments of propriety? Indeed, my dear, you really are becoming a very rude girl!”

“Girls will be girls, Miss Molly.”

Such would sometimes be the old housekeeper's indulgent apology. But this was a truism of which the spinster's experience was so far removed from the date then present, that she very seriously thought of questioning it; and Helen, as she turned away with another laugh, as gleeful as that which had drawn upon her the admonition, did not say, but thought, that “It was impossible aunt Molly could ever have been young!” A great many other people had come to the same conclusion.

“My ears have been singing all day, Helen, and so have you!” This remark was always made fretfully, nor was it by any means unfrequent. Helen generally ceased to sing for half a minute, forgot the reproof, and went on with louder cheer than ever. She was incorrigible; but then, as she was so only because she really could not help it, she was generally allowed so to be in peace—nobody ruling her—because (though she was the sweetest tempered and gentlest creature in the world) it must be confessed, to her endless shame—nobody could. She would have been delighted to comply with every body's wishes, only she never exactly knew how, and so it always ended at last by her pleasing herself, and, in her mode of doing so, charming every body else.

Her mother, though she entertained a housekeeper, was herself a great “notable,” and would gladly have made Helen so likewise; but for such things she had neither head nor hands. Both were a thousand times too beautiful—and Helen knew it, though she was not vain. Only she had good sense enough to appreciate her natural advantages, and, therefore, though her literary papa could never coax her to one hour of serious study, she was as familiar with all the mysteries and magic “effects” of dress, as if she had been born heiress of all the sorcery of the toilette. No painter could have clothed her beauty with more admirable arrangements than those which emanated from her own skill, and no painter could have brought out such results—at once so various and so striking. Yet I do

not think she had any design to use this knowledge as a means of winning admiration. She only dressed with care, because she sincerely admired herself as long as she was before the mirror—for, afterwards, her own idea, I dare affirm, never crossed her mind until she was again pictured on its surface. In her way an original, Helen was yet very simple—and she neither spoiled her hands in learning to make pastry, nor allowed study to imprint one line on her smooth forehead. She saw that aunt Molly made beautiful filagree and rice baskets, and embossed paper and card-board boxes, and pincushions like harps, and needle-cases like guitars, and velvet cherries and strawberries that looked exactly like any thing but their originals, and that she painted and embroidered natural flowers that looked very unnatural, and worked the meeting of Joseph and his brethren, and several other interesting occurrences, in tent-stitch—besides she could not but observe that she worked collars and cuffs, and then “did them up” to admiration—but she was never the girl to ask that aunt Molly would teach her to do so too. Assuredly Helen could have worn the collars and cuffs, (if aunt Molly would have let her,) and that with an arrangement so becoming, that the old lady would herself hardly have recognized her own work, but, as the respectable person in question never once thought of allowing the trial to be made, its issue was matter only of conjecture—whereas, it was beyond contradiction certain, that my cousin could turn her hands neither to this branch of female industry, nor to any other useful thing in the whole world.

But, like other people, she could do mischief, if not good—and I was not long in making the discovery. After I had laughed with her a whole evening, galloped at her side an entire forenoon, danced with her at a party given in the neighborhood, walked myself to death next-morning, and followed her accustomed amusements all the rest of the day, just before dinner I found myself utterly exhausted, and as I lay upon a sofa, with which (thank Fortune!) my own apartment was enriched, I came to the full conclusion that my cousin Helen was as restless as a monkey, and ten times more troublesome. Then I slid into a reverie, I do not exactly even now remember how, in which her face and figure flitted about, as they incessantly did in the real world, and yet left an impression of preëminent grace and beauty. And when I rose to descend to the dining room, I found my study of my hair and neckcloth unusually interesting. Perhaps even then I cared for Helen!

At dinner, I found her in the full tide of conversation with a young and very handsome officer, then only a lieutenant, but, as I recollected as soon as I heard his name, of high character for gallant and gentlemanly conduct, and social qualities. I remembered too, that he was just from the Mediterranean; and happening to catch some half dozen words, respecting “parties on shore,” “curiosities,” and “a ball on board,” I could perfectly comprehend the interest displayed by my cousin. I perceived at once too the enthusiasm with which Mr. Neville joined in the laugh he created, and the admiration with which he regarded the glowing effects his descriptions excited in her face; but, either because the young are unapt to forestall evil, or because

I had not then any definite “idea” of Helen, I watched their proceedings without uneasiness. This employment was the more easy, as, when I came in late, I found but one seat vacant, and that beside Miss Wharton. She looked round as I occupied it.

“Oh! is it you, Frederick? Where have you been all this time? And, for pity’s sake, what is the matter? You look fatigued to death.”

“Yes, you have almost killed me! I am so tired I can hardly move.”

“Tired of what?”

“You are *too much* for me, fair cousin. I cannot follow you. You are gifted with powers beyond my attainment. Either of your favorite exercises is enough to kill an ordinary man, when its duration is left to your discretion. Do you not see my appetite is gone? Absolutely I am dying—and to-morrow it will devolve upon you to compose my epitaph.”

“I fear such a task would be as fatal to me, as my poor diversions threaten to be to you. I do not think I could be quiet long enough to write it—and, besides, I may anticipate a greater difficulty.”

“Indeed! What?”

“Something might be expected in the way of eulogy?”

“Ah! that, I am sure, could never be a difficulty.”

“And yet what could I say?”

“To determine that would tax my modesty. Try and think.”

“Try and think! Alas! thought is an exercise to which I am not inured. Would you have me also a victim? Ah! pardon if I cannot consent. Excuse me, and I will attend your obsequies, if not with panegyric, at least with pity.”

“Will you not shed one tear of sorrow?”

“Two—if you require it of me.”

“Not speak one word to the assembled throng?”

“Indeed, indeed I will.”

“And what?”

“I come to bury Cæsar—not to praise him.”

“There—that will do! That suffices to finish my earthly course!”

“Then rest in peace! And as it would be unreasonable in us to expect exertion from a person so disposed of, I shall not look for more. You will really be a great loss to me, and I feel uncommonly annoyed.”

Here Lieut. Neville addressed some words to my cousin Helen, and she forgot thereafter again to honor me with her attention. I continued for some time to listen to their conversation, in which, after a little while, I began to be interested, but during the discussion of our repast, I made no effort to participate in it.

Lieut. Neville was at this time a newly arrived visitor at the house of his brother—a gentleman of large landed property in the neighborhood—and as he was but just returned from a long cruise, it may reasonably be supposed that he was not unwilling to prolong, as much as possible, the time during which he “waited orders.” His brother’s family was intelligent, gay, and liberal. Large parties were frequently formed there. His sister-in-law was an exceedingly pretty woman, of fashionable tastes and manners; and her having three or four engaging little children, contributed no further to check her devotion to large entertainments at home and abroad and to the young and agreeable of both sexes, than did the presence of certain pet dogs, which, as well as the

human "responsibilities," were inmates of Hollywood. The neighborhood was then very populous, and its inhabitants were, for the most part, people of fortune, and, whether sensible or otherwise, at least familiar with the forms and civilities of what was once called "genteel life." There has been of late years, by the way, an infinite deal of contempt accumulated upon this word "genteel"—and why? I confess I cannot discover. To be sure there is, in our country, always some danger of its too great extension and consequent misapplication, but even that abuse tends to good. It gives the second class, both in station and qualifications, a motive to "come up higher"—and its substitutes, as the reflecting cannot but perceive, have a decided tendency to reverse this interesting process, and bring lower that standard of manners, which, in the days of yore, was erected by the chivalry and the courtesy immediately derived from Britain—the nursery of our fathers. "Fashionable," "ton," "the thing," (and for Heaven's sake, my masters, *what* thing?) may be words very imposing upon certain ears, but, precisely because they are the slang of a set who carry every thing by words, they seem to me to insult the good sense of the whole community. In short I have my fears, that since the antiquation and disuse of that proper old English dissyllable "genteel," a great portion of the thing signified, has accompanied the exile of the name significant, and that it may be looked for long, and seldom seen, among people whose lips are, nevertheless, entirely familiar with those tiresome continuals, "ton," "distinguish," and "quite the thing." But all this, though a very sensible digression, delays the history of my cousin Helen.

Her father's neighborhood, as I said, was populous and wealthy. Indeed, in my frequent visits to that mirth-loving district, I could never make out how its limits contrived to contain so many rich and extensive farms—so numerous and yet so opulent a community. The consequences were, however, as inevitable as the fact was certain. A round of gaiety—as people phrase it—expensive and hospitable habits of life—large and liberal establishments—continual visiting—entertainments at the various houses—parties of pleasure, on horseback, in carriages, on foot, in any way, by any means, with any—sometimes without any object—filled the time of its happy inhabitants, who continued the pleasures of extreme youth, even to the period of extreme age; and lived in joyous exemption from the cares, foresight, and troubles of existence, in order that the next generation might possess the delightful option of taking up the burden which themselves let slip from their free shoulders, or of emigration from the scene of their progenitors' merry-makings. In the midst of this social glee, the young men were naturally attracted to Hollywood, and to the residence of Helen's father—by name Oakley,—and, as within these two mansions were indwellers the two handsomest girls within many miles—Miss Wharton and Charlotte Neville—there was scarcely a time when you might not find at either half a dozen idle youngsters in attendance. A pleasant "situation" for a naval officer, who, like Neville, had been, for many months past, tied to ship-mates, ship-duties, and, more recently, to ship-fare. He made the most of his present advantages.

How we did "keep it up" in the six succeeding

weeks of my stay at Oakley. I began, by degrees, to find riding with Helen through the fresh woods, then in height of beauty, the most agreeable exercise I had ever enjoyed. Sometimes we went out in large parties, but, with the exception of Miss Neville, Helen was generally the only lady. I had at first been content to take my place beside either of these two, to fall back with other gentlemen, or with them to ride forward. But in less than a fortnight I began to consider my cousin Helen a much better rider than Miss Neville, and to that circumstance ascribed my preference for a canter neck and neck with her palfrey. By degrees too, I grew very petulant when I found that Lieut. Neville rode like a landsman, and was naturally willing to leave the care of his sister to other gentlemen, whilst himself kept pace with Helen and myself. Then it was exceedingly disagreeable, when, in our evening rambles, or in the frequent dances to which we were parties, he became as forward and as successful as myself in obtaining companionship or partnership with Helen. I had long since learned to think all her ungoverned and useless habits the dearest ways in the world, when they brought me, as her cousin and escort, into close communion with her; but now I began very often to find serious fault with them, for they frequently afforded to Neville this very advantage. On such occasions I angrily, but, as in truth I must add, *secretly*, characterised them as "wild, unusual, unladylike, proceedings;" and vowed internally, at the very moment when I would have given my eyes to profit by them, as my rival was then profiting, to my own exclusion, "that I would not have such a wife or sister for the universe." And yet, fifty times in the day, I trembled upon the brink of a proposal.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Neville was becoming very intimate with Helen. That I could not but see, and I detested the former in proportion as the intimacy grew. Yet I did not blame Helen for this. She was candid herself. Countenance and lips alike were perfect truth; and though she rendered it apparent, without particularly designing to do so, that she found his society agreeable, yet, even to my apprehensions, there had never appeared in her conduct towards him any thing that looked like intentional encouragement. I did her justice when I loved the natural delicacy which prevented her discovering either his admiration—already obvious enough to every body else—or her own interest in it, which at last my jealousy could only *suspect*. But whilst my observations had the effect of increasing my passionate desire to obtain her hand, it had also that of heightening my abhorrence for Neville, whenever a dread of his growing influence invaded the dreams with which I now filled my whole existence.

Things were, however, drawing to a crisis. I received a sudden summons home. My mother was extremely ill—it was feared in immediate danger—and it was necessary that I should leave Oakley within an hour, in order to meet a stage-coach, which would forward me upon my journey with greater expedition than could be commanded from my own horses. At this time Helen was out riding with Lieutenant Neville. He had called to propose this excursion in the morning, whilst I chanced to be out of the way, and they were mounted and off before my return. It was exactly when I was fretting at this circumstance, that the letter

which was to take me from Oakley was brought by the post. It is wonderful what consequences wait upon trifles. Had I remained this morning half an hour later with Helen in the drawing-room, I also should have accompanied her in this ride, and should at least have had a parting word with her—perhaps I might have been emboldened to make my proposals. In the distress of the moment, her kind heart might not have repelled them. At all events I should have left at work for me in her bosom the interest of sympathy—but all this is nonsense now!

As it was, the hour elapsed, and Helen was still away. As I heard the last stroke upon the clock, I felt my face burn with causeless indignation. I took leave of the family at Oakley, and with stately stride, marched out to take horse, in all the anguish of offended majesty. Once mounted, I galloped off at full speed, leaving the field, as I felt, to no unskilful foe. Two days of rapid travelling took me to my mother's bedside. She was indeed ill, changed, worn to the shadow of the merry old lady I had left at home two months before, presiding in her hospitable house with dignified, though placid courtesy. I always hated sick scenes, so I shall spare the reader the detail of my thousand ignorant miseries, and only ask him to put this narration forward two months, at the end of which my good mother walked out of her chamber, having, during her three last weeks of duration therein, been so well attended by her daughter Madge, and her fat maid Eusebia, (both of whom, besides being capital nurses, were practised hands at making the various insipids to which the appetites of convalescents are commonly restricted,) that she appeared once more in the drawing-room, as plump and fresh as when she left it; and she had not graced it three days, before I began to find my heart on the road to Oakley, and a sort of spur at the sides of my imagination, which impelled me to remove my body also to the field of contest.

My mamma was greatly surprised at my design.

"I had not been at home more than two months. My late visit to Oakley had occupied as long a time."

"Undeniable—but my stay at home had been so gloomy! I was tired of it. Her illness had spoiled my pleasure—the place was not itself, unless she presided."

"That compliment was contradicted by my departure. She was now entirely well."

"Yes, madam, but"—here I totally forgot what I had intended to say.

My gracious mother laughed good humoredly. Mamma had lovely teeth even then, and liked to show them. Besides, she had never in her life voluntarily caused a disagreeable sensation. She was also a little shrewd.

"My dear son, how silly you are," was her tender remark. "What is there to confuse you? You are naturally fond of gaiety, and I am growing old. Moreover, I suspect you are in love with my niece. I should soon be tired to death if you staid with me in this dull humor. When will you go? I hope you will to-morrow! Better see at once how Helen will dispose of you!"

"How she will dispose of me, ma'm?" I colored to the eyebrows.

"Certainly, my dear. Do you fancy the matter beyond doubt?"

I bit my lips at this maternal inquiry; and seeing the old lady about to second it, I caught up my hat, and strolled to the stables. I contented myself with ordering my horses to be in readiness at sunrise on the morrow, and then kept out of my mother's way till dinner time. At this meal, her two favorite neighbors, a clergyman, and Col. M., were voluntary guests. I never shook their hands more cordially. They staid late, and I pressed them to stay later. I was just in such a mood of impatient apprehension, as made my mother's raillery the greatest possible annoyance. They left us, and I braced myself for the encounter. But the polite old lady had, I suppose, by this time discovered the effect of her insinuations, for they were not renewed. On the contrary, her conversation was for the rest of the evening, kind, serious and agreeable, and it was not till next day, in charging me with messages to her sister and niece, that she ventured to wish me success, and that in a voice and manner that inspired good humor.

It was about dinner time, on the day which concluded my journey, that I dismounted at the gate of Oakley. I was—my apprehensions notwithstanding—in marvelous spirits. I thought the very sunshine brighter, the breeze softer, than either had ever before been observed to be. But this was of course the anticipated influence of Helen's presence. Never before had I loved any thing half so well. I had thought of little else since I left her. My journey had been full of her—nothing beautiful—nothing charming that I had failed to associate with her, as I encountered it. And, now, that I was about to see her, my heart bounded—but not unpleasantly.

A large party was expected to dinner—so I was informed by the servant who met me as I entered. The ladies of the family were invisible, and I was shown in a few minutes to my own apartment. It was the same I had occupied during my visit in June. It was now the end of August, but so mild had been the summer heats, that the foliage and turf upon which I looked from the open windows, were green and unchanged.

"Would Helen also be the same?"

I threw myself upon the accustomed sofa. "The sofa of reverie"—as I used to call it. But how is this? Only two months have elapsed since I lay on it before, and I revert to that period as if to an old time, of which my recollections were alike cherished and melancholy. I felt a sort of tender foreboding, to which lovers I fear are prone. In a few minutes the servant entered, bearing in his hands the fresh and limpid element which a long and dusty journey renders so grateful an accessory to our dinner preparations. Gladly did I avail myself of the refreshment—becomingly did I arrange my chestnut locks—a dozen times did I contemplate in the mirror the close, yet easy fit of a black suit, of unimpaired novelty—the delicate whiteness of my vest—the snowy folds of linen beneath it, which absolutely gave effect to the unobtrusive but costly diamond which reposed upon them. I could not withhold from the "*toute ensemble*" a nod of approbation; but as I bestowed it upon my image in the glass, I was annoyed by perceiving that a domestic belonging to the house—who, in pity to the fatigue of my own servant, had supplied his place—was grinning behind me, in full consciousness of the meaning of my com-

placent gesture. I hastily turned from the smooth surface which revealed the fact, and took my seat upon the sofa.

"You have had a gay time of it here, since I left you, Hyperion?" said I to the dignified sable, who had by this time composed his countenance, and stood very respectfully waiting to be dismissed. Mr. Hyperion Hopkins gave token of assent.

"Many visitors, I suppose?"

"Oh! a great many, indeed, sir!"

"And you happen to recollect who they may have been?"

"Oh! yes, sir. Several ladies to visit my mistress; a great many elderly gentlemen to see my master, and no end to the beaux that have waited on Miss Helen."

I detected a sidelong glance towards myself. "Very agreeable beaux, no doubt, Mr. Hopkins. Miss Helen could only have agreeable beaux."

"None of our family ever had any other, sir," answered Hyperion with a flourish of honorable pride.

"Of course not. And who may have some of these sparks have been?" I asked with apparent carelessness, but real interest.

My dark associate paused, as if for recollection, relieved the leg upon which he had been standing, approached to his noddle his agitated fingers, remembered his dignity, and forebore that method of cajoling memory, and then, having cast an eye to the ceiling, protruded the forefinger of the right hand, and extended all the digits of the left, he finally, with the one, began to number Miss Helen's admirers upon the many.

"Mr. John Sandford, sir, is here every week—Mr. Tom Henderson very nearly as often. Mr. Hardwicke constantly—I could not say how often, sir; and Mr. Bridgeley was turned off, sir—absolutely discarded—I got his horse myself last week—a most mortified man as ever I saw. I really was quite sorry for him, though he was not the sort of man to marry Miss Helen."

"And pray, Mr. Hopkins, what is the sort of man, who, in your opinion, may be worthy of Miss Helen?"

"Exactly such a man as is here every day, sir—and will be here to dinner this very day—Lieutenant Neville, Master Frederick. *There's* the sort of man! As handsome as a lord and as generous as a prince! I never saw a gentleman give such 'vails! He should have my good word, sir, with Miss Helen—that is, if I could only make bold to give it for him."

I declare, even from Hyperion Hopkins, it went to my heart! When I had inquired, half in jest, concerning "the sort of man," I had not been thinking of Lieutenant Neville.

"The dinner-bell, Master Frederick! Nothing more wanted, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you." I ran down stairs and reached the drawing-room before the guests had left it. I bowed to those agreeable persons, shook hands with aunt and uncle, and hastily advanced to greet my cousin Helen. I colored, stammered, and pressed her hand. Suddenly I had the pleasure to observe that Helen's color was a hundred times more brilliant than that which burned upon my own less delicate cheek. I hailed the omen. Alas! it was not for me.

"How are you, Mr. Helmsley?" I knew at a sound that hateful voice, and the naval frankness with which

the greeting was made. In the new impression I forgot the blush of Miss Wharton, and my inference from it. I could not refuse the hand which was cordially offered, but I was thrown into a confusion of sensations, and it was with considerable constraint that I returned his salutation. In this brief exchange of civilities, however, I encountered his eyes—his eyes that had many times looked on storm and battle—and in their glance I could not but discover surprise and inquiry, mingled perhaps with something of concern. I took a chair beside my cousin. Why it was vacant, I never thought of asking—but a minute or two afterwards, John Sandford rose from that which he had occupied next her on the other side, and Neville, who had loitered near us, speaking to another lady, as soon as he could, disengage himself, made it his own. I chanced at the instant to look up, and caught Sandford's slight but significant gesture towards us, and the smile of a gentleman to whose side he had retreated. I was now very angry, and a good deal confused. Naturally, I suspected my case to be apparent to every body, though I could not understand how I had betrayed it. I lost all presence of mind, and surrendered myself to an embarrassment which might have disgraced crude eighteen.

Neville perceived it, and, though unconscious of the cause, good naturedly attempted to lend me his aid.

"Your mother's health took you from Oakley, Mr. Helmsley?"

"Her illness did," I answered peevishly.

Neville smiled at my petulance.

"Never mind the blunder," he said, "I only meant to preface an inquiry. I hope she is again quite well?"

"Quite—thank you."

There was a pause. I made an effort—

"My mother has charged me with a thousand messages to you, Miss Wharton."

What could Miss Wharton do but express her interest? Yet, as she did so, it was with a sort of smile which I could not entirely approve, and when I observed a gleam of sympathetic merriment upon the lips of Neville, my enthusiasm for family civilities was effectually checked. Helen never knew the nature of those of my mother; for whilst I was hesitating from the mere want of ideas, Mr. Hyperion Hopkins threw open the folding doors, made his reverence, and announced "dinner!" Neville offered his arm to Helen. I was in a cold rage. I could have annihilated him. But in order properly to support my dignity, I haughtily drew back, and was the last to enter the dining room.

I obtained a seat remote from Helen, ate in moody silence, and, without seeming to observe her, noted diligently her whole course of conduct during a long, but, except to myself, not a tedious dinner. Wit and wine flowed together, and Helen, rather more blushing perhaps, yet even more gay than usual, was the inspiration of the time. She, Neville, and young Hardwicke, kept up an unremitting play of ideas, and as they encouraged their opposite neighbors to take part in it, every one within hearing soon began to sympathize. All was mirth and good humor among them. At the end of the table to which I had sentenced myself, my aunt, and an old lady of the dullest possible qualifications, entertained each other to my perfect oppression. It was impossible not to appreciate the

contrast. But my motives for self sacrifice did not therefore give way. On the contrary, I felt as savage as a bear, and should have gloried in my own gloomy precincts, could I only have extended their influence to my enemies. But with them all was glow—sparkle—sunshine. And Helen's papa did listen so complacently!

The ladies rose from table, and we were left to the wine. After a few minutes I followed them to the drawing room. Helen was there. Most of the ladies were gathered about the piano-forte, in unison with which, a juvenile, just from school, was torturing a guitar. Helen was standing near a window when I approached her. She had no business with the instruments. I have said before that she could never be taught to use them. I wish only professional people ever could! The moment seemed propitious—for the few guests who were not entranced in the twangle which they styled a "performance," were either deep in the mysteries of a citron pudding, with Mrs. Wharton, or spell-bound in Miss Molly's fool's-paradise. I was not to blame this time, for I did not "slight my opportunity."

I hazarded some distant preliminary, but not without confusion. As Helen listened with attention, and answered kindly, this embarrassment wore away. Then my voice grew low and confidential, and its tones exceedingly tender. Helen looked surprised. My eyes fell—my heart beat rapidly—but it was too late to recede. I poured forth a passionate avowal. Her silence encouraged me to proceed. At last I raised my eyes, and then, to my horror, I perceived, that, though a deep flush had settled on her cheek, she was perfectly calm, and though hesitating a little, she was not the least confused. I allowed this discovery to silence me for a moment—and of that moment she promptly availed herself.

"Cousin Frederick, this ought not to be! I have never suspected the nature of your feelings, or it should not have occurred. I will, however, be as frank as our relationship and my regard for you can require that I should be. I cannot return your affection, cousin Frederick—and I am already engaged to Mr. Neville." She walked away and left me—absolutely stunned.

As soon as I could breathe, I stole out of the room, and went to take a walk. Reader, if you have ever been discarded, it is unnecessary that I should explain to you my feelings upon this occasion; and if you have not, it is the less requisite that you should pry into my distresses, inasmuch as there is every probability that, sometime or other, you will practically understand them far better than you could by means of description. If you are a lady, I know you have a hundred times imagined what such miseries must be—and so, to proceed—

I returned from my walk—it was a very unsatisfactory ramble—and went myself to the stables to demand my steed. I fancy I must have felt some indefinite horror of the valedictory sympathies of Mr. Hyperion. I am afraid, moreover, that I was too much agitated to think of leaving 'vails. I blush to remember it; but I am sure it was so. I threw myself on horseback, and spurred away to an inn about six miles distant, whither my servant had orders to follow me. Next day I pursued a very miserable journey—but not homewards. A

fortnight elapsed before I saw my mother, and when I did see her, it was to present to her so changed and worn, and attenuated a presence, that she listened without objections to my plan for a voyage to another hemisphere. I went abroad immediately, nor did I return for several years.

I had begged my mother not to make allusion to Helen in her letters. I myself had made no inquiry concerning her, previous to leaving the country; and I endeavored with my whole force to direct my thoughts to other objects. It was enough that she was, or soon would be, the wife of Mr. Neville. I could have no further interest in her fortunes—and my own, though injured, could not be irretrievable whilst I still possessed resolve, energy, and affluence to vary their scene of action. My mother was faithful to her promise—I to myself. Our letters never contained the name of Helen, and time and a succession of events gradually wore away the painful impression of her rejection. When at length I returned to my native country, I fancied myself pretty well cured of the old attachment, though no other had replaced it; and my mother was delighted to find me, as she was good enough to say, "improved in mind, manner and looks"—"more formed—more manly—more imposing."

I directly began to pry into family arrangements, and found that my mother had been literally upon the eve of a journey, which my unexpected return had suspended.

I insisted upon the preparations 'being resumed,' and asked whither it had been her purpose to travel.

"To say the truth, my son—to Oakley."

I felt an unexpected thrill—"Well, why not go?" I spoke steadily.

"Unless you could accompany me, I cannot," said my mother decidedly.

"To part so soon, after a long separation, would be any thing but pleasure."

I hastily considered the unmanliness of shrinking from what I must encounter—what I had imagined myself able to endure. I comprehended from my mother's manner, that Helen was at Oakley—but what then? Could I not meet her?

"Well, mother, and why should I not accompany you? Do you fancy me still the boyish lover of Mrs. Neville?"

"Of Mrs. Neville!"—My mother's eyes dilated.

"Certainly, madam; or of Helen—if I must be more familiar—my cousin Helen."

"Your cousin Helen, she certainly is, poor thing; but not Mrs. Neville."

"Not Mrs. Neville!—How do you mean?"

I do not know how it was. Assuredly I had no suspicion of what followed, for my eyes blazed with sudden delight, and my heart bounded as it had not for many a bygone day.

"I left her, as I fancied, on the eve of marriage, ma'am."

"Yes, but the evening that brought you from Oakley, carried to your rival orders to join his ship, and that without delay. Your uncle had given his consent to their marriage, but only upon condition of its being deferred for a year. Possibly he might have dispensed with this condition if Lieutenant Neville would have resigned his commission. But Neville, besides the disadvantage of possessing only that commission in the

world, had also a good deal of what I really think very just pride. He had no desire to become dependant upon a father-in-law, and would not hear of leaving the Navy. What then could be done? He tried every means he could honorably adopt to get off from the present service, but all in vain. The farewell said that evening to Helen, made the last spoken language that ever reached her from poor Neville. He addressed to her a few lines when about to sail, and a longer letter from a port in the West Indies. The week succeeding the date of the latter, he fell a victim to some disorder incident to the climate. All this I was told by my poor sister a little before her death, which followed close on that of Neville."

"Her death! my dear mother. Is my aunt then dead?"

"She died four years ago."

"And in your letters you never alluded to it!"

"Why should I have done so? You desired that I would not advert to Helen, and I supposed that your regrets required no addition."

I was touched by this delicacy, but, though greatly shocked by the communication just made by my mother, I hope I shall be forgiven the natural delight with which I reflected, even at this moment, that Helen was free. To my mother I only said, however, that I desired to accompany her to Oakley; and hopeless as I might justly consider a passion which had evidently only slumbered through the course of four long years, and which had been awakened by so inauspicious a circumstance as the death of Helen's lover, I yet did no longer deny myself certain day-dreams which I had long conscientiously repressed, as tending to enervate my own character, and to lessen all my best energies. Now I pictured to myself Helen—once so beautifully gay—a saddened creature, subdued for life into listless sorrow, and wearing the gloomy dress which should teach in silence, respect for her misfortunes. This picture roused all my pity—all my tenderness—and when we arrived at Oakley, I was prepared to love without return.

It was evening, and a few minutes before sunset, when we drove to the gate. There was soft summer weather upon the landscape, and, familiar as I was with the scenery around me, I thought on this evening that it possessed a beauty which I had not formerly appreciated. It seemed hallowed by the influence of the sweet and suffering Helen. I felt—I am ashamed to say how much!

Helen met my mother in the hall. Her appearance threw all my reveries into confusion. She was exquisitely beautiful—so beautiful that, in my first bewilderment, I failed to perceive that which I afterwards observed, that she was dressed with her accustomed care, and in white, without much ornament, and with a little silken scarf, in color blue, about the most delicately pure and unexceptionable neck I ever saw. There was in her arrangements, both of hair and apparel, the finish of exact but graceful taste, and its effect was infinite attraction. She was herself changed only as in the bud in the fulfilment of its promise. Her figure had gained dignity, but lost neither symmetry nor lightness. Her face, with increased nobleness of character—a sort of saintly calm—and the quiet expression of perfect self-possession, had added to its earlier loveliness a hundred indescribable claims upon the heart. Her

complexion was as delicate, as pure as ever, and, where the rose was due, as rich and vivid—her eyes as lustrous, but more serious—her smile more winning, because more soft,—her laugh, rare and slight, though never restrained. All these observations I could not, of course, make at once. On the contrary my first impressions were only those of general surprise and admiration. But in a few days I had taken note of all, and understood the change. The more one knew of Helen, the more one was obliged, I felt, to love her. It was all based upon a freedom from selfish feeling which I had never before seen exemplified,—though I had heard of such things.

"At first," as I learned from Mrs. Neville, who was frequently at Oakley, "Helen had been utterly overcome by the death of her lover—for it was emphatically her first grief. It had previously seemed the care of Providence to steep her days in sunshine. Her sorrow was perfectly unobtrusive—shown chiefly by the sensitiveness with which she shunned allusion to its cause, and by her seclusion from the society even of her dearest friends. What she felt was inferred from the gloomy change which fell upon her manner and pursuits. Hers was no nature to communicate its own sufferings to others. Its delicacy was as fastidious as its feeling was profound; and the silence of such a heart, was the proof that its anguish was intense. She was fortunately the child of people whose refinement could comprehend her wishes, and her sorrow was respected. Its indulgence was never invaded. She was left to herself and to nature—perhaps the wisest and kindest course—but the blow seemed to have been too heavy for her strength, and her life to be forever clouded. Her mother's health, about this time, began to decline. It had long before been extremely delicate, but, perhaps from the influence of misfortune, it became particularly precarious about the time when her sister—the old maiden lady, you remember—Miss Molly—left Oakley for a distant home. You know she was greatly valued by Mrs. Wharton, and as they had always lived in love and parted in perfect peace, the force of habit rendered her absence a severe trial to Helen's mother. Her illness at length alarmed and aroused poor Helen. From that moment she seemed to forget all else. She exerted all her energies—and they are great—not to seem cheerful—for seeming is no power of Helen's nature—but to be so. I believe she is very pious; though this, like all her subjects of deep feeling, is also one of great reserve. The effect is most gentle, most serene—and the religious principles which have been formed in her heart, render it quiet, calm, even happy. Look! there is nothing of blight about her. She is as fresh and glowing as a new blown rose!"

"You seem very fond of her?"

"It is a compliment to my heart to say so. After the death of her mother, there was, of course, an interval in which Nature would assert her claims; but, even then, her self-denying generosity was in continual exercise, and had powerful influence in consoling Mr. Wharton. Since that sad time, she has presided in his house—you see with what dignity. She enters into his studies, tastes, amusements—and, in becoming his greatest blessing, has also become his idol. It is almost amusing to observe his admiration and respect for her person and character. And well may he entertain for

her both sentiments, for she has not only allured happiness again to these once sad scenes, but also every where else, whither she herself can come. Of late she has laid aside the garb of mourning—she mingles freely in society, and endeavors from its resources both to gain and give pleasure. Never, however, does she allude to former pain. When she first renewed her intercourse with society, she was sometimes evidently touched by different little circumstances associated in her memory with the past. But this softness, slightly expressed even in its first pain, was soon entirely repressed, for Helen is as firm as she is patient—as self-possessed as saintly.”

“And does she shun her former pursuits?”

“No, certainly not,” was the prompt reply. “She walks and rides with her father, or with the different gentlemen who are often about her; though, I dare say, you will find her love of both exercises rather more reasonable than it once was.”

I smiled, and Mrs. Neville went on:

“She dances, too—is that not very unsentimental? But it pleases her father, and that is enough for Helen. And, as I told you, she has added most of his tastes to her own. She reads with him a great many things which she could not have endured formerly. You may perceive that she has not lost her skill in dress. And she endeavors to give a general supervision to the household economy.”

“That is an accomplishment I should least have looked for.”

“Otherwise she is by no means industrious, and scarcely knows the names of most of the implements of female usefulness.”

“I am glad to find something, in which she is the same.”

“Yes—it’s quite as well—perhaps better, as she will be affluent.”

“Better?”

“Yes—her inability will pay its own tax to the industrious poor.”

“A good view of a bad case?”

“A common one.”

“Yes.”

Was not Mrs. Neville loquacious? And yet I liked her to talk as long as her theme was Helen.

Miss Wharton had met me with composure on my arrival, and she had afterwards conversed with me with a degree of calmness and presence to the subjects we discussed, which I myself could not always command. Every night I left the drawing-room more convinced of the hopelessness of all future attempts to acquire her affection, and yet myself more in love if possible than ever.

Still she was not fettered. That was something, and I continued at Oakley, sharing most of her amusements, and endeavoring to interest her, not as a lover, but as a friend. I suffered any suspicions she might have conceived, to go quietly to sleep, and, in truth, at this time, I had not ventured to form any definite plan for the future. Indeed I could not judge of her feelings through the calmness of her manner, and I would not for worlds have wounded them, even ignorantly. For myself, therefore, I could resolve upon nothing; but I tried to mark my superiority to a former mortification, and my respect for her sentiments and wishes, when-

ever I understood them. This delicacy could not be lost upon a heart like Helen’s, and as I was now really a different creature from the passionate unformed youth she had rejected, and also possessed some of the attributes which had attracted her towards poor Neville, I obviously made some advance in her esteem. She became confiding in her demeanor; and her attentions, though never open to misconstruction, were marked by kindness, which seemed an attempt at atonement. She was a thousand times more attractive than ever.

After a few weeks we left Oakley—but, though I hoped nothing, I soon returned. There were now no visitors staying in the house, and our communion was necessarily more intimate. Neither of us thought to what it was tending, and though each day I felt more and more dependant upon Helen, I made no attempt to control my feelings, secure that no effort of mine could lessen the misery of refusal. I was compelled to love her, let the consequences be what they might.

A third visit, within a very short time, brought the blush to Helen’s cheek as she greeted me. I saw it—but I had learned not to trust to blushes. I passed a week in her society, and at its close had said nothing, and felt as if I never could say any thing on the subject first in my mind.

One morning, however, during the summer, we were sitting together in the drawing room. The windows were open, and the sunshine and still fresh and dewy air came together into the apartment, and brought with them a cheerful influence. We were very gay. Mr. Wharton had not yet descended to breakfast, and we were alone. We were speaking, I remember, of my travels. I was describing a painting I had seen abroad. Helen thought she had an engraving from it, and rose to look for it in a small cabinet which stood near a window. I did not like to see her there. In that very place she had rejected me. Yet I followed her. As she opened a drawer, I espied something which seemed composed of green and red velvet.

“Oh, dear aunt Molly!” I exclaimed, seizing it. “Does a shred of the old lady’s labors continue to ornament the world?”

Helen could not help smiling, as I drew out a red needle case, provided with the accustomed crimson cherries (which contained iron filings for the polishing, I believe, of rusty needles) and sundry dark green leaves, designed, as I think, less for use than ornament.

“Poor aunt Molly! Are you not ashamed to make me laugh? and all the time that very needle book was given as a keepsake, and made to incite me to future industry.”

“Made to very little purpose, I am afraid, then—if all tales be true.”

“Not to much, indeed.”

“Pray, is aunt Molly married?”

“What a question! No.”

“So industrious a lady should have extended her sphere of usefulness—should she not?”

Helen smiled.

“You don’t insinuate by that smile.”

“Indeed I insinuate nothing. Let dear aunt Molly alone.”

“If I must!” I twisted up the leaves of the needle book with an air of reverence, but with a real disregard

of arrangement which would have agonized its maker, and replaced it in the drawer.

"I wish," said I, lounging back to the sofa, upon which Helen was already re-seated, having given over her search for the print—"I wish that all ladies were obliged by law to fill the very station in which they can be most useful."

"In many cases that might be a cruel law," said Helen.

"Not when their own good sense should perceive its salutary influence."

"Perhaps their own good sense might be difficult to convince. And, upon the whole, I dare say they generally are placed as is most advantageous to themselves and others."

"And yet I have an idea," said I.

"That what?" asked Helen.

"Perhaps you will think me impertinent?"

"Not at all—go on."

"Then I cannot help thinking, Helen, that your power to confer happiness might be turned to greater account."

Helen's face crimsoned, but she made no answer. I saw that she comprehended me, and, gathering courage, I proceeded seriously—

"You might at least make one more individual perfectly happy—an individual upon whom you have imposed nearly five years of infinite misery. He deserves some atonement at your hands. Speak, my sweet cousin—tell him what he may expect?"

"If he will not require a very romantic return for his affection," answered Helen, with a deeper blush, and a grave smile, "he may be as happy as he pleases."

Reader! I have now been married for six months to my cousin Helen, and I still think her, though the most useless, yet also the most charming of human creatures. I am afraid there are some people who will like her the less for having admitted into her heart a new object, but, upon my honor, I think her conduct has been perfectly accordant with good feeling, as well as good sense. Is it not best to be as happy as we can—especially when it enables us to render others happy too?

T. H. E.

CHILDHOOD.

BY WILLIAM B. FAIRCHILD.

Oh beautiful! most beautiful
Each impulse of the heart,
Ere care hath twined its meshes round,
And planted there its dart;—
When youthful blood is coursing through
Each clear, transparent vein,
With a beauty and a mystery
That spurn at reason's rein.

Oh, then the "tell-tale countenance"
Each thought embodies forth,
And like the gems of night, the eyes
Do sparkle, bright with mirth—
And shadowings that sit across
The clear and polished brow,
Tell but of feelings in the heart,
As pure as love's first vow.

No trial of this dark, dark world,
No loads of feverish care,
Hath bowed the spirit down in pain,
Nor set its signet there:
But like the flowers that bloom in spring,
Or like the angels bright,
It scatters round a joyousness,
A beauty and a light.

A bright connecting link it is,
Of more than human birth,
'Twixt scenes of God's own Paradise
And dwellers on this earth.
Oh, worlds that we could bear for aye
The feelings of a child—
How sweet would be our path thro' life,
Our death how calm and mild.

Xenia, Ohio.

LETTERS FROM OUT THE OLD OAK.

NO. I.

MR. EDITOR:—So general has become the mania for letter and periodical writing, that the untutored rustic is not wholly unaffected by its influence. Of humble origin, and obscure as the inhabitant of an old oak must be, I confess I feel startled at the height to which ambition would aspire in seeking to make the great Literary Messenger the vehicle through which to convey my small ware. Freightened with the rich and costly merchandise of all the wealthy intellects of Virginia; Time her ocean, and Immortality her port of destination, the consummate and skilful pilot of this great national vessel, may smile at the folly of the peasant boy, who would seek to enskip his perishable property for so long a voyage. A faint heart never wins a fair lady—so says the proverb; and but for the effort and daring of one man, the wild Indian might have been the occupant of my neat-natural home; ergo, with these facts right before me, and the say-so of some one, that

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft would win
By fearing to attempt—

leaving you to decide whether I am right, I will lay hold on Crockett's popular dictum, and "go ahead."

But who is this bold aspirant, who quotes without giving credit, and with unparalleled affectation, would blazon his paltry production with 'Letters from out the Old Oak,' apeing the great Mr. Willis, in his fanciful style of 'Letters from under a Bridge,' &c? Well, I would cater for the public, and like a true democrat, must answer queries. My first vocation in life, ere I had assumed the modern *toga* of boyhood, was picking up chips, bringing water, and making fires—acting somewhat in the capacity of scullion. This, for awhile, I thought pleasant enough. I worked during the day, and was permitted to sleep unmolested during the night. My mother was in the habit of preparing our meals; and I was taught from infancy to reverence, respect, and obey her. My father, however, being a stirring sort of somebody, in the course of a few years purchased a family of negroes. This relieved my mother of the drudgery of her domestic matters, and I, with her, was removed from the kitchen. My next appointment was that of manager-general of the stock. I was delighted with my promotion. I had been sent to the Sunday school, and my nights were now usually spent in poring over such small books as formed our little family library.

My father's next purchase was a mill. I was then sufficiently advanced to take charge of the establishment. I was now admirably situated; and having acquired a fondness for reading, I thought a few new books were all that was wanting to render me "lord of creation." I was so diligent and attentive to my charge, that at length, as the reward of my industry, my kind sire consented to send me one session to a neighboring academy. Here I learned English grammar, Latin, and Arithmetic. To my great mortification, the following year I was returned to the mill. The friendly benevolence of a neighboring lawyer, kindly extended to me the use of his books, and he even condescended so far as to visit me sometimes, and lend me instruction. Thus I lived for two years, when my father dying, I was called to take charge of the family concerns. My mother is since dead, my sister married, and I am left alone. I live upon my hereditary estate, containing just four acres; but my little cottage being recently burned, I am now residing in an old oak. I move in good society, boast an honest lineage, am in love with the prettiest little brunette in all Virginia, and am writing to the great Mr. White. I am slightly acquainted with the philosophy of books; but nature is my chosen study. The deep silence of the unbroken forest, where no echo is heard to reverberate the sound of the woodman's axe; the grassy bank of the woodland stream, where the wild flower exhales its odor to the wooing breeze; the mountain cliff and river's bank, are scenes which I delight to frequent. About the former there is a calm serenity, which courts, with irresistible attractions, the human heart to quiet and repose; a solitude omnipotent to quell the wildest emotion of the human bosom, and hush to stillness the very storm of its passion. Its tranquillizing influence chastens the feelings, and smooths down the asperities of man's character. Educated, or rather raised as I was, I was addicted to the sports common to the boys of my condition, and in my coon hunts, learned early to admire, yea, to gaze with enthusiasm, on all the numberless beauties of a clear sky. I was a wayward boy; and oft of a moon-lit night have I watched my cork floating on the smooth surface of some tributary stream of the Potomac, listening to the hoarse croakings of the frog, and the mocking-bird, which, under the influence of the mild and balmy atmosphere of a summer's night, would steal from her thicket of bramble, and break in upon the surrounding silence with notes of dulcet sound, according well with the softness and beauty of the scene. Yet it has not been amongst these scenes of calm beauty alone that I have delighted to linger. Others, in which grandeur was the most striking feature, have presented charms no less attractive. The foaming wave, dashing mountain high, has borne aloft my slight and fragile skiff, as it flew nimbly over the dark waters. Even this was familiar, and I was charmed with the very peril of my seemingly daring adventure, and have wished there were some second golden fleece which might require a modern Argonautic Expedition, in which I might play the part of Jason. The very fury of the raging elements contributed to my pleasure—yea, I delight to witness the vivid flash of the fiery lightning, and listen to the pealing thunders.

Yet the sublimities and beauties of inanimate nature, though my chief, have not been my sole study. Man—that mysterious volume—the wonderful mechanism of his yet more wonderful mind, his passions, and his social relations, have each formed the subject of my reflections. Fear not, however, that I shall trouble you with a metaphysical disquisition. I have studied them but to ascertain the practical philosophy of human life, by observing the principles upon which human action is founded. The nice and finely spun theories of the moral philosopher, have met with but a cursory perusal at my hands; and though fond of reading, yet

in this instance, I have taken *man*, the original, as my volume, in preference to the writings of the voluminous Stewart, or the acute and admired Brown.

This is the outline of the history of him, who, from the humble and homely avocations of the mill-boy, has dared aspire to the proud eminence of a *literary* scribbler; who would fain make the *Messenger* the medium through which to convey the dwarf children of his brain, dressed in rustic and unseemly garb, to the centre-tables of the wise and the wealthy; who would unfold his simple repast to the fastidious taste of the learned amateur, and

"Building his little Babylon of straw,
Cry—Behold the wonders of my might."

"Egotistical f—! your philosophy is comprised in a single word, and that one of no signification; self is the whole tenor of your song." Hold, Mr. Editor, I have but answered the inquiry commencing this epistle; if my answer has been prolix—candor required it; and Horace somewhere says, "*Edi-di monumentum ebro durissimum*," &c., which far surpasses me.

I had intended devoting this my first letter to the consideration of the scenery, antiquities, and prospects of my county; but as I can, at best, ask only one small corner in your usually well filled magazine, I must run up my pegasus, and asking your pardon if I intrude, bid you good night.

NUGATRITE.

THE OCEAN-BURIED.*

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"
The words came faint and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On the cabin couch, where, day by day,
He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
The death shade had slowly passed—and now,
When the land and his fond-loved home were nigh,
They had gathered around him to see him die.

"Bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll over me—
Where no light can break through the dark cold wave,
And no sunbeam rest sweetly upon my grave.
'It boots not,' I know I have oft been told,
'Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold'—
Yet grant ye, oh! grant ye this boon to me,
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"

"For in fancy I've listened to well known words—
The free, wild wind, and the song of birds—
I have thought of home, of cot and bower,
And of scenes that I loved in childhood's hour.
I have ever hoped to be laid, when I died,
In the church-yard there on the green hill side—
By the bones of my fathers my grave should be—
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"

"Let my death slumber be where a mother's prayer
And sister's tears can be blended there.
Oh! 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throb is o'er,
To know when its fountain shall gush no more,
That those it so fondly has yearned for will come
To plant the first wild-flowers of spring on my tomb.
Let me lie where the loved-ones can weep over me—
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

* Selected.

"And there is *another*—her tears would be shed
For him who lay far in an ocean-bed.
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She hath twined these locks and kissed this brow—
In the hair *she* hath wreathed shall the sea-snake hiss?
The brow *she* hath pressed shall the cold wave kiss?—
For the sake of that bright one who waits for me,
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"She hath been in my dreams." His voice failed there.
They gave no heed to his dying prayer.

* * * * *
They have lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side—
Above him hath closed the solemn tide.
Where to dip her wing the wild fowl rests—
Where the blue waves dance with their foamy crests—
Where the billows bound and the winds sport free—
They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea.

DIFFERENCES

IN THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF THE SEVERAL VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

BY HARVEY LINDSLY, M. D.

In taking a survey of man, as he exists in different parts of the world, it cannot have escaped the attention of the most casual observer, that he exhibits striking differences of physical organization, and no less remarkable diversity of intellectual character. We can see at a glance, that the civilized and polished European, is in many respects an essentially different being, from the savage red man of America, the wandering and ignorant Tartar, or the degraded and brutish Hottentot.

But it will hardly be expected, on a subject presenting so wide a field for discussion, and entering so largely into all that is interesting in the moral and physical history of man, that we shall do more than to notice a few leading facts and some of the more prominent arguments by which these differences are established.

As a preliminary step in this discussion, it will be proper to present a brief view of the several varieties of which the human race is composed, with their peculiar and distinguishing characteristics. Physiologists generally make five distinctive varieties, viz. Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American and Malay. The Caucasian is regarded as the primitive stock. It deviates into two extremes, most remote and different from each other—the Mongolian on one side and Ethiopian on the other. The other varieties come in between these two extremes—that is, the American comes in between the Caucasian and Mongolian; and the Malay between the Caucasian and Ethiopian.

The following marks will serve to define and distinguish these different classes. But here, we must observe, that as in the brute creation the different species are connected together, and pass into each other, by almost imperceptible gradations; so in the human race, individuals of distinct but approximating varieties may often be found, so nearly resembling each other, that it would be no easy matter to assign each his peculiar and proper place. The changes in our world, consequent upon migration, wars, invasions and conquest, and the

intermarriage to which these lead, will account for much of this uncertainty. Thus the Caucasian and Mongolian varieties have been much intermixed in Asia; the latter and the Ethiopian in Africa.

The characters of the Caucasian variety are—a white skin, either with a fair rosy tint, or inclining to brown; hair abundant, soft, and generally more or less curved or waving. Large cranium with small face, and the upper and anterior regions of the brain peculiarly developed. Face oval and straight, with a high and expanded forehead. Moral and intellectual qualities most energetic, and susceptible of the highest development and culture.

It includes all the ancient and modern Europeans, except the Laplanders and Finns, the former and present inhabitants of western Asia, as far as the rise of the Caspian Sea and the Ganges, including the Assyrians, Medes and Chaldeans; the Sarmatians, Scythians, and Parthians; the Philistines, Phenicians and Jews; the Tartars, Persians and Hindoos of high caste; the northern Africans, Egyptians* and Abyssinians.

2nd.—The Mongolian variety is characterized by olive color, straight and thin hair, little or no beard, square head with small and low forehead, broad and flattened face, nose small and flat, and stature generally inferior to the Caucasian variety.

It includes the numerous tribes which inhabit northern and central Asia—as the Mongols, Calmucks, the Chinese and Japanese, the Finnish races of the north of Europe, and the Esquimaux tribes in America, extending from Bhering's Straits to the extremity of Greenland.

3rd.—In the Ethiopian variety, the skin and eyes are black; hair black and woolly; the skull compressed laterally and elongated towards the front; forehead low, narrow and slanting; the cheek bones prominent, and nose broad, thick and flat. All the inhabitants of Africa not included in the first variety, belong to this.

4th.—The American variety is marked by a dark skin, of a more or less red tint; black, straight and strong hair; little beard, which is generally eradicated; countenance and skull very similar to the Mongolian tribes; forehead low, eyes deep, and face broad; the mouth is large and lips rather thick.

This variety includes all the aboriginal Americans, except the Esquimaux.

5th.—The Malay division exhibits a brown color, from a slight tawny tint not deeper than that of the Spaniards and Portuguese, to a dark brown approaching to black. Hair black, more or less curled and abundant—head narrow, nose full and broad, and mouth large. This division includes the inhabitants of the peninsula of Malacca, Sumatra and Borneo—of New Holland, New Zealand, and the innumerable islands scattered through the whole of the South Sea. It is called Malay, because most of the tribes speak the Malay language.

* I am well aware that the propriety of placing the ancient Egyptians in the Caucasian variety, has been denied by some writers of high character. My attention, however, was particularly directed to the consideration of this question, a few years since, and after a careful examination, I came unhesitatingly to the conclusion stated above. The paper, which was the result of this examination, may, perhaps, on a future occasion, be spread before the readers of the Messenger.

Having thus given a rapid and cursory sketch of the physical distinctions of the different varieties of the human race, it remains to be considered, whether similar peculiarities exist in their moral and intellectual qualities. If there is really no coincidence between the physical structure and moral and intellectual phenomena which man exhibits, then it is self-evident that the most lofty talents and splendid intellect, which have ever adorned or dignified our race, may be combined with the meanest organization; but if, on the contrary, the moral and intellectual character bear a close analogy to the body it inhabits—if the former be nearly allied to, and dependant upon the latter, the varieties of both will generally correspond.

That there is a marked and striking difference in the capacity for improvement and the intellectual endowments of the most perfect and the most degraded of our species, I think no one can doubt, who has attentively considered the progress of different nations in civilization and refinement, in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and in the nature, character and excellence of their various forms of government. How else can we account for the fact, that from the earliest periods of which history presents any record, to the present day, the Caucasian variety has invariably held the same undisputed and enviable superiority over all the other races? The highest advances in civilization—the greatest improvements and most useful inventions in the mechanic arts—the most profound discoveries in the various sciences, and their application in innumerable modes to the relief of our wants and the supply of our necessities—the most complicated, beneficial and perfect forms of government—the most extensive and varied plans of charity and benevolence, and, in fine, every thing that tends to adorn and elevate human nature, have been exhibited to the greatest extent among the white races. While the other races, in precisely the same proportion as their physical organization has varied from, and been inferior to ours, have manifested those traits of character which belong to savage life—ignorance, debauchery, sensuality, cruelty—idolatry in its most degraded and disgusting forms—indifference to the pains and pleasures of others, and an almost total want of all that we comprehend under the name of elevated sentiments, manly virtues and moral feelings.

A single glance at the history of the world, shows conclusively the truth of these positions. There cannot be found either in ancient or modern times, a single tribe or nation, among the four inferior varieties, which has made any advances in civilization and learning, that will bear a comparison with the state of the white division of the same period. That there have been and are individual exceptions to this general rule, is readily admitted; but this proves nothing against the position, as our business is not with individuals but with communities. We all know that the most talented and intellectual persons of an inferior variety, may, and often do, equal and even excel the lowest of a superior class. It must also be admitted, that all the white races have not made those distinguished advances in knowledge and civilization, which have been claimed as indicating their superior organization and endowments. But when this is the case, some artificial causes can always be assigned for the deficiency.

Loss of liberty, a bad government, oppressive laws,

fanaticism, bigotry and intolerance, may counteract and wither the noblest gifts of nature, and plunge into ignorance, degradation and misery—nations, which are capable of the highest cultivation and are equal to the most splendid moral and intellectual achievements. Modern Greece, Italy and Spain, are most melancholy examples of this afflicting truth. But attentive and careful observers, can find even among these victims of cruelty and fanaticism, the germs of those intellectual powers, which require only an opportunity of developing themselves, to place their possessors in a high rank for talents and accomplishments.

That the white nations may degenerate and fall from their high and elevated rank, is rendered manifest by the history of the Greeks and Romans. The forum and the capitol, which have been rendered illustrious through all future ages, by the Scipios, the Brutuses and Catos—by Horace and Virgil and Cicero—by Hortensius and Cæsar and Tacitus—are now degraded and disgraced by ignorance and superstition and fanaticism—by monks without learning, and priests without piety—and those streets which were once enlivened by the splendid triumphs of returning conquerors, and which rung with the shouts of happy and prosperous freemen, are now trodden by a priest-ridden populace, ignorant, superstitious and servile. But notwithstanding all this weakness, degradation and misery—this classic ground has still maintained a high intellectual rank, and has sent forth men not unworthy to be the descendants of those who rendered Rome the mistress of the world. What country can boast in the same period of time, of having produced a greater variety or more splendid displays of genius, than the immortal names which adorn modern Italy? Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio—Tasso, Ariosto and Alfieri—Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a crowd of others.

But even in a state of comparative barbarism, the superiority of the white races over the dark colored tribes is almost equally manifest. To be convinced of this, we need but read the account given by Tacitus and Cæsar of the manners and habits of the ancient Germans, and compare them with the hideous savages of New Holland or Van Dieman's Land—or look at the difference between the ancient Spaniards or any of the Celtic tribes and the modern Mongolians, Africans, or Indians of our own country.

And indeed the history and character of the aborigines of America, present, perhaps, one of the strongest arguments in favor of our position—that there is an essential and inherent difference in the capacity of the various races for improvement. Although placed for more than three hundred years, almost in immediate contact with knowledge and civilization and refinement—although every inducement has been held out, and vast exertions made, to reclaim them from their erratic mode of life, and to introduce among them the arts and conveniences of their more polished neighbors—although missionaries and teachers have devoted their time and talents for their instruction, and government has extended its fostering aid—yet how little has been accomplished? And even that little has been effected more by their intermarriages with whites, than by any actual improvement in the manners and habits of the Indians themselves.

The superiority of the whites, is almost universally

felt and acknowledged by the other races. The most intelligent negro, whom Mr. Park met in his travels in Africa, after witnessing only such evidences of European skill and knowledge as were exhibited at the English settlement on the coast, would sometimes appear pensive—and exclaim, with an involuntary sigh, “black men are nothing.” Similar facts have been noticed by other travellers. And indeed this consciousness of inferiority is the only rational mode of explaining the docility and patience with which the blacks submit to slavery—and especially when, as is the case in some of the West India islands, they vastly outnumber their masters. Suppose the situation and proportions of these people were reversed—that the Europeans were the slaves and the negroes were the masters, and the former five or six times as numerous as the latter, how long would such a state of things last? And even when an attempt at regaining their freedom is made by this unhappy people, their plans are so illy contrived—and so often betrayed through cowardice and ignorance and treachery, as to be frustrated with ease and almost without an effort.

The distinction of color between the white and dark races, is not more striking than the superiority of the former in intellectual energy and character. The latter, it is true, sometimes exhibit astonishing acuteness in their external senses, particularly in hearing and sight. But no doubt their preëminence here, is to be attributed entirely to their want of those mechanical aids and contrivances, which civilized man adopts to assist the powers of nature; and, therefore, their excellence in this respect is but another proof of their mental inferiority.

The wretched and degraded beings who inhabit Van Dieman's land and the adjacent islands, are perhaps the lowest and most debased in the scale of human existence. Peron describes them as examples of the rudest barbarism—“without chiefs, properly so called; without laws, or any thing like regular government; without arts of any kind; with no idea of agriculture, of the use of metals, or of the services to be derived from animals; without clothes or fixed abode, and with no other shelter than a mere shed of bark to keep off the cold winds; and with no arms but a club or spear.”

Although these people inhabit one of the most fertile countries in the world, with a mild and equable climate, suited to all the productions which strengthen the body and gratify the appetite of man—yet they derive no other sustenance from the earth than a few roots and plants—and are frequently driven by the failure of these, and of fish, which is their principal resource, to the most disgusting food, as frogs, lizards, serpents, spiders, the larvæ of insects, and especially a large kind of caterpillar, which is found in great abundance on some of their trees.

Who can, for a moment believe, that this besotted and ignorant and degraded people are cast in the same intellectual mould with those races who have produced a Homer, a Demosthenes, a Milton, a Chatham and a Franklin?

And these general traits of character, exist in a more or less modified form, in most of the dark races—in the American Indian, the Africans, and Mongolian nations of Asia, in the Malays and most of the inhabitants of the South Sea islands—we see every where the same

unrelenting and exterminating cruelty to enemies—the same brutal apathy and indolence—and the same unmanly treatment of their defenceless women.

We would not be understood, however, as asserting, that all the nobler qualities of the mind are wanting in the dark races. We know that courage in repelling danger and fortitude, in enduring suffering, and even some of the softer virtues, may be occasionally witnessed among them, in all their native loveliness and beauty—but when they are so exhibited, they are usually either exceptions to the general rule or closely allied to the neighboring vice. The Mongolian tribes of central Asia, when united under a Tengeris Khan or a Tamerlane, could achieve the most brilliant victories and overturn kingdoms and empires—but their wars were wars of extermination, to destroy and darken, not to build up and enlighten.

In order to appreciate fully the intellectual differences in the human race, we must not take two approximating varieties, between which, perhaps, the distinction is not very striking, and in some aspects of the case hardly perceptible—but we must compare the two extremes—as for instance the Caucasian and Malay, or the Caucasian and Ethiopian—and the most incredulous, I think, can hardly doubt, that *here* an essential difference exists. And indeed a regular gradation in their intellectual powers, can be observed through the Caucasian, Mongolian, American, and Ethiopian varieties. And this gradation is in pretty exact proportion to the more or less perfect form of the head—the anterior and superior parts of the brain, being larger and more fully developed in the first, and more and more flattened and compressed as we descend in the scale.

It may be objected to this theory that some of the white races have, in former times, been in a semi-barbarous state, little, if at all superior, to that of many of the inferior varieties at the present day. But this objection, upon examination, will be found rather specious than solid.

In the first place, no period can be found in the history of the Caucasian race, when their situation was in any respect as low and degraded as that of the dark races. Agriculture and the pastoral state, and even some of the mechanic arts have—so far at least as the most minute research into their former history and manners have informed us—always existed among them. And besides, if we admit that this race were once sunk to the lowest depth of ignorance and barbarism, how does it happen that they, and they *only*, have emerged from this state—have gone on progressively advancing in civilization and knowledge to their present pitch of refinement, while the other races remain in nearly the same situation in which they existed centuries ago?

The present and past state of the Chinese empire, is another striking illustration of the truth of the position we are endeavoring to establish. Here we behold a whole nation, which three thousand years ago enjoyed a considerable share of civilization—which had made some progress in the arts and sciences, and advanced far enough, if they had been endowed by nature with a high intellectual capacity for improvement, to have reached the noblest pitch of mental greatness, and taken an elevated rank among the most gifted nations of the earth; but instead of this, we see them year

after year, and century after century, plodding on in the same beaten path, with no inventions in the arts or discoveries in science to mark and distinguish their progress—resembling in this respect the brute creation—which, guided by instinct, never excels or falls short of the skill displayed by their predecessors, rather than rational beings—endowed with natures susceptible of continued and indefinite advancement. A single glance at the history and present situation of any European nation, will present in vivid colors the great difference between them and the Chinese in this particular. Look at the English, the French, or the Germans—five hundred years since, they were perhaps, little if at all superior to the inhabitants of China or Japan—but while the one has remained nearly stationary, or made but trifling advances, the others have marched on, with rapid and gigantic strides, in the path of knowledge and improvement. Science has diffused its genial influence over every corner of Europe, dispelling the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition—and the various mechanic arts have been carried to a degree of perfection, never dreamt of in the philosophy of the Chinese.

It is worthy of remark too, that it is only among the white races that any correct notions of religion, or rational views of a superintending Providence can be found. While the darker varieties have, from time immemorial, been immersed in the lowest and most disgusting species of idolatry, or have been totally ignorant of the existence of a God, and of a future state of rewards and punishments—the Caucasian race has either possessed a perfect form of religion, as Judaism and christianity—or where they have been Pagans and ignorant of the Bible, their ideas of their own responsibility, and of the true character of the Supreme Being, have been more rational and more nearly allied to the truth. The comparatively reasonable system of Heathenism, contained in the Grecian and Roman mythology, with its elegant and fanciful allegories, when compared with the senseless and often disgusting jargon of the Hottentot and Ethiopian, strikes us, at least, as the production of a higher and more cultivated intellect.

In forms of government, also, is the same marked superiority manifest. Not only are the white races the only ones who have enjoyed a free and republican government—but, with the exception of the Mongolian variety, the only race among which a form of government can with strict propriety be said to exist at all. For surely, the casual and irregular and ill-defined authority, which the chiefs exert over savage tribes, can hardly be dignified with the name of government. The complicated and extended, but useful and important machinery of a well regulated empire, can nowhere be found among savage nations—and hence the number subject to the same authority, must necessarily be very limited—and in fact seldom exceeds a few hundreds or thousands. Among barbarous tribes, no institutions can be found which secure freedom of conscience and opinion to all—which protect the feeble and defenceless against the strong and powerful—and which are administered upon principles, and according to rules, which have obtained the consent of all. In the language of another—"The spirit of liberty, the unconquerable energy of independence, the generous glow of patriotism, belong chiefly to those nobler organiza-

tions, in which the cerebral hemispheres have received their full development. The republics of Greece and Rome, of Italy in the middle ages, of Switzerland and Holland, the limited monarchy of England, and the United States of America, have shown us what the human race can effect, when animated by these sacred feelings—without which, nothing has ever been achieved truly great or permanently interesting. This is the charm, that attaches us to the history, the laws, the institutions, the literature of the free states of antiquity—and that enables us to study again and again, with fresh pleasure, the lives and actions of their illustrious patriots."

Notwithstanding, however, the decided superiority of the white races, we do not mean to assert, that there are not individuals among our darker brethren, capable of fathoming the most abstruse questions in philosophy, and of taking a high comparative rank among the gifted spirits of our race—nor even that the whole of the inferior varieties are not susceptible, to a limited degree, of civilization and refinement.

Numerous examples may be found among the Africans even, of individuals who have made great proficiency in some of the sciences, in polite learning, and the useful and ornamental arts.

A negro by the name of Hannibal, became a colonel in the Russian service, and was much distinguished for his attainments in mathematics and physics.

In 1734, Arno, an African from the coast of Guinea, took the degree of Doctor of Laws at the University of Wirtemberg, and, according to Blumenbach, displayed extensive and well digested reading in the physiological books of the time.

John Capitein, who was bought by a slave dealer when eight years of age, studied theology at Leyden, and published several sermons and poems. His dissertation, "*de servitute Libertati Christianæ non contraria*," went through four editions in a very short time.

These, and numerous other instances which might be adduced, however, are merely individual cases, and prove nothing as to the general comparative capability of these races for intellectual improvement—as this is a question, which must be decided by more extended and varied observations.

The different varieties of the human race, do not exhibit the same difference in their moral, which is so manifest in their intellectual character. And indeed, it is very doubtful, whether any well founded superiority in this respect can be established among the white over the darker nations. That particular vices are more prevalent in some portions of the world than in others, and even that some nations are more moral and more virtuous than others, cannot be denied—but this is generally owing to local and peculiar circumstances in their situation; and at any rate, this superiority of virtue and order can never be predicated of a whole variety, which should be the case, if it were commensurate with the intellectual distinctions we have been endeavoring to demonstrate.

Most travellers among the more barbarous and uncultivated nations agree in representing them as hospitable, generous, and benevolent, to as great an extent, as the same virtues will be found among the civilized nations.

The travels of Barrow, Park, and others, in different parts of Africa, abound with anecdotes highly honorable to the moral character of the ignorant and unpollished inhabitants of that quarter of the globe. In speaking of the Hottentots, Barrow observes:

"They are a mild, quiet and timid people; perfectly harmless, honest and faithful; and though extremely phlegmatic, they are kind and affectionate to each other and not incapable of strong attachments. A Hottentot would share his last morsel with his companions. They have little of that art or cunning which savages generally possess. If accused of crimes of which they have been guilty, they generally divulge the truth. They seldom quarrel among themselves, or make use of provoking language. Though naturally fearful, they will run into the face of danger, if led on by their superiors—and they suffer pain with patience and fortitude."

I am aware, that the inferiority of the dark to the white races, has been abused as an argument in favor of involuntary slavery. It has been contended, that as the difference between them and ourselves is so great, it is obviously the order of nature that they should be subservient to our wishes, and be made to minister to our wants and caprices. But a precisely contrary inference would be drawn from this fact by every well-regulated and benevolent mind—that it gives them so much the stronger claim upon our charity and humanity—that if we have more knowledge than they, we should instruct them—if we are more refined and polished, we should civilize them—if we are more powerful, we should protect them—if we alone possess a knowledge of the true God, we should deem it a privilege, as well as a sacred duty, to extend to them the light of revelation and the blessings of christianity.

THE HEN.*

Was once a hen of wit not small,
 (In fact 'twas most amazing,)
 And apt at laying eggs withal,
 Who, when she'd done would scream and bawl,
 As if the house were blazing.
 A turkey-cock, of age mature,
 Felt therent indignation;
 'Twas quite improper, he was sure,—
 He would no more the thing endure;
 So after cogitation,
 He to the lady straight repaired,
 And thus his business he declared:
 "Madam, pray what's the matter,
 That always when you've laid an egg,
 You make so great a clatter?
 I wish you'd do the thing in quiet,—
 Do be advised by me, and try it!"
 "Advised by you!" the lady cried,
 And tossed her head with proper pride—
 "And what do you know, now I pray,
 Of the fashions of the present day?
 You creature ignorant and low!
 However, if you want to know,
 This is the reason why I do it:
 I lay my egg, and then *revivie* it."

* Selected.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.*

We are true lovers of our country. We are genuine admirers of our country's literature. We read every thing that issues from its prolific press. We have *trav-ailed* over the travels of her sons. Their novels are not novel to us. Their romances are *hi-stories* with us. In short, nothing is written on, and nothing is printed in America that we do not peruse, including *all* the "Fourth of July" orations. "What an extraordinary patriot!" exclaims one of our credulous readers, after getting through the latter part of the last sentence; "what! read *all* the Fourth of July orations?" Yes, even so, my good friend; but truth requires that we should give you some explanation on this score. We will illustrate by giving an anecdote in point:

A father, who was weary of receiving duplicate originals from his son in college, took the following method of putting a stop to the evil. He wrote thus to his lineal descendant:

"My dear Bob,—For the last three years I have received a weekly epistle from you; and after a diligent comparison of the one hundred and fifty-six letters I have thus obtained, I find their purport and substance to be substantially the same, and as follows: 1st. A statement of your continued health, and a wish expressed that the few (the very few) lines you send, may find me in the enjoyment of the same blessing. 2nd. An assertion that you are improving vastly in your studies, and in the affections of your tutors. 3rd. An intimation, very forcibly conveyed, that you are in want of money. Now, my dear Bob, as I am anxious that you should improve more and more in your studies and the affections of your tutors, I have hit upon the expedient of economising your time, by furnishing you with a quire of printed letters, containing the substance and purport of your one hundred and fifty-six communications, and you will have nothing more to do, than to date and direct one weekly to your affectionate father, J. B."

Now, do you understand us, kind friend, when we assert that we have read all the orations of the "glorious day?" We mean, then, that we have read *two* or *three* of them, and as we found the two or three to be something upon the same principle as the printed letters of Bob, we take it for granted we have read *all*.

This digression and this story have carried us away from the description and discussion of the immortal book, whose name heads our article. With our hand upon our hearts, we say, that we have never read any thing like it. It is a happy union of rhyme, wit, pathos, satire, description. It teems with sentiment. It is prolific of condensation. It abounds with colored, wood engravings, and pictorial representations. It is the most unique specimen of Yankee enterprise and talent.

But these are *generalisms* which require some special proofs to sustain them. We proceed to the delightful task. We open at random.

"Little boy blue, come blow your horn.
 The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn.
 What! is this the way you mind your sheep.
 Under the haycock fast asleep?"

*The only pure edition. Boston—printed and published by Munroe & Francis—p. 96.

Now we ask the reader to pause and admire each line, (for each line contains a moral,) of this poem. Observe how cautiously and properly the master, employer or parent (whichever he was,) of the "little boy blue," approaches him. Notwithstanding the breach of trust, the palpable omission, the dormant position of the delinquent, the master flies not into a passion, he suffers not the sheep to remain in the meadow, and the cow in the corn, whilst he gratifies his excited feelings by stripping and *striping* the juvenile youth azure. No, he goes to work very differently. He first applies himself to the correction of the *evil*, instead of the *offender*. He directs the latter to blow his horn. It is done; and having been done, he next proceeds to give (what all good masters and parents should always do,) his reason for the order, which reason is to be found in the second line,

"The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn."

The reason having been given, he then bursts forth in the tones of indignant reproach—

"What! is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?"

We are to suppose, (although the poem does not say so,) that this reproach was made with some *emphasis*—that it was accompanied with some *black* and *blue* marks or memorandums, which would be a kind of *vade mecum* to the "little boy blue," inasmuch as they would be inscribed upon a tablet, and written upon a *parchment*, very well adapted to retain the impressions. Altogether, then, we say, the poem is an exquisite production. And the engraving is alike excellent. It also requires a description. In the back ground is a village church, the loftiness of whose spire may be imagined, when we assert, that it touches the clouds; but the haystack is a more astonishing one than we have ever witnessed. It "o'ertops the rainbow's home,—it out vies the rainbow's hues." If we had not met with it in so veritable a book as Mother Goose's Melodies, we should be inclined to doubt whether such a haystack ever existed. Finding it there, we cannot doubt that such a haystack *has* existed—in the imagination of Mother Goose. We must, as impartial critics, notice what we consider an instance of bad taste. A *rake* (we don't mean the "little boy blue") is lying by the haystack. Now whether this be allegorical or rustical, it is bad taste. There is no moral beauty in a rake of any kind. It should have no place in so moral a poem, or book, as the one under discussion. We are also called upon to notice what may be called a *glaring* defect in the engraving. We allude to the dress of the "little boy blue." He is clothed in a suit of *crimson*. We think this an inconsistency, unless, indeed, it is intended to show that *all* his *habits* are bad. Still we do not understand why he should be *dressed* in *red*, and *ad-dressed* as "little boy blue." We think both him and this matter, should be *re-dressed*. We hope that future editions of this book will be *read*, but that the "little boy blue" will not be *red*. Perhaps, after all, we are hypercritical. Perhaps he is called "*blue*" to represent a *quality*, a state of mind or body of the *minute youth cerulean*. Perhaps the painter or the poet was *blue*. Perhaps—but pshaw! what is the use of bothering the little brain we have. There is a mystery in all great works—in all small men. The author of Junius is unknown. The meaning of Mother

Goose must remain, like the haystack and the village spire, in the clouds.

Let us shut the book and open again at random. Here goes. Page 72. Let us see what we have got. By all that's good, a *matrimonial* moral.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean."

"Pshaw!" says some censorious reader—"Now we are going to have the history of that daily occurrence, that hourly episode, a *Hymenial* squabble. I suppose Mrs. Sprat said to Mr. Sprat, 'Sir, you are a selfish brute—you are a gormandizing monster—a gross eater; and I assure you, Mr. Sprat, that although I have now the misfortune of being your wife, I am still a mourner for my dear *late* husband.' And I suppose Mr. Sprat rejoined, 'And I assure you, Mrs. Sprat, that your dear *late* husband has not a more sincere mourner than your present unfortunate spouse; and that it would give me a melancholy pleasure to lay you down beside the dear departed, and to raise a tablet to your *joint* virtues, with this inscription, 'they were lovely in life, and in death they are not divided.' I suppose," continues the censorious reader, "this is what the poem tells us." Not at all—dear old lady. Not at all. "Well then," exclaims the classical reader, "you are going to give us a second edition of the old Roman story of the grandsons of Tarquinius Priscus, and the daughters of Servius Tullius. You are going to remind us, that the Roman king married his angel daughter to the fiery grandson of Tarquin, and his devil daughter to the mild scion of Priscus in order 'to *cross* (?) their tempers, by giving each to him of a contrary turn of mind"—*Consequence was*—as Samuel Weller, Esquire, says—the angels were killed, and the devils after some *slight* murders, &c., came together; and now you are going to give us an humble illustration of the truth of this story in the history of Mr. and Mrs. Sprat." Not at all, learned sir—not at all. "Then, what are you going to give us?" exclaims a fair reader. Well, dear young lady, we should like to give you a kiss, if you were near enough to us; but as you are not, we are going to show you, upon the undoubted authority of Mother Goose, that matrimony is not so complicated a machine as you take it to be; that with common patience and forbearance, persons of different sexes and contrariant dispositions, may live together like Law and Justice are said to do, in beautiful and harmonious concert. Behold the proof.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So" —

Mark, gentle, fair, censorious, classical reader, mark the moral—observe the sequel—

"So, twist them both they—cleared the cloth,
And lick'd the platter clean."

And to make the impression more lasting, there is the pictorial representation of Mr. and Mrs. Sprat, with great unanimity, "licking the platter clean."

Patience, kind readers, patience! I will soon be done. I am sure if you have had perseverance enough to read through "the last new novel," your patience is nonsense proof. Let us open once more. Page 57.

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer."

Now, match me that, my masters, for brevity and condensation of expression. How different from the inflated verbosity of the present poets. Suppose now, for example, the three wise men of modern Gotham, should go to sea in a bowl—(and by-the-bye, we expect they have all been *half seas over with a bowl*)—what an excitement would be produced—what a fuss would be made. The Courier, the Star, the Herald, would have “black lines drawn around and through them;” paragraph upon paragraph would be written—column (typographical) upon column, would be devoted to the history of their fate—their sufferings—their virtues. Mother Goose, although she had quite as much capital to bank on with *her* three wise men, records *their* fate, *their* sufferings, *their* virtues, in four lines. No doubt, as she says, “if the bowl had been stronger, the story had been longer.” We are very glad the bowl was weak.

Again—page 67,—

“John O’Gudgeon was a wild man,
He whipt his children now and then;
When he whipt them, he made them dance
Out of Ireland into France.”

The only remark we have to make upon this is, that although it may be very laudable, (and Solomon says it is,) in a parent to whip his children “now and then,” and though it may be rare fun and uncommon diligence to make them dance “out of Ireland into France,” yet our opinion of the poetry in which the sentiment is clothed, is, that it would require a miracle to make any man write *worse*.

We conclude our extracts, by giving page 75 entire, to which we will add nothing, for the simple reason that we have nothing to add.

“Five children playing on the ice,
All on a *summer’s* day,
As it fell out, they *all* fell in,
The *rest* all ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or skidding on bare ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not *all* been drown’d.

You parents, that have children dear,
And you too that have *none*,
If you would have them safe *abroad*,
Pray keep them safe at *home*.”

We close this critique with the observation that Messrs. Munroe and Francis, the enterprising publishers, have immortalized themselves as long as Mother Goose lives; and we add, that acting upon the principle of the Parisian widow, who erected a splendid mausoleum to the memory of her departed husband, with this inscription, “This tablet is reared by his disconsolate widow, who keeps perfumery and gloves in Rue St. Germain, No. 156, and will be happy to serve all who call”—so we say to Mother Goose, to Messrs. Munroe and Francis, to the Messrs. Harpers, to Mr. Colman, to all and singular the booksellers, that for a *quid pro quo*, we are willing to read, (!) we are willing to review (we are content to be martyrs,) any of their *heavy*—*light* productions, and to draw out the beauties, and shovè in the defects thereof, in the same manner, and with the same talent, that we trust we have exhibited in criticising the “Melodies of Mother Goose.”

A GEORGIA REVIEWER.

Savannah, Georgia.

AUTUMNAL STORMS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

Off in the West there is a sea of blue:—
While gloomiest vapors, clustering on high,
Tell that the hour of storm is drawing nigh;
For dark they rise, and darker to the view.
Oh, coldly from the East careers the gale—
Sharp as Adversity or the pang of grief,
Which seres the heart like Autumn’s wither’d leaf,
When those we love in their affection fail.
Now from the scattering mists, relentless Rain,
Falls in chill drops, precursors of the shower,
That soon will prostrate the unsheltered flower,
Blooming of late securely on the plain.
It comes! in sudden gusts it rushes down—
And angry clouds o’er all the landscape frown.

II.

The Northern wind hath blown his bugle blast:—
And troops of clouds come hurrying on the fields
Of the dark sky, and wide their banners cast,
And lift above the earth their massive shields.
Now, all unordered, all unmarshalled, they
Make preparation for the dire affray;
Their weapons are the sleet, the rain, the hail—
Concealed behind those parapets of mist:
Lo! now, their keen-edged fury doth assail
The guarding atmosphere, and o’er the land—
Save where its breast is cased in rocky mail,—
Pours devastation, at thy stern command,
Oh, Northern wind! Nor will the war desist,
Till thou art conquered by some hostile gale!

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON LOVE.

BY A BACHELOR.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Thus sings Coleridge, bard of the visionary eye, and thus all nature and all experience proclaim.

We are told that God is Love; and this divine principle was made to act a primary part in all the ancient systems of theology and cosmogony. Aristophanes in his *Artes*, rendering an account of this primitive philosophy, observes, that “at first was nothing but Night and Chaos, which producing an egg, from thence proceeded Love, that mingling again with Chaos, begot heaven and earth, and animals and all the gods.” In the earliest opinions of mankind there appears a certain harmony, which would seem to indicate a common source, and the passage just quoted from the Greek poet, will not fail to call to mind the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters, of the Mosaic Record. But this Love does not correspond with the sense in which the term is popularly employed—and we are told, indeed, in the following old version of the Wings of Simmias Rhodias, a hymn made in the honor

of Love, that it is not Cupid, the soft and effeminate son of Venus, but another kind of love.

I'm not that wanton boy,
The sea-froth goddess' only joy ;
Pure heavenly love I hight, and my
Soft magic charms, not iron bands, fast tye
Heaven, earth and seas. The gods themselves do readily
Sloop to my laws. The world dances to my harmony.

This is clearly the animating soul of nature, the *ratio mersa et confusa*, which is so beautifully depicted in the well known lines of Virgil, a passage which—to employ the phrase of a quaint old writer—has a “strong spice and haust-gout” of Pantheism.

Principio cœlum ac terram, camposque liquentes
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totosque infusa per artus
Mens agitât molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

Which—not having a copy of “glorious John” at hand—we venture to paraphrase thus :

Earth, Heaven's expanse, the liquid fields of light,
The silvery moon and stars serenely bright,
One life pervades, whose animating soul,
Extends through every part and stirs the mighty whole.

Moreover, this cannot be that love either, which is described in Plato's Symposium, which “is nothing but *φιλοκαλία*, or the love of pulchritude—as such, which though rightly used, may perhaps wing and inspire the mind to noble and generous attempts, and beget a scornful disdain of mean, dirty and sordid things ; yet is capable of being abused also, and then it will strike downwards into brutishness and sensuality. But at best it is an affection belonging only to imperfect and parturient beings ; and therefore could not be the first principle of all things. Wherefore, we see no very great reason but that, in a rectified and qualified sense, this may pass for true theology—that Love is the Supreme Deity and original of all things, namely—if it be meant eternal, self-originated, intellectual Love, or essential and substantial goodness, that having an infinite overflowing fulness and fecundity ; dispenses itself uninvadously, according to the best wisdom, sweetly governs all, without any force or violence, (all things being naturally subject to its authority and readily obeying its laws,) and reconciles the whole world into harmony. For the Scripture telling us that God is Love, seems to warrant thus much to us, that love in some rightly qualified sense, is God.”

These speculations may seem barren of interest or instruction, yet we confess that both from taste and reason, we are fond of those lofty contemplations which give dignity to our nature, and elevate its sentiments and affections to something of a divine origin and sympathy. Indeed, those who take a merely physical and grovelling view of human nature in this regard, voluntarily degrade themselves ; and of them it may be said what Bacon has so finely observed of another class of material philosophers : “They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility ; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body ; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base, ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity and the raising of human nature ; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to

him is instead of a God or *melior natura*. Which courage is manifestly such, as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain.” So it may be remarked, that those who take an elevated and spiritual view of love, give a nobility, purity and permanence to that passion to which it could not otherwise attain.

Indeed, human love seems to ascend by gradual transition to the divine, from which it cannot be disjoined altogether. Something superior to the idea commonly conveyed by the term, has always been recognized by high and spiritual natures, of which the Socratic and Platonic passions are illustrations. Socrates, who defined Love to be “a desire for happiness, through the medium of beauty,” delivers himself as follows : “There is but one eternal, immutable, uniform beauty ; in contemplation of which, our sovereign happiness does consist : and therefore a true lover considers beauty and proportion as so many steps and degrees, by which he may ascend from the particular to the general—from all that is lovely of feature, or regular in proportion, or charming in sound, to the general fountain of all perfection. And if you are so much transported with the sight of beautiful persons, as to wish neither to eat or drink, but pass your whole life in their conversation ; to what ecstasy would it raise you to behold the original beauty, not filled up with flesh and blood ; or varnished with a fading mixture of colors, and the rest of mortal trifles and adornments, but separate, unmixed, uniform and divine,” &c. In the Sacred Scriptures the phraseology of love is constantly employed in a manner which has led some weak and ardent minds to sensualize religion itself. With such persons, the song of Solomon is a favorite book, in which they discover peculiar treasures of grace, and from which they derive a language and illustrations in harmony with their excited feelings. From the origin of christianity, there have always been those who con-founded the sentiments and mingled the phraseology of earthly love with the divine. That voluminous and ingenious collection of curious opinions and facts, Bayle's Dictionary, presents many proofs of this assertion, some of which are as amusing as they are strange. The evanescent popularity of certain sects, has been in a great measure owing to the ardent and almost amatory phraseology with which they promulgated their peculiar tenets. The *Quietists* of France—who, if we mistake not, derived their origin from Spain—indulged in a strain strongly imbued with the fervor and phrases of earthly passion, as may be seen in the spiritual songs of Madame Guion, whose saintly enthusiasm captivated the loving soul of Fenelon. The Moravians have been accused of a similar error—we know not with what justice—though we recollect a hymn of that truly pious and benevolent people, in which the epithets *fatr* and *ruddy* are applied to the Saviour. For a similar cause, the followers of Wesley have incurred the coarse ridicule of Anstey, the author of that amusing work, the Bath Guide, as well as of other profane scoffers, which has perhaps been slightly, we will not say justified, by the extravagances of some of the weaker brethren. We know one clergy-

man who enjoys a great popularity among a certain class, which is chiefly owing to his effeminate manner, soft voice and sentimental air, combined with an impassioned and insinuating address. He is in manner, at least, a pulpit Lothario—the very sybarite of saints. Spurious religious enthusiasm has certainly a singular connection with sensual ardor—so much so, that the morals of a rhapsodical sentimental religionist, without rational and well-matured principles, are ever to be suspected. Such persons always find their first disciples and apostles among weak and susceptible women.

Still we believe that there is not only a love in religion, but also a religion in love, and that when this is pure and exalted it is more than any other feeling expressive of the spiritual and immortal part of our being; approximating us to the nature and happiness of those higher essences, whose thoughts and affections are not depressed and manacled by the bonds of flesh and blood—for they too love, according to the declaration of Raphael, the “sociable angel” to our first parent:

Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy; and without love no happiness,
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence; and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.

But to come down from these elevated regions—through the pure ether of which it is sometimes refreshing to soar, as with angelic wings—we shall now treat somewhat discursively, indeed, of that earthly passion of love, which is the delight or torment, the boon or bane of the children of men.

And first, a word to those who deny its reality or scoff at it as an idle fancy or vain delusion. With such, reason and facts avail little towards conviction; yet, if properly constituted, experience will sooner or later bring to them sweet or bitter proof. *Nemo me impune lacessit*. It was Voltaire, we believe, the sneering sceptic and unrivalled master of irony, with the sardonic, Mephistopheles grin—the impersonation and type of the hard, polished, disenchanting philosophy of the eighteenth century—who erected in his garden a statue of Cupid, and inscribed upon its base, “Whoever thou art, that approachest, do homage to him who either was, is, or shall be thy master!” Swift, the bitter, relentless contemner and satirist of humankind, who seemed actuated by a fiendish desire to strip our nature of its dignity and charm; who perversely scattered the feculence of a grovelling and disordered imagination upon beauty, delicacy and sentiment; even he, passed much of his life in the company of two amiable women, to whom he seemed bound by a singular infatuation, yet whose happiness he cruelly sacrificed by a conduct so utterly strange, if not selfish, as to defy all scrutiny into its cause. Pope, from his sympathy with Swift, his satire on women, his personal deformity, and the mocking pleasantry with which he generally alludes to the passion, would seem to have been a sceptic; and yet the fervor of his *Eloisa*, the lines to an unfortunate lady, and his devotion to Martha Blount, indicate that he too had a soft place in his heart, in spite of his admiration for the Epicurean philosophy, so exquisitely depicted in his character of Voiture.

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the trifle life away,
Till age at length his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.

Notwithstanding his coarse habits and perverted sentiments, Rousseau was at times a grievous victim to the passion and power of love. It was not sensibility which he wanted—with which, on the contrary, his heart overflowed. A morbid imagination, unsettled principles, the propensities of an impassioned constitution, corrupted and defiled by early abandonment, degraded in him a nature gifted with the noblest and finest faculties. Poor man! broken in health and spirits; prematurely old through disease, misfortune and a singularly agitated life; the sport of passion and outcast of fortune; he, at the unsentimental age of forty-five, almost fainted by the road side, with love for a woman, who, he admits, was neither very young nor very handsome. No one can read his servid account of the feelings which overpowered him in his morning walk of miles, made expressly to entitle him to the customary salutation of a kiss from Madame d'Hondelet, without being convinced that the passion was deep in the “lake of his heart”—*nel lago del cuore*. Sobieski the Great, was the most uxorious and meanly compliant of husbands. The late viceroy Constantine, a man of so harsh and brutal a character, that common prudence compelled his family to substitute his younger brother in his place on the Muscovite throne, was softened and restrained only by his amiable consort, a Polish lady of delicate frame and feeble health. “*Teterrima causa belli*,” it may have been, which assembled the kings and chieftains of Greece upon the plains of Troy—yet how terrible in its consequences was the beauty of Helen, and with what fame it has filled the world! Ulysses the astute, and the pious Æneas, could not altogether defy the fascination of female charms; and to come down to a later period, the high Roman sacrificed for the sake of the Egyptian queen, “a world well lost.” Huge Samson laid his lion head upon the lap of Dalilah, and permitted the Philistian traitress—we had almost said—to spin from his poll the manly locks in which dwelt his strength.

'Twas love that brought upon his knees,
That hectoring kill-cow Hercules,
Transformed his leager-lion's skin
To a petticoat and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club and made it dwindle
To a feeble distaff and a spindle.

But there is no occasion to refer to extraordinary personages, whether fabulous or real, for striking examples of the power of this passion over minds and tempers which would be deemed the least susceptible of its impression. We see every day, in ordinary life, the most singular transformations of character, and other surprising effects, produced in persons who would scarcely be supposed amenable to such a control. The hard lawyer, the greedy merchant, the bitter bigot, the frivolous man of the world, are all brought in turn and bound hand and foot at the shrine of Cupid. The strong man becomes weak; the passionate calm; the violent “roars you as gentle as a sucking dove;” the gay becomes sad; the melancholy cheerful; the sloven, an *arbiter elegantiarum*. Witness its effect upon a proud and beautiful young woman, too confident in her indif-

ference, as pictured by the delicate pencil of La Bruyere, whom we thus venture to translate: "There lived in Smyrna a very beautiful girl called Emire, who was even less known throughout the city, for her beauty, than from the severity of her manners and the indifference which she felt for all men, whom she beheld, as she declared, without peril, and without any other emotions than those which she entertained for her friends or for her brothers. She attached not the smallest credit to the extravagances which in all ages have been ascribed to love; and those which she had witnessed herself, she could not comprehend. She knew no passion but that of friendship. A young and charming person to whom she was indebted for this experience, had rendered it so agreeable to her, that her sole anxiety was to prolong it, and she could not imagine by what other sentiment the esteem and confidence with which she was so well satisfied, could be cooled and surpassed. She spoke of nothing but Euphrosine—it was the name of this young friend—and all Smyrna talked of nobody but of her and Euphrosine; their friendship passed into a proverb. Emire had two brothers, who were young, of great beauty, and with whom all the women of Smyrna were smitten; she loved them as a sister loves her brothers. There was a priest of Jupiter, who had access to her father's house, who was pleased with her, who ventured to declare himself, but received nothing but contempt. An old man, who, confiding in his birth and fortune, had the same audacity; met with a similar fate. She triumphed—and hitherto, it was only in the midst of her brothers, a priest and an old man, that she proclaimed herself insensible. It seemed that Heaven was resolved to expose her to stronger trials, which seemed but to render her more vain, and to confirm her reputation as a girl whom love could not touch. Of three lovers, who came successively captivated by her charms, and the depth of whose passion she did not fear to behold—the first, in a transport of feeling, plunged a dagger in his breast, at her feet—the second, overwhelmed by despair at not being listened to with favor, sought his death in the Cretan war—and the third died of languor and want of sleep. He who was to revenge them had not yet appeared. The old man, who had been so unfortunate in his attachment, had been cured of it by reflections upon his age and the character of the person whom he had sought to please. He asked her consent to continue to see her, and she permitted it. One day, he brought with him his son, who was young, of an agreeable countenance and elegant person. She saw him with interest, and as he was very silent in the presence of his father, she thought him rather dull, and wished that he had been blessed with more wit. He saw her alone, talked sufficiently, and with sprightliness; but as he looked at her but little, and spoke still less of her beauty, she was surprised, and indeed somewhat indignant, that so handsome and witty a person should be devoid of gallantry. She spoke of him to her friend, who desired to see him. He had eyes for Euphrosine alone—he told her that she was handsome—and Emire, who had been so indifferent, became jealous, perceived that Ctesiphon was sincere in what he said, and that he was not only gallant but tender. Thenceforward, she felt less at ease with her friend; she wished to see them together once more, to be convinced; and a second inter-

view taught her more than she wished to know, and changed her suspicions to certainty. She avoids Euphrosine—no longer finds in her the qualities which had charmed her—loses her taste for her conversation. She is fond of her no longer, and this change tells her that love has taken the place of friendship in her heart. Ctesiphon and Euphrosine see each other every day with increasing attachment; they think of marrying; they are actually married. The news spreads through the city, and it is proclaimed that two persons, at length, have experienced the happiness, so rare, of espousing the objects of their love. Emire hears it and is in despair. She feels the whole force of her passion; she visits Euphrosine, for the sole gratification of seeing Ctesiphon again; but this young man is still the lover of his wife, and finds a mistress in his charming bride; in Emire he recognizes only a person who is dear to her. The unfortunate girl loses her sleep and appetite; she becomes weak—her mind wanders—she takes her brother for Ctesiphon, and speaks to him as to a lover. She is undeceived, and blushes with shame; she soon falls into greater extravagances—ceases to blush for them—no longer, indeed, perceives them. Then she begins to fear men, but it is too late; for her mind is unseated; she has intervals of returning reason, which but add to her misery. The youth of Smyrna, who beheld her once so proud and insensible, confess that the gods have punished her too severely."

We have cited this remarkable extract, for the beauty of the picture and the delicacy of the style, rather than its justness, although we have met with an instance where love produced in a less degree, the effects so powerfully and touchingly described, in which, however, the disappointment proceeded from obstacles foreign to the parties interested. We do not think it possible, that such a passion could spring up and grow to such a head in the heart of a woman spontaneously and without the nourishment of a corresponding affection. Love rarely or never originates in the female breast, which is thus protected and strengthened by a wise law of nature. It must be the result of attentions and devotion, real or feigned—for woman is to be softened only by kindness, and her love always begins with sympathy; she is therefore said to yield, to be melted, to surrender.

But the most curious examples of the power of this passion, are exhibited by self mortifying puritans, whose very creed inculcates the eradication of all that is inviting in fancy or attractive in sentiment. Alas! the conventicle affords not a better protection than the chapel, and the nasal twang is sometimes constrained to break forth into amorous ditties. Poor Dr. Watts, of hymning celebrity, whose amiable character could not be hardened by the rigidity of his creed, was sorely exercised by the tender passion. The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul of Dr. Doddridge, did not altogether defend him from a weakness, the too ardent confession of which has somewhat scandalized his pious admirers. The devotion of Mrs. Hutchinson to "her Colonel" could not be excelled by the tenderness of the fairest lady of the polite court of Charles for her sighing cavalier. Women—

To whom the saints were so beholden—
Rubb'd down the teachers tir'd and spent
With holding forth for parliament.

The substitution of a *crop* for the *lovelocks* of the

gallant cavaliers, could not entirely cool the ardor of the roundheads. Tom Paine pitifully remarked, that if the quakers had had the making of the world, what a drab-colored creation it would have been. They might have clothed external nature in the sober livery of their sect, yet their hearts would not have been drab-colored. In spite of all these harsh and crabbed opinions and expedients, Nature will speak out and vindicate herself. One of the most loving faces we ever beheld, peeped forth from beneath the quaker bonnet. The young and dashing Count Segur was captivated by a fair quaker girl of New England, whose charms he has not failed to celebrate in the recollections of his age. "Marry for love alone, but see that thou love that which is lovely," was the pure, wise and tender precept, of the broad-brimmed founder of Pennsylvania.

It is vain to dispute, resist, or to resolve, we are all obnoxious to this irresistible power, whose sway every man, unless he be more or less than man, must acknowledge, at some period of his life. Be he soldier or scholar, ambitious politician, votary of pleasure, or slave of business, it matters not—sooner or later his heart is touched—his spirit is moved within him—and he loses the mastery of his affections. And when this eventful period has arrived, how altered are the thoughts of his mind and the sentiments of his heart! Perhaps he does not suspect what it is that possesses him—perhaps he resists with efforts which but entangle him the more. He wanders about, restless, uneasy, dissatisfied. He feels himself under a power which he can neither dislodge nor control. Like the stricken deer, he rushes on with the herd, or plunges in the deepest recesses of the thicket, in the vain search for relief. More generally, however, he swallows the potent drug with avidity, and yields himself a willing victim to the intoxicating draught. He no longer lives for himself alone; his existence becomes bi-partite or dual. An eye has met his which is gifted with a strange fascination; a voice has fallen upon his ear charged with the sweetest melody; which dwells in his memory as if it were ever heard, and is repeated in his dreams as though an angel discoursed unto him "most excellent music." And ah! with what untold delight does he not listen to the voice of the charmer! Then his heart acknowledges the truth of the sentiment—"A beautiful face is the fairest of spectacles, and the most exquisite harmony is the sound of the voice of her we love." Then every other passion, if not eradicated, is at least suspended. Ambition flings aside the sword and forgets the glittering vision of a sceptre: the cravings of avarice are hushed, avarice ceases to count its hoards, interest drops the quill and closes the ledger. There is but one feeling in the heart; there are but two persons in the world. Then frail, delicate woman, is gifted with a giant's power over the strong man. He trembles in her presence, and is withered by her frown. He does homage to her as to a divinity, and deems it even heroic to bow his strength to her weakness. Then it is happiness beyond compare, to be near her, to be in her presence, within the sound of her voice; to catch even the rustling of her robe, the echo of her footsteps, the shadow of her form. A flower which she has plucked, an object which she has touched, a lock of her hair, becomes a priceless treasure. He presses it in secret

to his heart, which swells, as it were, to embrace it. To be seated at her footstool, is a greater privilege than to press the golden cushions of a throne; to clasp her hand, a higher boon than to grasp a sceptre. Appetite fails; sleep deserts the couch which is no longer that of repose. A languor diffuses itself through his frame, which is more delicious than the energy of health and the vigor of action. The long night is too short to think of her; and when the dim outlines of objects are discerned through the casement, and the birds are heard to stir among the branches before their voices salute the dawn, the approach of day is welcomed, only that the eye may once more rest upon her and be happy. Then the mind is redolent of poetry; the heart fragrant with sentiment. Then the flowers exhale unwonted perfume—the air is balmy as that breathed by the life-giving winds of heaven. Then all nature is clothed with hues of unearthly brightness, and the common landscape is transformed into another garden of Eden. The trail of the serpent is no longer seen upon the flowers of paradise, and the universe smiles as though it had never been defaced by sin or depopulated by death, "beautiful in the uncultivated loveliness of gardens long run wild;" radiant with

- The purple light of love and bloom of young desires.

Then too, there is a charm in solitude never felt before, and which nothing but the presence of the loved one can surpass. To lie stretched for hours in dreamy contemplation, musing unutterable things; to wander in the silent fields, or pierce the deep recesses of the forest, while the mind glows with thoughts, and the heart thrills with emotions which lap the spirit in Elysium; "to outwatch the Bear" beneath the Chaldean canopy of stars, until the feelings are sometimes so overwrought that tears course down the manliest cheek; these are the delights of the solitary lover. The heart labors as though it were compressed within the bosom, or dissolves in tenderness. If sickness chase the rose from the cheek, or sadness dim the eye of the living idol, how deep is the sympathy awakened. Then is the force of genuine love increased tenfold. It seems as if there could be no higher pleasure in life, than to soothe her sufferings, to sympathize with her sorrow, to support her wounded spirit; that it were a privilege, indeed, to consecrate existence, in bearing or at least sharing the burden of her grief. Beauty is never so powerful, as when downcast and distressed. The flower is fairest when it begins to droop. The anger of the justly offended hero, in Samson Agonistes, almost vanishes, when the chorus, announcing the approach of the "bosom serpent" who had betrayed him, exclaims—

But now with head declined,
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil.

How touchingly does Milton describe his own reconciliation with his penitent wife, when he represents Adam moved to forgiveness by the resistless tears of our common mother.

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight
Immoveable till peace obtained from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented,
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,

Now at his feet submissive in distress;
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid:
 As one disarmed, his anger all he lost;
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon.

There is indeed much power in the tear of woman, and she knows it well. Shakspeare calls it "woman's weapon." The poets when they wish to give the highest charm to beauty, describe it as pensive, languid, touching, drooping, tearful. "Downcast and beautiful those eyes."

She looked as if she sat at Eden's door,
 And wept for those who could return no more.

Or let the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye.

How moving is this picture in Milton's affecting sonnet on his deceased wife, the one whom he seems to have loved with deep tenderness, only interrupted by her early death!

Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
 Brought to me, like Alceas from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.

The painters, too, have shown the same instinctive sentiment in the choice of their subjects. Esther pleading with Ahasuerus for her kindred and people; the Jewish women bewailing the massacre of the innocents; Ruth the Moabitess, a desolate gleaner in the field of Boaz; Jeptha's daughter, the Iphigenia of the Bible, preparing to submit with filial piety to the cruel vow of her agonized parent; Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not; these and other kindred personages have ever been the favorite subjects of the pencil. What is it that renders the Beatrice Cenci so beautiful, but the pale sadness which is diffused over the delicate features of the doomed maiden? Cleopatra is always represented at the moment, when the asp is fastening his deadly fangs in her lovely bosom. Why do we gaze with such deep emotion upon the "Niobe, all tears," but from our sympathy with the maternal anguish, which agonizes without disfiguring her beautiful face?

The most remarkable examples of connubial devotion have been manifested in cases where its object was delicate and suffering. Almost the only tender remark to be found in the writings of Swift, is one in a letter to St. John, where, alluding to the afflictions of lady Bolingbroke, he touchingly remarks, as if to soothe or console his friend, that it is ever the fate of the most estimable women to be martyrs to suffering. Indeed, we go farther, and assert, that much of the charm and influence of woman is owing to her weakness and dependance—her "fine defects of nature;" without which she would scarcely awaken sympathy or inspire tenderness, as is observed in those of a bold and masculine character. Perhaps the constant care and solace which delicate and suffering persons require, maintain those habits of attention and devotion, which nourish and preserve affliction, as well in those who render, as in those who receive them. "We love those to whom we do good," is a maxim equally old and just. Thus, by a kind disposition of Providence, has strength been founded upon weakness, and evil been transmuted to good.

Let other bards of angels sing,
 Bright suns without a spot,
 But thou art no such perfect thing,
 Rejoice that thou art not.

Such if thou wert in all men's view,
 An universal show,
 What would my fancy have to do?
 My feelings to bestow?

Selfish the passion of love is not, whatever shallow observers may assert. It is on the contrary, at least in noble natures, a generous devotion, which finds its highest delight in the sacrifice of convenience, pleasure, interest; in a word, of self. It is La Rochefoucault, we believe, who says, that the reason why lovers are never tedious to each other, is that their conversation is always about themselves. This sentence like most of those of the French philosopher, is rather pointed than just. The true explanation is found in the deep interest and ardent attachment which are mutually felt. One of the most pleasing and generous effects of love, is its adoption of the ties of nature. It embraces the whole kindred of the person loved—parent, sister, brother—with the tender attachment inspired by natural affection. Perhaps there is no better test of genuine love, than is this drawing which is felt towards all those who are connected with its object. It is a new birth and adoption into the family fold.

Those, too, who would confound it with merely sensual feeling, forget that one of its most marked effects, is the reformation and purification of him who is brought under its influence. To him every thing gross, becomes revolting; every idea which degrades woman, painful and intolerable. A high respect, a reverential regard, is, indeed, the very essence and foundation of love. It is a passion which has made almost as many conversions as religion. It is, in fact, a religion of the heart. It fills the soul with pure desires, and inspires the mind with elevated aspirations. The lover is fired by a noble ambition, to render himself worthy of her whom he delights to regard, as all purity, goodness and truth. He seeks after "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." With what regret, nay remorse, does he not look back, even upon the venial and natural errors of his past life.

And with a heart repentant of all crimes,
 Pardon he asks for youth, ten thousand times.

He is deeply penitent, and anxious to consecrate the future to holier thoughts and nobler pursuits.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
 Upon the irrevocable past,
 The penitent sincere,
 May for a worthier future sigh,
 While trickles from his downcast eye,
 No unavailing tear.

Of this effect of love Petrarch is a noble example. Poet, scholar, philosopher, statesman, he is proud to proclaim that his turning from the paths of sin and folly to the steep ascent of virtue and of piety, was the consequence of his love for the saintly Laura. Fervently though he admires her person, his passion is excelled by respect for her purity and reverence for her character. While celebrating her charms with all the warmth of passion and enthusiasm of love, he yet constantly reverts to her spotless sanctity, and unbending severity of virtue. To his enraptured eyes, she is more than woman. Though clothed in fleshly apparel, she is a spirit sent from on high to guard and guide his erring steps; to throw a sanctified influence upon his path;

to lure him upwards, and beckon him with rapt eye and heavenward finger, to the abodes of celestial bliss. Here earthly passion mingles with love divine, and is spiritualized and exalted into something of a heavenly nature. How superior is this holy enthusiasm to the fervor of mere passion, and the sentimental extravagances of romance. The one is the pure and steady light of a star in the firmament; the other, the lurid glare and evanescent flash of a meteor across the heavens. This quickly goes out in vapor and darkness; that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." It is not a little strange that the two noblest examples of love upon record, should be presented by a people who are generally more remarkable for the warmth than the delicacy of their sentiments. But superior natures belong to no clime, country, or nation. The fiery and indomitable spirit of the poet of the "Inferno" melted and bowed down before the image of the beatified Beatrice. He never alludes to her but in a strain of mingled tenderness and awe. He clothes her with a grave and majestic air, a certain religious austerity, at the same time that he describes her melting with tenderness for the lover of her youth. Though transfigured and crowned with stars, she has not forgotten, amid the glories of Heaven, her earthly sympathies and attachment; she watches over him as his guardian angel in the skies, and pleads for him at the footstool of grace, with the earnestness of unutterable love. How radiant the sainted woman shines in his immortal verse:

Donna mi chiamò beata e bella,
Tal che di comandar io la richiesi.
Lucevan gli occhi più che la stella:
E coninciommi a dir soave e piano
Con angelica voce in sua favella.

"A lady called unto me, beautiful and blessed; such that I besought her to command me. Her eyes glittered brighter than the star, and she began to speak softly, melodiously, with an angelical voice." Ah! and it is the voice of an angel alone that should utter such a strain, which falls upon the ravished ear as it were an echo of heavenly harpings. Thus spiritualized and exalted, love is purified from the dross of earth, and rises far above the weakness of humanity. What a difference between these high and holy emotions, and the gross, animal feelings of low and grovelling natures. Who having once tasted of such pure and celestial nourishment, can stoop again to the garbage of vulgar appetites? But it is only high and spiritual natures, that are susceptible of this exalted passion. These pure and sublime sentiments vindicate the high origin and destiny of man, and assert his kindredship with beings of a superior order. Transient though they may be, and subject to partial disappointment upon earth, it is our hope and trust that they point and tend to another sphere of existence, where they are destined to find a full and lasting fruition, unstained by the soil of earth, unchecked by the bonds of mortality.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unweighed for and the future sure;
Spoke of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued.

Of all that is most beautiful, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, & diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

And if we cultivate our faith in this ennobling belief, and strive to elevate our souls to this pure and high standard of sentiment, we can do much to heighten, dignify and preserve the enjoyments of earthly love. Passion should not be limited to the person, which, however beautiful and precious, is frail and subject to change and decay—but embrace also the spirit, whose worth is higher, and whose charms are enduring.

Look at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at day break, droop ere even song;
And grieved for their brief date, confess that ours
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,
Is not so long!

If human life do pass away,
Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
Whose frail existence is but of a day;
What space hath virgin's beauty to disclose
Her sweets and triumph o'er the breathing rose?
Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,
Could not the entrance of this thought forbid:
O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted maid!
Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous youth,
"To draw out of the object of his eyes,"
The while on thee they gaze in simple truth,
Hues more exalted, "a refined form,"
That dreads not age nor suffers from the worm,
And never dies.

We should never forget that this tenement of clay which we worship, however fair and bright, is but the transient dwelling of an immortal spirit, which is destined to triumph over the frailties and survive the wreck of humanity. Let this idea be ever present, and it will confer a nobility and duration upon human affection, which nothing else can supply. It cannot fail to inspire a mutual reverence, which will render love sacred, and protect it from those damps and misgivings, that degradation and decay, to which it might otherwise be exposed from the weakness and variableness of human nature. But language cannot do justice to this part of our subject, which must be left for its best elucidation to those

Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,
Through the pure light of female eyes,
Their sanctity revealing.

GRIEF.

In deep grief, we wholly forget what experience has taught every one—that all things and circumstances must be modified or changed by time. And in our state of drunkenness from the cup of affliction, we imagine that our present condition must be eternal, unchangeable, and ever the same. It is wonderful how quickly dejection—a state in which we view all things as clothed with the blackness of darkness, sometimes follows after joyfulness—a state in which we view all things as wrapt with a mantle of light. One dark or rosy idea, has the power of thus tinging with its own hue, the whole universe of things.

Williamsburg, Va.

G.

AMATOR LOQUITUR.

Queen of the quiet night!
 Where roams my absent love?
 Drinks she with me delight,
 Beneath thee, as we rove?
 She's far, she's far away,—
 Where roams she! Say, oh say?
 Zephyr! thy silken wing
 One little moment fold:
 Say—to her wilt thou sing
 What now thou'rt told?
 Then speed thee hence, and say
 "He thinks of thee, though far away!"

Star of the dewy eve!
 Does not her heart, like mine,
 Though far apart, receive
 Thine influence divine?
 Stay, sparkling planet, stay!
 Shine o'er the wanderer's way!

I look upon the streams
 Of my loved native river,
 And, as the moon's soft beams
 Upon its bosom quiver,
 I ask them, as they're playing,
 "Where is the dear one straying?"

Bend hither, gentle cloud!
 Flit not so swiftly past!
 Come from yon fleecy crowd,
 Flying away so fast!
 Thou wilt the wanderer see;
 Oh! tell her to think of me!

J. F. G.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. II.

Boston has been termed the "Literary Emporium." This title is said to have been bestowed by Edmund Kean, the tragedian. Not to disparage so distinguished an authority, I must express my ignorance of the peculiar claims which the capital of New England has to so enviable an appellation. Within the last score of years, she has sent forth but few original works, and those few,—with the exceptions of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" and such collections as Channing's Discourses and Webster's and Everett's Speeches, and Sparks's Writings of Washington,—have not produced any great impression throughout the country. New York and Philadelphia have, within the same period of time, poured forth volumes after volumes of original and edited works, which have elevated the standard of our literature, been republished in England, and removed from us the reproach of being a mere nation of tradesmen. The foolish question of "Who reads an American book?" is now no longer asked, and there are free communion and correspondence between literati on both sides of the Atlantic. It is, by no means, my intention to enter into the general subject of the progress of literature in the United States, (although that

would be a grand theme for any one, who had the information and the ability requisite for its proper treatment,) but I have made these remarks simply to introduce, to the many intelligent readers of the Messenger, some account of what is now doing in the literary world of New York, and of that publishing house, which rightly enjoys a higher distinction than any other in the country, from the character of its partners as well as on account of the extent and importance of its operations. I allude, of course, to Harper and Brothers.

This firm comprises four partners—brothers. Their names are James, John, Joseph and Fletcher. James and John commenced business, as printers in a small establishment in Dover street, twenty-three years ago. The first book which they published and in which the imprint appeared, "J. & J. Harper," was Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." This was successful—and its name and success afforded a happy prognostic of their future career; for, since the publication of that celebrated philosophical treatise, they have made many successful essays on the human understanding. The brothers are, at present, (to use a good Americanism) located in Cliff street. Upon the building, which they occupy, appears the same sign, which was placed there thirteen years ago, "J. & J. Harper's printing office." Shortly previous to their removal to this place, Joseph was received into the firm, and about one year afterwards, Fletcher, the youngest, became a co-partner. Thus united by the bands of interest as well as the stronger ties of fraternal affection, these four men present to the world an admirable illustration of the truth of the moral drawn from the fable of the bundle of rods. They have never separated, never dissevered their concerns, but have remained firmly bound and united together. Accordingly their prosperity has been large and constant. They are all married men and have, each, "sons and daughters." Their father, "the old man, is yet alive." I saw him the other day, a fine, bluff, hale, hearty, ruddy-cheeked farmer, who has outlived the allotted span of "three-score years and ten," yet has he not known a day of that "labor and sorrow," which the scriptures speak of as the doom of age. I talked with him about the country and the crops, and, hearing every word that I uttered as distinctly as I heard his, he told me stories about by-gone times, and, in ready answer to my questions, related instances of the mutations of our human affairs. It was truly an interesting spectacle to behold the good, old gentleman,—standing like a sturdy oak, strengthened by the storms of eighty winters,—in the midst of his men-children—whose children's children may, as I warmly hope,

"Make smooth the pillow of his final rest."

To convey a striking idea of the manner in which the brothers ("the boys," as their father calls them,) live together, I need only mention, that as long as they have been in business, and notwithstanding the difference of expense of each one, according to his mode of life or the size of his family,—they have never kept any separate accounts or had any settlement with regard to monies drawn from the house for their separate support.

The sheet, which they publish annually, and which is called their "Trade List," will show you the vast

number of their current publications, both standard and occasional. I send it herewith; but you must bear in mind that they have issued hundreds and hundreds of transitory books, which are at present entirely "out of print." They sometimes get letters from the West Indies and other distant ports—where the last Waverley novel still forms a topic of conversation—for some work, which was published by them many years ago, and of which no vestige remains; except, perchance, a thumbed, worn, dilapidated copy in the nook of some out-of-the-way circulating library. Had either of them taken care to preserve a copy of each of their publications, he would have possessed a curious library, in strange and various styles of typography. What book, among all, ever published by "the Harpers," think you, most sagacious Messenger, had the largest sale? You will hardly guess it. "ABERCROMBIE ON THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS." It is a volume of the Family Library, and its sale, to this date, has exceeded twenty thousand copies. The other volumes in this valuable collection have sold "excellent well," varying from seven to twelve thousand copies each. There are eighty-five volumes in the series. Bulwer's novels come next in the order of sale. Of the "half-dollar edition" of *Rienzi* (incredibly cheap!) fifteen thousand copies were sold. Among American writers (strange as it may appear!) Paulding's works have commanded the widest circulation. A different idea from this is probably entertained by those persons who chuckled over Mr. Willis's late slashing review in the *Corsair*; which, by the by, I regretted to see transferred to your pages, although you also gave the antidote administered to the public by the *Courier and Enquirer*.—*such as it was!* Mr. Willis's statements were untrue. Mr. Paulding is popular and his books *do* sell. Moreover, they were never sent to the editors of the *Corsair* for their commendation, as was intimated: at least they were never sent by the publishers. The cause of Mr. Willis's attack was a "secret grief," "a silent sorrow." You must know that he is quite a "*preux chevalier*," a gentleman who is extremely punctilious with regard to matters of personal attention and *etiquette*. He would probably be less disturbed by the most desolating criticism of his poems than by the least personal disrespect. When Mr. Willis was ruralizing with his *then* coadjutor, General Morris, on the romantic banks of the Hudson, Paulding was in the vicinity at the house of his relation, Hon. Gouverneur Kemble. Willis was never called upon by the Kembles or invited to their festivities, and he attributed the slight to the influence of Paulding. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*" The critic gave out that he was incited to his severity by the fact of Paulding's having abused his early productions in the *Courier and Enquirer*; but the least inquiry would have satisfied him upon that point; for Col. Webb is not the man to have hesitated, a single instant, to declare himself the real author of all the pasquinades, which had appeared in his journal, about Mr. N. P. Willis.

I have fallen into this digression purposely to make known the true issue in the case of Willis vs. Paulding; but now *revenons à nos moutons*. I should have used the expression American novelists, not writers, in speaking of Paulding; for none of his productions can have been sold to the extent of Stephens' "Incidents of

Travel," or Miss Sedgwick's domestic tales "The Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man," "Live and let Live," &c. It is not difficult to account for the extraordinary success of "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land." Just after its publication, Mr. J. S. Buckingham, arrived in New York and commenced his lectures. He drew ten thousand people together, and to his audiences he commended in high terms the work of Mr. John L. Stephens. This he also did in other parts of the country. The consequence was an unprecedented demand for the book and the furnishing of the author's pockets to the pretty amount of some five or six thousand dollars! Look, besides, at the sacred associations which these Travels suggested! They passed over the very scenes of the Bible; they told the old names, with which our ears had long been familiar; and our minds, as we dwelt upon them, were filled with a "dim, religious light," and a pleasant, solemn music, like that which floats under the arches of a vast cathedral. The second series, "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia and Poland," was successful on the name of the first, but was far inferior. Besides being much less interesting, it lacks the quiet simplicity and perspicuous ease. The author of these works is now preparing for his mission to Guatemala—he is to be accompanied by Mr. Catherwood, of panoramic celebrity, who will take drawings of the famous ruins of the city of Palenque in South America, for the purpose of illustrating a work that Mr. Stephens proposes to write. Before Mr. Stephens shall have attained his "middle age," he will accumulate a competent fortune from his writings—an extraordinary fact in the history of American authorship, and the more remarkable when it is considered that he was not educated to literature.

I will now say a few words, though fewer than it deserves, about Harper's "School District Library." A more useful and valuable compilation of books of this kind in one published series was never made. It embraces history, voyages and travels, biography, natural history, the physical sciences, agriculture, manufactures, the arts, commerce, *belles lettres*, and the history and philosophy of education. The first series consisted of fifty volumes, and these were put up in a neat case, and sold for TWENTY DOLLARS! A second series is now in the press, which is to include, additionally, all of "Sparks's American Biography," to be sold at one half their original price. This is certainly "diffusing useful knowledge;" it is of itself sufficient to form an era in the history of learning. The Library is used in all the district schools of the "empire state," and is highly recommended by the late and present secretaries of state and commissioners of common schools, and by the late governor. As there is nothing sectional about it, nothing suited to one part of the country more than another, what could you do better than introduce the second series into the schools of the "Old Dominion?" With a few additions, such as a history of Virginia—but hold! I look at the list, and lo! there is already a "History of Virginia with engravings," and there is moreover, to commend the whole, a "life of Washington." It strikes me he was a Virginian! There is a life too of captain John Smith. Was not he a Virginian? One would think indeed that this Library had been compiled as much for your state as

for ours. Your board of education should look to it; nothing cheaper; nothing better could be universally introduced into your common schools.

Of equal though not of such general value as the "School District Library," is professor Anthon's "Series of Classical Works." These have, as I have been glad to observe, been discriminatingly and satisfactorily commended from time to time in the Southern Literary Messenger, as well as in the New York Review, the Knickerbocker, the Democratic Review, the New Yorker, the New York Mirror, and other periodicals of high repute. How vividly do I remember the toil and struggle with which, when a lad at school, I dug into the unilluminated text of the old editions, with their horrid marginal references, and impenetrable notes! I used to think it a sin, to peep into a translation for the solution of a knotty sentence—and, as for pretending to comprehend what I could translate, dear me! I never dreamed of such a thing. I should have devoured an English note or explanation with the avidity of a starved urchin; but no, the notes were in a barbarous latinity, ten times more difficult to get at than the text. Oh, the agony of my young spirit, when I carried up my weary, aching head and my detested task to the pedagogue, who, with ferule-tripod in hand, governed the waves of boyish tumult—and looked to me far more terrible than Virgil's Neptune. Pardon me this divergence a little farther still, my dear Messenger, while I describe my school-dictator in the verse of a poet, unknown to us—but who was in nature as he was in name a *Bird of song**—

"——The grandeur of his face
Was like the ancient Roman's, wisely stern;
He did not *teach*, but ordered us to *learn*!
In all the solemn labor of the school,
He thought, and looked, and moved, and spoke by rule,
And, as he shook his learned head, and cast
His eye around, that threatened as it past,
Each glance was measured, every shake so true,
That e'en the motion of his ponderous queue
Seemed like a formal pendulum of lead,
To time the mental clock-work of his head!
• • • • •
Such was the man, who, at my father's board
Dined twice a year, and, from his brain, ill-stored,
Quoted with pride—methinks I hear him speak—
Three scraps of barbarous Latin, four of Greek,
Which made my father stare, my mother sigh,
And wish her son just such a prodigy!"

Thanks to the progressive spirit of the age and the democratic principles of small boys, such pedagogues are now-a-days rarely seen; and thanks, a thousand times repeated, to the publishers and editor, who, by giving such books, as those in the Classical Series, have made the rough paths plain and the crooked paths straight to the tender and inexperienced feet of youthful students. Professor Anthon's editions should go into all seminaries and colleges. We ought to mention as an important companion to them "Leverett's Latin Lexicon;" for it is better than any heretofore published either in England or in this country. It is, as I learn from the *dicta* of scholars as well as from my own investigation, throughout strictly correct. You will be gratified to learn that Professor Anthon has in preparation and in the press a classical dictionary, intended to take the place of that very deficient one, translated from

* The late James Bird, an English poet.

Lemprière, which has been so long used in English schools.

The mention of a work in press reminds me of my intention to tell you something about the lighter, literary matters that are talked of just now. Your friend, professor Ingraham, has nearly ready a new novel called "The Quadron." A taking title—and doubtless, like his other romances, it will be replete with spirit-stirring incidents and marvel-making scenes. The scene is laid in New Orleans. He is passing his summer among the life-giving breezes of Schooley's mountain. It is said that he intends a voyage to England in the autumn, in company with the brilliant editor of the Louisville Journal, George D. Prentice. I hear that W. Gilmore Simms has in contemplation a romantic history of the Marion and Sumpter wars in South Carolina—a noble idea and in the hands of a highly accomplished writer. You ought to anticipate its appearance by giving us some extracts in the Messenger. It may be in full progress by this time. Halleck has been persuaded at last by the Harpers (they must have *harped* on one string for a long time,) to publish "Fanny," and his Croaker pieces. They appear in a neat volume, with a vignette view of Weehawken, concerning which he most exaggeratingly sings—

"Weehawken! In thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of Nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy is met;
And never has a summer morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene—"

I would quote on for the length of six stanzas, if the passage had not been in two-thirds of the newspapers in the Union—because they are worth all the rest of the *poetry* in the volume. But poetic license never revelled in more outrageous hyperbole. Weehawken is a pretty place and commands some fine views; but there are a dozen spots in the vicinity of New York much more beautiful. Halleck's versification is often melodiously musical. Take the following specimen from his epistle to Walter Bowne:

Where are they now? With shapes of air,
The caravan of things that were,
Journeying to their nameless home,
Like Mecca's pilgrims from her tomb;
With the lost Pielad; with the wars
Of Agamemnon's ancestors;
With their own years of joy and grief,
Spring's bud and Autumn's faded leaf;
With birds that round their cradles flew;
With winds that in their boyhood blew;
With last night's dream and last night's dew.

The rhymes of the first three couplets are execrable; the poetry of the last three verses is very beautiful—and the whole flows as sweetly on as if it melted from the lips of a silver-tongued improvisatrice. The best of these poetical *jeux d'esprit*, these minglings of fancy and fun, is the epistle to Recorder Riker. The first quotation prefixed to it, is extremely felicitous. The pun is perfect.

"On they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft *Recorders*."

Milton.

I cannot deny you the pleasure of two more samples of Mr. Halleck's versification. It is nearly as faultless as Campbell's. Of the following, the first need not be understood—read it for the sound! The second is a graceful tribute to the genius of two contemporaries.

"Thus shades the green and growing vine
The rough bark of the mountain pine,
Thus round her freedom's waking steel
Harmodius wreathed his country's myrtle;
And thus the golden lemon's peel
Gives fragrance to a bowl of turtle."

"*Hillhouse*, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to Heaven—whose poet-dreams
Are pure and holy as the hymn
Echoed from harps of seraphim,
By bards that drank at Zion's fountains
When glory, peace, and hope were hers,
And beautiful upon her mountains
The feet of angel messengers;—
Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart, its teachers and its joy,
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way;
Beings of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb;
But those that graced his own Green River,
And wreathed the lauce of his home,
Charm'd by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever."

The little volume before me comprises simply Halleck's playful pieces; his Alnwick Castle, and other poems of a more serious cast, are soon to appear in a new edition, with probably some new stanzas, if the poet be not too incorrigibly lazy. You will learn my opinion of this author's rank as a poet from an article in a late number of the Democratic Review, entitled "Recent American Poetry." That article ought to express my opinions, since I wrote it myself. I shall not bid you good bye for this month, most patient Messenger, until I tell you of two new works which are shortly to be ushered before the public, which will make some pleasant noise in the literary circles. "*Hyperion*," by Professor Henry W. Longfellow, is printed and ready to be published. Why it is not, Mr. S. Colman can tell, not I. I have read every word of it with complete delight. It is a prose-poem of the most quaint and delicate workmanship. There is just narrative enough to it to serve as a thread to hold many pearls, not "at random" but in order "strung." The scenes are laid on the European continent. I will say no more now, as I mean that you shall have a notice of it, at least. The printing of the other work has just been commenced by the Harpers. They are not to issue it till after its publication in England. When that will be, who knows but Colburn? It is called "*Morton's Hope*." The editor of the New Yorker has seen it, and describes it, as written in a clear, vigorous and beautiful style. He says, in his last week's paper, that it will elicit "higher praise from higher sources than any work of the kind ever before given to the public in this country." By the way, I hear that the Harpers are to bring out the lyrics of your friend and correspondent, Park Benjamin. What do you think of it? Is he wise to venture upon such a collection of his "unconsidered trifles?"

I should have mentioned, as an evidence of the extent of the work and business of these publishers with the musical name, that they employ one hundred and twenty-five men and seventy-five girls, (very pretty ones too!) that they occupy two large buildings, and that they have invested in stereotype plates, full two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. "No more, at present," from your faithful

PROBUS.

New York, August 13, 1839.

NEW WORKS.

We would remark here, once for all, that we have only read portions of the works mentioned below. Our brief reviews, therefore, are not entitled even to the usual weight of opinions, but only of opinions founded upon partial examination. We begin with

Sejanus, and other Roman Tales. New York—F. Saunders—1839.

One of the most beneficial and interesting modes in which fiction can be employed, is that of illustrating historical events. Even to those well versed in the records of the past, a well-written and skilfully conducted tale, selecting its actors, incidents and machinery from those things which have really occurred and are chronicled among the annals of nations, will render facts long since learned, fresh and familiar; and those events of which he has read in dry and ponderous tomes, reanimated and arranged by the power of genius, with the light of its imagination shed over the whole, clothed in the garb of romance, linked with the minute action of particular characters and moving amid glowing scenery, will leave a more vivid idea of that which was reality, and impress the memory deeper than before. But the writer of fiction should ever possess the consciousness that he writes not merely for the literary man and the scholar, but to a great extent for those to whom history is only known in its prominent features and general outline. Those whom absorbing devotion to business and severe labor hinder from perusing the more substantial works of literature; or rather, whose inclination prevents—will seize upon the novel and the tale to while away their hour of relaxation or of idleness. He, then, who interweaves some historical truth among the web and woof of his story—giving it dramatic force and the interest of romance—may bestow much real benefit, as well as amusement, upon a large portion of those for whom he caters. The fact, moreover, that it is founded on history—that those who move in his legend have really trodden this earth and spoke and acted among humanity—that such and such events have actually taken place and left their marks and their monuments, will add to and deepen the interest of the reader.

We think it highly probable that this method was one secret of the triumph of Sir Walter Scott over his predecessors. Instead of sentimental heroes and sighing and thwarted "love-y-ers"—instead of wo-begone and persecuted damsels stalking through eight volumes, wearing the bloom off their cheeks, and every now and then "burating into a flood of tears"—instead of mysterious chambers, curtained skeletons, rusty daggers, wax-lights and trap-doors—he seized upon real life and blended history with his fictions. We open his books and the slogan comes pealing down upon us from crag and glen, the psalm of the stern covenanters goes up from hill and heather, and the mail-sheathed hosts and tossing plumes of chivalry, rush in upon the arena before us. We see the giant Coeur de Lion as he embraces the royal Saladin; we hear the cry of the heralds and the shouts of the multitude as they burst from the lists at Ashby. True, he did not neglect those all-essential ingredients of romance which those before him had em-

ployed—but he threw them in a new light—he connected them with treasured themes and interesting facts. Hence one great excellence of his works.

The volume before us is composed of tales founded upon events of Roman history. The period chosen is a deeply interesting one—that in which the shadows began to fall upon the imperial city, and the principle of decline to work with its weakening influences upon her palaces and altars. High and eloquent themes for the writer of fiction lie around the blood-washed throne of Nero, and all through the lapse, until the dark and hurrying hosts of the barbarian rushed in upon her like waves of desolation.

The author of this work, as some of our readers at least know, is Mr. Maturin, a son of the celebrated writer of that name. We do not know that these tales are any better if as good, as those written, we think, by Brooks a few years since—at least judging, in both cases, by specimens. There is no great skill displayed in plot, but they are well written and evince merit.

He seems, like his sire, somewhat fond of the horrible, although his taste does not evince itself in creations so supernatural and wild as those of the author of *Melmoth*. The promise of this work will, we trust, brighten into a steady and secure reputation. We give one extract—the last interview of Sejanus with his wife—as a specimen of the author's powers, from which, it is possible, our readers may be better enabled to form an opinion than from our crude and short critique.

"Nay, why art thou here?" said the prisoner, as he turned impatiently from Apicata, and, as conscious of his own pollution, shrank from her embrace. "Have I asked this of thee, to come and look upon me chained like one whose hour is appointed? Prythee, tell me not now of love, for mine hath been unhappy and accursed." "Had'st thou made thy wife," rejoined Apicata, her voice struggling with the bitterness of tears, "the truster of this foul secret, the unholy love thou speak'st of had not now a single pang for thee. But I will not chide thee now," she continued, clasping to her breast her degraded husband, while a smile faintly strove with her wild expression of grief. "Think not, in this last and dismal hour, which parts our love forever, making me lone and widowed, and this, thy child, fatherless—think not, though the gods desert, and man frowns on thee, that the same fate which makes the cold and senseless world thine enemy, can chill the heart of wife or child to thee. Nay, turn not from me—we will not part—they dare not—" "Dare not!" retorted Sejanus, "What dares not the torrent when ruled by the tempest? What dares not the lightning when cloud meets cloud? But why—why," he added, "linger out the agony of our parting moments? Better the bolt should fall upon its victim, than hover on in silence and in vengeance." "I came not here," replied Apicata, clinging to him with that ardor which seemed to omen a last embrace, and mock the hopes she strove to lend—"I came not here to listen to despair—to add weight to the fetters which encompass thee, or gloom to the dungeon which cuts thee off from life and joy. I came to speak of hope, of pardon, and of freedom. Caesar hath been ever gracious to thee—can he turn in silence from the prayers of mother and child?" "No more—no more;—no wife—no child," cried the wretched man, subdued to tears, the associations of home kindling once again the embers of expiring nature, and softening the obduracy of guilt—"No wife—no child," he continued, clasping his hands to his eyes, as though to exclude the objects which reminded him of honor, happiness, and innocence. "They are here—here, amid the terrors

which surround, and the dangers which await thee," exclaimed Apicata, weeping on the hand she pressed in her's; "kneel—kneel with me, my child," she added, addressing her young daughter, whose tears gave strength to the appeal of the kneeling mother—"look on us at thy feet—look on and bless us. We will not part from thee, though man should doom, and death claim thee. The hand that lights thy pile, shall build one even for us."

As Apicata and her child knelt before him in their attitude of prayer and grief, the wretched man endeavored to conquer those recollections of home and happier hours, awakened by their presence—ashamed to show the feelings he could not subdue, he started impatiently from the spot, and walked to the remote end of the cell. The struggle was vain. Though power and ambition had alienated him from the ties and feelings of home, and obstructed the stream of Nature, poisoning her waters, and checking her impulses, yet the terrible summons of the last hour, and the warning voice of death, which sent its hollow echo through the dungeon, awoke once again within the heart, the father and the husband. He turned, and clasping his child to his bosom, wept upon it. It was long since that heart had known a single throb of Nature; yet, in the hour of parting and of death, she returned to weep amid the waste she left a paradise.

"My child—my child," he said, kissing it tenderly, his voice feeble and broken; "pardon that I have forgotten thee—have passed in heedlessness those happier hours, when I might have caught thy smile, and treasured it as a beam upon my path—when I might have heard thy voice of gladness, and deemed it some sweet strain to charm me from ill, and guide me on to good. Thy tears—thy tears, my child—they come too late. Wretch that I am! The child weeps upon the sire!—The gods—the gods, my child, preserve and guard thee ever!"

The last pulse of nature had scarcely died in that sad embrace, when a wild and furious shout, which resembled more the roar of distant waters than the union of human voices, broke on the ear of the wretched pair. To the murderer, it bore the omen of judgment. He clasped his child with a convulsive energy to his heart—he wept once more upon it—and once more mingled blessings with his tears. Apicata still hung upon his neck, trembling as those fearful sounds rose and died in the distance. As they approached, the name "*Sejanus*," uttered with savage execration, by thousands that seemed to have but one word to speak, reached them with an appalling distinctness. The unhappy couple clung still more closely together, as though Nature rallied her energies to meet the fearful hour which was to destroy and paralyse them. The tempest had slumbered but for a moment, only to renew its strength. Again it rose, the tones more wild, and the curses more bitter, as proximity gave them additional power—"Sejanus to the Gemonie!* The Tiber! To death with the murderer!" Such were the fearful expressions which reached the cell from that yelling ocean of human beings, as they moved onward to the prison from the Temple of Concord, where the Senate had met and condemned Sejanus; the mighty mass animated by the one murderous cry, and bound by the one iron chain—Vengeance!

In the pauses of that fearful yell, not a word had passed between wife and husband. Sejanus' eyes were fixed upon the open space before the dungeon. Flight could not preserve him—his pursuers were even now at his prison door. As the shouting rose more strongly, he endeavored to move from the spot, for the purpose of concealing himself in some remote corner of the cell. He could not stir. Unconsciously he bore the helpless form of Apicata, who had swooned in his arms, and his

* The *Gemonie Scala*, were a flight of steps at the foot of the Capitoline hill, where were exposed the bodies of malefactors, and thence dragged by hooks to be plunged in the Tiber.

† The Senate met in different temples.

child still clung to him, embittering his agonies with its tears and lamentations.

Still rapidly came on the fierce and disordered mass, and louder rose upon his affrighted ear the cries of the many-mouthed monster for vengeance. More fervently in that moment of despair he clasped the fainting form to his breast, and felt even the pulseless, inert burthen link him more strongly to hope. Savage and merciless though the crowd might be, could it while the ties of nature thus coiled around him—wife and child speechless in his embrace—cry aloud for his blood, and wreak its vengeance?

While the miserable man thus clung to a shattered raft amid the waste which swam before, and the storm which pealed around him, the yelling of the mob and imprecations on his name came on still nearer, like waves that gather in the distance, and, bearing on the fragments of the wreck, bring the ghastly offering at our feet. A moment more, and the leaders stood before their victim.

They looked on him, pale and trembling in the embrace of his wife and child, but the sternness that bowed the iron and resolute visage of each, showed that the heart was impervious to the silent appeal of nature. Still on they came, tumultuously; every shout a curse upon his name—every cry, for vengeance. The eyes of Sejanus passed unconsciously from one to the other, as in fierce and impenetrable array they ranged themselves before his dungeon; some armed with clubs, others with swords, as design had provided, or chance flung them in their way. A dim and confused mass floated before his imagination: he could not trace a single feature, nor recognise a single voice, but the dreadful perception weighed upon his mind of one vast body knit together for the same dreadful purpose—death and destruction.

"Away, away with him! the rope! the hook!" the murderer to the Tiber!" burst with a simultaneous discord from the multitude—and, as they shouted, the ghastly instruments of execution were exhibited, and one mighty rush on the moment filled the cell. Sejanus spoke not, stirred not; he stood perfectly motionless, save for a convulsive tremor of the arm as it unconsciously clasped more closely, for the last time, the pledges which life had left him.

Regardless of the protection vouchsafed to him in the presence of wife or child, they grasped him violently and bound him. One shrill cry from the wretched man, as he struggled with his foes, for mercy, woke Apicata from her trance. The child knelt to its father's enemies, clasped its hands in the speechless terror of childhood, and what it could not ask with words, implored with tears. By its side knelt its mother, her hands clasped to her fevered brain, and the frenzied expression of the eye, denoting the pain and agony of the heart.

"Death! death!" rang on all sides with fearful force making the dungeon vocal with the terror of its echo, and the demon-fierceness of its instruments. Vain and impotent were the struggles of the wretched man against the overpowering mass that pressed upon him, each eager in the work of blood, and deeming vengeance alone the expiation for the murdered heir of the Cæsars. In the pauses of their unbridled rage rose the voice of Sejanus for "mercy!" stifled with terror and the exhaustion of physical struggle, like the choked voice of the sinking swimmer amid the momentary slumber of the tempest.

"Mercy? mercy? Ha, ha! Mercy to the murderer? Away with him!" was the infuriated and deriding answer, as almost with one hand, they grasped and tore him from the innocent forms which still clung to him.

"Have ye no mercy? mercy for his wife and child?" cried Apicata, following them on her knees as they tore him from her presence, her hands locked with a convulsive agony, "a wife—a woman, kneels, implores ye as men. Leave not," she continued, clasping her child and presenting it to the multitude, with that passionate and unuttered eloquence of gesture which nature

lends the mother in the moment which threatens her offspring; "leave not this child fatherless, she hath not wronged ye. Her tears speak her innocence, and beg in silence for the father."

She spoke to stones, to men hardened by the contemplation of the crimes they came to avenge, and deaf to every sound save the reiterated cry which burst from their own lips—"death! death!"

"The rope! the hook! the Tiber!" rose once more around and above them. The hideous images created by these words inspired Sejanus with a wild and terrific energy, which for the moment baffled even the strength of numbers. He rushed upon his most forward antagonist, and, seizing a club, hewed his way through the pressing crowd. It was vain, however, as the delusive strength which precedes the final throes of life, lending the hope of a moment to the dying; the club was stricken from his hand, and gasping, shrieking, and struggling, he was overpowered and borne down breathless to the earth.

"Guilty! guilty!" shrieked the doomed man, his smothered voice scarcely rising amid the pressure and the tumult, "still, mercy—mercy—oh! spare—"

A blow laid him dead at their feet, in the very moment of entreaty; the rope had been adjusted round his body, and, amid a burst of savage exultation which seemed to anticipate even posthumous revenge, he was dragged from the prison.

Mother and child were now the solitary tenants of that dismal cell. Some moments after they had left the prison, she endeavored to collect her scattered senses; she looked round wildly; she could individualize neither object nor place; time seemed to fly with a speed which bore away the reality of the image, only to leave its horror in the dream; the dim perception of furious clamor rang in her ear, and the figures of armed men surrounded her in a dense and congregated mass; a frown knit every brow, and sternness compressed every lip; yet was every thing in that moment confused and impalpable.

Amid this vague and wildering thought, she felt the arms of her little daughter Claudia clasping her neck, she heard her soft and sorrowful voice, as vainly she breathed accents of tenderness and consolation. The voice of her child was a link to the horrors of the scene she had witnessed; with the force of a spell it re-painted the murderous mob, as they pressed around, and trampled to the earth her husband; she heard her husband's dying shriek; she saw once again the terrible and convulsive struggle of his last moment. As she dwelt upon the vision, imagination gave it a deeper coloring, and a tangibility more hideous even than sight itself; she seized her child and rushed from the spot, where she had knelt, and beheld her husband's murder. But nature was faint and sick with the horrors that had curdled her warmest stream, and burst her strongest ties; she tottered forward a few steps, bearing her child, and sank with it lifeless on the dungeon-floor."

The Characters of Schiller. By Mrs. Ellet. Boston—Otis, Broad-
ers and Co.—1839.

We think that the readers of this work will feel disposed to say, that Mrs. Ellet has furnished them with a rich mental banquet. At least, we have read some seventy or eighty pages in it and say so ourselves. The style is elegant, and the analysis of character well conducted. Of this, we give the following specimen—that of Philip the second:

"Philip, as first in place, claims our attention; hard-hearted, cold-blooded, selfish and cruel by nature, limited in his intellect, unrestrained by moral principle, and of unbounded pride, he is thoroughly a tyrant. His ruling motive is a desire to extend and consolidate his own power; to this the promptings of nature and the dictates of humanity have been ever sacrificed. He

has no sympathy with a single fellow being; he has passed through life without a friend; uncared for by those most dependent upon his caprices, forever confined within the narrow circle of his own immediate self-interests—the gloom of his soul never lighted up by a single spark of any great or generous emotion. Yet we do not see him brooding over his cold and solitary destiny; he sways a mighty sceptre with an iron hand, with an indomitable will, and finds his employment and pleasure in subduing the force of others, in adding to the vast distance that already separates him from inferior mortals. To elevate himself, and through himself, all that bears relation to his greatness, is the sole aim of his existence; an aim which he pursues steadily and unswervingly, and to which he would render all things else subservient. His bigotry and relentless tyranny have plunged the Netherlands into misery, and excited them to revolt; but the flinty despot dreams not of retracing a step of his course, to secure their allegiance; the thought of their sufferings, of conciliating clemency, finds no place in his mind; he discerns afar off the goal of his wishes, unlimited sovereignty;—the path to it is through blood and misery, over the trampled bodies of thousands of his subjects—the desolation of widows—the ruin of orphans—the blight of a prosperous and happy land—but he pauses not, though the sympathies of Europe for an outraged nation call on him to forbear! His understanding, fettered by selfishness, admits not the idea of the spirit of independence that is abroad; he hopes to conclude his work by the same means that begun it; to fling

“Himself against the wheel of a world’s fate.”

“This very resistless and relentless will, this immutable direction of purpose, invests Philip with a species of grandeur, a dignity, which revolting and appalling as it is, infallibly secures him from contempt. His cold cruelty excites our hatred; his despotic power, and the deliberate barbarity with which he uses it, awaken fear; but scorn is not for him; he is a dark and dreadful being, locking up in his breast, inaccessible to human emotion, designs and resolves fit for the conception of a demon—walking among men the object of mysterious terror, to blast and to destroy. His gloomy and austere superstition strengthens and heightens his other evil qualities, by stamping his actions with its terrible sanction. His jealousy is the offspring of pride; a pride of no generous origin, and producing no salutary effects; such a passion as might dwell in the bosom of the enemy of mankind. In the depths of his soul no soft or beautiful image is ever reflected; the stern and the hateful alone abide in those recesses unvisited by kindly gleams of sunshine. This picture is gradually unfolded to us in the course of the tragedy.”

We venture to say, that those who are not acquainted with the writings of the great German dramatist, will derive much instruction from the perusal of this work, and those who are, much gratification.

Harry Franco; a Tale of the Great Panic. New York—F. Saunders—1839.

We do not know whether we would be right in saying that the present is a period remarkable for the *cacethes scribendi* in the way of novels—but of the fact that the market is filled with works in this department of literature we are distinctly aware. But, if copy-rights can be sold and readers obtained, we have no objection in this point of view—it is a consolatory truism that we are not obliged to read all that is issued. There must, however, we would say, as a necessary consequence in such a mass, be much that is indifferent—much trash. We are gratified to see the intellectual developing itself among our national characteristics, but

we are by no means so infatuated as to suppose that one half—we will say one third—of what is written in this way, will reach a second edition, if they escape oblivion for a twelve-month—much less that they will add anything solid or brilliant to the monuments of our national literature.

These remarks are general, and are not meant particularly to apply to the work before us; although those who have taken more time and instituted a more thorough examination, for the purpose of passing judgment, may decide that they do so apply.

For our own part, we have been pleased with the portions of Harry Franco which we have read. It is filled with well-told adventures, is interesting and instructive. The style is easy, and the incidents, on the whole, natural and life-like. We commend it to our readers, especially to the young who are setting out in the world, to battle with its storms, and to encounter its snares and temptations.

We repeat that we were gratified with what we read. We, of course, do not pretend to offer special criticisms upon the work. We commend it to public favor, and hope that the author will not let his pen lie idle or cease from his literary labors.

North American Review—No. CIV. July, 1839.

This work is too well known to need commendation from our pen. It has long sustained a high place in our literature, and we trust that it receives the support which it merits. Those interested in metaphysics, will find an article suited to their taste, in this number, in the paper upon *Kant and his philosophy*, while all will be gratified by that entitled *Self Cultivation of the Christian Minister*. We commend the North American Review, earnestly, to public favor—to the patronage of our countrymen.

Literary Examiner, or Western Monthly Review—by E. Burke Fisher—Pittsburg, Pa.

We have been favored by the publisher with the second and third numbers of the “Literary Examiner or Western Monthly Review”—(the first it is presumed has miscarried)—published in the city of Pittsburg and edited by E. Burke Fisher—a gentleman of fine literary attainments. The work is of beautiful typography and each number contains nearly eighty pages of interesting matter. Many of the articles which our leisure has enabled us to read, are written with great ability, and there are none we believe not entitled to the character of respectable mediocrity. The tone of the numbers before us is both moral and patriotic, and the editor evinces the laudable resolution not to be behind in the race of periodical literature. We wish him and his infant enterprise success most cordially. And why should he not succeed? Pittsburg alone, it has been recently stated, including its environs, contains a population of fifty thousand,—and the rapid increase of our whole country is truly astonishing. Well does Capt. Marryatt say that statistical works on the United States, though accurate when written, cease to be so by the time they pass through the hands of the compositor and pressman. The fact is, that literary periodicals are as much the cause as the effect of literary appetite,—just as rail-roads increase travelling, whilst at the same time they accommodate it. Able, high-

toned and pure spirited works, like the "Examiner," are destined to exercise an important influence in our country. The world seems to be in a state of fermentation, and we have our full share of it. It is not to be denied that doctrines, sentiments and theories are promulgated and designs meditated, which are at war with the cause of virtue and sound morals, and if not counteracted will sooner or later destroy every thing like individual and national safety and happiness. Hence the necessity for all good men, who have the means, to encourage every thing calculated to arrest the march of corruption and decay. We must never cease in our efforts to promote the great cause of universal education. We must strive to purify public opinion and elevate the standard of public and private morality. We must endeavor to inspire the love of virtue and a taste for the beautiful and good both in art and nature. Our countrymen are too much wedded to the sordid pursuit of gain. How to grow rich, seems to be the only problem worthy of solution. To be free, virtuous, and happy, are objects of comparative insignificance!

The editor of the Messenger is one of the agents for the Examiner, and will with great pleasure receive subscriptions.

THE COPY-BOOK—NO. VIII.

A letter from Theodorick Bland, Jr., to his lady—copied from the original, and never before published.

My Dearest Patsy,—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of your three letters, (besides one I received on the road, favored by Capt. Nelson,) the first dated the 10th day of inoculation, the second the 3d day of February, and the last the 1st day of February. I am now set down with the serious intention of answering them, and of indulging myself after two or three days marching and counter-marching, in a little chat with my angel, my Patsy. But not like you, I have begun, and perhaps may end, with an account of myself. Oh, Patsy, why do you not speculate always of yourself, of your state of health, of your thoughts, and your actions;—of your thoughts, I confess you do;—but do not suffer them to run wild in the exuberance of your fertile, (for our situation) too fertile imagination. Believe me, my dearest wife, that Providence, to whom you fervently pray, will hear your prayer, and shield your husband from harm. The horrors of war, I mean the dangers of the field, are fewer than your fears and feelings suggest to you. I have been in the field; I have seen the enemy drawn up; and am safely returned to a mansion, as peaceful, though not so pleasant as our little farm. We have this day been amused with a distant engagement, which we since learn was at a place called Quibble Town, where there was an incessant fire of cannon and small arms for near three hours; the particulars are not yet come to hand. I was two days ago with part of my regiment, and a body of troops under the command of General Sullivan, on a foraging party; our plan was executed: one or two of the light horse fired a shot or two at a small party of the enemy; a party of foot marched up to attack them, but they retreated and left us the field, without the least damage done on either side. We brought off five or six hundred cattle, and about as many sheep, belonging to Tories, who had joined, and were about to join the enemy. Colonel Scott, of Virginia, had an engagement six or eight days ago, in which the enemy are said to have lost thirty men killed, and about sixty wounded; but from a tardiness in another officer, was obliged to retreat, leaving eight men killed, and ten or twelve wounded. The enemy were near treble his number, and he behaved gallantly. But oh, my dear, shall I tell you of the disgrace of our countryman, —. It will fly soon enough; I shall therefore say no more: a court martial has been this day held on him, and the best that can happen to him, will be to be broke with infamy. But what are these things to my Patsy? They are the common talk of the camp, and I thought I would give it to you. In your letter of February 1st, you tell me you have been (exceedingly) ill for five days; but think, my dear, how cruelly you have stopped: you do not tell me you are now well, nor can I know, but by the *have been*, and inferring from your hand-writing, and your going to the glass. You do not know, my dear, what doubts I

have had with myself, and what altercations in my own mind, whether you went to the glass, or the glass came to you. Such things as these are easily cleared up. Do not, my dear, torture me at a distance, with "but enough of myself." Of whom else is it I wish to hear? For God's sake, my dear, when you are writing, write of nothing but yourself, or at least exhaust that dear, ever dear subject, before you make a transition to another; tell me of your going to bed, of your rising, of the hour you breakfast, dine, sup, visit; tell me of any thing, but leave me not in doubt about your health. You began well,

but then you abruptly break off, and say, "but my fate cannot yet be determined." Has the doctor said so, or do I mistake the idea? Heaven grant I may. How cruel is this, my dearest girl, to leave me in suspense? Why, my dearest girl, will you torment yourself, in your letter of the third, by anticipating evil to yourself and me, and by a comparison of your situation with those who are apparently happier? Consider, my Patsy, you are a philosopher—you are a heroine—your feelings I love, but why turn them to your torture, or my anguish? You dive not, my dearest, into the dreary mansions, and lonely retreats of those who pass your window, with cheerful faces, and hasty steps. You feel not their woes—you see not their troubles; they may have husbands pining in dungeons, children ready to devour the scanty morsel that hard labor, and frugal industry may have scarcely earned, unknowing where the next morsel is to come from. They may have their nearest connections swallowed up at sea, or devoured by the horrid engines of destruction—they may not have a pillow whereon to rest their weary heads. From these, I thank my God, my Patsy is yet secure. Could you behold the distress that ravaging war has occasioned, in this once delightful spot, this garden of the world, you would say 'twere wise to keep it from our doors at all events. What is the sacrifice of a few years to the good of the human species? what heart can behold the outrages committed here, and sit with inactive silence and look on with obdurate apathy? Fear not, my Patsy,—yes, "you will again feel your husband's lips flowing with love and affectionate warmth." Heaven never means to separate two who love so well, so soon; and if it does, with what transport shall we meet in Heaven? And does poor Dido sympathise with her dear mistress? take care of her, for her master's sake; but let not any accident that may befall her, add one atom to my dear's distress. Are you not an artful slut?—I too could, nay almost had made a blot. Did you not know the eloquence of that black spot in your letter? Why was the ink lighter colored than the writing? Was it not diluted with a precious drop from my dearest Patsy's eyes. I thought it was, and kissed it: henceforth I shall think a blot the most elegant writing. Not one letter. Yes, my dear, I have stolen from the silent night two hours about a week ago, and sent my heart to you in a sheet of paper. Have you not received it? I left it at head-quarters, and will inquire after it to-morrow—no, I cannot. To-morrow I shall go to Brunswick, if nothing happens to prevent it, by order of the general, with a flag of truce. It will be, I believe, a pleasant expedition. Perhaps I may meet some of my old acquaintances. You say, my love, you must see me for a very particular reason. As soon as it can be done with honor, my Patsy shall be gratified; but that, alas, (is now) impossible. I will not flatter, my dear; but why sit down in silent melancholy? Why make yourself, and me too, unhappy? No, my dearest girl, let me hear that you are easy, sprightly, gay and cheerful. It will not retard our happy meeting, nor sour our separation. Why, when the cup is bitter, will you add gall to it? Your prudence has suggested to me what I did not think of. What gold and silver you can conveniently spare, you may leave with Mr. Powell. Render him and his lady my best thanks for their kind regard and civility to my Patsy, and apologise for my not waiting on them before I left Philadelphia. You may give *** a kiss for his kindness to you, and that will pay the ***** well enough. I know I value it at above one hundred pounds. Tell him I will pay him money for inoculating the negroes, as much as he asks. His man is good for nothing; I have cursed him ten thousand times. His kindness is nevertheless in letting me have him. If Isaac can be conveniently spared, after being well smoked, washed, and dried, send him to me, and take Kit; if not, send Kit, after a thorough cleansing—it would be bad to communicate the small pox. Captain John Nelson, of my regiment, will accompany you to Virginia, if you go soon; but I will write another letter in a day or two. God bless you—my paper is out, and my candle burnt down. THEO'R BLAND.

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VOL. V.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1839.

No. X.

ODE TO LOVE.*

CHILD OF EDEN!—born in light,
Where Creation's wandering fires
Jewelled first the brow of night,
And the angels swept their lyres!—
Seraphs then by thee impelled,
Bent before the august throne,
And in ecstasy beheld
Thy bright effluence alone—
Glowing—burning—flashing down,
From Jehovah's awful crown!

CHILD OF PARADISE!—thy wings
Glorious as the morning spread,
When by Eden's glassy springs,
Earth's first pair of mortals wed;—
Lions terrible in strength
Court'd man's approving look,—
He before the serpent's length
Not as now in terror shook,
And the harps of angels played
Notes unearthly in the shade.

COMFORTER OF EARTH!—we kneel,
Drunk with pleasure, at thy shrine,
And in boyhood's rapture feel
Presence naught so sweet as thine.
In the mother's eye of blue—
In the virgin's blushing cheek,
Where the bright soul sparkling through,
Utters more than words can speak,—
In the first long kiss we see
Mirrored thy divinity.

Roll the battle's stormy drum!—
Wave the banner!—peal the fife!—
Hark! the fearful cry, "They come,
Sword to sword and life for life!"
See the patriot moved by thee,
Bleeding falls upon the sod;
Still he shouts "your watchwords be
FREEDOM! NATIVE LAND and GOD!"—
Hark the cannon's dying roll
Victory utters to his soul!

MURDER scowls his haggard brow!—
BLACK Revenge sits waiting by!—
Now the knife is lifted—now
Passion rolls her blood-shot eye!—
Softly—sweet thy words implore,
And thy smiles the brow have wreath'd;
PASSION's burning rage is o'er—
MURDER's glittering knife is sheath'd,—
For as brothers—friends embrace
In thy rosy dwelling place.

Leaps the storm-king from his cloud—
Bursts the whirlwind from his lair—
And the giant wood is bowed
In the tempest-troubled air!—
Save him, Heaven! the sheltering oak
Quivers—crashes on the ground;—
Scatheless of the thunder stroke;—
Tremblingly he looks around!—
Thine, oh! Love, the sheltering power
In Creation's darkest hour!

Gods from rugged marble start—
Blossoms gem the withered tree—
Glory is where'er thou art—
Ruin when bereft of thee!—
Ceased the ancient hymn of spheres—
Suns became at noon-day dim—
Mourning angels stood in tears—
Even shook the throne of HIM—
When thou for us glorified
In the mortal, suffered—died.*

MERCY'S SYMBOL!—at thy word
(Where the Tempest rear'd his form,
But his voice no longer heard,)
Rainbows wreathed the dying storm!
Thunders in their darkest ire—
Lightnings in their wildest flash—
Ætnas quench their deadliest fire—
Stormy oceans cease to dash—
When thy sunny brow appears
Sparkling from the clouded spheres!

ESSENCE BRIGHT!—thy fingers sweep
Nature's harp-strings, and her song
From the torrent-rill and deep,
Peals eternally long.

Where no eye has seen but His
Through the soundless sea of space,
Worlds by thee impelled in bliss
Roll with majesty and grace:—
Yes! where cherubs fear to tread,
Thou the dance of stars hast led!

GLORIOUS CHAIN! whose links unite
Earth to God's eternal seat—
Where the golden orbs of night
Are but clay beneath its feet—
Man—archangels—worlds adore thee—
Mountains—rivers—forests—flowers—
Torrents—oceans, bow before thee—
And the everlasting hours:—
Earth's assembled thousands bending
Round thine altar breathe the prayer—
Hail the day when seraphs blending
In the crimson clouds of air,
Ope thy temple—yet untrod
And unveil its monarch—God

Louisville, Sept. 1, 1839.

W. WALLACE.

* Crucifixion.

† Deluge.

* Love is here to be taken in its universal sense as the spirit that pervades all creation.

SECLUSAVAL;

OR THE

SEQUEL TO THE TALE OF “JUDITH BENSADDI.”

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG LAWYER IN THE GOLD COUNTRY.

When I wrote the former part of my story, I expected never again to hear of Judith Bensaddi. Her residence was in England—mine in the Apalachian mountains—among which, or at least within sight of their blue summits, I expected to spend my days. Whatever fortune might betide either of us, it seemed improbable that any intelligence of the one should ever reach the other. Heaven seemed to have ordained that our future experience should have nothing in common, except the sad remembrance of our disappointed love, which we might each in our far distant homes continue to cherish in secret, and I at least would cherish in loneliness and sorrow, to the last hour of life. But the way of man is not in himself. The power that rules our destiny had ordained that I should visit London, and there receive most affecting intelligence of Judith. What I heard—what followed to agitate and perplex me still more—and what the issue was—I shall now proceed to relate, after premising a brief recapitulation of my former story, in order to refresh the reader's memory.

I was studying law, when symptoms of consumption drove me from my native Rockbridge to spend a winter in South Carolina. In the spring I set out with renovated health, to return home by way of Charleston and the sea to Norfolk. In the stage I found Eli Bensaddi of London and his lovely sister Judith, going by the same route towards Boston. We travelled in company, mutually pleased to have met, and I somewhat more than pleased with the beautiful black-eyed sister.

On the first day of our voyage, poor Eli fell overboard and was lost. Judith, in her first paroxysm of grief, also fell into the sea, and was saved by my leaping into the water as she sank. I took charge of the lovely mourner, and was conducting her to a friend of hers in Boston, when my ankle was so sprained in Philadelphia, that we were detained ten days, until her cousin Von Caleb came from Boston to take her home.

Meantime, my love for this pure and amiable young lady grew so intense, that I declared myself and offered her marriage. She frankly confessed that our love was mutual; but, to my great surprise, informed me that she was a Jewess; and because I had not known and considered this fact, she would accept my offer of marriage, only upon the condition that after my return home, I should deliberately and freely ratify the engagement.

From her cousin Von Caleb, and a miserly Jew named Levi, I first learned that her father was a wealthy banker, and that an uncle had devised her an independent fortune of three thousand pounds a year.

Judith and I parted with deep sorrow. On my return, a fit of despondency came on me and presented my intended marriage with a Jewess in gloomy colors. After a severe and protracted struggle of opposite principles, I was able to decide in favor of the marriage through the influence of Judith's miniature, which she had given me. I wrote two letters; the one to go by the

miser Levi from New York, as had been arranged in Philadelphia; the other to go by the usual means of conveyance. The former was probably suppressed by the designing miser, who desired Judith to marry his son; the latter must have been accidentally lost by the way. I waited in vain for an answer till the next spring, when I prepared for a voyage to London that I might solve the mystery; but was deterred from going by the loss of Judith's portrait. This unfortunate accident threw me into another fit of mental gloom, and unfortunately put an end to all hope, and all exertion to secure the lovely prize of my heart. I rashly concluded that my innocent Judith was false.

The ensuing August I was surprised by the receipt of a letter from her, giving me the history of her disappointment and despair at my long silence—her struggle with hopeless love for me—her conversion to christianity through the persuasive eloquence of an amiable young gentleman, whom she had met with among the lakes in the north of England,—and her final consent to marry that gentleman, to whom she was indebted for her christian hope and consolation.

This letter filled me with grief, with self-reproach, and with unutterable despair. Such was the unhappy conclusion for the time, and as I then thought forever, of my love-adventure with the beautiful, the accomplished, and the pure-hearted Judith Bensaddi.

All that I could now do, was to love without hope, and to mourn without consolation for my lost bride, until time and some other engaging pursuit, should distil their mitigating balm into my deeply-wounded heart.

Now I would fain hear no more of my lost one; that I might ever think of her as my own lovely bride, snatched by some evil fate from my arms, between the betrothal and the nuptials. I abhorred the conception that she lived on this earth, as the happy or the unhappy wife of another man. Whenever I found the train of my thoughts leading towards this painful conception, I shuddered and broke off the train, saying with king Lear in the tragedy, “Ah, that way madness lies.”

My only hope of relief from paralyzing melancholy, was to engage promptly and assiduously in the practice of my profession. My preparation was thorough and complete. Experience had now taught me the evil effects of indecision and melancholy. Dearly had I paid for the indulgence of these native tendencies of my mind. I was reduced to such a state that I must rally or perish. I summoned all my remaining energies to the rescue. I resolved to make the weak points of my character the objects of constant watchfulness, and of strenuous efforts at moral improvement. With the Divine blessing I succeeded in overcoming them, not wholly nor at once; (for vices of character are not cast off by a single effort;) but to such a degree from time to time, as to encourage persevering exertions, and to furnish a salutary example for the imitation of other young men.

My circumstances required a field of action more wide and promising than my native Rockbridge. I determined to try my fortune among the gathering population and stirring pursuits of the Carolinian gold country.

The day before I left the home of my youth, I took

a farewell ramble over the loved scenes of the vicinage. Among other spots of peculiar interest, I visited the one by the river side, where I had so unfortunately dropped my Judith's miniature. I searched once more, if peradventure I might find the golden locket-case; for the portrait I presumed to have been blotted out forever by the envious water. To my joyful surprise, I found the elegant case lodged in a crevice of the rock above the level of the river, now shrunk by the drought of summer. Eagerly I pressed the spring—the lid flew up—and so did my heart, when I beheld the unsullied likeness of my Judith, whose lovely self appeared once more to look upon me. The picture had been preserved by a glass cover sealed hermetically to the raised edge of the case. I conceived I know not what vague hope from this unexpected discovery. Heretofore this picture had operated with talismanic power to revive my love, and to brighten my matrimonial prospects. But now, when Judith was spell-bound by solemn vows to another, what potency could there be in this or any other charm to disenchant my lost bride, and bring her again within the reach of my arms? I could not tell; but nevertheless, the recovery of the miniature diffused a new warmth, and an obscure glimmer of something like hope through my soul.

Again I hung the precious jewel in my bosom, and ceased not to wear it for years afterwards. A thousand times did I open the case, and feel anew the fascinating beauty of that countenance; as often did those dark eyes of love seem to give me an inspiring look of encouragement. But when I would close the case, and look around at the realities of my situation, all my sweet visions fled and left me to utter solitude of heart.

I reached the gold country in time to attend the fall terms of the courts. I was so fortunate as to obtain immediate employment, first in a criminal case and then in a civil one; and each time I happened to make such a creditable effort, that I sprang at once into reputation and a lucrative practice. Whatever portion of my first success might be attributed to good fortune, I strove with all my energies to sustain and to elevate the reputation so happily acquired. I labored night and day to extend my knowledge of the law, and to prepare myself thoroughly upon every case put into my hands. I knew full well, that with ordinary talents, such diligence would ensure success, and that no degree of natural talents could give me ultimate success without laborious application.

So lucrative was my practice, that within six months I found myself in possession of more than a thousand dollars of clear gain; and what was of more value, my heart was relieved from melancholy; my soul was prompt to resolve and vigorous to pursue the course resolved upon. Such were the happy effects of diligence in an honorable vocation.

Speculation in gold mines began to rage; but I felt no inclination to deviate from the safe road of my profession into the hazardous experiment of gold mining. I was too full of law to think of gold in any shape but that of fees. Avarice was not my passion—chicanery I disdained—but the fair rewards of professional ability I sought, and felt justified in seeking. Yet was I incidentally involved in the gross earthy process of digging for gold.

A poor man had employed my agency to recover a

meager tract of land, out of which he had been defrauded by a speculator. But success in his suit was likely to make him poorer than before—for the soil would not repay the labor of cultivation, and the failure of the speculator in some mining experiments upon it, made the tract unsaleable as gold land. At last my poor client came and besought me to give him eight hundred dollars for his eight hundred acres of barren hills and vales. More out of pity than the hope of gain, I paid the man his price, and sent him rejoicing with his family to the rich lands of the west. For this charitable purchase I was ridiculed by the knowing ones, and had to hear sundry unfavorable auguries respecting my prospects of future wealth.

However, I was not discouraged, but immediately employed an honest man, acquainted with the business, to search my barren freehold for the precious metal. In a few days I turned the laugh against the knowing ones, by the discovery of a rich deposit of gold, in a little valley which had not been scrutinized by the speculator. It was the most productive mine yet discovered in the country. Besides the fine grains usually met with, lumps of gold weighing often an ounce and sometimes a pound, were picked out of the gravel. My clear profits from this source amounted to about a thousand dollars a month.

Now my attention was drawn to the mineralogy of gold mines. I began to study the subject at intervals, by way of relaxation from the arduous labors of my profession. I examined the localities of the mines, noticed the character of the minerals among which the gold was found, observed the conformation of the hills and vallies, and marked how the layers of rock were disposed. In this new pursuit I derived an unforeseen advantage from my college studies. In the course of my education I had gone through the mathematical and physical sciences, more with the view of gaining the honors of scholarship, than with any hope of practical benefit in future life. How often do young men mistake their true interest, when they neglect, as unprofitable, any part of those studies which the wisdom of ages has prescribed as necessary to a good education! My knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology—imperfect as it was—enabled me to pursue the study of gold mines with facility and success. In less than a year I had acquired considerable skill as a gold-finder.

A gentleman of my acquaintance was involved in a law-suit about a valuable gold mine in Georgia. I accepted his offer of a liberal fee to manage the case for him, and consequently had to make a visit to the newly discovered gold region of Georgia. This was about six months after I had commenced the study of mines. I embraced the opportunity of improving my knowledge of the subject by examining the Georgia mines. The suit was not tried until the succeeding spring, when I went a second time to the same country, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict in favor of my client, and thereby an additional fee of one thousand dollars for myself. But this was only a small part of my good fortune in Georgia.

On my return homewards, wishing to see the hill country, I was skirting the Cherokee border by an unfrequented route, when my attention was arrested by indications of gold. A torrent filled by extraordi-

nary rains, had lately torn up the ground in a ravine, and exposed the rocks at the base of a mountain. After a diligent examination, although I discovered no mine, I was strongly persuaded that gold might be found about that locality. I went to the owner of the land in the open country below, and found him disposed to sell, but so disgusted with mining speculations, by reason of his ill success in digging on this very land, that he refused an offer of partnership. I bought the tract, and immediately hired men to dig for gold. In a few days a rich and extensive vein of gold was discovered on the mountain side, where I had observed the favorable indications. A professed mineralogist examined it, and certified to its great value. The agent of an English company immediately offered me fifty thousand dollars for my discovery. I refused to sell, until further exploration should more completely test the value of the property.

Thus by a lucky accident in the first instance, and by a fortunate exercise of scientific skill in the second, I found myself become a wealthy man, within twenty months after I had left my native land, a poor young lawyer, to seek my fortune in the gold country.

Had I been less fortunate in my speculations, I might have continued to pursue the hazardous game of mining. But my extraordinary success itself alarmed me—after two such brilliant prizes, I could not hope for another—I might rather expect to find myself, the next time, on the descending side of Fortune's wheel. I resolved to quit the pursuit at once, before the spirit of adventure should grow into a habit, and lead me, as it leads most of its slaves, to misfortune, debt, and imprisonment. For the better security against temptation, I resolved also to sell the mines which I had discovered, as soon as I could get a fair price for them. My prudent resolutions on this subject were aided by the influence of another scheme, more congenial with my natural temper than delving in gravel and quartz rocks after the miser's god. What this new attraction was, I shall proceed to unfold in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE VALE OF SECLUSA.

During the first nine months of my residence in Carolina, I toiled incessantly at my profession, until my health was seriously injured. After the discovery of my Carolina gold mine, I diverted myself occasionally with mineralogical studies, but they were not sufficient to reinvigorate my overwrought system. When the summer heats became oppressive, I laid aside all my studies, that I might take a few weeks vacation in the mountains. Often had I looked with desire towards the great Blue Ridge of this country, whose magnificent summits cut their waving outline in the western sky. In Virginia this range of mountains is broken, to let the rivers pass through from the Alleghany to the sea; here it casts off the rivers from both its sides, and compels them to seek a passage from its impenetrable flanks by winding and tearing through other mountains of less stern and massive solidity.

To this sublime wilderness I directed my course, with the intention of exploring its deepest recesses and its most eminent summits. My good horse soon carried

me out of the realms of anxious gold-seekers to the forest wilds, where the herdsman and the hunter dwell in solitary huts, and breathe the free spirit of the mountains. About the sources of the Catawba, the Broad and the Saluda rivers, I found the most gashed, craggy, and savage region that I had ever seen. It was the very sort of country that I would have chosen to visit; consisting of ancient, steep, forest-covered mountains, rent, rugged, and grim with deep ravines, or dissevered by rich vallies of less horrid aspect—all watered with perennial streams, clear as crystal—here hidden beneath impenetrable thickets of evergreens; there leaping over precipices in splashing cascades, or gurgling through loose rocks in damp mossy ravines, or purling over gravelly beds in the rich low grounds of wider vales, and eddying here and there under crumbling banks and bare tree roots, in deep bluish trout-pools.

With delight I threaded the vallies, crossed the ridges and mounted the tall peaks, catching every hour some new aspect of Nature's wild magnificence. Sometimes I lodged in dwellings of hewn logs in the wider vallies, where civilization had begun to make inroads upon the savage wilderness. At other times I partook of the hunter's fare in his smoky hut of round logs, in the deeper recesses of this rugged land. One while I wrought my solitary way along horse-paths in dusky glens, or up and down the mountain sides; then again my journey was through pathless wilds, and to desolate summits, where the deer ranges and the wolf makes his den.

In the course of these laborious rambles, my attention was attracted by a remarkably high summit, or knob, a few miles south of the main Blue Ridge. The whole region about it was distinguished by the cragginess of its mountains, and the richness of its vales. I resolved to scale this conspicuous observatory. A pleasant valley led up to its base, where the valley contracted itself, and was parted into two deep, narrow ravines; the one on the left seemed to be impassable to my horse; so I took the one on the right, which led me up by the north-eastern side of the great knob, where it expanded into a beautiful vale, sufficiently large for a moderately-sized farm. Near the head of this lonely vale, I found a practicable way to the top of the mountain. The sides of this great eminence consisted in part of almost perpendicular precipices, supporting broad terraces of ground, so gently sloping that arable fields might be formed upon them. The top was capped by a flat rock, elevated upon high natural walls, that gave it the appearance of a vast, half-ruined castle.

The view was immense. On the side of the Blue Ridge, nothing was visible but huge mountain masses, with deep rents between them: but on the east and south, I could overlook the craggy-sided mountains of the vicinity, and see the pleasant hill country next beyond them; and over the hills again, I could discern at a great distance the lower champaign, stealing out of sight under the blue veil of the atmosphere.

After I had looked awhile over the distant regions, I cast down my eyes, and was smitten with admiration at the romantic beauties of a valley, that lay under the southern side of the mountain. It was enclosed on every side by mountains of great height and every diversity of form and aspect. The sides of these moun-

tains were deeply cut with wild narrow glens, one of which lay directly under my feet, beneath a perpendicular precipice a hundred fathoms deep. These glens all converged towards the centre of the valley; from their dark, shady recesses, streamlets flowed out, and uniting their cool pellucid waters, they formed a brook, which passed out of the valley by the deep contracted ravine that I had avoided as impassable.

The main valley was more than two miles long, and at the broadest part not less than a mile and a half in width: but the outline was so irregular, that its shape is nameless and indescribable. The surface was as irregular as the outline. Low-grounds nearly flat, dales of various width and curvature, hills of every shape, round-topped, flat-topped and ridgy; smooth or rocky—all gave an infinite diversity to the surface. The valley looked like a terrestrial paradise. Nature luxuriated in all possible wildness, richness and variety; requiring only the hand of man to prune and dress its profusion, to make it outvie all the pastoral beauties of Arcadia in the golden age.

When I descended, I entered the valley by the uppermost and longest glen, which led its murmuring streamlet from the main Blue Ridge. I had no sooner plunged into its dusky solitude, than I lost sight of all the sunshiny world; the lofty tree-tops formed so dense a screen, that the few straggling sunbeams which penetrated to the moist ground, were not recognised as daylight, but looked like glow-worms or fallen stars amidst the surrounding gloom.

Not a sound was heard for some time, but the soft purling of the brook among the mossy stones, or the occasional chirp of birds in the lofty boughs over head. After I had proceeded some distance towards the main valley, I heard the splashing of a waterfall. The sound appeared to rise from a deep cavern. I soon discovered that the brook fell into a chasm, a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and then flowed out between precipices of limestone into the main valley. There was a romantic wildness about this cascade, in some respects exceeding any thing that I had ever seen. The water fell into a deep shady pool, where I could discern scores of trout enjoying themselves.

When I got into the main valley, I followed a blind cow-path, which led me a winding way, by hill and dale; one while in the dusky shades of the forest, another while through native lawns and shrubbery, until I found myself at the base of a flat-topped hill that projected from the foot of the great knob, on the upper side of the deep glen, which I had seen under my feet from the mountain-top. This hill was about midway between the upper and lower extremities of the valley; and I knew from its position, that it would afford me the best general view of the landscape, that could be had from any point within the valley itself. I ascended its gently sloping side, and from its brow, had a near and delightful view of the dales and hills and glens and mountain sides. I gazed in a sort of ecstacy over the charming landscape. Never had a place so captivated my fancy. The scenery was so various and so rich—so wild, so sweet, so majestic; the place was so shut up from the bustling and contentious world, that it seemed to have been made for a hiding place from the storms of life; yet was it not so completely cut off from the haunts of men, as to wear the aspect of a pri-

son; for on looking through the ravine that let out the waters, I caught a glimpse of the open country of hills and vallies at a distance.

"Here, (I exclaimed in a transport of admiration,) here is the place where in all the world a lover of nature, of retirement and of books, might find the most delightful retreat: and yonder is the loop-hole through which he might still look forth upon the outer world of insatiate passions and self-tormenting hearts. So sweet a nook shall not be nameless: I call it The Vale of Seclusa, or in one word, Seclusaval. This flat-topped hill which opens at once all the beauties of the landscape, but especially the romantic glens on every side, is the hill of Glenview; and yon lofty mountain-head, which frowns so haughtily over this nearest glen, through which I look up at his sublime crags, is Craggyhead. I thank his grim majesty for giving me the first sight of this lovely Seclusaval; which, if Divine Providence grant the wish of my heart, I will purchase and improve, and make the retirement and the resting place of my future days. Oh! had it pleased God that she, the lost one of my heart, should enjoy with me the rural beauty and quietude of an abode so perfectly agreeable to her taste. The world might be searched in vain for a place where we could have spent our lives together so happily, as in this beautiful and romantic valley."

These last reflections saddened me; and thus I experienced that delight may be the immediate cause of sadness by suggesting some painful reminiscence. I looked again silently over the thousand beauties of Seclusaval; I drew from my bosom the portrait of my lost Judith; those eyes of love seemed again to beam into my soul; and then I sat down to weep, under an overpowering sense of loneliness and desolation, amidst the thousand beauties of Seclusaval. At length I closed the locket case and returned it into my bosom. The shadows of evening had covered the valley, and were following the sunlight up the pine-covered precipices of the mountain. I led my horse down the hill and directed my course to a solitary hut near the lower end of the valley. Here a hunter had pitched his habitation, and cleared a field in the rich low-grounds of the valley, and seemed practically at least to be "monarch of all he surveyed;" for it must have been a rare thing for any stranger to visit this secluded valley. I went nevertheless with confidence to seek a lodging in the "poor man's nest." On approaching I was met by three fierce mastiffs, that forbade my entrance without leave of the family "first had and obtained." The man came out, and, after calling off his dogs, invited me to enter. I stepped in, saluted the wife, and took my seat on a three-legged stool. After some introductory account of myself, I asked the favor of a night's lodging. It was granted, of course—but with more appearance of coldness and suspicion than is usual among mountaineers. It behooved me to make myself more decidedly welcome.

I had no sooner been seated in the character of a guest, than the dogs came in and smelt at me as if to try my quality. Finding the scent of the woods upon me, they wagged their tails; and when I patted their heads they gave me the friendly salutation of tongue and paw—licking my hand and leaping upon my breast; all of which I took very kindly, and thus secured the good will of their master. When I first enter-

ed the house, I saw four or five children run and hide themselves under the bed, and then sily peep at me. When I had done with the dogs, I called a little fellow coaxingly, who had ventured to put his head out of the hiding place. But at first they all drew back, and seemed frightened at my invitation. Finally, however, I got the boldest one to venture near me. I patted his frizzly pate, and took the dirty urchin upon my knee: after which I soon had the whole swarm upon me. Thus I won the mother's heart. I assumed an easy familiar manner with the whole family, and took every thing as if I had been accustomed to such accommodations. Consequently I was soon treated, not as a guest merely, but as a friend. The good woman did her best to show me kindness. She prepared me an excellent treat of jonny-cake, venison, and onions. She could have treated me also with new milk; but she was not disposed to put me off with such homely fare. She burnt some coffee berries to cinder, tied them in a linen rag, pounded them on the hearth-stone with the axe, put the pulverized charcoal into water, and boiled the mixture in a skillet. She then poured the black bitter liquid into her queensware bowl with blue flowers pictured on it, and putting in a little milk and maple sugar, handed me the finished product of her kindness. The water was irretrievably spoiled by the process: but what of that? Should I not drink the well-meant gift? Certainly I should, and did, with the firmness of resolution and fixedness of muscle, which the occasion required. And let me say unto thee, gentle reader, that shouldst thou ever be placed in like circumstances, then drink thou also,—yea drink heartily, for the giver's sake. Think not that thou canst ever show good breeding by turning up thy nose at the poor woman's fare:—nay, on the contrary, thou wouldst but show thyself impolite, ungenerous and every way ill-bred, to scorn the kind hospitalities of the poor. Therefore should the draught be never so bitter, drink it even to the dregs, rather than mortify thy kind entertainer. Away with silly pride and contemptible affectation. Remember, that in a few years thou wilt be as poor as thy neighbors. Death will soon bring down thy pomp and thy circumstance, and put an end to thy affected airs of superiority. But I will not tire thee with my homily.

From Larkin Strone, the hunter, I learned that Seclusaval was in the midst of an extensive tract of mountain lands, owned by Major Mudge, an old gentleman who resided at the distance of thirty miles in the country below. The next morning, after a farther exploration of the valley, I made my way out with some difficulty by the ravine, and went straightway to Major Mudge, confirmed in my resolution to attempt the purchase. I found him eager to sell: for being an indulgent father, and having several sons brought up to no useful occupation, he was greatly embarrassed to pay the expenses of their prodigality. The demands of their creditors, and of his own, were just now so pressing, that he offered at once to sell me his thirty thousand acres of mountain lands for the small sum of five thousand dollars. The price was very low; for notwithstanding the ruggedness of the country, the tract contained several thousand acres of rich vallies and arable mountain sides. Seclusaval alone was in my estimation worth the whole price. I therefore accepted his

offer without hesitation, and proceeding home immediately, I raised a sufficient sum from the profits of my gold mine, to make the first payment, and to commence a system of improvements on my new acquisition. I was peculiarly fortunate in obtaining an agent to manage my intended improvements.

Seven years before, Major Mudge had brought from England an intelligent and judicious gardener, whose name was Baylor. This man had conducted the improvements on Mudge's estate, with a union of taste and economy that pleased me exceedingly. He operated on the plan of following and assisting Nature, instead of attempting, by dint of labor and expense, to force upon the place a set of features and embellishments inconsistent with the design of Nature herself. Hence the garden, the park, and the other grounds of Major Mudge's estate, were all beautiful, because every operation of art was conformable to the genius of the place.

Major Mudge, for an obvious reason, was glad to transfer Baylor to my service; and Baylor knowing the old gentleman's pecuniary embarrassments, readily accepted my offer of employment. When he saw my valley, he was delighted with its appearance, and rejoiced in the task of assisting its natural beauties with the touches of art. He not only understood at a glance my theory of improvement, but suggested several things that I had not thought of, but which, on hearing his observations, I heartily approved. The primary operations were to be directed to the following objects, namely: first to open a farm and build mills in the valley three miles below Seclusaval; secondly, to convert the rich low-grounds from the ravine of Seclusa up to Glenview into a meadow—retaining, however, many of the fine trees, either singly or in clumps: thirdly, to convert the beautifully sloping sides of Glenview into a garden, retaining here also a number of the fine trees, shrubs and vines; and lastly, to beautify the remaining hills and dales of Seclusaval, by removing unsightly trees, and cleaning the surface, so that grass could flourish in these native parks. My faithful agent went promptly to work, whilst I returned home and resumed my professional avocations.

I did not revisit my wild barony until December, when I was on my way to Georgia. Seclusaval was already assuming the appearance of a park. Whatever was unpleasant to the eye, was disappearing from the noble woods; sweet lawns, winding and branching in various ways, not only gave variety to the landscape, but opened to the eye, as one passed through them, the most delightful views of trees, hills and mountains, on every side. The plough and the spade were preparing the soil for the grass of the meadow and the vines and shrubbery of the garden.

Baylor now suggested a sort of improvement that I had never thought of: this was to cover the lowest grounds of Seclusaval with the waters of an artificial lake. I was pleased with the idea of a lake, but hesitated to incur the expense, until he informed me that he had taken all the levels and measurements, and had carefully estimated the cost, which was surprisingly small. He showed me first a narrow cleft in the ravine where a dam could be easily built of the loose rocks near the spot. Supposing the dam to be twenty-eight feet high, the water would be thrown back a mile and a half to the foot of Glenview. He then traced for me

the exact boundaries of the lake. On the meadow side, the outline would wind beautifully with divers sinuosities. On the opposite side, the water would lave the bases of the hills, some with sloping, some with precipitous sides. At one place, half a mile below Glenview, a little bay would run a furlong up a dale between gently swelling hills; at another place, near the lower end of the lake, a narrow glen with steep rocky sides, would conduct the lake water to a spring-head, deeply hidden in the flank of the mountain, where the atmosphere was ever cool and dusky, between tall crags and densely interwoven tree tops. At the broadest part of the lake, the water would spread out to the breadth of a hundred rods; but generally the shores would be from fifteen to thirty rods asunder. The fountains that would supply the lake, being cool, clear and perennial, the lake would consequently never become stagnant; and would not only be at once beautiful and salubrious, but would moreover yield both pleasure and profit as a fish pond: thousands of trout and other fish, could live and fatten in its pellucid waters.

By the time that Baylor had shown me all these things, I became enthusiastic: "Mr. Baylor (said I,) I thank you for this delightful scheme of improvement. Go to work, and by the next summer, let me see the lake of Seclusaval reflect every object around it, from the green meadow banks up to the cliffs of old Craggy-head." "It shall be done, sir," was the prompt reply.

My income from my gold mine, and from my law-practice, was sufficient now, I thought, to justify incipient measures for the erection of a permanent dwelling on Glenview. I resolved to build a stone cottage on the brow of the hill where some fine trees of majestic stature overtopped a dense thicket of undergrowth, embowered and festooned with a profusion of wild vines. Baylor had already commenced pruning this tangled wilderness, which needed only his skilful hand, to convert it into a labyrinth of umbrageous walks and rustic arbors, romantically sweet, "for whispering lovers made." My fancy was pleased at the thought; but a twinge of sadness came over me, when I reflected, that all the charms of this lovely place would be in a great measure wasted on the lone heart of a bachelor, who had lost his bride, and could never love again. Nevertheless I ordered stone cutters to be employed, and materials of all sorts to be prepared for a neat rural mansion. What better could I do? If I was lonely, I needed the more to seek pleasure and consolation, from all the sources yet open to my desolate heart.

I did not again visit Seclusaval until the next spring, when I was returning from Georgia, after the discovery of my second gold mine. I found the improvements going on to my heart's content. Tenants had been settled in several rich vales, besides Seclusa. The mills and the farm near them, were in a state of great forwardness. A passable carriage road was made from the older settlements below, to the mills, and thence through the ravine into Seclusaval. The dam and area of the lake were prepared for the waters, which began to fill their destined bed, as soon as the massive wall of the dam was closed by casting earth upon its upper side to stop the crevices. I marked with interest the hourly growth of the lake. In three days it was full, and began to shed its superabundant waters in a pretty cascade over the dam; while the glassy expanse above

reflected the budding woods on the margin, and the hoary steepes of Craggyhead. I launched a rude boat on the calm waters, and circumnavigated the sweetly indented borders of the lake. I was delighted with the scenery on every side, but most interested with the romantic wildness of the dusky glen, now filled with water between its craggy sides. When I entered its narrow channel, it looked like some infernal river, with its dark still waters pent up between frowning precipices and the sombre foliage of the pine and the hemlock, that stretched their branches over the chasm. This stygian recess was the more impressive to the imagination, from the circumstance, that while we let our boat lie still on the water, and held our peace, not a sound was heard; unless it were the low murmur of the foliage in the breeze, and the soft gurgling of the fountain, which at the head of the glen, poured its little contribution into the lake, through loose rocks coated with moss. But no sooner did we speak, or strike the oar upon the boat, than a dozen echoes awoke and multiplied the sound, as if we had roused a troop of angry spirits to mock us from rock and tree. Hence I gave this the name of the Echoing Glen.

When we returned to the open lake, a light breeze came up through the ravine. Hoisting sail, we were soon wafted to the foot of Glenview, where the garden had already begun to look beautiful, and gave promise of becoming in another year a paradise of delights.

The recent discovery of my Georgia mine, determined me to enlarge my plan of improvement. I ordered the foundation of my cottage to be laid immediately, on a larger scale than I had intended, and pretty cottages to be erected for my steward and other tenants. Among the rest a shepherd's cot was to be set in a romantic place at the foot of a precipice, on the opposite side of the valley, for I designed to give little of my beautiful grounds to the plough; but to make Seclusaval a pastoral scene, where flocks and herds might graze the lawns and mountain sides, and the sound of the shepherd's pipe mingle with the song of birds and the chime of waterfalls, to animate the beauties of the landscape. The natural loveliness of my valley, inspired me with ambition to make Seclusa the most charming of all the ten thousand vales embosomed in the Apalachian mountain.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE TO LONDON.

The purchase of my lands, and the improvement of Seclusaval, involved me in so much expense, that I was under the necessity of selling one of my gold mines. For reasons formerly explained, I resolved to sell them both, and to renounce all future connection with mining speculations. Immediately on my return from Georgia, after my fortunate discovery there, I sold my Carolina mine for thirty thousand dollars. I could have obtained a higher price, if it had been set to sale a few months sooner; for it was becoming less productive than it had been, although it still yielded a large profit.

My supply of cash was now sufficient to complete my scheme of improvements, and to leave me still a considerable surplus. I had before made arrangements to transfer my residence to a village about twenty-five miles from Seclusaval. Here I took up my abode now,

that I might be near my beautiful valley. I preferred this new place of residence also on account of its agreeable society. Several families from the low country, had left their estates and settled in the neighborhood. The scenery was pleasant, and the climate salubrious: the nucleus of an intelligent and refined society was thus formed; and around this attractive centre, new families from below were yearly gathering. Literary institutions would naturally arise among such a people. An academy for boys had been founded and put into successful operation. But an attempt to raise funds for a female seminary had failed. The subscriptions were insufficient to erect the necessary buildings. The cause of the failure was an obstinate dispute about the location of the seminary; some desiring to place it in the village beside the academy, while others insisted that it should be located near a country church, lately erected at the distance of four miles from the village. The contest became so warm, that the whole scheme was abandoned. Thus it often happens, that a dispute about some incidental and subordinate matter, defeats the most important enterprises.

On my settlement at the village, I found several persons regretting the failure of so useful an undertaking. Now the question occurred to me, whether I was not morally bound to contribute, out of my abundance, to an object of such great and manifest utility. I was a bachelor indeed, and never expected to have a daughter to be educated: but that circumstance seemed to increase my obligation to aid literary institutions; inasmuch as my exemption from the burden of a family afforded me the more abundant means to become a public benefactor. I was a member of the society of mankind, and no less than others dependant, for my welfare, upon the intelligence and the good morals of the people. Divine Providence had given me extraordinary success. For what end? Not surely that I might consume this affluent store on personal gratifications. And then I considered, what an amount of blessings would flow from a well endowed seminary for females; what expansion of intellect, what refinement of sentiment, what elevation of character, what new sources of happiness, to the individuals educated, and through them to society and to posterity. The more I contemplated the object, the more did the feeling of obligation grow upon me. Finally, I thought of Judith Bensaddi; how much more charming, how much more useful, she was, by reason of her excellent education. I drew forth her miniature by the golden chain to which I had attached it, and caught fresh inspiration from the sweet picture of my beloved. "I have lost her, (said I,) but she shall be my good genius on this occasion. I had thought of subscribing a moderate sum for the seminary; now for her sake, I will make myself responsible for the undertaking. With the blessing of Heaven I will be the founder of a seminary, and will make up all deficiencies in the contributions of others. The institution shall be complete, in every thing necessary to the good education of females."

Such was the conclusion of my meditations. I instantly set to work. I headed a subscription with two thousand dollars, which I bound myself to pay, upon the condition that double the sum was raised by others. I called meetings of the people, and addressed them earnestly on the subject. In a week my condition was

complied with, and six thousand dollars were secured for the seminary. The location at the country church, was named in the paper, and was preferred by me on account both of the beauty of the situation, and its shorter distance from Seclusa. It was in the valley that led up to my intended home. Seven gentlemen were nominated as trustees; of whom I refused to be one, because I was soon to be absent on a long peregrination, and because I was a young bachelor. A plan of the building was soon agreed on, and contracts made for the erection of it without delay. I told the trustees to adopt a liberal scale of building, and if they fell short of funds, to consider me responsible for half the deficiency. Thus I had put a most benevolent enterprise into operation; and I felt a pleasure in reflecting on this good deed—a pleasure in some respects more heartfelt and consoling, than all the gratification that I had experienced from the treasures of my gold mines, or the delightful scenery of Seclusaval. It was a pleasure which, if less exhilarating at the moment, was felt to be of such durable stuff, that time could not wear it away, nor could misfortune poison its sweetness.

Before I had engaged in this labor of love, circumstances had directed my thoughts to the subject of a voyage to London. I desired to sell my Georgia gold mine, and to invest the proceeds in some productive stock. I was advised to sell in England, where speculation in gold and silver mines had risen almost to a mania. Mining companies had agents abroad, exploring America from Chili to Carolina in search of mines. In London I could sell under all the advantages of competition among the buyers. Though I had received constantly increasing offers for the purchase, yet none came up to what I considered a fair price.

Continued explorations had laid open the extent of the vein along the hill side, and proved the richness of the ore. Several mineralogists had examined it; two of these were agents of the Londoners, and all gave me satisfactory attestations of the value of the mine. These and all other needful documents being provided, I gave notice to the agents that I would sell the mine at auction in London about the first of August.

When I was prepared to set off, I made a parting visit to Seclusaval on the first day of June. My beautiful valley was putting on still new charms. A hundred varieties of trees, vines, shrubs and flowering plants, were blooming in the garden and about the margin of the lake. The meadow was green with its first crop of grass. Birds were merry in every grove. The cottage on Glenview was rising in beauty; and carpenters were busily constructing other cottages in pleasant situations. Baylor, my faithful steward, now recommended another improvement, which I adopted instantly. He had ascertained that the spring which flowed out of Craggyhead through the glen that opened by the side of Glenview, had its source at so high an elevation, that it might be conducted in pipes to my cottage for family use, and the overplus made to water the garden on the hill side.

"It is an excellent notion, (said I;) and I will order you a set of iron pipes in Philadelphia. Meantime have the ditch made and the pipes laid, in the course of the following winter." "It shall be done, sir," was the answer to this and all my orders to my worthy Baylor.

Having given directions about the various improvements to be made in my mountainous barony, I rode on horseback to the nearest stage-road, and then travelled rapidly to New York, where I embarked for Liverpool in a packet ship on the fifteenth of June.

The thought of my going to London, where, as I supposed, my beloved Judith dwelt, kept her dear image more constantly and more vividly present to my mind, than it had been during the two last years of my busy and enterprising life. The renewed habit of meditating on this dear lost one, gave a strange susceptibility to my fancy. Often when I obtained but an imperfect view of some young lady of her size and somewhat like features, I conceived that it was Judith herself, and my heart fluttered as if the notion were not imaginary.

A notable instance of this sort occurred when our ship was leaving the harbor of New York. We met in the narrows a French ship from Bordeaux. The day was fine, and the passengers were on deck admiring the scenery of the noble bay. The near approach of the vessels turned the attention of each party on the other. I was immediately struck with the appearance of a lady on the French ship. She was dressed in mourning. Her form and stature first, then her black locks and dark eyes, (as they seemed to me,) reminded me of Judith Bensaddi. Her eyes seemed to be directed towards me individually. The more I looked at her, the more did I think her like my Judith. I was so fascinated by this apparition, that I forgot to use the telescope in my hand, until the vessels were full twenty rods apart. When I directed the instrument towards this interesting object, I could get but a momentary glance of her features; but that glance put me in a tremor, for I saw those lovely dark eyes still fixed upon me, and the whole face was to my conception the face of my lost one. So persuaded was I for some minutes that it could be only she, that I would have returned instantly to the city, if an opportunity had been given me. But before the pilot left us in his boat, I had reasoned myself into doubt, as I soon after did into utter disbelief, of the truth of my impression. "How can I believe (said I to myself) that Judith of London, married no doubt and settled in her native country, should be just now landing at New York in a French ship from Bordeaux?" Thus I soon got rid of the agitation produced by the strange lady. By the end of the voyage I ceased to think of the circumstance.

On my arrival in London, I applied myself instantly to the business on which I had come. I called on the officers of several mining companies and exhibited my documents. I advertised the sale of my gold mine in three of the principal journals. My papers and statements were authenticated by two agents, and an American gentleman of science who had seen the mine and knew my character. Thus I was able to give purchasers the most ample assurance that all was right. Bidders manifested a high spirit of competition, and ran up the price to the unexpected sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, equivalent to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Having thus successfully concluded my chief business, I spent a few days in making purchases of books, scientific apparatus, and various other articles, for myself or for the female academy. I was then prepared to leave London for Paris.

But how could I stay a month in London, and not even inquire for my lost Judith? Yet I did so, though I did it with an aching heart. But, although I felt the most anxious curiosity to know her present state, I dreaded to learn it; and although I longed most intensely to see her lovely face once more, yet I shrunk from an interview with one so beloved, when the sight of her, and the living look of those eyes that had awakened unquenchable love in my heart, could only pain me now, and might affect me beyond the power of self-control. To see her as the wife of another, was intolerable—I could not encounter the shock of feeling that such an interview must produce. Nor could I believe that she would meet me now, without the most distressing emotions.

Still, when I found myself on the eve of departure, and no remnant of business served to divert my thoughts from the tender theme; my heart began to smite me sorely, for having been so long in London, and at last intending to go away, never to return, without even a word of inquiry after Judith Bensaddi. She would not have treated me with such cruel neglect, had she known that I was so near her dwelling place. I was aware too, that I must feel exceedingly unhappy, if I left my ardent curiosity unsatisfied, and learnt nothing of her, when I could so easily gain intelligence. I therefore resolved to call at her father's house in Piccadilly, and having obtained whatever intelligence I deemed interesting, to hasten away from a place that contained an object so painfully dear to my heart.

I had brought with me a memorandum which Judith gave me in Philadelphia, containing an exact description of the situation and appearance of her father's house. Guided by this, I found the house without difficulty. Just as I had satisfied myself that there was no mistake, and was approaching the door, I was startled by seeing a young gentleman come out with an elegantly dressed lady of Judith's size. A cold shudder ran through my nerves, when I conceived that this might be Judith and her husband. But I was soon relieved by a sight of the lady's blue eyes and light hair. When they had gone, I stepped up to the door, and to my astonishment read upon the knocker the name—not of Nathan Bensaddi—but of Sir David Monteith. Yet this must be the very house described in the memorandum—remarkable in its appearance, and one of the most magnificent on this splendid street.

Presently I knocked and was admitted into the hall. From the porter I learned that Sir David Monteith had occupied the house but a few months, and that the previous occupant was a Jew named Bensaddi, as well as the porter could remember. I sent in my card to Sir David, requesting the favor of a brief interview. After I had waited ten minutes, I was ushered into a parlor, where I met a brawny red haired gentleman, who bowed with haughty coldness, and stood before me as if to signify, "What is your business, sir?" I took the hint and instantly inquired, "Have I the honor to speak to Sir David Monteith?" "You have,"—and another cold bow. "I came to this house, sir, expecting to find it occupied by Mr. Bensaddi, the banker. I desired to see some of his family with whom I became acquainted two or three years ago in America. Being a stranger in the city, I would take it as a favor if you would give me such information of him or his family, as might enable me to find them."

The cold haughtiness of Sir David relaxed immediately; he saw that I was not a designing nor an idle intruder. He asked me politely to be seated, and began to tell me several things in answer to my inquiries, until he gave me the intelligence, of which the following statement expresses the substance.

"I will with pleasure give what information I possess, respecting Mr. Bensaddi and his family. It is a mournful story. I never knew any of his family, but I was personally acquainted with him in his character of banker. About two years ago I had some claims on him, and hearing at Edinburgh, where I then lived, some alarming accounts of his losses, I hastened to London to see him. He had lost heavy sums by failures of houses indebted to him; but he so well satisfied me of his safety, that I not only left what I had before in his hands, but increased the deposit to a considerable amount. No banker in the kingdom had more of the public confidence, both in respect to his personal uprightness and his sound condition as a banker. He seemed to have completely recovered from the shock, when about a year ago, I was astonished to learn his sudden and total bankruptcy. This catastrophe was brought about by one of the most artfully contrived frauds, of two as nefarious villains as ever deserved a halter. The one of these was old Levi, a Jew, whom he had imprudently trusted too far as an agent, and lately as a small partner in the bank. This old villain combined with the other, who was no less than the son-in-law of Bensaddi himself. His name is Brannigan—he is an Irishman—a smooth-tongued hypocrite, who imposed on Miss Bensaddi by the most lamb-like airs, until he made her his wife. After he had drawn what he could from Bensaddi in the way of dowry, and was admitted as a partner in the bank, he joined Levi, and by embezzlement and other villainous manoeuvres, which have never been fully unfolded, they got most of Bensaddi's funds into their clutches, and then left him to meet all the demands of the creditors. So vast was the sum which they embezzled, that on settlement the remaining assets were found sufficient to pay the honest creditors only twelve shillings in the pound. Now Bensaddi's amiable daughter came forward, and did an act which deserves to be engraven forever on brass and marble. She had a large fortune left her by an uncle. This, I presume, she retained in her own hands by the marriage settlement; for, although she was neither legally nor morally bound to pay her father's debts, yet she promptly came forward, and at the expense of her whole fortune, paid up all just claims to the uttermost farthing; saying that she would rather labor for her daily bread, than see her father's creditors go unpaid. She separated from her villainous husband, I infer—yet I do not know the particulars—however, when I came here to reside, about four months ago, I heard with sorrow, that she had gone in bad health to the south of France, along with her father, whose health was also very low; and about two months ago, I was grieved to learn, that after burying her unfortunate parent, she died of a broken heart, and was laid by her father's side."

Here my feelings overcame me, and I exclaimed, "Dead! Did you say that Judith Bensaddi is dead?"

"You mean Mrs. Brannigan, I presume. I grieve to say that she is unquestionably in her grave. I saw the fact announced in the papers."

When the baronet thus solemnly confirmed the doleful intelligence, I groaned—I gasped for breath—my eyes grew dim—my ears tingled—and I was sinking into a swoon, when Sir David observing my situation, sprang up and brought a glass of water, some of which he sprinkled on my face, and the rest he gave me to drink. This timely application revived me, and I gradually recovered the faculty of speech. I then felt it incumbent on me to explain the cause of my deep emotion at the news of my Judith's sad fate. I gave him, therefore, a succinct account of my acquaintance with her, including the chief incidents of our mournful love story. He was so interested by the narrative, that he called in his lady and a beautiful blue-eyed daughter of eighteen, and after presenting me to them, and explaining the object of my call at the house, he requested me to repeat my story to them. I did so, and went more fully into the particulars. I spoke with a natural pathos, prompted by my feelings, and so affected the ladies, that they wept at my story, and continued to shed tears for several minutes after I had concluded. This sympathy on their part, unsealed the fountains of my own tears, and I uttered my lamentations with a freedom, which nothing but the tears of my auditors could have justified in a stranger like myself. After our feelings had subsided a little, I rose to take my leave; but they pressed me to stay and spend the evening with them.

I staid several hours. Lady Monteith added some particulars that she had heard respecting the Bensaddi family and their misfortunes—all going to confirm my belief, that the hapless Judith had married an arch-deceiver, and had sunk to the grave in the flower of her youth, broken-hearted. "There at last (said I to lady M.) her many sorrows have come to an end—all lovely as she was in the beauties and the virtues of the earth, she is lovelier now, when arrayed in the unfading charms of a glorified spirit. It is selfishness, therefore, in me to complain of a dispensation of Heaven, which has taken her from a world that was not worthy of her, and has left me only this memorial of her lovely features." On saying these words, I took out the miniature from my bosom, and slipping the golden chain over my head, put the open picture into lady Monteith's hand. She expressed her admiration of the countenance, and handed the case to her daughter, who looked steadfastly at the portrait for a minute—then lifting her eyes glistening with tears, she said to me, "How unfortunate, that one so lovely should have been deceived into a fatal marriage, and thus taken from a gentleman who could appreciate her beauty and virtue, and would have made her happy. How unfortunate!" I felt that this was not a fashionable compliment, but the unstudied effusion of a sympathetic heart; and I loved the beautiful speaker, for the interest she took in my ill-fated love and its more ill-fated object.

When I expressed a desire to copy the article in the newspaper, which announced my Judith's melancholy death, a search was instantly made among Sir David's files, and the paper being produced, I read as follows:

"Died, at the village of Clairfont, in the south of France, on the 20th of last month, (April,) Nathan Bensaddi, late banker of London; and on the 30th of the same month, his daughter, the unhappy wife of Patrick

Brannigan. She had gone with her father to seek health and retirement for him and for herself, from unpropitious skies and more unpropitious connexions. But bright suns and kind strangers could neither restore their bodies to health, nor their hearts to enjoyment. They have found repose in the grave. This notice is sent by a surviving friend; that all who yet care for a once flourishing, but now ruined family, may know the sad fate of the father and the daughter who trusted and were betrayed."

I felt so melancholy, after reading this notice, that I took leave of the worthy baronet and his family; although kindly invited to become their guest, during as many days as I might choose to remain in London. I could stay no longer in a city where such distressing intelligence came upon me, and where all was strange and now gloomy to my imagination. I hurried over to Paris, where I spent a fortnight, and endeavored to divert my melancholy thoughts by looking at the gay sights of that metropolis of pleasure. But I had come in vain; unless it were that I purchased some books and other articles for my retreat in Seclusaval, to which I designed now to confine myself, as soon as I could make the necessary preparations. From Paris I went to the south, into the districts where wine and silk are cultivated. Here I engaged four protestant families to come over and settle on my estate. My object was to employ them in the culture of the vine and the mulberry, in a warm sandy valley of my estate—a place thought to be excellently adapted to these productions. I visited Clairfont, and with difficulty found the obscure graves of Bensaddi and his daughter. No inscription marked the spot—no friend resorted to it with tears. The sexton, after some consideration, pointed out the two hillocks, side by side. "This (said he) is the father's, and this the daughter's." "This, then, (said I) is my Judith's grave!" It was all that I could say. I shed a thousand bitter tears on the holy earth; and having thus recorded my grief, I went to Bordeaux.

Near the last of September, I embarked with my colonists for Philadelphia, where we landed after a voyage of five weeks. Here I chartered a schooner to carry my colonists, my water pipes, and various articles of furniture to Charleston, the port most convenient to Seclusaval. I intended to go by land directly to my native country of Rockbridge, and after seeing my friends there, to continue my journey to Seclusaval, to travel thence no more, until I passed "the bourne from which no traveller returns."

In Philadelphia I made a safe investment of the greater part of the money obtained for my gold mine. The stocks which I purchased then and afterwards, would altogether, yield me a revenue of more than six thousand dollars a year.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

In Philadelphia I took up my lodgings in the hotel where Judith and I had spent the ten most interesting days of my life—where in sadness and in delight we had lived like brother and sister—and where we finally separated with hearts intertwined and bound together in bonds of the purest and sweetest affection. Now, after an interval of three and a half years, I found my-

self again in the same house, but with feelings and under circumstances, O how changed!

I desired on my arrival, to visit the parlor which we then occupied, but was told that a family of strangers with a sick lady were now in possession. Five days afterwards, when I was about to depart for the south, I again inquired about the parlor, and was told that the family were just leaving it, and would go off in the carriage and sulkey at the door. The same moment I saw a gentleman and four ladies passing out in travelling dresses. One of the ladies was dressed in deep mourning and wore a thick veil. My curiosity was excited. I also went out to look at the party. The lady in black was behind, and got in last. She seated herself so as to face my position; but the veil concealed her face. Just as the carriage began to move, she drew her veil aside, and what was my astonishment to recognise in her features, a strong resemblance to Judith Bensaddi! Her whole person agreed with the description of my buried Judith; her raven locks, her black eyes, her oval face—all were like my lost one. But before I could scan the resemblance, to see if it were perfect, she was driven off, and I was left trembling, amazed and unsatisfied. So far as I could judge, she was exactly like, probably the very lady, whom I had seen on the French ship, when I was going out of the harbor of New York. I could not believe that this was my poor Judith, risen from the dead; yet, laying all fancy aside, the resemblance was so evident, that I was sorely perplexed.

When my stupor of astonishment had somewhat abated, I went to the clerk at the bar and inquired the name of the family. He told me that they were the family of doctor La Motte of South Carolina, returning home from a tour in the north. I asked if the lady in black was a daughter of doctor La Motte. "No, (said he,) I think she is the governess of his daughters, and that her name is—let me see—oh, here it is in the register—Miss Bersati." Here was another curious circumstance; the resemblance of the names; yet a difference too. A painful curiosity to know more of this lady, was excited; but how to learn more was the difficulty; for nothing was known here of the family, except the few particulars already mentioned. I could not discover even the quarter of South Carolina in which doctor La Motte resided.

I paid a mournful visit to the now vacated parlor. There was the identical sofa on which Judith and I had so often sat, while she nursed my sore ankle; there the very spot where we had mingled tears and throbs, and all the joys of our innocent love, on the night when we parted. I now left the hallowed spot with an aching heart, and in a few hours more was on my way again, by Lancaster, to my native Rockbridge. I gave my parents and friends—my *alma mater*, my native hills and vales—a visit of two weeks; and then, as I supposed, "a long and last farewell"—and proceeded southward to shut myself up in my own Seclusaval, there to live and there to die, a mourner and recluse; not that I had made a vow to do so, or that I intended literally to imprison myself in my mountain-bound retreat. But there I expected to abide in seclusion from the wide world; and only to make excursions beyond the limits of my estate, when some important occasion should summon me away.

I arrived first at the village, near which the female academy was located. I received a hearty welcome from my friends there, and was gratified to see the walls of the academy in a state of considerable forwardness. The books and apparatus, bought in Europe for the institution had just arrived, and were stored away until they should be wanted. The next day I proceeded to Seclusaval, and found every thing going on well. My beautiful cottage was almost finished. The parlor and library were already furnished; the hill-sides about the house were all trimmed and arranged in their garden style; multitudes of shrubs, trees, and plants of various kinds, had been growing in pots and boxes through the summer, ready to be set in their destined places in due season, so that by the next spring the garden would be complete. The other grounds and buildings would be in their finished state of improvement by the same time; so that Seclusaval would, the next season, exhibit innumerable beauties to charm the senses, and to make it one of the most delightful scenes of rural beauty in the world.

When my good steward, Baylor, led me into the parlor of my cottage, I remarked that he had arranged the furniture very tastefully. Among other things in this room, was a piano forte of German manufacture, which I had bought in New York with other furniture, on my way to Europe. I had taken a fancy to this instrument, because its tones were remarkably sweet, and because in appearance it resembled the one in Charleston, on which my lost Judith had played the airs which so entranced my soul. But why should a lonely bachelor have an instrument which he could not play? "Because, (said I to myself,) perhaps some lady visitor may two or three times in a year awaken its silent strings, and cheer my lonesome habitation."

When I saw the instrument now in its place, I said to Baylor, "This piano, I suppose, has never yet made music in Seclusaval." "Yes, sir, (he replied,) I was just going to tell you about it. Just a week ago to-day, I was directing the men about a terrace in the garden, when I happened to cast my eye down the valley, and behold, a carriage and a sulkey were coming up the lake side, full of ladies, except the sulkey, which had an old gentleman in it. A young gentleman on horseback led the way. They stopped several times and looked all round, as if they were admiring the scenery—and well they might admire it, Mr. Garamé. When they came near the foot of the garden, I went down and asked them if they would not drive up to the cottage. 'Have you a good road up the hill?' (said the old gentleman.) 'O yes, (said I,) two of them; you had better drive up this way by the glen side, and you can come down by the other side. You will then have all the beautiful views from the hill.' So I led them up by the glen road. They kept looking about every way and praising the landscape—as they had reason to do, you know, Mr. Garamé. When we got into the park, on the hill here behind the house, they stopped several times to enjoy the glimpses and vistas through the trees. You will say that I have improved them since you went away. I have cut a glimpse for the top of Craggyhead, and a vista for Rocky Nook cottage over the valley yonder. Well, when we got to the foot of the great tulip tree, out yonder, and the whole valley and mountains burst on their view at once, they cried

out, 'Oh how beautiful.' There was a lady in a black mourning dress, that seemed to be all in raptures at the landscape. When they had looked a little, and I could speak without interrupting them, I invited them into the house. They came into the parlor; but for some time they could not rest for going to the door, and looking through the window over the valley. Presently I asked the favor of the ladies to play on the piano and tell me if it was in good tune. First, a young lady in white played a tune very prettily. 'That is a very sweet instrument, (said the black-eyed lady,) and it is in very good tune.' Then she went and played herself, and such delightful music I think I never heard. She sung a mournful song, 'Mary's Dream;' and when she had finished and left the piano, I saw tears falling from her eyes. The old lady, Mrs. La Motte, then began to ask me about you. She said the people at the village below had praised Mr. Garamé's beautiful valley so much that they had come up just to take a look at it. She finished by saying that you must be going to take a wife, as you were making such a beautiful home. 'No, indeed, (said I;) he told me that he intended to live a bachelor all his days.' 'Why what is the matter? (said she, joking;) is he a woman hater?' 'No, (said I,) he is an admirer and friend of the ladies: but I think from what I have heard him say, that he once fell in love with a London lady, and somehow their love did not prosper—and having lost her, he expects never to love another.' When I said this the beautiful lady in black suddenly burst out a crying, and ran out into the yard to hide her feelings. The rest of them went out too, and after they had comforted the lady in black, they returned into the parlor and said they must go. I had refreshments brought in. At first they only tasted them sparingly; but I told them to make free and help themselves plentifully; for that you would not be pleased with me, if I let genteel strangers go away without partaking liberally of the good things in Seclusaval. Then they ate and drank freely; and when they left the house, I mounted a horse and rode with them about the lawns, and took them up to the dark cascade. When we came back, I proposed that they should take a little voyage on the lake: they consented to be rowed into the Echoing Glen. When they again mounted their carriages to drive away, the old gentleman staid behind a little, talking with me about the valley. Presently, he alluded to the lady in black, and I found out that his object was to apologise for her breaking out so, when I mentioned your being crossed in love. He said that Miss Julia Bensati, the lady in black, was in deep affliction; that she had lately lost her father, had lost her only brother before, and had like you been unfortunate in love. This was no doubt the reason (he said,) why she was so affected, when she heard of your case. He told me that she was a very amiable and accomplished lady, bred in London, and once in prosperous circumstances there; and being now reduced to distress among strangers, and a lady of tender sensibility, she was easily overcome by her feelings, when any thing reminded her of her misfortune. When he had finished his apology for the strange behavior of the lady in black, he thanked me for my kindness and followed the company."

Such was my steward's account of the lady in black; and the reader will easily conjecture the impression that

such a tissue of strange coincidences made on my mind. In spite of what I had heard and seen in London, I was almost persuaded that this lady in black could be no other than Judith Bensaddi, with her name slightly changed, probably for some motive of concealment. There was one circumstance which had escaped my notice in the tumult of my feelings, when I first heard in London of Mrs. Braumigan's death. Judith had a sister married to a christian gentleman, whose name I had never heard; nor had I heard the name of the gentleman to whom Judith had engaged herself. Sir David Monteith—being unacquainted with Mr. Bensaddi's family, might possibly be mistaken in supposing that Mrs. Braumigan was the daughter who gave up her own fortune to pay her father's debts. This noble act was certainly done by Judith, whose uncle had left to her the fortune that she gave up. So that there did seem to be a possibility, after all, that my Judith might be alive. I regretted exceedingly, that in the sudden perturbation of my feelings, I had not thought of Judith's sister while I was at Sir David Monteith's, and that I had left London without inquiring, or thinking to inquire, more particularly about the two sisters. Being left in some doubt now concerning my Judith's fate, I was prone to hope that the striking coincidences both personal and historical, between this lady and my lost one, were not accidental. Judith, I felt sure, would never have chosen to visit my dwelling without a previous explanation with me;—but I could imagine plausible reasons to account for this circumstance, so inconsistent with the well known delicacy of her feelings. She could not object to coming with her employer's family, without giving a reason that would betray what she would rather conceal; and knowing that I was from home, she had no reason to object: nor could she presume that the Mr. Garamé of Seclusaval, was the same person as the poor student of Rockbridge, whom she had known and loved three years before.

Putting all these facts and conjectures together, I was so nearly persuaded that the lady in black was my Judith, as to feel the most tormenting impatience to solve the mystery. But in vain did I attempt to trace the course of doctor La Motte, or to discover the place of his residence. The tavern-keeper at the village could give me no information; no one in the neighborhood was possessed of the knowledge that I sought. I concluded then to write letters to acquaintances in different parts of Carolina, and to get my friends to do the like; that, if possible, I might from some one obtain the desired information. At least fifty letters were written by me and for me; but four weary months passed away without a ray of intelligence. Nobody seemed to know Dr. La Motte. At last a correspondent in Charleston informed one of my friends, that Dr. La Motte with his family had a few days before embarked at that port for France; but that no such lady as Miss Bersati was with them. This correspondent had learned that Dr. L.'s residence was on the island of St. Helena upon the sea coast, south of Charleston. I determined to go immediately to the place, and obtain what information I could respecting Miss Bersati.

On the first of March, I mounted my horse, and put him to a full trial of his speed and bottom. In eight days I reached Beaufort, where I found that Dr. L. was well known. At his extensive plantation, ten miles

from Beaufort, I was able at last to get a clue that would probably guide me to my object. When Dr. L. left home for a visit to France, he obtained a situation for Miss Bersati in the family of Mr. Naudain, a relation of his, in the neighborhood of Porysburg on the Savannah. Thither I went in eager haste, and arrived at the house about noon, on the tenth day of my absence from home.

I was politely received by Mrs. Naudain in the absence of her husband. She informed me that Miss Bersati was an inmate of her family, and was then with her daughters in another part of the house. I showed such deep emotion on hearing this, that Mrs. N. suspected instantly the cause of my agitation; and knowing that Miss Bersati was in a correspondent state of mind, respecting some gentleman to whom she had been attached, the good lady did not wait for any detailed explanation, but on my expressing a desire to see Miss B., she smiled, and said that the young lady would doubtless be glad to see me. "I will request her (said she) to step into a private room, that so joyful a meeting may be undisturbed by spectators. Be so good as to keep your seat, until I return." I could not literally keep my seat. My palpitating heart would not let me rest a single moment, I got up and paced the room; then sat down again; but in another moment I was on my feet, hurrying from one part of the room to another. Every minute seemed an hour, till Mrs. Naudain returned and asked me to walk with her. I followed her footsteps into a long piazza in the rear of the house, and then to the end of the piazza, where we entered a passage, on the left side of which was a door standing ajar: beckoning me to enter by that door, she retired in silence. I stood a few moments to collect my spirits. I heard light footsteps within, of a person walking anxiously over the floor. Pushing the door gently, I stepped in, and saw the lady in black walking from me, unconscious of my presence. Her stature and figure seemed to be those of my Judith. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's plume, agreed with my Judith's. The lady soon heard my approach, and turning round quickly, brought to view a face which again started the rushing tide of sensibility through my nerves. "My Judith, (I exclaimed)—my own beloved!" and I sprang forward to embrace her. She, when she caught the first glance of my person, uttered a faint cry of joy, and started to meet me. But before we met, I discovered an instantaneous change in her countenance. The glow of joyful surprise was converted into ashy paleness. An expression of anguish came like a flash of lightning upon her face. I was in the act of taking her into my arms, when she sank at once to the floor, as if paralyzed. I raised her up and placed her on a settee in the room, and snatching a cushion from a chair, put it under her head. She soon began to recover from her partial swoon. Before she was able to converse, I had time and opportunity to undeceive myself. I discovered—to my inexpressible grief and disappointment—that the lady in black was not Judith Bensaddi. She resembled her much in every striking peculiarity of feature. But a close inspection immediately detected differences that left no room for mistake. This lady's eyes were rather smaller and blacker, her complexion darker, her face longer, and the expression of her countenance was to me less benignly sweet and winning.

She rose after some minutes to a sitting posture, and giving me a sorrowful look, she sighed deeply without speaking. "Alas, my dear stranger, (said I,) we are both, I fear, sadly disappointed by the result of this interview. I have long sought you in the belief that you were a dear lost friend. You resemble her, and this resemblance deceived me." "Oh! sir, (said she,) you were announced to me as a dear lost friend of mine; it was a mistake on both sides; the shock overcame me; I saw that you were a stranger and not my friend. My hope is gone. Alas, alas, he is dead! I shall never see him again!" Here she burst into a flood of tears. After she had wept and sobbed a few minutes, I spoke some friendly words to her, and gradually led her into a conversation. The keenness of my disappointment would have been more sorely felt, if the anguish of Miss Bersati had not interested my feelings and excited my curiosity. I was exceedingly desirous to learn the story of one, who in so many points resembled my lost Judith, now lost again to my newly awakened hopes.

"Lady, (said I after a while,) your resemblance to one whom I dearly loved, whom I thought dead, but whom I hoped again to find alive in you, makes me desirous to know something of your history. Will you favor me with an outline of it?"

"I will, (said she,) if my feelings permit." "I have heard (said I,) that you are from London." "I am, (said she;) but I was born in Italy. My father, Anselmo Bersati, was a professor of music. After the death of my mother, he accepted the invitation of an English nobleman, and removed from Florence to London, when I was ten years old and my brother twelve. He had no other children. He taught music in the nobleman's family for a while, and was employed at the public concerts. His reputation grew, and he soon acquired a handsome income. He bred me to the same profession, and before I was sixteen, I was qualified to give music lessons. I was soon able to support myself in this way; and before I was eighteen, I got a good salary as musician in the opera. My brother preferred the mercantile business, and was bred to that. He was fond of travelling, and three years ago made a voyage to America. He returned to London with a young gentleman, Andrew Hazleton, of Charleston, whose father was a merchant in good business. I became acquainted with Mr. Hazleton; he soon attached himself to me; the attachment became mutual, and resulted in an engagement of marriage. He and my brother joined their influence to persuade my father to emigrate to Charleston, where they assured him of profitable employment in his profession. My expected settlement in that city, induced him to consent: and the next spring, now two years ago, was fixed on for the voyage. Mr. Hazleton returned home to wait our arrival for the consummation of the marriage.

"The next spring, when we expected to embark, my father was taken ill with a lingering disease, which confined him six months to the house. When he was able again to ride out, he had the misfortune to be thrown from the carriage and almost killed. At last, however, though threatened with a return of his old disease, he embarked with me, twelve months ago, for Charleston. But it was a sad embarkation; for on that very day, we heard that my brother had fallen in a duel at Havana, to which he had gone upon a trading voyage.

The news so affected my poor father, that he was taken sick before we lost sight of land. He suffered great agony during five weeks, and then, just as the American coast came into view, he breathed his last. Thus was I left a destitute orphan among strangers, and my first office on landing in a strange city, was to bury my father. His long illness, and my close attendance on him, reduced our resources, especially as he had given my brother a large portion of his capital, to set him up in trade. On my landing in Charleston, I had but small funds remaining. But I experienced great kindness from several strangers, especially from Dr. La Motte, who was a fellow passenger on the voyage.

"I must now tell you of another sore affliction on my landing. I did not find Mr. Hazleton, as I expected. He had written to me affectionately from time to time, during the first year after our separation. He then informed me that his father had met with misfortunes in business, which made it expedient for him to remove to New Orleans, where he might hope to retrieve his losses. He still urged us to come as soon as possible to America; assured me of his unchanged affection; and declared that nothing prevented him from coming to London for me, but the difficulty of his father's affairs, which required his aid. A few days before we embarked, we received a letter from him dated at New Orleans; in which he promised to meet me in Charleston, as soon as he should hear of my arrival there. As soon as I was able, after landing, I wrote to him an account of my arrival and of my sad condition. A month afterwards no answer had arrived. I wrote again; but no answer was returned. Dr. La Motte then wrote to a friend of his in New Orleans, to make inquiries. In four weeks he received an answer, saying that old Mr. Hazleton was dead, and that his son Andrew had embarked, three months before, on a commercial adventure for Brazil, and might be expected soon to return. This explained the cause of my receiving no answers to my late letters, and gave me some consolation. In the meantime, I resided in Dr. La Motte's family as governess of his daughters, and received great kindness from the family. I waited in hope of soon seeing or hearing from Mr. Hazleton. But another and another month passed away without intelligence. Dr. L. wrote again to his friend, and received for answer, that Mr. Hazleton had neither returned nor been heard from. I now began to fear that some fatal accident had befallen him. I had no doubt of his fidelity to me, and have never suspected him of repenting his engagement, or I should not have sought intelligence of him as I have done. In the month of August, I accompanied Dr. La Motte's family on a tour to the north, and returned with them two months afterwards."

Here I interrupted the fair narrator with the remark, that it was on their return from that tour, that I got a glimpse of her face in Philadelphia, and afterwards heard of her visit to my vale of Seclusa. She gave me a look of surprise and interest, when I mentioned Seclusaval. "Are you the owner of that beautiful valley?" "Yes, Miss Bersati; and it was the feeling which you showed on hearing of my disappointment in love, that led me to seek this interview, in the hope that you might indeed prove to be my lost Judith Bensaddi." "Judith Bensaddi! Judith Bensaddi!" said she, in a sort of amazement: "Is she the lady whom you loved?"

"Yes,—whom I loved and lost: did you know her?" "Yes, my father was her music-teacher; he often praised her as the finest and most amiable scholar that he ever had. I saw her a few times; but I never had any intimacy with her." "Can you tell me, Miss Bersati, any thing of her history shortly before and after her father's bankruptcy?" "Very little, sir; I remember to have heard that she paid her father's debts out of her own fortune;—and I think that I afterwards heard of her going to France with her father, and that he died there." "Did you ever hear of her marriage, and of her husband's name?" "I remember to have heard some years ago, that she was expected to be married to a clergyman who had baptized her: but although my father was so often at Mr. Bersaddi's house, while giving her lessons, he ceased to have any intercourse with the family afterwards, and we did not often hear of them: I do not think that I ever heard of her marriage." "Did you ever hear of her death?" "I heard something of another death in the family; but I cannot say for certain that she was the one."

Thus unsatisfactorily did my inquiries terminate. Meanwhile Miss Bersati gradually assumed a more cheerful air, in the excitement of conversation. I staid until the next day, and became sufficiently acquainted with Miss B. to admire her beauty, her talents and her accomplishments. I thought that she showed no reluctance to cultivate an intimacy with me. She often alluded to the beauties of Seclusaval, and to her despair of again seeing her lover. I thought her an interesting lady, resembling my Judith a good deal;—but on the whole far inferior, especially in the undesigning simplicity of heart, and virgin purity of sentiment, which gave to my lost Judith her transcendent loveliness: not that Miss Bersati was notably deficient in these estimable traits of character; but the Italian ardor of her feelings, was not tempered with such a degree of unsophisticated sweetness and modesty, as distinguished my Judith. Yet I sincerely commiserated her misfortunes, so much like those of my beloved.

The reader, if interested in her story, will be pleased to hear that within a month after my visit, her lover returned and fulfilled his engagement.

CHAPTER V.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.

I returned home with a heavy heart; taking Charleston in my route, that I might lay in a supply of all things needful to complete my establishment in Seclusaval, where I was now more than ever disposed to lead a solitary life, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." With this view I purchased every thing now, in the way of furniture and stores, that my little household and my laborers would be likely to need for several years. I was liberal, if not profuse, in my purchases; I designed to be not only just but generous to my agents, tenants and dependants: and accumulated such various stores, that I could always have suitable presents to bestow. For my worthy steward's family I made special provision. As to my private and ordinary style of living, I resolved that it should be simple and plain; but when genteel friends or strangers should visit my

lovely Seclusaval, I resolved to bring forth out of my stores the elegancies and luxuries that would make their visit agreeable for the style of my hospitality, as well as for the charms of the scenery.

Thus did I think to console my desolate heart. By the first of April, I again saw the unfolding verdure of my valley, promising a glorious summer display of all that is beautiful in external nature. The house was finished in a simple but remarkably neat and cleanly style of architecture. It was spacious enough to accommodate a large family. The water pipes were laid, and a clear fountain spouted in the yard, and ran sparkling to trace its mazy rounds about the slopes and terraces of the garden. The garden, now finished and furnished, began to bud and bloom with all the riches of a temperate climate. The meadow, sprinkled here and there with trees, single and in clumps, was clothed with a luxuriant sward of the deepest green. The pure waters of the lake were inhabited by a thousand sportive fishes, among which the trouts seemed to find peculiar joy in the cool pellucid element. The neighboring hills and dales differed from the meadow, only in being more shaded with the native forest trees, which had been selected to remain for their stately magnificence, their beautiful forms, or their rich verdure: but among these chosen remnants of the forest, a green turf grazed by flocks and herds began to cover and adorn the ground. Lawns here and there permitted the eye to penetrate into the bosom of the park, and afforded glimpses of beautiful groves and retreats, that enticed the imagination as much by what was hidden as by what was revealed.

A carriage road had been made to wind among the hills and dales towards the upper end of the valley. Passing by the Dusky Cascade before described, it pursued the dark glen that led up to the Blue Ridge; but presently took the point of a low ridge, that led it gradually up to the top of Craggyhead. From this road another led down into the valley on the north-eastern side of Craggyhead, and down that valley until it joined the road leading out of Seclusaval by the ravine.

Now, with all these varied sources of pleasure and amusement,—such choice gifts of nature, such sweet embellishments of art, such stores of all that my heart could covet of the productions of human industry; such a collection of books and of philosophical apparatus, and such specimens of the fine arts, as I had collected in Europe and America,—which if not very costly, were all that I desired—did I not feel happy? How many are there in this country, male and female, young and old, who fancy that the possessor of such abundant sources of enjoyment, must needs enjoy them and be satisfied. Or, if these alone could not satisfy; if the pleasures of society were wanting in my valley; still as I could easily allure what company I would into so charming a retreat—many perhaps among my readers will scarce believe me when I say, that after the excitement of unpacking, storing away and arranging my late acquisitions was over, and I had nothing to do but enjoy the beauties of Seclusaval and the goods that I had laid up for many years;—then did I begin to feel a degree of hopeless despondency, such as I had never felt since I came into the gold country. While I was laboring in my profession, and was full of duties and engagements, I was happy. The constant stimulus that kept

my faculties in a state of activity, left me no time to brood over real or imaginary evils. Now, when my work was done, my fortune made, and a home, lovelier than I had ever dreamed of in my most poetic moods, was mine, to have and to enjoy, according to my pleasure; I first began to feel a sense of weariness and satiety, then of loneliness; then, as the remembrance of one favorite object unattained, came up more frequently and took hold more deeply upon my mind, I became so sad and restless, that I saw no other means of alleviation, than to fly from my quiet paradise and mingle again with the turmoils of busy life. In fact, there was an aching void in my heart; I was alone, and *it is not good for man to be alone.*

Happily, there was one favorite enterprise of mine yet unaccomplished. The female academy was not yet supplied with teachers. A difficulty arose; and the trustees sent me a request to come down and aid them with my advice. The difficulty was this: The trustees had after much correspondence fixed their hearts on procuring the services of Mr. Danforth, who was teaching a female academy in New York, but thinking the climate too cold for his constitution, was desirous of obtaining a situation in the south. But as his qualifications were high, so, and justly so, were his terms. He required the guarantee of a specific sum for himself during one year, and for his music teacher during three years. He would not engage in a new institution and a strange country, without satisfactory evidence that a complete seminary under good management could be sustained, and this evidence was the guarantee. The trustees could obtain from the families of the country around sufficient engagements to guarantee Mr. Danforth's own salary, and that of his wife;—but the demand of one thousand dollars a year for the music teacher, seemed extravagant, and the patrons were not willing to join the trustees in securing it.

When I met with the trustees, I found them reluctantly brought to the conclusion, that they could not employ Mr. D., and must look out for another and probably an inferior teacher. When I read his letter prescribing the conditions, I noticed that he spoke in the highest terms of the lady who taught music in his school; he valued her services so highly, that he would not engage any where without her, nor without securing her an ample salary. He said that she was in no degree related to him or his family, and that she was a friendless and unfortunate lady, whom he would not forsake, and whose talents and accomplishments would adorn any station. I was struck with the noble sentiments expressed by Mr. Danforth, and conceived such an esteem for his character, that I promptly resolved to make myself responsible for the music teacher's salary.

"Gentlemen, (said I,) Mr. Danforth speaks like a man conscious of his deserts; and what is more, like a generous friend to the unfortunate. The high terms which he demands so peremptorily for the accomplished and unfortunate lady whom he has taken under his protection, are to me the strongest reasons why we should accept them. I take upon myself the guarantee of a thousand dollars annually, for three years, to the unfortunate lady:—I will go a step further, and promise the same lady three elegant suits of apparel, yearly, if she will come three times each year and play upon the instrument that stands silent in my lonely parlor: and

by way of assurance that the promise shall be fulfilled, I will send to Philadelphia to-morrow for the first three suits. Mr. Lappet sets out to-morrow for that city, and he shall be my agent. So write immediately to Mr. D., and tell him that his terms are accepted: but I forbid any mention of my name in the letter. The music teacher might feel some scruple, if she knew that a young bachelor had bidden so high for her. She might suspect that I have some design upon her."

The letter was written; and in three weeks an answer was received, announcing that Mr. D. and his teachers would set out in a few days for the academy.

This affair lightened the burden upon my heart for some days. I returned to Seclusaval, but soon began to droop again. I busied myself awhile in superintending some improvements, either not yet finished or newly undertaken. I visited all the new farms on my estate, especially the French colony in Soyevin, the name which I gave the valley devoted to vineyards and mulberry orchards. I found them doing well. Thus I made out to spend the month of April. But when May came, my melancholy increased. The opening charms of nature in Seclusaval served only to inspire melancholy thoughts. I was still alone; and *it is not good for man to be alone.* But what could I do? Though the Houris that adorn the fancied paradise of Mahomet had all smiled upon me, not one could have touched my heart, so long as the sweet miniature that I wore in my bosom, daily renewed my love for the peerless Judith Bensaddi—ever to be loved, and ever to be lamented.

I could stay at home no longer. I mounted my horse and rode again to the academy. The workmen were busily engaged in preparing it for the expected teachers. It could divert my melancholy but a day or two. I mounted and rode away, scarcely knowing whither I would go. Once I thought that I would visit the place where I first resided in Carolina; but when I reached the fork of the road leading to it, I felt too gloomy to appear among my acquaintances there: so I turned eastwardly and travelled on without object. I was flying from melancholy; but I carried the *evil* in my bosom, and fled in vain, because I could not fly from myself.

The third day of my travel from the academy was Saturday, and brought me at nightfall to an inn by the way-side, where a Mr. McTab, a Scotchman, furnished homely fare to travellers. The family had just arrived from a religious meeting, which was being held at a village seven miles beyond. The meeting was numerously attended on account of the presbytery, which was holding its sessions at the place. The Lord's Supper was to be administered the next day, and a great congregation was expected to attend. I was glad to hear of this meeting, and resolved at once to attend it. I felt myself in woful need of religious consolation; and hoped that by means of the holy communion, I might at last obtain rest for my weary soul.

I accompanied Mr. McTab and his family the next morning. I found the church in a grove on the outskirts of the village. Hundreds of horses were tied to the trees and fences. Although Divine service had begun, great numbers of loose persons were strolling about or gathered in groups wherever they could find logs or benches to sit on. Every door had a crowd about it, and every seat and every aisle in the church were

thronged with auditors. Mr. McTab's pew being near the front door, we made out to work our way to it; and by making some youngsters stand among our feet we were enabled to seat ourselves. I could not see the preacher, except occasionally through openings in a dense mass of heads and shoulders. The sermon was an edifying one, and prepared me for joining devoutly in the communion.

When the communion service began, there was considerable difficulty in passing through the crowded aisles to the table. Therefore I waited until the service was nearly over, and then accompanied Mr. McTab's family to the table. Finding it nearly full, they took the space on the one side, while I passed round to the other, and sat facing them. Two or three ladies still lacked seats. The elder in attendance touched my shoulder, that I might make room for them. By pressing closely together, we left a space that was scantily sufficient for the ladies. The one next to me was in deep mourning, and closely veiled. She was much affected after she sat down, and strove in vain to suppress her sobs and tears. She had been pressed so closely to my side, that I could feel the tremor of her nerves and the palpitation of her heart. Her tokens of distress excited my sympathy. Her bereavement was doubtless severe, and probably recent; whether she mourned for parent, or brother; or, what seemed more likely, for the companion of her bosom. As I did, so did she, and sorely too, need the consolations of religion. I raised my heart in supplication for the weeping mourner, as well as for myself.

When the bread was distributed, she seemed to be so absorbed by her devotions as not to observe it. I took a small piece from the plate, broke it and put one of the parts into her hand. She took it from me and ate it, as I did the other part. So, when the wine came round, I tasted first, and then gave her the cup, which she took from my hand. Every moment I felt a greater interest in this stranger, and repeatedly implored the Father of Mercies in her behalf. I knew not why, but I was conscious of a singularly tender sensation from the soft touch of her arm and side, involuntarily pressed against mine. The feeling had nothing in it incongruous to the sacredness of the hour and the place: it was a pure sympathy for the griefs of a breast, so gentle and so devout as I felt hers to be. I was no little gratified to perceive the soothing effect of the communion upon her heart, whose spasmodic action ceased; tears flowed no longer; but a holy calm seemed to have been breathed into her soul, as it was into mine, through faith in the expiatory sufferings that were signified by the sacred emblems of bread and wine. We felt the peace which the dying Son of God bequeathed to his disciples;—the spiritual peace, without which the soul of man is but a fountain of bitter waters.

When we rose from the table, the ladies at my side preceded me in retiring. The mourning lady then appeared to be of the middle stature, and she wore a bonnet somewhat different from any others that I noticed. These were the only observations that I could make, before we parted in the crowd and I lost sight of her. I felt a natural curiosity to know who she was, but had no means of learning, as I could not describe her to another person with any distinctness.

During the short intermission that preceded the after-

noon service, I walked out to meditate in the woods. I felt a delightful glow of spiritual comfort. A fountain, lately closed, had been opened again by the devotional exercises of the day. I no longer considered myself a solitary, unconnected being. If I lacked one tie, of all earthly ties the closest and dearest—if, so far, I was severed from that without which human nature and human happiness are incomplete—I now felt the drawing of other bonds which bound me to many hearts, even of strangers, around the communion table. I was still a member of the human family:—I was also a member of the spiritual family, gathered by him who came down from heaven, into a peculiar brotherhood—a brotherhood of renewed hearts, which by prayer draw sweet effluences of love from the common fountain of Deity, ever flowing from its exhaustless source to purify and to console. Alas! that so many should never seek these living waters. Alas! that so many should infuse the bitterness of their own hearts into these healing streams, and call the polluted mixture religion!

The afternoon service was begun, before I returned to the church. The sermon was an excellent one; chastely and beautifully eloquent, and strictly appropriate to the occasion, but delivered with less vehemence of manner than is usual in the south. The people generally seemed to listen without interest to calm and lucid exposition, logical argument and mild persuasion. The popular mind is yet too uncultivated to relish such refined oratory. I asked Mr. McTab who this preacher was. "A stranger frae the north, (said he,) ganging awa' south." Altogether the services of the day had a surprising effect on my mind. I left the church, renewed, brightened, and sanctified, at least for the time. I thanked Divine Providence for directing my wandering steps to this presbyterial meeting. I could now go home refreshed.

As I pressed through the crowd to get my horse, I happened to hear a couple of plainly dressed old country women, in earnest conversation. Their Scottish dialect first struck my attention; but the subject of their colloquy soon awakened all my curiosity. "Aweel now, Mrs. McGraw, I wud na mind that a bawbee. Ye'll agree that a Jewess may be a gude christian, when she is converted." "Why, yes, Mrs. McCracken, I grant ye, if she be truly and thoroughly regenerate: but that is nae easily done wi' ane o' them hardened Jews, Mrs. McCracken. And then I wud na mind her being a private christian, like, but I unnerstan that she is a teacher, a sort o' public character, like,—ye know, Mrs. McCracken. Now just think—wud ye like to put your daughter unner a Judaizing teacher? Ye know how the Apostle warns us agin sic Judaizing teachers. Think o' that, Mrs. McCracken."

I had stopped at the word Jewess, which struck me like a thunder-clap, not now to frighten, but to rouse me. I waited for some further development of the subject of conversation. But Mrs. McCracken's husband called her off suddenly. "Good e'en, Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. McCracken. "Good e'en, Mrs. McCracken," said Mrs. McGraw: and ere I could address either Mrs. McCracken or Mrs. McGraw, they had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Had I met an acquaintance then, I would have inquired, if they had a converted Jewess for a teacher in their neighborhood. But a few moments reflection

made me conclude, that it was a matter of no consequence to me. Jewesses were found half the world over; and a converted Jewess was no such rarity, that the mention of one should make me fancy that my lost Judith had risen from the grave.

I returned to Mr. McTab's on my way home. The next morning, while conversing with the hostess on the occurrences of the meeting, I was about to ask her a question suggested by the allusions of the old women at the church, when she anticipated me by asking, if I knew that the lady in mourning, who sat by my side at the communion table, was a converted Jewess. I started, turned pale,—and almost breathless, answered, "No." "Aweel now, she was;—but ye need na be frightened. I trust that she is truly regenerate, and I dinna think that we should feel sic antipathy to ony christian, though she be o' Jewish bluid." "I feel no antipathy, Mrs. McTab. But what you tell me is very surprising. Does she reside in this country?" "Na, she is a stranger amang us. She came till the presbytery on Saturday with the preacher that ye heard in the afternoon. They are ganging south, I hear, till teach a seminary." "Do you know the preacher's name?" "Aye, I heard it; I think they ca' him Donfort, or the like o' that." "Danforth, perhaps." "Aye, aye, Donfurth, precessely." "Is the Jewish lady his wife?" I asked in great trepidation. "Na, na; his wife sat next till the Jewess, in white claes. They say that the Jewish convert is his music teacher—though I canna say what sort o' music she teaches—some o' their ungadly whuslin liltis, I fear,—for they dinna teach psalmody in their academies, I unnerstan—the mair is the pity." "His music teacher! Did you hear her name, Mrs. McTab?" "Her name? O aye, I heard one tell it till anither: but it is sic a strange name—I canna remember—but it sounded like a Scriptur name too—Beersheba—or Belshazzar—Ach! na—it was na jist a Scriptur name:—Benhadad—it was amaiist like Benhadad—but I canna forgather it." "Was it Bensaddi?" I asked with almost breathless anxiety. "Bainsawdi! A weel now I think that was it:—But I canna tell: I think now it was mair like Baalsamen." "Try to remember, Mrs. McTab—do remember, I beg you." "Ye seem to hae a curiosity about it, Mr. Garamie: Ah, here is Jenny:—Jenny, dear, did ye hear the Jewish laddy's name at the kirk yestr'een?" "Nae, mither; I only heard her called the Jewish music teacher."

This was all that I could learn of the family. Though unsatisfactory, it was sufficient to kindle again some trembling hope—at least it stirred up a thorny impatience to learn who this music teacher was. She was a Jewess; she was a mourner; I had caused her to come to our academy; and at the communion table, I had felt that there was a tender and mysterious sympathy between our souls. These alone were points of deep interest—and then the name! Oh how I longed to know the exact form of it! I was cautious, since Miss Bersati's case had disappointed me, not to trust in resemblances.

Breakfast had been just finished, and the hostler was saddling my steed, when a two-horse barouche passed by towards the west. I stepped to the door and saw that the hind-seat was occupied by two ladies, one in white, the other in black, with the identical bonnet of the lady in whom I now felt so intense an interest. In

five minutes I was on my horse, and ere I was aware I found that I had urged him to a gallop. When I overtook them, a short turn in the road brought the side of the barouche into view. Mr. Danforth sat on the fore-seat as driver; but the lady in black was so closely veiled, and so covered from my sight by the other lady, that I could make no discovery. I could easily have passed and turned to look at the faces of the party, but I would not risk a recognition of such importance in such circumstances.

Supposing that they must have taken an early breakfast and would of course stop for dinner, I laid a scheme to gain my end at the house where they would stop. The only convenient house for the purpose, I remembered to be in a rocky vale, where a mill, a store and a smith shop, made a sort of village. When Mr. Danforth stopped the barouche at a brook to let the horses drink, I rode past, holding my umbrella so as to conceal my face from the ladies. I then dashed on, and arrived at the tavern nearly an hour earlier than the barouche.

Telling the landlady that I did not "feel well," (a true saying,) I called for a private room that I might lie down. She showed me first a back room, which I rejected; then she offered me a room up stairs, which I declined also. She looked with curiosity into my face, to see if my pericranium was sound. I asked if she had not a bed-room at the end of the front piazza. "Yes, (said she,) but the sun makes it too warm, at this time of day." "Give me that, madam, it suits me exactly." She gave me another scrutinizing glance, and then led the way. It was within thirty feet of the gate, and had a small window, opening towards the road. Requesting to have some toast and tea prepared, I lay down on the bed. But I seemed to lie on thorns. I got up and prepared the window, by having the sash up and the curtain down, so as to leave a small opening adapted to my scheme of peeping—for I desired to see before I was seen. Meditating on the possibility that this might be indeed my Judith, I considered what I should do in case that it was herself. She was probably a widow, as her deep mourning and sorrow indicated a bereavement more recent than the death of her father thirteen months before. I conceived the outlines of a plan of action; and was absorbed in the subject, when I heard the sound of wheels. My heart fluttered; in great trepidation I took my seat by the window, just as the vehicle stopped.

Mr. Danforth dismounted, and hearing that the party could have dinner, he handed out first the lady in white, who walked straightway into the house. Then he handed out the lady in black, who, as she entered the gate, partially drew aside her veil. A soft dark eye, and part of a lovely face, made me almost faint with fearful joy. Mr. Danforth spoke to her: "How do you feel now, Miss Judith?" "Better every way than I have felt these many days," was the answer; and as she spoke, she turned her face so that every feature was distinctly seen.

I heard—I saw—it was—it was beyond a doubt, my Judith Bensaddi! Her softly beaming eyes, her sweet countenance, somewhat pale and overcast with years of sorrow, but yet all sweet and lovely; the dulcet voice—the name—all agreed. I must have believed, though I had seen her laid in the grave. She lived—she looked—she spoke—she was *Miss Judith*, not Mrs. Brannigan.

Yesterday she sat by my side a devout christian. I then felt the sweet influence of her presence—as if Heaven designed that our reunion should commence at the holy place where we mingled pious vows, ate of the same consecrated bread, and drank of the same hallowed cup. Now, when all was evident, and my fearful hope was changed to certainty, I sank down upon the floor, smitten almost to death with excessive joy.

Soon after, a servant brought in my tea and toast. He found me apparently very ill,—really ill with joy. I had crawled into the bed; now I attempted to rise and go to the table, but stumbled and fell. I made out to get on a chair and drink a dish of tea, which revived me; but I told the servant to take out the things, as I had no appetite for food. The servant's report of my illness brought in the hostess, who asked if I would have a physician sent for. I told her that I was getting over the fit, and could do without medicine. "There is a strange gentleman here who knows something of physic, (said she,)—he desired me to ask if he could be of any service." "I shall be pleased to see him,"—was my reply. She left me; and the next moment Mr. Danforth entered the room. I told him that my illness was going off and needed no further treatment; but that I wished to have a few minutes' private conversation with him. He cheerfully assented. I locked the door, and after some introductory inquiries and remarks, requested him to tell me what he knew of the late history of his music teacher. "My reason for asking, (said I,) is, that I once knew the lady and was much attached to her; I recognised her as she came into the house, and was astonished to see her; because on a visit to London, nine months ago, I was informed that she and her father had died near the same time in France."

"Of course (said Mr. D.) you were misinformed respecting her death. I presume that it was her sister, Mrs. Brannigan, whose death you heard of. I will relate to you how I came to be acquainted with her. Bad health led me and my wife to spend the winter before the last in the south of France. We resided some months at Clairfont, a pleasant healthy village near Bordeaux. We chose that village, because it was inhabited by protestants, and was a place of frequent resort for invalids, especially English invalids. Here we became acquainted with Miss Bensaddi, who was attending on her sick father and sister. An English family in the village had known the Bensaddis in their prosperous days. They spoke in such exalted terms of Miss Judith, and compassionated her afflictions to such a degree, that I resolved to seek her acquaintance. Her assiduous attendance on her father and sister confined her almost constantly to the house; but having gained an introduction, we assisted her in nursing the sick, and soon gained her warm friendship, and what is more, acquired such knowledge of her modest virtues and talents, that we felt loathe to part with her. After the death of her father and sister, which she deeply mourned, but bore with pious submission, we proposed that she should come with us to America. We knew that she had nobly surrendered her own large fortune to pay her father's debts,—that she was the only survivor of the family, and that she felt reluctant to go back to London, where nothing but melancholy reminiscences awaited her. I assured her, that in America her talents

and acquirements would gain her an ample support. She replied that her nearest and best friend resided in Boston, and that she would thankfully accept our kind protection, until she could meet with that friend. She declared her intention to devote herself to teaching, that she might gain an honest living, and be useful to her fellow creatures. We embarked at Bordeaux and landed in New York on the fifteenth of June."

"Did you? (said I;) then I was not mistaken, when I thought that I saw Miss Judith on the deck of a French ship, which our packet met in the narrows on that very day. I was then on my way to London." "You remind me, (said Mr. D.,) of a circumstance which then occurred. We observed that Judith looked intently at the passengers on a ship that we passed in the narrows; and at last burst into tears. When we asked what was the matter, she said that she recognised a dear friend on that ship, one whom she had never expected to see again, and probably had now seen for the last time. She was obviously reluctant to mention particulars; so we did not press her, and she never spoke of the circumstance again. You, I presume, are that friend."

"In New York, I again resumed the school which I had taught. Miss Bensaddi addressed a letter to her Boston friend, Mr. Von Caleb; after long delay, she received a letter from another gentleman there, a friend of his, saying that Mr. Von Caleb had gone, just a week before her letter arrived, to reside again in London: that being left in charge of his affairs at Boston, he had opened her letter. He apologised that pressing circumstances prevented him from affording her any aid, but that she could write to her cousin in London, if she would. She desired no aid except friendly advice; so she wrote no more; but accepted my offer of employment as music teacher in my female seminary."

"She lived very retired in my family,—seemed indisposed to mixed society;—but in private, with my family and a few friends, she was a delightful associate; while her extraordinary skill and assiduity as a teacher, were of great advantage to my school and to every pupil that she taught."

"But a confined city life did not suit her natural taste and constitution. Though as cheerful as such accumulated misfortunes would permit any one to be, she evidently drooped and pined away; until about the middle of autumn, when we made an excursion up the Hudson, visited West Point, the Kattskills and Niagara. This tour had a wonderful effect on her health and spirits. She was inexpressibly delighted with the scenery on our route, and showed that a country life could alone give her continued health and pleasure. On her account, therefore, as much as my own, I was gratified with the prospect of a residence in upper Carolina, where the climate will doubtless suit me and my wife, and the vicinity of the mountains will suit the taste of Miss Bensaddi. I can see that her health and spirits are already improved by the mere expectation of living near the mountains."

"I hope that she will reside in the midst of them before long," said I, under a sudden impulse. Mr. D. looked surprised, and waited for an explanation. But as yet I gave him none.

"Do me the favor, (said I,) to keep this conversation a secret, for the present. I wish to remain unknown to

Miss Bensaddi for a short time. I reside but twenty miles from the academy, and will see you there in a few days. I must also at present withhold my name from you, until I can make it known with evidence of its respectability. After he had given me the promise of secrecy, I asked him if he had heard of Miss Judith's being engaged to marry a gentleman in England, about three years before. He had heard it from the English family in France, who could, however, give no other account of the matter than this, that the gentleman had died without consummating the marriage. Judith had never mentioned to them any thing respecting it. Though communicative on all other subjects, she had never alluded to any love affair in her past history.

Mr. Danforth being summoned to dinner, I took advantage of the opportunity to make my escape, unobserved by the party, and rode post-haste to the academy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUMMER FESTIVAL.

I arrived at the academy a day sooner than the party of teachers. I hastily visited the trustees,—told them that Mr. Danforth would arrive the next evening,—and after suggesting a few particulars of my former love affair with the music teacher, I begged them to avoid all mention of me or of Seclusaval, in the presence of the teachers, until I was prepared to make myself known. I besought them to humor my whim in this matter, and to prevent, if possible, all knowledge on the part of the music teacher, that such a person as myself existed in the country. In due time I would make myself known; and would soon communicate to them, privately, the scheme which I had in my head. They cheerfully pledged themselves to what I requested. To prevent untimely communications from reaching the ears of the teachers, Mr. Landon, one of the trustees, took his carriage in the morning to meet them on the way, and to conduct them by an unfrequented road to his house in a secluded valley of the neighborhood.

I hastened to Seclusaval and immediately set my steward and tenants to work in a multitude of preparations for a summer festival, which I told them we were to have on the first of June in Seclusaval. I astonished my people with the multitude of my orders, and the eagerness of all my words and actions. They saw that new life had somehow been infused into me, and wondered how I came to be so revived all of a sudden. I told Baylor to collect a dozen laborers at once, and go to smoothing off and beautifying Seclusaval to the utmost. "Make the valley shine," said I. "It shall be done, sir." "Get also some carpenters to make temporary buildings for the festival; keep the saw-mill agoing to furnish materials, and let us have a glorious festival." "Yes, sir, it shall be glorious; we are able to do it, and it shall be done, sir." That was enough; I knew that when Baylor undertook to do it, it would be done.

I next despatched letters and agents in various directions, in furtherance of my scheme; and having thus put things in motion at home, I returned to the neighborhood of the academy, and stopped at the house of

Mr. Wilson, pastor of the church. He was an old friend and college-mate, and had been lately settled in the neighborhood through my influence. I communicated my scheme to him. He was pleased with it, and offered me all the aid in his power. He despatched his barouche to Mr. Landon's to bring over Mr. Danforth. The distance was only two miles; Mr. D. soon arrived and was introduced to me; we smiled and shook hands cordially. I now unfolded my scheme of a summer festival, to which I designed to invite all the country round, and among the rest his music teacher. To carry out my views it was needful, on the one hand, that Judith should know nothing about them, until the proper moment, and should be for a while kept in ignorance of my being in the country; and on the other hand, that she should be prepared for the occasion, and that I should know her present feelings in regard to me; lest, after all, the scheme should turn out to be a painful surprise to her, and a grievous disappointment to me.

After detailing the history of my love affair with Judith, and explaining my object in getting up a summer festival, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Danforth readily undertook the office of preparing Judith for her part in the celebration, without letting her know any thing of the matter. Having visited other friends in the neighborhood, and imparted to them more or less of my scheme of a festival, I returned to Seclusaval, and was busy as a bee in preparations for the first of June.

In a few days I received the following letter from Mr. Wilson:

MAY 15TH, 1824.

My Dear G.—I now inform you how I have executed the office which you assigned to me. Two days after you left us, I went with my barouche to bring Miss Bensaddi to my house on a visit. While at Mr. Landon's, I took occasion to mention in her hearing, that I was a native of the great valley of Virginia, and that I had received my education at Washington college. I alluded to the fine scenery in Rockbridge, especially the Natural Bridge and the House Mountain, which I had visited with a party of fellow students, and had seen from its top the most splendid sun rise in the world. The moment when I touched on this theme, I saw that she was intensely interested. Her fine dark eyes brightened immediately, as she fixed them upon me with breathless attention. When I paused, she gave an involuntary sigh and gradually sinking her head to a meditative posture, seemed to be absorbed in thought. Finding her indisposed to ask questions, I inquired if she was fond of mountain scenery. She looked up with animation, and for a minute or two poured forth an eloquent expression of her delight in rural scenes, especially in mountainous regions, and how much better she loved to dwell in this land of valleys and mountains than in a city. "Perhaps, (said I,) you would like to read a description of the House Mountain, written by a dear friend of mine, a native of Rockbridge, who is as enthusiastic an admirer of mountain scenery as you are." "Yes, (said she,) I should be much gratified to read it." Her voice had a slight tremor as she spoke, and the color came and went upon her cheek. "Well, (said I,) I have a copy of it at home, that I will show you this evening."

On the way I alluded to you again without naming you. "This friend of mine, (said I,) settled in another

part of Carolina, two or three years ago, and soon acquired reputation at the bar. But his success has not made him happy. About four years ago he fixed his heart on a young lady, but by some unfortunate accident he lost her. The wound of that disappointment seems to be incurable, unless Divine Providence should by some extraordinary means restore him his lost bride."

When Judith heard these words, she trembled and turned deadly pale, but said nothing. She seemed afraid to trust herself to speak, lest she should betray herself.

In the evening, when I and Miss Bensaddi were alone, I handed her the manuscript. When she read the title, and saw your name annexed to it, she could refrain no longer, but started up to leave the room that she might conceal her agitation. Before reaching the door, her strength failed, and dropping on a chair, she began to sob and weep. "My dear Miss Bensaddi, (said I,) what is the matter?" "Oh, sir, I know not what to say; my feelings overcome me." "Did you see any thing in the manuscript to affect you so deeply?" "Oh yes—I cannot conceal it from you:—that name—is the name of a friend who was in the ship with me, when my dear brother was lost in the sea. May I rely on you not to tell how much I was affected on seeing that friend's name once more." "Miss Judith, that friend of yours and mine has told me the circumstances of that disastrous voyage. He told me also, that the young lady who was then so unfortunate, had won his heart wholly and forever. Pardon me, Miss B., for having taken this course designedly to bring about an explanation of your present feelings towards Mr. Garamé. I had no doubt that you were the long lost object of his affections. I desire to know whether your feelings are as unchanged as his. I will now inform you, that after your return to London, he wrote you two letters in succession, according to the agreement between you; and that he feared from your silence some change of affection towards him, or he would have gone himself to London. At last he received your letter, announcing your expected marriage. This gave him the first intimation that his letters had not reached you. For this he is a mourner still."

When I spoke of the letters, she seemed at first to be filled with astonishment, and then she broke out into sobs and exclamations. After a little, I said—"Now, Miss B., I think you must see the propriety of letting me open a communication between Mr. G. and yourself. You are both unmarried—your mutual affection is unchanged—or am I mistaken in supposing that your affection for him is unchanged?" After a violent struggle of a few moments, she wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I know not what to say. I have betrayed my feelings too plainly. My heart is not changed towards Mr. G. But it becomes not me to profess love for a gentleman, to whose continued affection I have no claim nor right. I am unworthy of him, and I beg that you will not disturb him with any information concerning one who deserves no further notice from him."

"Miss Judith, you accuse yourself so bitterly, that I must claim the privilege of being your judge: if you will state the case to me, I promise to give an impartial opinion, according to the facts. If I think your self-accusation just, and that you deserve no further notice

from Mr. G., then I will let the matter drop where it is." She then gave me a full statement, of which I have room for a few particulars only.

The English gentleman whom she had consented to marry, after she despaired of hearing from you, was Mr. Wycherly, a pious and eloquent clergyman; who after he had overcome her remaining difficulties respecting the christian religion, accompanied her to London from the lakes of Cumberland, and greatly aided in persuading her father to consent to her baptism. She received this rite from his hands. In the warmth of her christian joy, and her gratitude to so worthy and amiable a gentleman, she listened to his proposals of marriage; and mistaking the real state of her heart, yielded her consent. When she sat down, a few days afterwards, to write you the letter, she began to discover what a deep hold you still had upon her affections. Though hopeless of ever seeing you again, she found that her feeling of love towards you, was of a different kind from that which she felt towards the good clergyman, who deserved her warmest gratitude and esteem, but who had not awakened in her the tender sentiment of personal attachment that she still felt for you.

A few days after she had sent you the letter, she frankly told Mr. Wycherly the state of her heart, and requested a postponement of the marriage. He assented, and returned to his residence in Cumberland. The state of his health was rather alarming, before this time. Symptoms of consumption had already made his marriage of doubtful expediency. The steady progress of the disease, soon put marriage out of the question. Learning the desperate state of his health, she went and did for him, as a tender and affectionate nurse, all that in any circumstances she could have done. She showed me, the next day, a letter of thanks written by Mr. Wycherly's mother after his decease, in which her assiduous attentions were warmly acknowledged.

"Now, (said Miss Bensaddi, when she had concluded her narrative,) you see that I was false to Mr. Garamé; because I despaired of his love and accepted another offer, when I ought to have trusted that he was only unfortunate, not changed. And I was false to Mr. Wycherly; because I made him a promise which I could not fulfil, without doing violence to my feelings."

"Miss Judith, (said I,) neither you nor Mr. Garamé were false, but providentially hindered from knowing each other's fidelity. Your promise to Mr. Wycherly was made in sincerity, but under an erroneous impression respecting the state of your heart, and you did your duty honestly in confessing the truth to him when you discovered it. And now, since the design of Providence is manifest, in ordering that you and Mr. Garamé should once more be brought together, with hearts devoted to each other, I put it to your conscience to say, whether you can rightfully refuse to let me inform Mr. G. of the exact state of the case. Can you thus make an over-scrupulous delicacy forever separate two devoted hearts, and can you run counter to the evident leadings of Divine Providence?" "That (said she) is a strong view of the case; I feel that it ought to be seriously considered." "The hand of God is more evident in this matter (said I) than you are yet aware of. This academy owes its erection to Mr. Garamé's exertions; and then without his zealous efforts, Mr. Danforth's terms could not have been complied

with, especially in relation to the music teacher; so that he was undesignedly the cause of your coming here, where, through an extraordinary combination of events, you may again meet and renew the tender relations which were so unfortunately broken off."

She was greatly surprised and affected with this information, and exclaimed, "Yes, it is the hand of God. I dare not now refuse your request. But I beseech you to communicate only so much to Mr. G., as will leave him perfectly free to act as his present inclination may prompt. Do not, I beseech you, expose every thing that I have confessed to you. Let him not think that I consider myself worthy of his love; or that I have any sort of claim or expectation, that should induce him to do any thing not perfectly agreeable to his wish, and likely to promote his happiness. I trust to your kindness and discretion, to manage the matter so as not to involve either of us in a disagreeable predicament." I promised to act with a single regard to the honor and happiness of both parties, and finally got her persuaded to leave the whole affair to the unlimited discretion of myself and Mr. Danforth, without whose consent I promised to do nothing. I have conferred with him on the subject, and we agree that you ought to know the whole truth, as I have stated it.

Now your way is clear to prosecute your scheme, and I trust that God will bring it to a happy issue.

Yours, &c.

If ever a man was delirious with joy, then was I, when I read this letter in my library; I danced over the floor like one intoxicated. My final arrangements were put in train immediately. I made a stealthy visit to my friends below, and settled with them the scheme and order of proceedings at the summer festival. I enjoined upon them to keep the whole affair, and even the existence of Seclusaval and my presence in the country, still profoundly secret from Judith. My design was by all possible means to make it a happy day of surprises to that dear child of sorrow. On the 30th day of May, the preparations were complete at Seclusaval, and a letter from my managers below, informed me that all was right in that quarter.

On the last of May, Mr. Landon, who had heretofore kept Judith very much secluded, took her in his carriage with his wife and daughter and Miss Claymore, to visit the mountains; he and the brother of Miss Claymore being on horseback. The weather was fine, and the whole party in good spirits. Judith had gone through such dark years of affliction, that sober cheerfulness was all that she could usually enjoy. The prospect of a trip to the wild mountains, had raised her a degree above her usual cheerfulness, and her mind was prepared to derive pleasure from a ramble so congenial with her taste.

They pursued the valley that leads to Seclusaval; but when they came to the ravine, they turned off to the right, and ascended the vale at the north-eastern side of Craggyhead. At a new farm in this valley, they began to ascend the mountain by a winding road, not good but practicable; a little before sunset they reached a farm house, romantically situated high up on the side of Craggyhead, where a broad terrace of the mountain spread out from the base of the cliffs which supported the castle-shaped summit. Here they found the new white cottage all swept and garnished for their

reception. There was a stir of cookery in the kitchen, and a tidiness of apparel among the cottager's household, as if they expected company. When the party stopped at the gate, they were received in the most friendly manner. On alighting and looking round from beneath some tall trees in the yard, they were detained for some time by the magnificent scenery before them. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the mountain tops, while the deep vales were reposing in the gathering shades of twilight. They contemplated the wild and rugged mountains on the north of Craggyhead, and the less rude features of the eastern landscape; they looked down into the half seen vales and glens about this side of the mountain, until they were called to partake of an excellent supper. After supper they went out to enjoy the soft evening air; they found the moon up in the east, shedding her silver radiance upon the green woods and the gray rocks; diffusing over the vast landscape the dreamy softness of hue, which made Judith in her enthusiasm call the scene before her "the land of the shadow of life." When they had feasted their imaginations awhile on the nocturnal glories of the landscape, they went to bed in small but neat apartments, which seemed to have been furnished specially for the accommodation of such a party.

They rose an hour before the dawn, and now saw the moonlight thrown back from the west upon the opposite sides of the mountains, and shining into a ravine near the house. Through this ravine they were to ascend to the top of Craggyhead by a rough road, but still a safe one for a carriage, to a little fountain at the head of the ravine. From the fountain they made their way on foot, and stood on the table rock of the summit, just as the eastern horizon began to glimmer with the first hues of Aurora, and the moon as she went down was peeping back through the pines of the Blue Ridge. Every valley around Craggyhead was buried deeply in fog, and every high mountain stood forth, dusky and desolate, above the misty sea. It was the House Mountain scene varied. Judith recognised the resemblance, and seemed entranced. "On a rock, whose haughty brow frowned," not "o'er old Conway's foaming flood," but over the lovely vale of Seclusa, was Judith stationed. Her soul of liveliest sensibility kindled and glowed with ethereal animation as she looked, first this way, then that way, generally with silent admiration. Now and then her feelings broke forth in expressions such as these, "What a glorious vision!" "Down there! See how softly and silently the mist reposes in yon valley; 'tis like the sea of oblivion." "Oh, the sun! Now the mountain tops begin to glow! How splendid are the green forests newly gilt with morning rays!" "How beautifully yon cliff of rocks over the valley appears with its crown of dark green pines." "Behold, Mrs. Landon, the valley down here begins to show itself! That hill top down yonder—see how its beautiful trees stand out over the mist! How green and fresh the ground looks under the trees. Yonder too is a white cottage, in a nook under the rocks, with a little field and fruit trees about it. Oh! look down this glen under our feet, how wild and thickly set with trees!—and yon hill at the mouth of the glen—what a beautiful park, and a handsome house at the brow of the hill! Lend me your telescope, Mr. Landon—I want to see that beautiful garden on the hill

side;—I see roses blooming in the garden; and walks and shrubberies, and every thing beautiful. There is a green meadow too, just unveiled; ornamented with trees. Let me see! The meadow is almost covered with bloom. How lovely! Miss Claymore, what is that spreading out so smoothly by the meadow side? It looks like water. It is water—a fine lake! with a boat moving over it!" Thus she noticed one object after another, as each was exposed to view. Finally, after the fog had disappeared, and the whole valley presented its enchanting landscapes, she surveyed it a while in silence, and then asked in a sort of ecstasy, if this were a real scene in the mountains, or only a dream. Being presently assured that all was real, she declared it to be the most delightful place in the world, and congratulated herself that it was sufficiently near the academy to admit of her coming to look at it, once or twice a year.

About sunrise the party had been joined by Mr. and Mrs. Danforth, and two or three other friends. At seven o'clock, they were all invited to come down to the spring at the foot of the precipice, and take breakfast. They found hot coffee and all the requisites of a good morning's repast. At eight o'clock they mounted their vehicles, and began to descend by the road which leads down into the upper glen of Seclusaval. They frequently stopped by the way to enjoy the new views which successively presented themselves. When they reached the bottom of the glen, they found themselves so enveloped with the shade of trees and rocks, that they seemed to be cut off from all that they had seen, and indeed from all the visible and the living world of sunshine. They stopped awhile at the Dusky Cascade, and admired its romantic wildness. Pursuing their way, they wound along the southern border of the valley, till they suddenly emerged from dense shades and thickets in all the disorderly luxuriance of nature, into a grassy lawn, from which they caught glimpses here and there of wider lawns, and of hills and mountains—but only glimpses enough to excite curiosity, until they suddenly reached the brow of a turfy hill, crowned with a tall open grove. Here a general view of the more improved parts of the valley suddenly burst upon the sight, and drew an exclamation of delight from Judith and several of her companions. The garden and hill of Glenview were seen to great advantage across the low grounds; on the right were the lake and meadow; above was the deep glen of Craggyhead leading the eye up to the towering summit, from which they had looked down upon the valley. Descending the hill, they passed over by the head of the lake, and wound up by the western side of Glenview, into its beautiful park, through which they came forward again to the house on its brow, and here again they stopped and contemplated with admiration the best of all the views of Seclusaval, now shining in its glory, as Baylor said it should.

Here some new appearances began to attract attention. In the mouth of the glen below the garden, half concealed by a grove of tall trees, were two large structures newly erected to accommodate the numerous company invited to the festival. The one was a large shed supported by framed pillars, and set round closely with green boughs to exclude the sun and wind. This was furnished with two tables, each a hundred feet long;

and in the rear, the smoke and the bustle of cookery showed that the tables were to be used. The other building, though a temporary structure, was formed with more regard to beauty of appearance; it was designed for such in-door exercises and amusements, as might be adapted to the occasion. I shall notice this building again. It was called the Summer Hall.

Already had several parties of guests arrived, and others were seen coming up by the lake side, in carriages, on horses, and on foot, all in gay attire, and with a hilarity of movement indicating that they were pleased and seeking pleasure. When Judith observed these appearances, she inquired whether Mr. Baylor (whom alone she had heard spoken of as residing here,) had invited company to Seclusaval.

"Miss Judith, pardon us (said Mr. Landon,) for not having told you, that there is to be a summer festival here to-day. We were invited to partake of it, and the rest of us agreed not to tell you, until you saw the valley, because we wished to give you an agreeable surprise." "All that I have seen to-day, (said she,) has been so delightfully surprising, that half the time I can scarcely believe my own senses, but suspect that I am dreaming; every thing bears so much the appearance of enchantment." "There is a sort of enchantment going on here, (said Mr. L.) The worthy proprietor of this valley, has converted it into an enchanting place; and I should not be surprised if some of us should undergo strange transformations to-day. I think that you are already so much under the magic influence, that you may ere night be converted into something that you think not of." "If the transformation you speak of (said Judith playfully,) do not dissolve the sweet visions of this valley, I shall not suffer much." "No fear, Miss Judith, (said Mr. L., in the same sportive strain,) I think the enchanter is a benevolent one, and means only to give us pleasure; and if you should undergo a change, the new form of your being will doubtless be a happy one."

Now Mr. Baylor came out to the great tulip tree under which they stood, and invited them into the house. He acted the landlord on this occasion with a hearty blunt sincerity, which made up for a little want of refinement in the manner of his kindness. His wife and daughter did the honors of the house. The parlor and library had been fitted up handsomely with my holiday furniture.

When the party entered the parlor, they found several acquaintances already there. Judith was asked to play on the piano. She played and sang three pieces of a cheerful character, and in the best style of her unrivalled execution. She pronounced the instrument to be one of the most sweetly-toned that she had ever played upon. I owed her a dress for playing in my house—and I did not forget to pay it in due time.

The company were now joined by Mr. Wilson, the pastor, who whispered a word in Judith's ear, and then took her through the hall into the library, where he handed her a letter which will explain itself. She began to tremble as soon as she looked at the inside. She read as follows:

"My beloved Judith,—Words cannot express my joy to know that you are in Carolina—unmarried—and, as my friend thinks, with a heart unchanged towards me. He informed me by what means he had extracted

the dear confession from you. He has also given me the outlines of your late history. Oh how my heart bled to think of the sorrows of my long lost Judith! But you were not to blame for despairing of my love, when I was so unfortunate in the transmission of my letters. But thrice happy shall I now be, if you will permit me to see you, to renew my suit in person, to press my long-wept-for bride to my panting bosom once more, and to solicit a speedy consummation of my ardent wish to call you mine by every holy tie, and then to do what man can do to secure us from future separation and change for life. I am present at this summer festival, and wait your permission for an interview.

W. G."

Here was a new surprise—she had not suspected that I was in the neighborhood. She was affected to tears by the intelligence; but they were not tears of grief. She handed the letter to Mr. Wilson. "Shall I read it, Miss Bensaddi?" "If you please; I am so bewildered with surprises and unexpected delights to-day, that I cannot trust my own judgment. Advise me, my friend, respecting the subject of that letter." Giving the letter a hasty glance, he said, "Miss Judith, you now have from himself the ardent avowal of unchanged affection. You see the impatience of his feelings, and the fear that delay may interpose some obstacle to his wishes. But before I advise you what to answer him, I must know the exact state of your heart. Answer me unreservedly, my dear friend. Do you love Mr. G. with such affection as would, in ordinary circumstances, make you freely consent to marry him?" "I must in candor confess that I do—my affection for Mr. G. is entire—he still possesses all my heart." "Well, then, as the mutual friend and confidant of both parties, I give you this advice: That you tempt not, by needless delay, the Benign Providence which now smiles upon your destiny. Open your heart at once to Mr. G., as he has done to you; and when he pleads for a speedy consummation of your union, yield, my friend—make no delay beyond what duty and necessity may seem to require. Thwart not the ardent wish of one who is worthy of you and seeks only your happiness; and be not inattentive to the hand of God so manifestly pointing out the way to this happy marriage." "Yes, (said she, with deep emotion,) I see more and more the evident tokens of God's will in the present extraordinary crisis. I would be blind to my own good, and most wickedly ungrateful to my Divine Benefactor, if I could yield now to a prudish delicacy, rather than to the force of such extraordinary and Divinely ordered circumstances. Oh, my friend, how grateful should I be to the kind Parent of all—how much do I need, at this critical moment, His good spirit to guide my actions. Pray and give thanks for me, my dear friend." She fell instantly upon her knees. Mr. D. also prostrated himself, and performed in a low voice the devotional exercise that she requested.

When this was concluded, Judith appeared calmer, and consented to let Mr. D. inform me that she was prepared for the interview. He came out, and locking after him the door that opened into the hall, he gave me the signal, and I passed into the library through another room. I had denied myself an interview with Judith, during three weeks, that I might now enjoy it, and make her enjoy it the more. How I trembled with

excessive emotion, when I opened the door of my bed chamber behind the library, and saw her sitting with her side towards me, and her head reclining on the back of the chair. I could see a tremor agitating her frame also. When she was aware of my approach, she looked up with a look of indescribable feeling—then she started up with an inarticulate cry of joy. We met. Let silence cover what no language can express. Reader, thy lot hath been a rare one, if ever thou didst feel in one hour's concentrated delight, a full equivalent for years of dreary absence and of hopeless sorrow.

How long it was ere we could speak, I cannot tell; perhaps fifteen minutes. My first words were, "Oh, my long-lost—my recovered—my dearest Judith—will you now be mine?" She struggled for utterance a moment, and replied, "My heart was yours long ago, and is, and will be, while I live. But my beloved friend, if I be a bride, I must now be a dowerless bride." "None the less precious for that, my dear Judith—if any thing, more precious to my heart on that very account. We shall not be destitute of the comforts of life. God has blessed my exertions, and we can trust Him for the future. So my love, do not refuse me because you have embraced a noble poverty from the best of motives. Oh, let me call you mine without delay—mine by the holiest ties." "I will, my friend, without unnecessary delay." "Thank God for that answer. Let it be this day then, my Judith—this blessed day, while heaven and earth are smiling upon us." "This day, my friend! We are not prepared." "Better prepared in respect to external circumstances than you are aware of. I have been preparing these three weeks, and all is ready, if my Judith's heart is ready." "My heart is always ready—but we are here as Mr. Baylor's guests, upon a very different occasion, and I never saw him till this day." "My Judith, Mr. Baylor has been preparing for our marriage to-day, on the condition that I could gain your consent. Yes, my love, I confess that I meant to take you by surprise, and if I could, to woo and win you to my arms this sweet festal day, while life is young and our joy is fresh—while woods are green, while roses bloom, and every star of Heaven shines auspiciously upon us. Forgive me, dear Judith, for intending to surprise you thus—I meant to give pleasure—I trust that I am not giving pain." "No, my beloved friend—I seem all this day to be in a delirious ecstasy—to meet with you, to find you as I do, with all the freshness and the warmth of the affection that once gave me such delight—alas! so fleeting, and so soon followed by years of affliction, that left me a poor orphan remnant of my family. But this hour has made me compensation." "Then crown my happiness, dear Judith, by permitting me to lead you to the altar." "I refuse nothing, my dear friend, that I am at liberty to grant; but my services as a teacher are engaged to Mr. Danforth." "That too is provided for, my dear Judith. Mr. D. was consulted about my schemes to win you to-day; he would have released you at all events, if you had consented; but I sent to Columbia, and have engaged him a teacher there; so that all is ready." "The occasion is very sudden; I am in a mourner's garb." "Is that the only remaining difficulty, my love?" "I do not now think of any other; and I am not disposed to multiply difficulties. If you can remove this, or if you think it of

no importance, then I yield to your desire." "Heaven bless my dear bride—now I am happy. Walk with me, my love."

So saying I took her arm, and led her through my bed chamber to a large closet at the end of it. There I opened a wardrobe and discovered to her three complete dresses, made secretly after her measure, fine and chastely elegant, with every appendage needful to fit her out completely. "Here are the wedding garments, my sweet bride; take your choice; I will send Miss Baylor to your assistance. I give you—let me see—it is now half-past eleven. I give you an hour to meet me with your bridesmaids down at the Summer Hall, where Mr. Wilson will be prepared to receive our hymenial vows. Now, love, 'One kind kiss before we part' for an hour." With a blush and a smile, she gave what I asked—then dropping on a chair, her face all covered with blushes, she hid her modest confusion with her handkerchief, as I left the room. Immediately I sent Miss Baylor and a servant to the closet, and hastened up stairs to equip myself for the happy occasion.

I was ready in half the time allotted to my bride, and went with my attendants down to the Summer Hall, to see the sports of the company. Some were walking through the garden; some were sailing on the lake in pretty boats; some fishing on the bank; some strolling among the lawns and groves, and others listening in the Summer Hall to a band of musicians, and preluding for the expected dance. The Hall had a plank floor and seats rising behind each other on three sides, leaving the middle space unoccupied. The vault of the roof, and the walls were literally covered with branches of evergreens, wreathed and festooned, and adorned with flowers, especially roses, which were beautiful to the eye, and diffused sweet odors through the surrounding air. Pots with living shrubs and plants of various bloom, were set round on shelves within, and outside at the broad entrance to the Hall, where a verdant bower served as a rustic vestibule to the Hall.

Fifteen minutes after twelve, the sound of a bugle called in the scattered parties. At half past twelve the bugle sounded again, and immediately a company of young ladies in white robes left the house on the hill, and winding down through the garden, approached the Hall. When they entered the flowery vestibule, they furled their parasols, opened their thick array, and discovered in their midst my lovely bride, blushing through her lace veil, and radiant with all the charms of her extraordinary beauty. When I saw her now in her bridal habit, every feature expressive of the high-toned emotions of this to her surprising day, I vowed in my heart that she never had looked so transcendently sweet and interesting.

I took her hand, as she stole a furtive glance at me, and led her to the middle of the floor, where Mr. Wilson in five minutes received our solemn vows, and pronounced the nuptial benediction.

Instantly a joyful shout rang through the assembly; the band struck up hymenial airs; and when I had seated my bride on a chair in the midst of the floor, our joyful friends pressed forward to congratulate us. No sooner was this customary token of good will given us, than a trained band of singers from the village below, headed as usual by their music master, Phil Gleason,

rose from their seats, and sang with great spirit the following stanzas:

Human life is like the year,
Sometimes cold and dreary,
Forcing many a bitter tear
From the sad and weary;
But the storm will overblow—
Blossoms follow clouds of snow.

Sore, O bride, thy trials past,
Long and deep thy mourning,
Brighter days have come at last,
Summer is returning:
Rosy Summer bids thee hail,
Welcome to her lovely vale.

Smiling see the breezy lake,
Smiling see the meadows,
Wood and lawn and tangled brake.
Smile with twinkling shadows:
E'en old Craggyhead above
Smiles upon thy wedded love.

Now attend, ye festive throng,
Join the coronation,
Join the chorus of the song,
Shout with gratulation:
Bring the wreath, the bride instal
Queen of fair Seclusaval.

Bring the wreath, &c.

While the singers repeated the last couplet, Miss Landon, with the other fair attendants of the bride, came forward with something concealed in a basket. She first stooped and whispered a word to Judith; then opening the basket, she took out a beautifully twined chaplet of roses and evergreens, and put it on her head. This action was hailed with enthusiastic cheers by the whole assembly. Judith, with her usual grace and dignity, but with tears of sensibility in her eyes, now rose and made her acknowledgments to the company; she thanked them most feelingly for the ardent welcome they gave her, and for the sympathy which they manifested in her most unexpected but nevertheless, as she said most happy marriage. "I thank my dear young friends too, for the complimentary coronation with which they have honored me. Though it be but a fading crown of roses, it is so much the more appropriate to one, whose royal dignity on this festive occasion, will so soon pass away. But oh! how shall I express the emotions which the surprising and delightful occurrences of this day have raised within me! I can only say, dear friends and strangers, may God give you all a crown that will never fade away." She then resumed her seat, scarcely able to keep her feelings from overcoming her.

Now, I must inform the reader, that I was myself taken by surprise, when this coronation scene was acted. It was no part of my plot, but an underplot contrived by Gleason and other friends, in order, as they said, to express their good will, and to give me a taste of the surprise that I was so liberally dealing out to my bride. I thanked them for their good intention; but was afraid that it was carrying the matter a little too far. However, it went off very happily.

Soon after this, the bugle sounded to dinner. Mr. Danforth conducted the bride to the dining arbor,

where two long tables were filled with guests. The dinner, though not sumptuous, was excellent, as the company seemed to think; for they complimented their entertainer by partaking plentifully of his fare. When nothing remained to be done but to drink wine and other mild beverages, (for no ardent spirit was used,) Mr. Landon, who presided at the first table, called out in a loud voice, "Attention, gentlemen and ladies! I have a toast to propose; after I have repeated it, let all who join in the sentiment drink standing:—'Long life and happiness to the bridegroom and the bride of Seclusaval.'" Instantly the whole company rose, and after they had drank, spontaneously gave three cheers. I rose and made a short speech, and gave my own toast in compliment to the company; but neither the speech nor the toast are here recorded.

Now Baylor, who presided at the other table, sprang up in a fit of enthusiasm, and shouted, "Drink to my toast: 'The sweet rose of Seclusaval! long may she bloom and flourish here.' Nine cheers, my friends." And nine cheers made the valley ring again. After some less particular toasts were given, the company rose from the table and returned to the Summer Hall, where music and dancing began to delight those who were fond of the amusement, whilst others betook themselves to whatsoever they liked best. A party of us embarked on the lake and made a visit to the Echoing Glen, where we seemed at once to have got into another sort of region—a region of the shadow of death. When we sounded the bugle in this dark, cool recess, it seemed as if ten thousand shrill-mouthed demons had set up a yell. This romantic spot drew several exclamations of delight from Judith. When we returned to the head of the lake, we saw all manner of sports going on, and every one appearing to be delighted with the festival. About twenty of my friends now occupied the parlor of my house, where music on the piano and pleasant conversation beguiled the time.

After awhile we began to disperse ourselves in little parties over the adjacent grounds, as choice or accident directed. Some strolled through the parks and lawns; some into the wild glen under Craggyhead; some into the garden below the house; while others found their way into the labyrinthine walks of the wilderness, on the brow of the hill by the house. Here densely matted shrubs, vines and trees, were penetrated by shady avenues, leading irregularly, sometimes to little plots of open ground, from which glimpses could be caught of mountain, hill, and lake; sometimes to wide lofty arcades of tall acacia or magnolia trees, festooned and canopied with luxuriant vines. Of all the spots in this romantic wilderness, the most charming was a knoll on the hill side near the garden. The margin of this knoll was overgrown with an impenetrable thicket of hawthorns, pyracanthas, eglantines, and rose-bushes. Within this thorny cincture was a labyrinth of Paphian bowers, formed of every beautiful and blooming species of vines and trees. In the centre was a small wooden temple, circular in shape, open at the sides, but covered with a dome. In the centre of the temple, a fountain spouted its tiny jet so high, that the water fell back in a fine white spray into a gravelly basin, and ran off by a winding channel into the garden.

To this charming retreat I finally led my sweet wife

alone, through an entrance so covered with foliage and pendent vine branches, as to be invisible to one not acquainted with it. I first conducted her round the sylvan bowers, all verdant, blooming and fragrant. We then entered the little temple, and having seated ourselves at one side, among wreaths of clematis and china roses; we looked awhile in silence at the fountain, which would shoot up its foaming jet for a minute, and then cease for an equal space of time.

"Well, my dear wife, (said I at last,) you have now seen enough of Seclusaval to express your opinion of it. How do you like it?" "Like it! why my dear husband, it is the most charming place in the world: such a sweet image of paradise! such a nurse of pure and holy feelings! None but the virtuous and devout should ever dwell amidst such delightful tokens of Divine beauty and goodness. To have spent one day—my happy wedding day—in so sweet a place, will be a pleasure to me whilst I live: and to visit this charming Seclusaval, even once a year, will add to my enjoyment of a residence in this beautiful country."

"Once a year, my love, do you say?—Is that all? Do you not remember the toasts at dinner, and the coronation in the Summer Hall?—Are you not installed queen of this valley?"

"Yes, my husband, (said she, looking up in my face,) I remember the complimentary toasts and coronation: I felt ashamed on my own account, that I so little deserved the compliments bestowed on me: but when I remembered that you were the real object of them all, I rejoiced at such striking proofs of the enthusiastic devotion of your friends: and especially of Mr. Baylor, who is evidently delighted with his own generosity in giving you a wedding feast amidst the thousand beauties of his valley. He must be a devoted friend of yours."

"He is, my dear; but he ought to be my friend; for I have now to inform you, my sweet wife, that Mr. Baylor is my steward."

She gave me a sudden look of surprise and doubt: "What did you say, my husband? Mr. Baylor your steward? Are you serious?" "Yes, love, I have reserved this surprise for the last. I have now to tell you, that among all the delightful events of this day, I deem it not the least that you are so well pleased with your home; for the compliments paid you to-day were all true and appropriate: you are the bride and the mistress of Seclusaval." As I spoke, her eyes, which were still fixed on mine, began to moisten; the tide of emotion rose and colored her cheek: the fulness of her heart was such that for some time she could not utter a word: she fell on my breast, and presently sobbed out, "I have suffered many afflictions, and deserved them all; but now kind Heaven has overpowered my heart with blessings."

INCIDENTS.

Trivial incidents in early life give a turn to character. We sometimes see a noble oak bent and distorted, from a twist given to the twig. So, in human life, many a little unheeded incident will tell in future years.

c. c.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Complaining bird, that sing'st at eve,
 When all around is calm and still—
 Why wilt thou make my spirit grieve,
 And bid me "Whip poor Will!"
 What has poor Willy done, that he
 Should be the burden of thy song,
 As, sitting on yon old oak tree,
 Thou chantest all night long—
 "Whip poor Will?"

I whipped him once, but ah! in vain;
 From copse and wood, from glen and hill,
 That oft-repeated solemn strain
 Still bids me "Whip poor Will!"
 And though the little fellow screamed
 For being whipped he knew not why—
 Till on yon heavens the starlight gleamed,
 There came that mournful cry—
 "Whip poor Will!"

On other themes, oh lonesome bird!
 Employ thy deep, melodious bill;
 And let me hear some other word,
 And not "Will"—"Whip poor Will!"
 For William is a pleasant boy,
 A merry-hearted, lovely one—
 His father's pride, his mother's joy;
 Why must I whip my son?—
 "Whip poor Will?"

What! never done! wilt always sing?
 Can no persuasion keep thee still?
 Has thy small harp no other string,
 Beside that "Whip poor Will?"
 'Tis even so—'tis mine own thought,
 And not thy note, does Willy wrong:
 Then sing away—with sweetness fraught—
 Sing that complaining, constant song—
 "Whip poor Will!"

New York, October, 1837.

INTERNATIONAL
LAW OF COPY-RIGHT.

The protection which society offers to the property of its individual members, marks the gradation of its improvement, and forms a distinguishing feature between rude and polished nations. And in proportion as the right of property is held inviolate, does civilization advance and the comforts and conveniences of life multiply. Hence it is, that in free and well organized governments, wealth accumulates, the arts flourish, science advances, and the cause of sound learning keeps pace with the improvements of the age. The least defection from this principle, although it may not be felt in its immediate consequences, is injurious to the well-being of society; since it will serve as a crevice to an entering wedge, which would make wide the chasm of national and individual prejudices and hos-

tilities. Justice is the only sure basis upon which the friendly relations and transactions of men can be safely rested. This being true of individuals, it is likewise true of nations; for nothing is more evident, than that the same principles of equity and morality which govern individual, should also govern national transactions.

Having premised these remarks, I come now to the consideration of the justice and expediency of establishing a law of international copy-right, between the United States and Great Britain. The object of a copy-right, is to secure to the author the honest rewards of his labor, by granting to him for a limited length of time, the exclusive control over the sale and publication of his work. The propriety of such a law must be plainly manifest, since without it, the author would receive no remuneration whatever; his products are immaterial and cannot therefore be appropriated; they have an indefinite power of self-production and may thus speedily become the property of all. The protection, then, of literary property, is the object of an international law of copy-right. Between the United States and Great Britain no such law exists; and from the community of language of the two nations, British authors are extensively read in our country, whilst the profits arising from the sale of those works, are wholly appropriated to the advancement of individual interest of the American bookseller. Not receiving protection from the laws of our land, their works—as soon as they reach this continent—become the property of every American, who has the inclination and possesses the means of erecting a printing-shop; whence he may send them forth, bearing the imposing titles of being *revised, abridged and corrected, or enlarged, improved and stereotyped*, according as the prospect of filling his purses presents itself. Hence, it is easy to perceive the gross injustice done to foreign authors. Our publishers—not having to pay the price of copy right—enjoy the two-fold advantage of both author and publisher. They reap richly of that golden harvest, the seed of which were sown with care, and fostered by the arduous labors of that class, which in every community, is most illy requited for their exertions. Now, I would ask, can a system be founded in true philosophy which proceeds upon a principle like this—that one man's loss is another's gain; or that regards literary property as no property at all? Does it accord with the teachings of political economy? Are not the products of a man's literary labors, as much his property as any of his agricultural or manufactural products; and does not society derive benefit from all? If so, and none will dare deny it, why does not the law extend to it the same protection it offers to every other species of property? Why this insecurity of literary possessions? When an inhabitant of Great Britain sends to our shore the most paltry production of the soil or any manufactural commodity, it receives all the protection due to property; and should any one dare filch aught from the mass, he would meet with merited and condign punishment. But let the same person write a work, whose far-reaching influence, embracing all countries and circling all time, shall bless and adorn generations yet unborn—and how is he remunerated or what is its security? The rapacious harpies of our coast, seize on it as the vulture does on its prey, and trans-

form it into as many shapes as the fabled Proteus was capable of assuming; and the injured author, deprived of every means of redress, beholds his work, which cost him the *care and labor and toil* of years to produce, torn away from him and made the property of another. Call this justice! Then are words unmeaning things and 'twere folly in us to use them! The mildest name that can be applied to a practice like this, is that of literary piracy; and yet it is tolerated by law and sanctioned by custom! But the fact of its not being prohibited by law, does not by any means make it innocent; nor is it disrobed of its guilt, because so many engage in it as to keep each other in countenance. The principle is wrong; and it is beyond the power of man, by any method of association or combination, to make that which is radically wrong, right.

The advocates of this system assert, that British authors receive a sufficient remuneration in their own country, and that, therefore, the surplus rightfully belongs to the public generally. This assertion, I contend, is altogether gratuitous, and by consequence, the conclusion must be false. If true—since the same principles obtain in every species of property—I have the right to demand of my neighbor, the surplus over and above, what will render him a sufficient compensation for his labor. Now, were I to make of him such a demand, I should without doubt, be recommended to the kind attentions of some medical adviser; and since it is natural for us to spare no exertions, in securing what we conceive to be our right, I might in so doing, cause no little annoyance to him of whom I should make the demand, and thus run the risk of having my powers of locomotion restrained within the narrow limits of a straight-jacket!

If they receive, as is asserted, a sufficient remuneration in their own country, whence are those dolorous complaints, long and loud, so often uttered by British authors? Whence those fulsome dedications and that cringing sycophancy which so strongly characterize the productions of the English press? The fact is, and we cannot disguise it, that in most cases their independence is crushed for want of a generous support; and they resort to the menial service of paying court to "My Lord" to secure his patronage and obtain his influence. It is true, indeed, that they can get out a copy-right for their works in their own country, and no one dares reprint them except the author's assignee; but in the absence of an international law of copy-right, this is of comparatively small value. An English publisher cannot afford to pay a high price for the copy-right of a work, while our publishers enjoy the privilege of reprinting the same work, free from all cost. If he pay a high price—that is, amply remunerate the author—his reprints must necessarily be dearer than those of our publishers, whose only outlay is that incurred in publication; hence, the liability of his being undersold and his consequent loss of capital. So great are the facilities of communication between the two countries, that our publishers are enabled to furnish the English market with reprints of English works at a more reduced price than can be furnished by its own publishers; for *ceteris paribus*, the cost of copy-right is greater than the cost of transportation. Hence, this irresistible conclusion forces itself upon us, that serious injustice is done to British authors; and that it becomes

us as Americans to make to them immediate restitution. Thus far have I considered the subject on the simple ground of justice; and upon this immutable basis might I safely rest my cause, did conviction invariably follow in the light of truth. But this is not always so; for no doctrine is more universally agreed on by metaphysicians, or more firmly established by the concurring sentiment of every age, than that the passions exercise a controlling, and oftentimes, a perverting influence over the powers of the mind. This, therefore, being true, it becomes the sincere inquirer after truth, to divest himself of all prejudices and prepossessions, that he may weigh in impartial balances the arguments advanced, and detect in either scale, by clearness of perception and acuteness of observation, the least preponderance. In my subsequent remarks, I shall endeavor to show the influence of the present system on American literature; and inquire into the expediency of enacting the law proposed.

From a slight and cursory view of the subject, particularly as it regards our own country, we might perhaps be so far from desiring such an enactment, as even to congratulate ourselves on the non-existence of such a law; since it contemplates so extensive a dissemination of literary and scientific knowledge. This view, without doubt, has hitherto prevented any legislative enactment on the subject, and given rise to much rant and idle declamation. While every port of the Atlantic is considered to be an unfailing source of light, whence emanate rays to gladden and enlighten our land; and while the "march of improvement" and the "march of mind" are the noble themes of school-boy declamation, he who opposes a system, under the auspices of which, all things move so prosperously on, runs no small risk of being denounced a traitor to the best interest of his country. But before the sentence of condemnation is passed, let the arguments that may be advanced, be fairly weighed and calmly considered.

The ground upon which the present system is defended, is, that the absence of an international law of copy-right, favors the cause of American literature, by increasing the number and diminishing the price of books. To ascertain how far this is correct, let us inquire what will be the operation of the opposite system; and if it be found more beneficial and salutary in its effects, it is a sufficient reason why it should be preferred and adopted. By the enactment of such a law, literary property would be rendered more secure; and according to the general laws which govern the application of labor to capital, a greater inducement would be offered to the community to engage in literary pursuits. And moreover, it is a well established principle in political economy, and one confirmed by our own experience, that the greater the encouragement given to labor, the greater will be the amount of productions; and *vice versa*. This then being true, as the proposed system would present inducements, which did not before exist, the number of books would be increased, and consequently, according to the laws of supply and demand, there would be a corresponding diminution in their respective prices. The prospects of remuneration being held out to all, both British and American authors would enter the field and write expressly for our country. The great number thus brought out on the arena, and the competition between them, must inevi-

tably reduce the price of works to the proper standard ; for more than this, it were unreasonable to ask ; since one part of the community have no right to receive a benefit at the expense of the other part. If they did not, however, immediately fall to their proper level, they could not, in the very nature of things, for a long period of time, remain far above it ; since, where the use of property is free, it is the invariable tendency of industry and capital to flow from the less profitable to the more profitable employment, until the profits of each shall be perfectly equalized. Where then shall we find that great difference in the price of works, for which the advocates of the present system contend ? If there be any, it is nothing more than any honest man should wish to pay ; a full and ample remuneration of the author. With those, who look upon authors and literary men as incorporeal beings, who can live in the seclusion of solitude and in the retirement of the desert, independent of the common necessities of animal life, I am not disposed to join issue ; for I have ever been taught to consider them corporeal in their nature, and composed like other men, of bone and sinew, flesh and blood. If it be true, that their highest aim is not pecuniary emolument, it is none the less true, that without some compensation of the kind, they must ere long cease to have on earth a "local habitation or a name."

Having noticed the only argument that favors the present system, let us next consider its general influence on the literature of the day. This we shall find to be *evil, and that continually*. The first bad consequence to be noticed is, that it places the choice of books into the wrong hands. Since our publishers select the works to be reprinted, they have to a great degree the direction of the reading of the community. They, of course, make selection of such works, as will command the most ready and extensive sale ; and in so doing, they answer the demands of one class, while the wants of the more intelligent and cultivated classes are almost entirely neglected. Moreover, there are many most valuable works, which would be brought into wide and free circulation, if once placed before the public, but which our publishers suffer to remain wholly unknown, because the immediate sale of an edition may be doubtful. Consulting merely their own interest, they reprint such works and in such a manner as will yield them the greatest amount of immediate profit ; and to judge of the expertness of those panders to the vitiated taste of the age, and of their sphere of usefulness to literature and to science particularly, I may be permitted to cite one out of the innumerable instances which have repeatedly occurred. A shrewd publisher, undertaking to reprint Philip's work on Mineralogy, omitted all the diagrams and scientific characters as he *stupidly* supposed, *to bring down the science to the comprehension of all !* Doubtless the same sagacity that suggested this improvement, would likewise suggest the propriety of omitting the figures in geometry, to render that science more easy to be acquired ; an act, for which he would be highly entitled to the lasting gratitude of all college students ; since it would be the means of effectually banishing from the recitation-room that great object of terror, the *black board !* But this is not the only instance in which ignorant booksellers and publishers have committed literary murder in the first degree ; I call it *first degree*,

because it is wilful and premeditated ; for scarcely any work escapes their clutches without bearing some marks of transformation. They thus send forth works to the public so changed and mutilated that were the eyes of the author to rest upon them he would no longer recognize them as his own. And in the hands of designing men all this is not unfrequently done for party, sectarian or some other hellish purpose which they think to promote by the sanction of the author's name. Thus to pecuniary loss is added the loss of reputation. Again. Novels and other species of fictitious writing, being the most popular productions and commanding the most ready and extensive sale, are the works which our publishers usually set afloat upon the surface of society to send abroad their vitiating influence. If the most valuable work and the most paltry novel be simultaneously issued from the English press, the latter would first be given to the American public ; nor should we ever hear of the former until its success had been fairly tried ; and perhaps not then, if some such thing as Jacob Faithful or Peter Simple should make its appearance into the world. And this is the boasted result of the absence of an international law of copy-right ; this is the encouragement given to literature. But it may be asked, Would this evil be arrested by enacting the law proposed ? We think it plain that it would. Had our publishers to pay the price of copy-right for all the works they reprinted, it is quite certain that they would not be so fond of catching up and reprinting the trashy works of the day. In their purchases they would look beyond those works which are only kept in existence by the first breath of popular applause, and which, like the glow-worm's lamp, are extinguished by the light of day, to works that would afford them a more permanent revenue. The trifling novel and catch-penny, the cheap nonsense of the day, which excite the momentary curiosity of the public and then sink to be forgotten, would be superseded by works of greater value. The interest of the publisher would then be the interest of the community ; and so long as there is a coincidence here, we may entertain high hopes that the republic of letters will move triumphantly on.

But the most pernicious consequence flowing from the absence of an international-law of copyright is the poor encouragement given to native authors. From what has already been said concerning the operation of the present system, it is plain to perceive that this is far from being an idle or unmeaning assertion. Within a few days' sail there is a nation of authors who speak and write our own language, and whose productions can be procured free from all cost. Hence our publishers, true to the selfishness of human nature, are wholly engaged in reprinting the works of foreigners ; nor could it be otherwise ; for that publisher would be indeed foolish and short-sighted, who would pay a native author a fair price for the copyright of a work which he was not sure of selling if printed, when he can obtain for nothing the work of some English author of such well known popularity that the sale of an edition is certain. Such is the operation of the present system—militating directly against the cause it was designed to promote. Of our authors, those alone of established reputation receive a remuneration for their labors. The youthful aspirant to literary honors meets

with no encouragement, receives no reward; and if he rise at all, it must be over an array of unfavorable circumstances and opposing obstacles. Before he can become an author, he must not only possess an independency, but must likewise have attained to some distinction in the literary world—requirements almost amounting to a physical impossibility. Were our authors generally men of independent fortunes, they might indeed, though at a great sacrifice, favor the world with the results of their labor. But who are they? Almost invariably men in the most indigent circumstances of life. The wealthy part of our community—those who were cradled in opulence and nursed in the lap of luxury—are in too many cases mere drones in society; feasting on the rich stores procured by the industry of other hands. Their wealth administers to their comfort and they live but to enjoy it. If any one doubt it, let him inquire into the history of the lives of our literary men, and he cannot fail being struck with the fact, that they are almost without exception from the humble walks of society; that they arose not from the mansion-house of the wealthy, but from the lowly cottage of the humble poor. With no riches but his natural endowments, with no reputation but that of unpretending probity and integrity, he begins the labors of an author, dependent solely on the success of his first publication for the means to pursue his literary course; so that, should he meet with a repulse at the very threshold, his hopes are crushed, forever crushed. But what else can he expect? Who ever heard of a publisher's reading and examining the merits of an original manuscript? And is it reasonable to suppose that he would hazard a large sum on a work, the success of which is uncertain—of the merits of which he is totally ignorant? Nay, verily. Man knows too well his own interest to pay out his money at random; he loves too well the *sine qua non* to pass it from his hands without the prospect of the *quid pro quo*. This is the boasted result of the present system; this the encouragement given to rising genius! And let it be said, with shame to our country, that it was this that has driven many of our young authors to the necessity of sending their works abroad for publication. Not receiving encouragement from their fellow-countrymen, who should have been first to have offered it, they sought it in a foreign land, where they must needs establish a reputation before they could receive support at home. It was this that has crushed the youthful genius ere it displayed the first buddings of its incipient greatness, and deprived our country, nay the world, of some of the proudest monuments of intellectual grandeur. And in fine, it was this that has kept and ever will keep the standard of literature so low in our country, constantly subjecting her to the insulting taunts from abroad, as "Where are your learned men?" and "Where are the memorials of their greatness?" And shall we consider this a matter of minor importance? Is a national literature a something little to be desired? Shall we content ourselves to be the mere passive recipients of that which is catered for us abroad? No—it is not the spirit of the American people. Their united voice is in favor of a national literature. For to whom are we to look for a defence of our free institutions, our customs and our opinions, if not to our native born American? Do we expect to receive it from the pen of a foreign writer—

one whose education together with all the bright associations of his youthful and maturer years, bind and endear him to the country and institutions that gave him birth? Were this the only source whence we could look for aid, we might now prepare to chant the funeral dirge of our country's overthrow. But no—we look not to this quarter. We look to our native-born citizens—we look to those who have grown up among us—who have been educated in the school of moral and political science, and who know how to estimate those sacred principles which form the basis of our republican institutions. Let ample encouragement, therefore, be given to the cultivation of letters; *then, and then only*, may we confidently expect to see our country arising in the greatness of her strength to dispute the palm of learning with the most enlightened nations on earth.

Dr. Francis Wayland remarks, that "one of the most efficient means of intellectual improvement which government can adopt, is, that of rewarding those who have been successful in the advancement of literature and science. This is done by the British government; and I see no reason why it is not done wisely; for wherever it is done, learning is essentially promoted. In this country, however, it is, I believe, never practised. The only rewards which we ever confer, are for military or naval service. The propriety of those, I by no means, in this place, dispute; yet, I think it would be difficult to show, that warriors are the only benefactors of mankind, or, that Whitney or Fulton did not deserve as well of their country, for the invention of the cotton gin and the application of steam to navigation, as they would have done, had they captured a fleet on the ocean, or routed a tribe of Indians in the forest."

One other consideration and I have done. By the enactment of an international law of copy-right, no possible loss could be incurred, while, as I have endeavored to show, great good would be gained. The standard works of the oldest and best English authors, which constitute the very life of English literature, could not be affected by it; since their term of copy-right has long since expired and they have become the common property of the world. If it seriously affected any, it would be the light and trashy works of the day, from the effects of which our country suffers, both in a moral and a literary point of view. Whilst, therefore, we have nothing to lose but much to gain, we should not hesitate. Justice to our own authors; justice to the cause of sound learning and pure morality, as well as justice to foreign authors, all imperatively demand the protection of such a law. To enact it, we are bound by the principles of the existing treaty of amity between the two countries, and by the general and universal law of reciprocity. England affords to our authors all the protection due to property and all the advantages of a law of copy-right; and we owe it to her, to afford to British authors the same protection and the same advantages. Justice, I repeat, is the only sure basis, upon which the friendly relations and transactions of nations can be safely rested. They have petitioned for a redress of their grievances—let Congress do her duty and all is well. But never, no, never let the honor of our country's fair name be sullied by the foul blot of national injustice; never let it be said that America was recreant to her duty; but rather let her motto ever be, "*Fiat justitia calumnia ruat.*"

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

LECTURE V.

DESTRUCTIVENESS.

This organ is situated immediately above and extends a little backward and forward from the external opening of the ear, and gives to that part breadth in proportion to its size. In granivorous animals, only a small portion of the brain lies behind the external opening of the ear; while in the carnivorous, a considerably larger mass is situated there. This is well shown by exhibiting the difference in this respect between the skull of the young lion, and this, the skull of the roebuck. This is the skull of a fox; this of a sheep; this of a cat; this of a dog; this of a horse; this of a savage baboon. You notice in all that those of the carnivore are broadest just over the ear, whereas those of the herbivore are generally broadest higher up. You notice too that the former are all much broader in proportion to their size than the latter. By the difference in this part of the skull alone these two classes of animals are readily distinguishable from each other.

Dr. Gall early noticed this appearance, but drew no particular conclusion from it, till one gentleman sent him the skull of a parricide, and another sent him the skull of a highwayman who, not content with robbing, murdered his victims. On comparing these, he found them both very wide here. This fact, in connection with his previous observations on the skulls of animals, led him to conclude that in this region was situated an organ which gives the disposition to kill. At first his mind revolted at the idea; but finding, on still further examination, that Nature spoke unequivocally, he was forced to believe her. This organ he called by a French name—*instinct du meurtre*—which signifies propensity to kill, but which was ignorantly translated into English by the word *murder*. This blunder was the cause of infinite abuse.

This faculty has called forth much declamation. Can it be possible, say the declaimers, that God has implanted such a propensity in the human mind? I observe, in the first place, that others besides Phrenologists have acknowledged the existence of such a propensity. Lord Kames names it as the "*appetite for hunting*." It has been said, indeed, that the pleasure of hunting is in the pursuit and the consequent simulation; but this is not so. I have asked hunters whether, if some machine could be invented to fly before them as the game now does, they would feel the same pleasure in pursuit. The answer has always been in the negative: some animal must suffer, or little pleasure would ensue.

Poets and authors who delineate human nature are familiar with this feeling. Sir Walter Scott describes its abuse as "*the ruffian thirst for blood*." The author of *Recollections of the Peninsula* says, that not only soldiers, but others, "*talk with an undefined pleasure about carnage*." I have met with young men of good moral qualities whose thoughts ran habitually on killing and slaughtering. The impulse was restrained, but they confessed that to smother and slay would give them great momentary gratification. In them the organ was decidedly large.

In regarding the scene of creation, we perceive all living beings destined to destruction. And this has ever been the case, so far as we can trace the history of the earth, which informs us that various races of animals and vegetables have successively been destroyed. The works of art are subject to the destroying hand of time; man himself is destined to destruction. He is surrounded, too, by animals bent on destruction. Moreover, he has received a stomach fitted to digest animal food, and a bodily system which such food is fitted to nourish and preserve. To gratify this appetite, he must deprive animals of life by sudden destruction, as their flesh is unwholesome if they die of old age or disease. To place man on earth, therefore, without an organization fitting him for those circumstances of his condition, would have been any thing but indicative of supreme wisdom and beneficence. By this organ of Destructiveness he is put in opposition with his own destiny and that of the external world.

Combativeness gives us courage to face danger and resist aggression. Destructiveness gives us the desire and disposition to hurl destruction on the aggressor. Those in whom it is large take a kind of pleasure in seeing scenes of suffering, at the sight of which those in whom it is small would be agonized. Thus humane and even cultivated individuals experience pleasure in witnessing executions. They would not put a man to death, but if one is to be put to death they think it no harm to look on and enjoy the performance. It is always found large in good operating surgeons; medical gentlemen in whom it is small, though possessed of all the requisites of knowledge and skill, would refuse—nay, would be unable—to operate. We see, then, that this organ is absolutely necessary even to perform the behests of Benevolence. I knew a clergyman who had very small Destructiveness, and who could not bear to see a person bled. His son was taken with inflammation of the lungs: the physician was sent for; and proceeded to bleed immediately, telling the father that he should want his assistance. The minister screwed up his courage, remained till the operation was performed, and then fainted away.

This organ is always large in cool and deliberate murderers, such as Agnes Clark and John Bellingham, whose heads I now show you. Bellingham murdered Percival, the English Minister, in 1811, by deliberately shooting him in the lobby of the House of Commons. In this see how wide! it is the skull of the woman Gottfried, who, though in easy circumstances, murdered in a series of years both her parents, her children, two husbands, and six other persons. She poisoned them by small doses of arsenic; yet by their death-beds she would stand seemingly in an agony of grief, yet in reality gloating over their protracted torments. See the size in the head of Hare, who assisted Burke to murder sixteen persons for the sake of selling their bodies for dissection, and who, after his bloody deeds, would sleep as undisturbedly as though he had been merely killing a pig. This is the head of a man of Belfast who murdered his father. The jury that tried him very properly returned, in conformity with the evidence, a verdict of insanity. He was accordingly confined to an asylum, from which, after some period of correct conduct, he was liberated, notwithstanding his terrific organization. He proceeded to Liverpool, where for a deed of violence he was immediately arrested, and after trial transported to New South Wales. I expect that the next we hear about him will be that he has there committed some dreadful deed.

Contrast these skulls with that of the Hindoo. How small this is in comparison; and yet it is of the average size of these people. The Hindoos are notorious for their dislike of putting animals to death. In some parts, indeed, they have hospitals for the reception and maintenance of sick animals. Here is the head of a Flat-head Indian; see how large in this region! Here is one of a Charib, which is still more developed. In these heads you will notice that large Destructiveness is combined with small reflective and moral faculties. Its large size, in proper combination, is quite compatible with high moral character. Here, for example, is the head of Captain Parry, in whom it is large, but in whom the intellectual faculties and moral sentiments preponderate. It is large, too, in Spurzheim, as you may perceive by this cast, yet he was an amiable philosopher.

Satire is a combination of this faculty with wit. It must have been large in Byron. It gives point, too, to that sarcastic, cutting speech, which is so unpleasant to those who are the subject of it. Some swear with a heartiness which others cannot imitate. In these, Destructiveness is found large. It gives a force and energy to their imprecations which those who think swearing manly, but whose Destructiveness is small, vainly strive to imitate. There is a softness, a roundness about their imprecations which completely destroys their effect. This organ is the fountain of invective. In Parliament, we find some men with it and language very large; and their speeches were complete torrents of invective—often of nothing else. Yet after such a speech, the newspapers are full of laudatory remarks: "such energy!" "such torrents of invective!" "such manly eloquence!" they cry out. For my own part, I no more admire Destructiveness manifested in this way than when manifested by blows.

With due reverence, I must be allowed to say, that I have noticed preachers in whom this organ is very large to dwell principally on the threatenings of the gospel—on "the worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched." From those in whom Benevolence is large and this organ small, such threat-

enings are very rarely heard. Preachers of the first class mistake, it seems to me, the fervors of Destructiveness for the inspirations of moral eloquence, and, while they gratify the stern, they harrow up the feelings of the amiable and susceptible. Phrenology will be very serviceable by teaching men the secret fountains of their emotions, and that what is gratifying to them is not necessarily gratifying to others.

Those in whom this organ is small are often deficient in proper indignation. A community of such men would be a prey to the profligate and unprincipled. Contumely and suffering would inevitably be their portion. If aggressors visit a community in whom exists a proper endowment of this faculty, destruction is hurled upon their heads, and others are kept aloof by the terror which such a manifestation of this feeling inspires.

It was exceedingly amusing to see the ebullitions of wit which writers perpetrated against Phrenology on account of this organ, about the same time that the legislature found it necessary to enact laws to curb its activity. Thus the statute 3d, George IV. chap. 71, ordains—that “if any person or persons shall wantonly and cruelly beat, abuse or ill-treat any horse, mare, gelding,” &c. he shall pay certain penalties to the king.

It is the great size of this organ and Combativeness which inspires men with such a sympathy for war. Of this sympathy we, a short time ago, had an example in this country. The boundary question was agitated, and every mouth breathed war. The excitement has now passed away, and many are astonished now, as I was then, at the violence of their emotions. One great use of Phrenology is to indicate the source of our feelings, and to show us that the propensities ought never to act as the controllers but merely as the servants of reason and the higher sentiments. I met in Edinburgh a young American who said that the United States equalled any European nation in every thing excepting military glory, and that a great war, which would afford them an opportunity for acquiring it, would be a national blessing. I told the young man that his organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness were probably large, which was proved by examination; and added that he was merely mistaking his own propensities for the wishes and interests of his nation.

This organ is sometimes diseased. This is a most important point in jurisprudence. When inflamed, there is an exalted manifestation of its function, and a disposition to burn, kill and destroy. Violence or murder may be committed, and we may hang the person for disease. Against sending men to the gallows under such circumstances Phrenologists protest. A man in a village in Scotland was observed to enter a cottage and presently come out and walk deliberately away. He was thought to be a beggar, and no further notice was taken of the circumstance till an hour or two afterwards, when a neighbor entered the cottage and found the old woman who resided there, lying on the floor with her skull cleft in two by means of a hatchet. It is an important fact that not the slightest article had been stolen. The man was pursued, taken, and brought to trial. The evidence was such that no doubt remained on my mind that the prisoner was a monomaniac. I mentioned this to Mr. C., the attorney for the crown, a very worthy and amiable man, but he could not understand the force of my representations, and my efforts were in vain. A petition was sent to the crown that the man might be confined in a mad-house instead of being hanged, but the petition was refused. The day before that appointed for his execution, Mr. C. asked me if I still considered the man insane. I replied, “Certainly I do.” At two o’clock in the morning of the day on which he was to be executed, he sent for the mayor of the city for the purpose of making some important confessions. The mayor went, when the man commenced the relation of a whole list of atrocious murders. He said he had killed a child at such a time in such a street of Edinburgh—a man at such another place—and so he kept on, enumerating six or eight murders in the country, in the most circumstantial manner. The mayor sent for the superintendent of the police and related the man’s confessions, asking him if they could be true, seeing that no such murders had ever been heard of. The superintendent said it was impossible. They were then convinced that the man was staring and glaringly mad; but at that time no person in Scotland had power to stay the execution, so the poor maniac was taken out at eight o’clock the same morning and hanged. I met Mr. C. some time afterward, and asked him what he then thought of the case. “The fact is,” said he, “it was an ugly business, and the less is said about it the better.” But

if by relating the circumstances I can draw attention to the subject and prevent repetitions of such manifest wrong, the relation will be serviceable. Like cases are very numerous in the annals of criminal jurisprudence.

Some say, Granting that a man is mad, if he be inclined to commit murder, he is best out of the way. But madness is a disease; and it would be quite as just and humane to hang a man for having the yellow fever, because he was liable to infect his neighbors. Besides, it makes a vast difference to a man’s family whether he be hanged or confined as a lunatic. The latter may be borne with resignation, but the former overwhelms with a feeling of mortification and a sense of infamy. Justice, then, not only to the maniac, but to his relatives and friends, demands that we should be careful in our judgments. And let no man treat this subject as one which does not concern him. None of us know but that ourselves or some member of our families, or some one in the list of our friends and associates, may soon be affected in like manner.

Individuals who commit murder or set fire to property without rational motive, often ascribe their actions to the temptation of the devil; they say that he never ceases to whisper in their ears exhortations to mischief. Diseased activity of this organ, filling the mind with the desire to destroy, probably gives rise to such impressions.

Destructiveness is the great fountain of passion; its natural language is to give a sort of wriggling motion to the head like that of a dog in the act of worrying. The foot is stamped and the face wears a howling expression, and the body is drawn up towards the head. In Dr. Chalmers it is very large; and when it is operative in his speeches, he clinches every thing with a blow. When preaching against sin, it seems as though he were endeavoring to pound it out of mankind. Here you see it strongly manifested in a scene of matrimonial strife: the woman is darning her husband, and he stands with his head bent forward, his fists clenched but retracted, his countenance peculiarly expressive of the power which he has to exercise in order to prevent passion from boiling over and relieving itself by blows. If, in a friendly converse with a person in whom this organ is large and Secretiveness small, one happens to touch on some irritating topic, in an instant the softness of Benevolence, and the courtesy of Love of Approbation, are gone, and the hoarse growl of Destructiveness ushers in a storm.

ALIMENTIVENESS.

That the appetite for food is an instinct not referable to any of the recognized faculties of the mind early occurred to Gall; but neither he nor Spurzheim discovered its situation. In the sheep, the olfactory nerves are perceived to terminate in two cerebral convolutions, lying at the base of the middle lobe of the brain, adjoining and immediately below the situation of Destructiveness in carnivorous animals. This fact gave rise to the idea that this part of the brain may be the organ which prompts these animals to take nourishment. Subsequent observations made by various individuals have proved that there is in man an organ of appetite for food, situated in the zygomatic fossa.

The stomach is to this organ, what the eye is to the sense of seeing. Cut off the communication between it and the brain, and appetite will be lost. This has been tried. A dog was kept without food till he was ravenous with hunger; the pneumogastric nerve was then divided, and the sensation left him at once. A number of cases have occurred, in which a gluttonous appetite existed during life, and these convolutions were found, after death, ulcerated. Dr. Caldwell thinks the burning desire of the drunkard to arise from disease of this organ, and recommends it to be treated with bleeding, cold water, quiet, and attention to diet.

That this is the organ of alimentiveness has been confirmed by Vimont, and since coming to this country, I have seen two strong proofs of it in the collection of Dr. Norton of Philadelphia. The one was a skull of a Dutch Admiral, who died at Java in consequence of excessive eating, in which the organ is very much developed; but it is still larger in this, the skull of a convict of New South Wales, who murdered seven people in the woods and ate them.

In the *Annals of Physiological Medicine*, an account is given of a girl who from infancy exhausted the milk of all her nurses and ate four times as much as other children. At the Salpêtrière she ate eight or ten pounds of bread daily as her ordinary quantity; but she had fits of hunger two or threetimes a month, during which she devoured twenty-four pounds of bread. She

went one day into the kitchen of a rich family where a dinner party was expected, and devoured the soup prepared for twenty guests, together with eight pounds of bread! On another occasion she drank all the coffee prepared for seventy-five of her companions in the Salpêtrière! Her skull is small, but the propensities predominate, and alimentiveness is largely developed. Many similar instances of voracity are recorded by medical writers. In these cases the food passes undigested. You may generally tell those in whom this organ is large by the interest they take in the table. This organ has been marked as probable, but I now consider it established.

LOVE OF LIFE.

That this feeling is manifested in different degrees by different individuals is certain, the bravest men being sometimes excessively attached to life, while the most timid are often indifferent to death. I know a man, in rather poor circumstances, who declared that his attachment to life was such, that he would rather live in torment forever than suffer annihilation. Another, who was present, and a much more fortunate man, said he could not conceive the feeling which would lead to such an expression. Dr. Combe had a patient who showed extraordinary anxiety about death. In her he found an enormous development of one convolution at the base of the middle lobe of the brain, and the skull showed a corresponding very deep and distinctly moulded cavity. From the situation of the convolution its development cannot be ascertained during life. In the Hindoos carelessness about the continuance of life is wonderful. It is often necessary to subject them to punishment in order to induce them to take ordinary pains for self-preservation. If fatigued on a march, they ask no greater boon than to be allowed to lie down and repose with every chance of being devoured by the wild beasts, or of being overtaken and slain by the pursuing enemy. That species of *hypochondria* which consists in morbid fear of death, is probably produced by a disease of this organ. Love of life is strongly manifested in the scene between Rob Roy's wife and Morrison.

SECRETIVENESS.

This organ is situated exactly in the centre of the lateral part of the cranium, and lies immediately above Destructiveness. Dr. Gall, in early youth, was struck with the character and form of the head of one of his companions, who was distinguished for cunning and finesse. Although a staunch friend, he experienced great pleasure in deceiving his school-fellows. Dr. Gall says his natural language was absolutely expressive of cunning, and such as we see in cats and dogs when in playing they want to give each other the slip. At a subsequent period he became acquainted with another who was not only cunning but perfidious, and his temples swelled out in the same manner as the last person's. His expression was that of a cat watching a mouse. At Vienna he became acquainted with a physician having a similar development of this region, and he often told Gall that he knew no pleasure equal to that of deceiving. He carried his tricks so far that the Government warned the public, through the medium of the public prints, to beware of him. From these facts Gall concluded that there is a primitive tendency toward cunning in the human mind, and that its organ is situated in the region before described. By a great number of observations this conjecture was fully confirmed.

The various faculties of the mind are liable to involuntary activity from internal causes, as well as from external excitement. Acquisitiveness inspires with strong desire for wealth, language for utterance, tone for music. If outward expression were given to these feelings as they arise, social intercourse would be disfigured with a rude assemblage of gross or ridiculous improprieties. There needs some ever-prompting feeling to curb in these instinctive impulses until the judgment shall decide upon the propriety of utterance. This curb is supplied by Secretiveness. Shakespeare, to whom I often recur for accurate and striking descriptions of the manifestation of feeling, has well portrayed this feature of the mind. Iago says:

"Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false—
As where's that place wherein foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit,
Whose meditations lawful?"

Secretiveness is an essential ingredient in a prudent character. It serves as a restraint upon ourselves and a shield against the

prying curiosity of others. 'When Napoleon,' says, Sir Walter Scott, 'thought himself closely observed, he had the power of discharging from his countenance all expression save that of an indefinite smile, and presenting to the curious investigator the fixed eyes and rigid features of a marble bust.' 'A fool,' says Solomon, 'uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it till afterward.' Scott's character of Louis XI., in *Quentin Durward*, is a fine delineation of the predominance of this feeling. 'He was,' says he, 'calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, that 'the king knew not how to reign who knew not how to dissemble;' and that, 'for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets he would throw it into the fire.' Like all astutious persons he was as desirous of looking into the secrets of others as of concealing his own."

This organ is found large, as you see, in the bust of Robert Bruce. Those who have it very large look upon life as one great stratagem, and upon cunning as wisdom. I knew an English lady who was very amiable, but who had a stratagem for the smallest thing. Pope, according to Lady Montague, played the diplomatist about cabbages and turnips, and Johnson says of him that he hardly drank tea without a stratagem. I knew a gentleman, a resident of a village east of Edinburgh, in whom it was very large, and who was so desirous of doing every thing secretly that when he had to go to Edinburgh he would walk west, without coat, out of the village, and by a turn come round to the Edinburgh road, where a person would be waiting with the absent part of his clothing. He would thus be able to go to Edinburgh without any of the village knowing, and, I suppose, without any of them caring. It is said a tailor lived next door with as much secretiveness as he. He long wished to know how this tailor passed his time, but could not learn till one night he fixed a ladder, got to the top of the house, removed two or three tiles, and saw him at work in his garret.

Secretiveness is large in the English, who seclude themselves and surround their houses and gardens with high walls, and are reserved about their history or affairs. It is small in the French, who are very communicative, and pass most of their lives in public. When Secretiveness is large, joined to small Conscientiousness, it prompts to lying; joined to large Acquisitiveness, it prompts to stealing. Merchants in whom it predominates, and whose circumstances are declining, frequently conceal their difficulties from their family till bankruptcy bursts upon them like an explosion. They then plead as an excuse for their conduct a regard for the feelings of their relatives, but the real springs of their conduct are overweening Self-esteem, which hates to acknowledge misconduct or misfortune, and inordinate Secretiveness, which is instinctively averse from candid communication.

Humor is a combination of wit and Secretiveness. Hence the English and Italians, in whom this organ is large, are very fond of it. The French, in whom it is small, think humor buffoonery, and cannot appreciate it. It gives authors the power of hiding the plot till its denouement. Its size in La Fontaine is enormous. It is large in artists and actors. It enables actors to conceal their real characters and put forth the natural language of the assumed one, and without this the words might be repeated, but they would not be charged with the required feeling.

This is the head of Ann Ross, in whom, as you see, Secretiveness and Firmness are very greatly developed. She practised various deceptions for the purpose of exciting sympathy and obtaining relief; but her impositions being discovered she was discarded. She was shortly afterward admitted into Richmond hospital with her wrist severely ulcerated. Dr. Carmichael and others attended her, but no remedial course seemed to afford relief. At length the disease became so bad that amputation was proposed and submitted to without dissenting. On examining the arm afterward it was found full of needles which she had purposely stuck there. It is said that she appeared more mortified at the discovery of the trick than afflicted by the loss of her arm. They did not inform her of the discovery till after she had recovered, and when they did it struck her to the ground. I saw the woman after the amputation had been performed.

The natural language of Secretiveness is a furtiveness of look, a soft manner of speech, from suppression of other faculties or propensities, a close mouth, and eyes partly closed, leaving as small a chink as possible, enabling the owner to look out but preventing the world from looking in. Here is a French drawing called 'Hush:' the mouth is shut and the finger upon the

lip, but the designer, being ignorant of natural language, has left the eyes wide open. Nature never makes such mistakes. Observe this portrait of Fouché, Napoleon's minister of police, with his firmly closed lips and half shut eyes.

ACQUISITIVENESS.

This organ is situated above the fore part of Secretiveness, reaching, however, further forward. To prevent mistakes, bear in mind that it is backward and downward from Causality.

Metaphysicians do not admit that the desire to acquire is a primitive faculty of the mind. Love of property, they say, is merely a habit originating in the love of enjoyment, and afterward transferred by association to the means of procuring the enjoyment—which is as rational as to say that a man's love of a good dinner becomes, by long indulgence, love of a knife and fork. Lord Kalmes, however, who wrote from observation, recognises this faculty. 'Man,' says he, 'is a hoarding animal, having an appetite for storing up things of use.' Gall discovered it by comparing the heads of the peasants, whom he used to invite to his house, and who made him their confidant. He found some notorious for petty larcenies, and proud of their superior *savoir-faire*—others, who would rather starve than even partake of what their companions had stolen: in the first he noticed this part of the head to be much developed—in the last, to be comparatively small.

There are many periods of life in which we cannot labor, as sickness and old age. Now, if we were content with satisfying our present wants, and had no disposition to lay up property, what would become of us in the time of need? This faculty prompts us to accumulate, to store our surplus. By its aid, too, we gather around us the comforts, conveniences or elegances of life, which are parts of wealth.

This is the skull of Tardy, the notorious pirate. You see this organ immensely developed. This is the head of Heaman, executed at Edinburgh for piracy and murder. You perceive a great development of this organ. He saw a number of dollars put on board the ship in which he sailed; they excited his cupidity and haunted his imagination so much, that he did not rest until he had persuaded his ship-mates to assist him to take possession of the vessel. They did so, but were unable to manage it, and consequently it ran ashore on the coast of Scotland, and they were immediately arrested. This organ, as you may perceive, is very large in Hare, who murdered people for the purpose of selling their bodies. Owing to its large size in notorious robbers it has been called the *organ of theft*. This is just as appropriate as to call the stomach the *organ of gluttony*. Thieving is a manifest abuse of a propensity obviously given for wise and benevolent purposes.

In this, the skull of Agnes Clark, who assisted her husband to murder a number of persons for the sake of robbing them, it is very large. In the skull of Robert Bruce you perceive it comparatively small.

You have all heard of Robert Owen. That gentleman maintains that the institution of private property is wrong. Now, in his head this organ is very small, and benevolence large. And he has expended a property of ninety thousand pounds sterling, or between four hundred thousand and five hundred thousand dollars, in attempting to carry out his schemes of benevolence.

When Acquisitiveness and Benevolence are both large, the individual will show his kindness by personal exertions, by giving advice, by imparting the results of experience, rather than by giving money. Self-esteem and Acquisitiveness large, with Benevolence small, constitute the really selfish character. But a person in whom this organ is large, may acquire for the very purpose of gratifying large benevolence; and though eager in acquiring, have a hand open as day to melting charity.

Acquisitiveness is large in the Anglo-Saxon race, and this accounts for the eager pursuit and vast accumulation of wealth for which it is distinguished. We see around us overwhelming evidence of this organ's activity. For untold ages this vast country was inhabited by Indians, and a few personal ornaments and war instruments were almost the whole extent of their accumulations. The British race appeared—and cities rose, and roads were constructed, and the comforts and conveniences of life were gathered, where the wild beasts had been chased by men almost as wild.

This propensity takes its direction from the other faculties.

Combined with Destructiveness, it leads to crimes of violence for gain; combined with Secretiveness, it induces crimes of fraud; combined with large Ideality, Constructiveness and Form, it stimulates to collections in works of art, as painting and statuary; with large Eventuality, to collections of books, especially of history, memoirs and travels; with large Individuality, to collections of shells, insects and other specimens of natural history; with Veneration large, to the collection of antiques; combined with large Self-esteem, it produces a disposition to acquire and hoard; combined with large Approbativeness, it leads to admiration of the rich, and, if Conscientiousness and Benevolence be deficient, to contempt of the poor.

Acquisitiveness is small in the skulls of the Caribs, who never manifested any propensity to theft, and who always insisted, says Rochester, in his History of the Antilles, when robbed, that the crime was committed by a Christian. It is small in the Negroes, who are not much disposed to theft; and Gall says, that among the Spanish troops he found it small in the Arragonese and Castilians, and lying and stealing were unusual among them. It is large in the Kalmucks, who are incorrigible thieves. Dr. Spurzheim tells us that a young Kalmuck brought to Vienna by Count Stahrenberg became melancholy, because his confessor had forbidden him to steal. Seeing this he was permitted to do so on condition that he should give back what he had stolen. The young man profited by this permission, stole the confessor's watch during high mass, but joyfully returned it when mass was over.

This faculty when predominant is never satisfied. Its pleasure consists in acquiring—and this explains a puzzle in human nature which has attracted much attention. Men, on retiring from business, instead of finding that repose which they sought, that comfort and enjoyment toward which they had long looked forward with glowing anticipation, are restless and dissatisfied. Man's happiness consists in the activity of his faculties; and when this organ is large the other organs become habituated to work with it in associated activity. Taken away from the business which has constituted the daily stimulus of mind, there is a craving which nothing in retirement can satisfy. But when the moral and intellectual faculties predominate, the individual can glide easily and pleasantly from business to private life.

Sometimes this organ is so large that individuals in good circumstances give way to the temptation to steal. A barrister of Edinburgh was convicted of stealing books—and similar cases are on the records of all courts. A gentleman in good circumstances always pocketed, if possible, some silver spoons when he dined out. He was at last detected by the handle of a soup ladle peering out of his pocket.

This organ sometimes becomes diseased. Esquirol mentions a Knight of Malta who became addicted to theft in consequence of disease, and who not unfrequently refreshed himself in coffee-houses, and instead of paying, put the cup, saucer and spoon in his pocket and walked away. Arel mentions a young man who manifested an irresistible propensity to steal after receiving a wound in the temple.

The organ is found in animals. They have notions of private property. After a winter's absence, the stork will return to the same steeple, the swallow to the same roof, and the nightingale to the same nest which they before occupied. Vivmont remarks that it is large in the fox, ourang-outang and cat. He mentions two cats, in one of which it was small, and in the other large. The first would not steal except when very hungry; the other would do so on all occasions. He on one occasion urged it with as much fish as it would eat, and then left it in the room where a piece of veal was on the table: on coming in shortly after, he found that the cat had stolen it.

In observing this organ you must bear in mind that it is partly covered by the temporal muscle, and that allowance must be made for this muscle's thickness, which may be pretty accurately ascertained by putting the hand on the temple while the individual opens and shuts his mouth.

It is difficult to describe the natural language of this faculty; but after once seeing it well manifested it is not soon forgotten; when predominant it gives a lean, hungry, mean aspect, a one-sided, creeping, sneaking look, half-shut eyes and closed mouth. To use a common expression, such a man seems as if he could skin a flint. His hands often go out at the side as if bent upon grasping something.

[To be continued.]

EVENING CLOUDS.

See, where, fast sinking o'er the hills
As with a golden halo crowned,
The setting sun with splendor fills
Those massy piles that lie around
His couch, in crimson glory dress'd,
Like drapery o'er a monarch's rest!

Bright, fair, but ah! how fading too
Is all this beautiful array!
A moment given to the view,
Then past amid the gloom, away!
So like the gilded things of earth,
That charm the eye, though nothing worth!

And now eve's glowing star illumines
The chambers of the distant west,
And, scarce discerned, like waving plumes
That flash o'er many a warrior's crest,
There float along the upper air
Thin, fleecy clouds, so clear and fair!

How sweet to gaze upon their slight,
Transparent forms, changing so oft,
That e'en the zephyr's gentlest flight
Scatters them with pinnons soft,—
Seeming, as down the sky they go,
Like wreaths of gently driven snow!

And then, to trace the full orb'd moon,
As, struggling on her cloudy way,
She travels on, now wrapp'd in gloom,
Now bursting forth with undim'd ray,—
Like some high, noble heart, whose pride
Still bears him on, though woes betide.

S. H.

THE INNOCENT AVENGER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Phocion. The name? why dost thou pause?

Ctesiphon. 'Tis Ien!

Ien. Well, I knew it would be mine!

Ien.—A tragedy.

Duelling is prohibited in the Netherlands by an express enactment. When, therefore, there springs up any demon of revenge which cannot be laid except by the shedding of blood, or when any infringement of the rigid precepts of the *code honorable* demands a waste of life, the parties are constrained to choose their ground, and pace their distances on the nearest spot of earth in the dominions of His Most Christian Majesty, the King of the French. It is now ten years since my friend Monsieur de Z—— was, at the age of fifteen, sent by his father, a wealthy merchant in Bordeaux, to learn book-keeping, in the busiest counting-room in Antwerp. The transactions of an European mercantile establishment occupy the greater part of the day before the dinner hour; after which, as it borders closely upon the evening, no ordinary business is suffered to intrude upon hours of rest or conviviality. No exert is the order of the counting-house from nine o'clock in the morning

until five after noon; and, except by leave, the subordinates dare not disobey the injunction; for the eye of a master is upon them, unless it has gone for a season, to read, in the many glances as keen and inquisitive as its own, the news and fortunes upon 'Change. But dinner is the Rubicon between business and pleasure, activity and indolence. When the sound is heard which gives warning of the approach of that most welcome event, the shadows begin swiftly to pass away from visages bending over huge folios and bundles tied with red tape, and the wrinkles which furrowed the most youthful brows give place to a bland and contented expression; and when at last the mists of care roll entirely away before the beams of joy, there may be heard, succeeding to the stealthy step and the suppressed whisper, a simultaneous burst of voices in quick merriment, hailing the hour of release with the exultation of sea-tossed mariners in sight of a favoring strand.

After dinner each day, it was the custom of the sons of the rich merchants—who were in Antwerp learning the art of making cent per cent far away from home, and from the indulgences always attached to that dear place—to assemble together in a large room in the coffee-house where they had dined. Here might be observed youths of all ages, from the tender, beardless boy, who had but recently arrived from some Spanish or French commercial mart, to the strong, mustachioed initiate, who was not to pass many more months in clerkship ere he assumed the difficult responsibility of a junior partner. My friend, de Z——, was of the former class. He had, however, been in Antwerp a sufficient length of time to contract a warm friendship for Auguste Forêt, a boy younger than himself, yet characterized by a demeanor, and distinguished for abilities, which had won for him the respect of every clerk in Antwerp. Auguste was but fifteen years of age, and the only son of his mother. That mother doted on him to distraction. He was literally the light of her eyes; for all things seemed dark since he had been no longer present to dispel the gloom of her lonely widowhood. Her story was, indeed, a romantic one. Herself the only child of one of the old French nobles, she had mortally offended her haughty father by a plebeian marriage with a young merchant, with whom she had become acquainted in one of those ways which nobody esteems unaccountable except the interested parties. In her solitary morning rides in the vicinity of her father's old chateau, she always encountered a stranger, whose walks chanced to be in a similar direction, prompted, as she thought, by an admiration like her own, for a wild sequestered glen, through which the path wound, overshadowed by century elms, and traversed by a silver brooklet. A cold and silent bow was the first approach towards a mutual acquaintance—a smile succeeded—and at last the stranger ventured a word about the beauty of the place. The lonely daughter of the haughty old marquis deigned a reply. It was not long before this conversation, which commenced like the first flowing of the brook at their feet, with a slender vein, widened into a broad stream, and finally settled into the lake-like repose of a deeply-felt and fully-expressed passion. Emilie was aroused to a lively sense of her indiscretion by a furious explosion of rage from her father, who, never having uttered an unkind word to her before in his life, now assailed her

abruptly one morning after she had returned from her accustomed ride, with a shower of invectives, which were quite as surprising and unexpected to her as a peal of thunder would have been from the unclouded sky that was smiling so lovingly above her. She did not faint, but she was petrified with fear and astonishment,—fear at the consequences of her father's anger, and astonishment at the possible manner in which he could have discovered her interviews with Henri Forêt. She had never till that moment reflected how those interviews were to terminate. Matrimony was an event to which they had not even alluded—so numerous and so absorbing were the other topics which love had presented to their imaginations. She had known from the first that Henri was not noble; he had told her that the nature of his pursuits forbade his associating with the guests who sometimes enlivened her father's solemn life in the chateau. But she had deferred further inquiries on that subject to the more interesting discussion of each other's views, habits, and feelings. When, however, she was so angrily greeted by her till now fondly doting parent, she comprehended the unavoidable consequences of her conduct at a single glance. She made not one word of reply; but when, at the expiration of his threats and denunciations, she was ordered to her chamber, she bowed meekly and retired. Emilie's feelings were not to evaporate, like those of ordinary heroines, in hysteria or impotent ravings. Her's was one of those decided characters which waited not for after-reflections to soften away positive determination. Her father had assured her of one fact, which fixed her mind as firmly in its resolve as her heart was fixed in its affection. After having reached her room, she wrote, and instantly despatched a billet—the effect of which was to bring a post-chaise and horses and Henri Forêt to the spot where the road ends in a gate that opens to the glen where the lovers had first met. The billet, which had such power, simply requested Henri to be ready at the hour of deep twilight near the old trysting-place, with equipage of travel; and to this request was appended the rather striking information that her venerated father had expressed his will that she should on the following day wed a nobleman as old as himself, to whom he had formerly betrothed her. Emilie had no leisure for tears, sighs, or repentance, till her lot had been indissolubly entwined with that of the young merchant by “a friar of orders gray,” who consented to administer unto them all the requisite formalities of his infallible church, after having had his conscience salved over with gold enough to have covered it, had it been as broad as by frequent stretching it had become long. Henri Forêt was a young man of a will no less decisive than his loving and beautiful bride's. He had, although she had not, long premeditated the step which had just been taken, and he had so arranged all things that, after the performance of the important ceremony, his “ladye fair” experienced no more inconvenience than if she had been wedded with customary pomp and splendor in the hall of her ancestors, and given into the arms of a magnificent bridegroom by a gratified father. She was, strange to say, quite as happy in a vulgar post-chaise rapidly wheeled over the space of some thirty leagues, as if she had been in a splendid coach drawn lazily by six fat horses. Before she had perfectly recovered her senses, she looked

around upon a very tastefully and elegantly furnished mansion in the Rue de —, Paris. The young merchant's partner in business had well obeyed his instructions. A house in the most delightful quarter of the most delightful city in the universe stood ready for the reception of the happy pair. Your man of trade does every thing systematically. The books of the house of *Arnold, Forêt et Co.* probably display at this day the charge of “a house and furniture” to the private account of M. Forêt.

Were I weaving the story of these lovers into a fictitious legend for the amusement of the sentimental, I should doubtless, attribute to them length and felicity of days. But alas! my pen has been dipped in the bottom of that well where truth lies, and I must write nothing but truth. The highly respectable firm of *Arnold, Forêt et Co.* met with many sad reverses of fortune, and finally stopped payment. So satisfied were the creditors with the honesty and ability of the partners, that they all cheerfully acquiesced in an adjustment of their demands, by which the house was enabled gradually to wind up its concerns, and not only to discharge all its debts, but to present to each of the partners a competent private fortune. This, however, did not satisfy the ambition of young Forêt. He had imbibed the nicest notions of commercial honor, and fancied that his misfortunes had dimmed the lustre of his own; though, to the eye of his friends, they had only been vapors upon the diamond—fading, almost as soon as perceived, from the purity of its brightness. It had been also the ambition of the young merchant to reach, by the potent aid of riches, those honors denied him by birth, and reinstate his wife in that rank from which he had removed her. His mischances swept his air-built castles into night. Not content to live, young and wealthy as he was, upon a small income, he accepted an advantageous offer to remove to the West Indies. Thither he embarked with his wife,—happy as when first she became his own,—and a beautiful boy, their only darling, who was now over six years of age. Forming in Martinique a new mercantile connexion, he lived in that island for seven years, and amassed a fortune which placed within his grasp the glittering prize for which he had been so long striving. On the fourteenth birth-day of the young Auguste, his father prepared to remove once more to Paris with his wife and child. But alas!—on the day when they were to have sailed, he was taken ill with a fever, induced partly by the excitement of his occupations, and partly by infection received in visiting the slave-hamlet, to bid adieu to his faithful negroes. From the moment he fell sick he was seized with a strong presentiment of death. The fever was not violent, and his affectionate and devoted wife vainly endeavored to divert the current of his melancholy thoughts. But the strangest effect of his illness was to alter all his ambitious projects—he expressed himself convinced of the folly of his worldly desires, and having received from his wife an assurance that she had been most happy in the station of life to which he had reduced her, exacted from her a willing promise that she would have the young Auguste, their son, educated to commerce at the house of certain friends in Antwerp, so that he should be the artificer of his own fortune. The presentiment of poor Henri Forêt was verified. He died, leaving all his large fortune to his

wife, to be disposed of as she pleased at his death. Few days elapsed before the heart-broken Emilie and her darling son were on the broad waters, returning to their beloved France. Scarcely had she arrived in Paris before she addressed her father, the old Marquis, who had not stirred from his chateau, informing him of all her misfortunes and of her present situation, and how heartily she entreated his forgiveness. Considering how rich she was, it is no wonder that she was again received into the arms of her doting sire. Old French Marquises do not dislike money. The father insisted, however, that she should not bring home with her that "sprig of commerce," as he called the young Auguste. As she had no intention of this originally—being determined, though it almost broke her heart, that, in compliance with the wishes of her husband, she would send their son to Antwerp for three years—she signified her acquiescence in her father's will; and, parting from her dear, dear boy, with many tears and blessings, she proceeded to her paternal domain, while he, under the charge of a faithful servant, departed for his school of commercial education.

How these facts came to my knowledge is, as a lawyer would say, immaterial to the point at issue. It is sufficient that I have related them for the purpose of enhancing the interest of a thrilling story, in which the young Auguste Forêt is a prominent actor, and to the truth of which, my friend, de Z——, can testify most solemnly, as he was throughout an eye-witness. The events happened ten years ago, and may be found by the curious succinctly noted in the chronicles of the day. Assembled in that large room of the coffee-house—where they had just dined, and where they were wont to assemble—at about six o'clock in the evening of a rainy Autumn day, were all the most respectable clerks of the first commercial houses in Antwerp. Some were sipping coffee, some were playing at dominoes, and others were discussing the various subjects of interest which for the time occupied their attention. About this hour, certain officers of a regiment stationed in the town were wont to resort to the coffee-house, and amiably mingle with the clerks in their diversions or conversation. This evening the officers had come in as usual, and the usual hilarity prevailed. Suddenly, from a corner of a room loud voices were heard, as if in angry discussion. All other tongues were instantaneously still, and all eyes were turned on the quarter from which the sounds proceeded. A quarrel was so unusual an occurrence, that it attracted universal attention. It afterwards appeared that the dispute arose about a horse, which had been purchased by one of the officers from a clerk who was about to leave the town. This officer, who was an Italian from Sicily, had, before then rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the frequenters of the coffee-room on account of his rude, boisterous manners, his insolent swagger and bravado. He was a tall, ferocious-looking fellow, mustachioed and whiskered in the *Fra Diavolo* style, and wore a rapier upon all occasions. On the present, the first words he was heard to utter, after blustering into the room, were—

"The horse I bought from Rodolph is unsound." Rodolph being a Swede and no craven, and knowing that the bully intended the remark for himself, coolly walked up to the speaker, and asked—

"Signor Alonzo, was that speech intended as a

question for my private ear and inadvertently muttered aloud, or was it spoken audibly for the edification of this good company?"

"They heard it, Master Rodolph, as well as you, and can hear it again if they list. The horse I bought from you is unsound."

"You oblige me, Signor Alonzo, by your frankness. Will you reply to my second query of, whether you mean to insinuate that I sold the horse to you knowing him to be defective, or whether he proved, unwittingly to both buyer and vender, unsound?"

"I mean what I mean;—when a jockey sells a horse to a gentleman, and he proves broken-winded or spavined, or false-footed, the inference as to the jockey's honesty is easy."

At this period of the conversation the eyes of all in the room, both officers and clerks, were turned upon the disputants.

"Gentlemen!" said Rodolph, facing those present, "you are, the most of you, well acquainted with me and with my claims to the title of a man of honor. I shall hold no farther parley with this bully in a soldier's dress, but simply state to you that I yesterday sold him a horse at his earnest solicitation, assuring him at the time that I was no judge of the animal, that I had owned the one in question but a short time, and that he must depend on his own judgment, if he chose to give me the price which I paid for the beast a fortnight before. He took the horse, and now accuses me of being privy to his unsoundness"—Here several voices interrupted Rodolph with "Shame! shame! fie, Signor Alonzo!" "I do not wish, gentlemen," continued Rodolph, "that you should assume my quarrel or invidiously judge between us. Although I said that I should hold no further parley with this bully, I did not preclude myself the privilege of pulling his nose," Saying which, and suiting the action to the word, the impassioned Swede suddenly grasped the nasal protuberance of the officer, and wrung it with surprising effect; for, at first, the Italian bravo recoiled, and the natural ruby of his visage abdicated in favor of a pallor, which was in its turn driven forth by a blush, which succeeded the shame of palpable cowardice exhibited before so large a company. With the velocity of thought, Signor Alonzo's rapier leaped from its scabbard and desperately darted towards the breast of Rodolph, who, with a velocity no ways inferior, clenched the wrist of the arm that wielded it, and, wrenching the weapon from its infuriated master, coolly took the point in one hand and the hilt in the other, and broke it in twain across his knee. This movement not only proved that the officer was as unsuccessful in the purchase of rapiers as of horses, but that his strength was disproportionate to the greatness of his size and the volume of his voice. It was hailed with a general shout, as Rodolph, throwing the *disjecta membra* of the sword out of the window, walked slowly from the apartment. This departure broke up the assemblage. The clerks, among whom were my friend, de Z—— and Auguste Forêt, retired to their several homes, and Signor Alonzo, boiling with wrath, marched off with his brother officers to his quarters.

Every one anticipated a bloody termination to this business, but none more calmly than Rodolph. He said that he was well aware that he had provoked

almost certain death; for he was no master of fence, and had never fired a pistol a dozen times in his life. De Z—— was a friend of Rodolph, and late in the evening resorted to his apartments. He found Rodolph alone sitting by a fire, reading a German translation of Shakspeare. "Ah, De Z——! I am glad to see you—this English author is the most wonderful of all the poets. I cannot read him in the original, but it strikes me the German must be almost as good, for nothing could be better. Here is a most amusing scene between a Welsh captain and an English bullying ensign called Pistol. The Welshman forces the valliant swaggerer to swallow a leek. The scene has amused me, for it reminded me strongly of this evening's rencontre. I wish I had read before of the great Captain Fluellen's valor—I think it would have augmented my own."

De Z—— sat by his side, and entering cheerfully into conversation, the evening had almost glided away, when the servant announced an officer as asking admittance. "Certainly," said Rodolph, "I can be seen;" and turning to de Z——, he simply observed—"The challenge!" The word was scarcely spoken before the officer stepped into the room, and placed Don Alonzo's cartel in the already extended hand of Rodolph. "After the insult received by my friend Signor Alonzo, Monsieur Rodolph, the honor of our regiment requires that blood should be spilt,—in what way will it be most agreeable to you to kill or be killed by Signor Alonzo? and when?"

"I have expected this honor," replied Rodolph, "and will meet your friend the day after the morrow, at noon, over the French border, at such particular spot as my friend Mons. de Z—— shall with yourself determine upon. My weapon is the pistol."

Here M. de Z—— arose, and settled with the bearer of the challenge the place and other necessary preliminaries. The three then separated for the night, but the next day saw them—the challenger and the challenged—on their way to the fatal spot, where they could meet without fear of molestation from the minions of the law. It was in France, beyond the constituted authorities of Ghent. None were present on the ground save Don Alonzo with his friend, and Rodolph with his friend (and my friend and narrator) de Z——. The requisite coolness was displayed on both sides. Alonzo, though a downright coward and bully, and one who would probably have shown the white feather in a general *melée*, seemed perfectly unconcerned. His self-confidence was greater than his natural fear. He was sure of his man. He could snuff a candle at twelve paces. The words of command—"one, two, three," were given by de Z——. Alonzo fired instantly that the word "two" was spoken, and his ball lodged directly under his antagonist's right shoulder; the shock causing a harmless discharge of Rodolph's pistol. Rodolph fell, and was borne by de Z—— and Alonzo's second to the carriage which stood in readiness, and in which he was slowly re-conveyed to Antwerp. The surgeon who extracted the ball pronounced his patient out of danger, if he could be kept in quiet. The clerks, who had hastened to ascertain the result, were pacified, and no danger was apprehended. De Z—— was indefatigable in his attentions to Rodolph, who, now that the affair was over, exhibited none of his former coolness. He raved, he stormed, he called Signor Alonzo

a villain for firing before the word, and a bloody wretch for wishing to murder a fellow-creature on account of a miserable brute of a horse; he tore the bandage from his arm—it was replaced—still he tore it away. No persuasions could mollify him. The result was a high fever and delirium. From his confessions in the latter, it appeared that he was under an engagement to be married to a young lady to whom he had long been fondly attached, and that the day appointed for the ceremony had already gone by. This involuntary violation of a sacred engagement on his part, seemed to have preyed upon his mind, and to have induced all his wild behavior. So great and so frequent at last became his paroxysms, that the surgeon announced the certainty of his death within twenty-four hours unless a change was manifest. In a less time a change was manifest; but such a change! He became suddenly sane. He exhibited his characteristic coolness. He called his friend to his bedside, and thanking him tenderly for all his kindness, said that he had one request to prefer, which he begged might be granted, as it would be his last. He said that he felt he was dying, and that he wished to spend a portion of the small remnant of his life in company with his dear old friends and associates. He wished all the clerks, who were in the coffee-room on the evening of his unhappy fracas, to assemble around his bed. It was then afternoon. In the evening de Z—— went to the coffee-house, and finding the clerks congregated, as usual, stated Rodolph's dying request. They all—every one who was present on the occasion of the quarrel—adjourned in a body to the lodgings of their dying companion. They were preceded into the chamber by de Z——, who mentioned their approach. Rodolph's eyes lighted with supernatural fires as he saw them all, the very youthful and the more advanced in age, gather around his couch. There were thirty-four present; with all he was familiarly acquainted; with all he had lived on terms of kindly friendship; with all except one, and that one was Auguste Forêt. So recent had been the arrival of Auguste, and so retired were his habits of life, that he could hardly be said to have a bosom-friend among all the clerks. All loved and esteemed him, however; for he did not shun society, but shrunk from contact with a sort of feminine sensitiveness which he vainly endeavored to overcome. Having always lived under the affectionate care of his mother, he had never learned that forwardness of manner which boys call manliness. When Rodolph's earnest request was communicated that the clerks would visit his chamber, Auguste doubted the delicacy of a stranger's intrusion at such an hour. He had never spoken to Rodolph. When he reflected, however, that the request was that *all* who witnessed the fracas should be present, he hesitated not to accompany the rest. The thirty-four stood in order around the sick youth's bed. Sorrow, deep sorrow was impressed on every unfurrowed visage, as they heard the dreadful words uttered in hollow tones by their late joyous comrade.

"Brothers," said he, "I am murdered, basely murdered. The wretch lives who brought me to this pass. I shall die before morning. He will be alive; all will be dark to me. He will see the pleasant sun; all will be silent to me. He will hear the birds, and oh! your voices—your dear voices. I did not provoke his insult, but I could not brook his ruffian bravado. He called

me to fight him. What was his life worth? Nothing. He dies, and his paltry pay goes to a better man. I shall die just as I become of age—now that I am twenty-one—the very day that I have looked forward to with such thrilling anxiety passed by me on this wretched bed! My fair domains on the borders of my native river will go to a distant relative. My fair”——here his emotions choked his utterance, “but this is unmanly. I do not wish to make you weep. No!” starting up with convulsive energy, and assuming a terrible expression, which was never forgotten by those present. “No! I wish to incite you to revenge! Swear to me—or I shall not die in peace; swear that you will revenge my death!”

The right hands of every one in the room were raised up, and every one, borne away by the strong excitement of the moment, uttered “I swear!” Rodolph’s head sunk for a moment on his pillow; and when he rose again, his face was calm. Some one present proposed that they should on the instant draw lots, or rather that all their names should be written on slips of paper, and the name drawn by Rodolph should signify his avenger. To this a general consent was given; and a smile of satisfaction played over the pallid features of the dying youth as the names were written and cast into a hat. He rose once more, but for the last time, on his pillow, and placing, with painful effort, his left hand among the names, drew forth one which he handed to the nearest by-stander to read, and which when read, sounded like a knell on every ear. It was AUGUSTE FORÉT. “No! No! this will never do!” exclaimed every voice but two. “This will never do—Auguste is a mere child—he is hardly one of us. Let Rodolph draw again.” They turned to Rodolph. He was dead. Horror struck them dumb. Auguste was the first to break the silence. “Companions, the lot cannot be drawn again; and if it could, it should not. I came voluntarily to this meeting, and I will abide its event. I never knew yonder poor departed; but I know his wrong, and I came of my own free will to witness his death. I am no craven. My mother’s blood runs in my veins, and she was a noble’s daughter. My father’s blood runs in my veins, and he was one who got, as my mother told me, his patent of nobility immediately from Almighty God. He was, moreover, a merchant. I am to be a merchant. Shall I forfeit the first pledge I have given? Break my first contract? No; I took my fair chance. My duty is plain!”

The clerks did not, however, cease their remonstrances, although quite fruitless. They separated with heavy grief upon their hearts, feeling more sorrow for the luckless instrument of vengeance than he did for himself. He thought only of his mother. He knew that his death would break her heart; but he solaced himself with the reflection, that if she died, they would meet the sooner, never more to be parted. His thoughts were all wrong. He mistook his duty: but he acted nobly, and, with some misgivings, conscientiously. “I am,” said he to de Z——, as he handed him his written cartel to Signor Alonzo, “a most innocent avenger.” His companion refused peremptorily to carry the challenge. He begged and entreated Auguste to allow him to fight the duel. Rodolph was his friend—he was Rodolph’s second—it was his right. Auguste was immovable. The cartel was sent by

another hand. “You will, at least,” said Auguste, “be present with the rest at my execution.” De Z—— turned away, and saw him not again until the same thirty-four met once more on the fatal spot where Rodolph had received his death-wound. Before that time, however, a fearful interest had attached itself to Auguste. He was looked upon as doomed. The clerks had taken an oath not to divulge the secret, or the arm of the law might have averted the catastrophe. They all hovered about Auguste. They were with him day and night, half drowned in tears, and half roused to indignation at his obstinate firmness of purpose. Every one swore to revenge him if he fell; but this he did not require. Nay, he entreated them to proceed no further after his death. Vindictiveness could not be felt by that calm, sweet, yet bold spirit. When parts of his history became known, he became an object of intense interest. All his friends—and who among that number was not now his heart-devoted friend?—said they would go to his mother, and be her sons. He begged them simply to convey to her his love, his last kiss, and a letter that he would write. How many a weary mile would I journey, what fatigues would I not endure, to see that letter? It must have breathed the soul of pathos. All things were prepared. It was a pure autumnal morning. Some breath of summer still seemed to linger on the breeze. The birds poured out their matin hymns in a clear, rich strain of melody. To an opening in a broad forest, that wove elsewhere a roof of foliage beneath the sky, a party of youths might have been seen slowly winding their way. They were followed by a boy, who had evidently not seen his sixteenth spring. He was a mere stripling. His figure was so slight, but yet so symmetrically fashioned that, while you doubted that if so lovely a face could belong to a young man, you felt assured that the form could not be a woman’s. His eye was bright and steady, and he trod with a firm step. When the party halted, the serious expression which every countenance wore gave place to its opposite of joy. “It is the hour appointed,” exclaimed one, “and he is not here!” “Wait!” said a calm voice. The speaker was the beautiful boy. It was Auguste Forêt. An interval elapsed. “It is past the time,” exclaimed another; “Signor Alonzo has decamped.” “Not so speedy, my brave fellow,” exclaimed a gruff voice from behind; “not so speedy, we shall see presently who will decamp to h—ll!” The youthful party turned, and saw the antagonist whom they had come to meet, accompanied by half-a-dozen companions dressed in the uniform of the officers of the —— army. One of these stepped forward, and addressing the whole party, said, that understanding the challenger’s friends were to be present they had come as the supporters of the challenged; and that, as the challenged, they claimed the right of prescribing the form of the duel, and the more especially as Signor Alonzo had yielded the choice of weapons to Monsieur Auguste on account of his extreme youth. They claimed, and would insist on, alternate fires—that a piece of money should be tossed up for the first fire. To this the friends of Auguste readily acceded, as they thought he might chance on the first shot, and thus destroy his antagonist. It was true that Alonzo was a celebrated marksman. He could wing or kill his antagonist at his pleasure. He had been suc-

cessful in a dozen duels. They were every-day matters to him. Auguste had never fired a pistol skilfully in his life. He had not the nerve to hold one steadily for a moment. He had practised within the past week, and could never hit the mark. His only possible escape from death was his having the first shot. The distance was marked and the parties stationed. It was a fearful sight to behold that fair, spotless young man, standing up in his loveliness as a mark for the brutal sport of the soldier-ruffian before him. Auguste had thrown aside his cap, and freely over his head clustered the rich, wavy curls. In his right hand, suspended at his side, he held the pistol; in his left, his letter to his mother. His countenance betrayed no unusual expression. His lip did not quiver, nor did his cheek blanch. The ridiculousness of his situation seemed to strike even the ruffian, Alonzo. "I will not fight a child," said he. "You are a coward!" said the calm voice of the child. "Go on!" said the other. "Alonzo has the crown," said his second. The piece of money was twirled into the air—it fell—the crown was uppermost. It was the soldier's first shot. "Now, young sir, pray, for your hour is come!" Every eye turned to Auguste. He smiled. Slowly went the soldier's pistol to its deadly level. The report was heard, the slight smoke passed away, and the limb of a sapling fell to the ground. Auguste still smiled. He was unhurt. When my friend de Z—— told me of this, I asked him if his party shouted. He said, "No! there was one long, low breath." Auguste now raised his pistol, but carelessly, and his hand shook. The soldier's face was as livid as death. Suddenly, and evidently to the perfect surprise of Auguste—for he started back—the pistol went off. Signor Alonzo leaped upwards with a convulsive spring, and fell on his face to the earth—dead. "All fair!" said his friends, and as they took up the body, those who turned to look after Auguste were just in time to hear him say, "I did not intend to fire!" and to receive him fainting in their arms.

Was all this directed by a special Providence? Is there not "a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow?" Will my readers ponder over these questions? If they will do so, my story will not have been told in vain. Its sequel was, that on the return of the happy party of clerks to Antwerp, they found the death of the officer had been published in the Gazette, together with the name of his opponent. Auguste, fearing the effect of such news upon his mother, departed with speed for his ancestral chateau, which he entered, in spite of his grandfather's prohibition. The old Marquis was furious at first, but when he had heard all the particulars of the encounter, he comforted his aristocratic conscience with the assertion that there was not a drop of commercial blood in the boy; but that he was a true sinew of the old stock, and should inherit, as he richly deserved, the title and estates of the family.

DANCING.

A portion of the pleasure taken in dancing, consists perhaps in the individuality of possession existing between two partners.

TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

Rest, gentle spirit, rest—
From every sorrow free;
The ills that wring the feeling breast,
No more shall torture thee.
Oh for thy magic lyre,
With its entrancing lay!
Oh for thy spirit's liquid fire!
To hymn one strain for thee.

Then should the listening soul
Dissolve beneath the strain,
Enchanted by the sweet control
Of a delicious pain.
But my poor harp is sad,
And faltering in its tone;
Its wreaths have blossom'd in the shade,
Rude winds have o'er it blown.

And I have learn'd to feel
For many a cruel woe,
With which the worldly heart of steel
No sympathy can know.
To sorrow for the lot
So oft to genius given,
Which proves the gifted spirit not
At home, this side of Heaven.

Sweet spirit! I have heard
Thy soft complaining note,
Like wailing of a lonely bird,
On balmy zephyrs float.
So plaintive was the strain,
So gentle in its woe,
The listener almost blest the pain
That bade such numbers flow.

The sickness of the heart
That pines with hope deferred,
Stole from thy lyre, with chasten'd smart
In every tone and word.
Then came a choral sound,
Of rich and hymning lays;
Thy love, thy cherish'd hopes were crown'd
With Joy's luxuriant bays.

But now a solemn knell
Comes booming o'er the sea;
And sadly chanting spirits tell
A bitter tale of thee.
"The gifted one has died
Upon a foreign shore!—
Her magic harp, old England's pride,
Is crush'd forevermore!"

And shall we weep that thou
Wast summon'd to depart,
With fresh young laurels on thy brow,
And rapture in thy heart?
With Joy's full chalice press'd
Unto thy smiling lip—
While fame and honor gave their zest
To every nectar'd sip?

That thou hast pass'd away,
 In young life's joyous bloom,
 E'er disappointment or decay
 Had told the mourner's doom?
 That thou hast scap'd the fears,
 The agony, the dread,
 The bootless hopes, the bitter tears
 By fond affection shed?

The painful yearning strife
 Of Nature with her foe,
 While o'er the last bright chain of life
 His hand suspends the blow?
 The dear ones' agonies,
 As round the bed they kneel?
 The bitterness of death are these,
 And these thou didst not feel.

We will not weep for thee,
 Sweet dweller of the heart;
 Thou needest not our sympathy,
 Bright seraph as thou art.
 For us who yet remain,
 Be poured the tear, the sigh,
 'Tis ours to mourn, to writhe with pain,
 To agonize, and die.

To him whose love thou wert
 So many weary years,
 Who droops with lone and stricken heart,
 To him belong our tears.
 Be thou his angel still,
 As in the days of yore;
 A beacon o'er life's billowy swell,
 To where love weeps no more.

LYDIA JANE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY MESSENGER.

VENCLUSE, August 5th, 1839.

Mr. White :

Having been appointed by the Historical and Philosophical Society of Virginia, to deliver the annual address at their last meeting, the outline of the following essay was prepared for that purpose during the last summer. Before it was completed, I was attacked with disease which confined me during the whole winter, and from the effects of which I have only recently recovered, so far as to be able to turn my attention to the subject. Having been prevented by this cause, from appearing before the society, I informed them, through their secretary, that I would publish, as soon as I could prepare it for the press, the address which I was appointed to deliver to them in person. I now comply with that promise, by offering it to the Messenger. It has already, from unavoidable causes, been too long delayed, and my consequent reluctance to delay it any longer, induces me now to present it in a form more crude than it might otherwise have borne.

A. P. UPSHUR.

DOMESTIC SLAVERY,

As it exists in our Southern States, considered with reference to its influence upon free government.

The people of the southern states are as strongly attached to their peculiar institutions and usages as are those of any other part of our country. This feeling, however, appears to be, with them, little else than a mere filial instinct, which, although always strong and always active, is never ostentatiously displayed. Our peculiar systems have seldom been subjected to that

analytic and philosophical examination, which is necessary to a proper understanding of their true character. Satisfied that the machine was working well, we have, hitherto, evinced but little curiosity as to the principles upon which it was constructed, and little inclination to inquire by what springs it was put in motion, or how it produced its results. Within a few years past, however, circumstances have forced upon us a more minute and careful examination of the various questions which arise from the institution of domestic slavery.* The subject is peculiarly interesting to us, and demands from us, the calmest and most dispassionate examination. Domestic slavery is the great distinguishing characteristic of the southern states, and is, in fact, the only important institution which they can claim as peculiarly their own. It enters into all their constitutions of government, and is intimately blended with their ordinary legislation. It is, in truth, the basis of their political systems, and exerts a powerful influence in moulding and modifying both their institutions and their manners. It becomes them, therefore, to understand it correctly and fully. Assaulted as it has been from abroad, and not always defended with proper zeal at home, we ought not to be surprised, if the tendency of the public mind should be against it. Even among ourselves there has not been until recently, an entire concurrence of opinion upon the subject. We have been in the habit of contemplating it rather as a domestic than as a political institution, and of course our judgments have not been altogether free from the influences of our private habits, our passions and our peculiar tastes. It is fortunate for us that we are no longer permitted to view it, in so imperfect a light. It is as a political institution that it possesses the highest interest to us, and in that character only I propose now to consider it.

That political liberty can co-exist under the same government with the personal slavery of a particular class of the people, is apt to strike the mind as a strange political paradox, if not as a plain impossibility. Yet, however the judgment may be deceived by the proposition at first view, it will not be seriously puzzled upon a closer examination of it. The subject is far too vast to be treated, in all its bearings, in an address suited to this occasion. It is full of a deep philosophy, whose sources cannot be easily explored nor speedily exhausted. History too, abounds with illustrations which could not be properly omitted, in a full discussion of the subject. On the present occasion, however, it becomes me to confine myself within much narrower limits.

It does not depend solely upon constitutions and laws,

* The agitation of the subject by our own legislature, gave occasion to the able pamphlet of President Dew, of William and Mary College, in which he traces the institution to its true source, rests it upon its proper principles, and demonstrates the impracticability and utter hopelessness of all attempts at general emancipation. More recently, Judge Harper of South Carolina, has considered the subject with reference to its moral influences, and has clearly shown, that those influences are alike happy, upon the character of the master, and the comfort and well-being of the slave. Subjects which those gentlemen have so ably discussed, could not derive any new illustration from me. They have left nothing which need be said in support of their respective positions, and nothing which can be said to overthrow them. Neither of them, however, has made the political bearing of the institution, his particular theme, although both of them have touched it incidentally. I therefore shall have no occasion to trespass upon ground which they have pre-occupied.

whether a people shall be free or not. They must desire liberty in order to win it, and they must understand and appreciate, in order to preserve it. The will alone may achieve the conquest, but something more is necessary to maintain it. The history of the world, and even the world at the present day, presents many melancholy instances of nations, who, in a moment of enthusiasm, have shaken off the yoke of the oppressor, but who have soon fallen back into their pristine condition of slavery, because they did not know how to preserve the blessing they had won. - A nation that is not prepared for freedom, will find freedom no better than a poor and perishing boon. It depends on the character of a people, and on that alone, whether they can live under free institutions or not. The love of liberty must be felt, not as a mere impulse of the mind, but as a rational sentiment, the result of a just appreciation of its value. Every man loves liberty, but a few only, even of those who enjoy it, understand in what true liberty consists. Still, however, it possesses a charm to which even the most ignorant and abject of our race are not insensible. It is in our very nature to abhor restraint, and to endeavor continually to resist it and shake it off. So strong and so universal is this feeling, that civil government itself would never have been established but for an overruling necessity. However capable men may be of governing themselves, or rather of governing one another, when organized in political communities, there are very few who can properly govern themselves as individuals. Without the restraints of law, we should all be very apt to run wild with our passions, and the weak would become the slaves of the strong, from the very excess of liberty. Civil government springs out of the ignorance, the vices and the passions of men. In proportion as these abound and are prone to run into excess, the restraints of law become necessary. We are reconciled to these restraints, and submit to be governed only because our own experience proves to us that we gain by these concessions more than they take from us. We maintain government, not as a positive but as a comparative good; we love it, not because it confers blessings upon us, but because it guards us against evils. Government gives no rights, but it takes rights away. The true problem, then, is to discover which of these rights it is necessary to restrain, and which may safely be left to the people. Governments differ from one another in their degrees of freedom, only as these restrictions upon natural liberty are fewer or more numerous. And as these restrictions are rendered necessary only by our passions and our vices, it is obvious that there can be no high degree of public liberty without a corresponding degree of public virtue. Hence it is a received maxim, that the virtue of the people is the basis of republican government. But the virtue which is here meant, is not the mere absence of great vices, nor the soft social virtues of private life. Liberty, which is itself great, elevated and pure, can find a safe foundation only in the corresponding qualities of the people.

These *truths* are perfectly familiar to the mind of every one who has bestowed any attention upon the subject of government. I refer to them, because they are the foundation of all just reasoning upon the question before us. No government, not upheld by actual force, can long endure, unless it be adapted to the cha-

acter of the people. Government in its turn, however, exerts a powerful influence in the formation of that character; a truth not always duly regarded in the establishment of political institutions. These should always be such as to inspire in the people, feelings corresponding with their own nature and principles. Of this character, in an eminent degree, is the institution of domestic slavery, as it exists with us. Its influence upon the mind and feelings of the master, is such as to prepare him for the love of freedom, and to fit him for the enjoyment of it. Where slavery exists, it is, as Mr. Burke remarks, "not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege" to be free. This remark, which is true of all conditions of slavery, is peculiarly true of slavery as it is in the southern states. Here the slave is black, and the white man never is a slave. The distinction addresses itself to the eye, and is proclaimed wherever the two classes appear. It is certainly well calculated to inspire the humblest white man with a high sense of his own comparative dignity and importance, to see a whole class below him in the scale of society. However poor, or ignorant or miserable he may be, he has yet the consoling consciousness that there is a still lower condition to which he can never be reduced. He sees, continually around him, men whose inferiority to himself is acknowledged, whose rights and privileges are less than his own, and between whom and himself there is an impassable barrier, which every white man, however proud his condition, is interested to preserve unbroken. In this inferior class, he is accustomed to contemplate the worst vices and the most degrading habits and manners of our nature. But to this class he feels himself superior, and he is conscious, at the same time, that he can boast of no greater distinction. This reflection can scarcely fail to elevate his character, to inspire him with self-respect, to teach him the true value of that liberty by which he is distinguished, and to give him a strong abhorrence of those vicious and dishonoring habits, which he is accustomed to regard as the characteristics of the slave.

In our slave-holding communities, the white man, whatever be his condition, is accustomed to exercise absolute authority over the negro, and to receive from him continual proofs of deference and respect. This single fact is enough to elevate his character, to impart dignity to his manners, and to inspire him with a degree of self-respect, which will render him extremely jealous of any encroachment upon his own rights. He will not readily feel towards others the same servility which is daily shown to himself; he cannot be easily persuaded to yield the proud distinction of a master, by becoming himself a slave. The best foundation of political liberty, is personal independence and self-respect; and these feelings are necessarily inspired in a high degree by the very nature of the relation between master and slave. It is not an easy thing to make political slaves of men who are admonished every hour, not only that they are personally free, but that their freedom confers upon them at once, rank, dignity and power.

It is a just remark of president Dew, that slavery in the United States has produced an equality among white men "as nearly as can be expected or even desired in this world." Indeed, it could not well be otherwise. Men who share equally in one great and ennobling distinction, are not apt to acknowledge among one

another those of minor importance. All classes of white men are alike interested to maintain this distinction. It is a boon which they hold in common and which no one of them can enjoy, without, at the same time, securing it to all the rest. Hence arises a sympathy among white men, extremely favorable to republican equality. Accordingly we know, that throughout the southern states, where slavery prevails, there is a remarkable independence, freedom and equality among all classes of the whites. There is not, it is true, much of that rude and levelling democracy, which seeks to establish a perfect equality, forbidden by the very nature of man. I shall presently have occasion to show that this agrarian principle, so hostile to true liberty, and so fatal to free government, can never prevail to any considerable extent in slave-holding states. The equality of which I speak, is the equality established by the laws, the manners and the institutions of society, and which displays itself in the fearless address which proceeds from a proper self-respect—in the intercourse, free without rudeness, and respectful without humility. This is, indeed, the character of every society in which negro slavery prevails. We are told by Bryan Edwards,* that in the character of the British West Indian "the leading feature is an independent spirit, and a display of conscious equality throughout all ranks and conditions. The poorest white person seems to consider himself nearly on a level with the richest, and emboldened by this idea, approaches his employer with extended hand, and a freedom, which, in the countries of Europe, is seldom displayed by men in the lower orders of life towards their superiors. It is not difficult to trace the origin of this principle. It arises, without doubt, from the preëminence and distinction which are necessarily attached, even to the complexion of the white man, in a country where the complexion, generally speaking, distinguishes freedom from slavery. Of the two great classes of people in most of these colonies, the blacks out-number the whites, in the proportion of seven to one. As a sense of common safety therefore unites the latter in closer ties than are necessary among men who are differently situated, so the same circumstance necessarily gives birth among them to reciprocal dependance and respect."

Mr. Burke, in a speech delivered in Parliament, in March, 1775, expresses himself thus:—"Where slavery is established in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them, not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there that freedom, (as it is in countries where freedom is a common blessing,) may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks among them like something that is more noble and liberal. Thus the people of the southern colonies of America, are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our gothic ancestors; such in our days, are the Poles, and such will be all masters of slaves who are not slaves themselves." Burke did not live in a slave-holding country, nor did he speak to a slave-holding people. His views are those of a pro-

found statesman and an enlightened philosopher, who had deeply studied the nature of man and the principles of government. The sentiments I have quoted, were uttered more than sixty years ago, and yet he could not have more accurately represented the present condition of things in our slave-holding states, if he had drawn from them as his original.

The views of president Dew, are in the same philosophic spirit. "The menial and low offices," he remarks, "being all performed by the blacks, there is at once taken away the greatest cause of distinction and separation of the ranks of society. The man to the north, will not shake hands familiarly with his servant and converse and laugh and dine with him, no matter how honest and respectable he may be. But go to the south, and you will find that no white man feels such inferiority of rank as to be unworthy of association with those around him. Color alone is here the badge of distinction, the true mark of aristocracy; and all who are white, are equal, in spite of the variety of occupation."* Thus the testimony of the historian attests the soundness of the reasoning of the speculative philosopher; and both concur in proving, that negro slavery tends to inspire in the white man a strong love of freedom, to give him a high estimate of its value, and to inspire him with those feelings of independence, self respect and proper pride, which fit him for the enjoyment of free institutions, and teach him how to preserve them. The government receives its form from the people, and gives to them, in turn, a character corresponding with its own; and this happy adaptation affords the best possible security for the preservation of liberty.

As the virtue of the people is the basis of republican government, that condition of society is best adapted to liberty which is most favorable to public virtue. This preëminence may be justly claimed for the agricultural state. We love the trees which we plant with our own hands and nurture with our personal care; we love the land which receives our daily toil, and repays us in rich returns of food, clothing and other comforts. The love of country is but the love of home, expanded and enlarged. Nor is this a wavering or transitory feeling. The owner of the soil looks to it as the resource of his life, as the shelter of his age, and as the depository of his ashes. His affection for it is among the first impressions of his infancy; it goes along with him to manhood, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength; and when he dies, the last wish of his heart is to give to his children the home which has sheltered them. It is true, that patriots may be found

* The utility, and indeed the necessity of some outward and visible mark of distinction, between the slave and the free man, has been felt by most, if not all nations, among whom domestic slavery has existed. Even in the earlier feudal ages, we are told that "slaves were distinguished from free men by a peculiar dress. Among all the barbarous nations, long hair was a mark of dignity and of freedom; slaves were for that reason obliged to shave their heads; and by this distinction, how indifferent soever it may be in its own nature, they were reminded every moment of the inferiority of their condition." (Robertson's introduction to the history of Charles V., page 168.) If there be any advantage in such a distinction, it is doubly advantageous when established by nature. There is then no reason to complain of the master's injustice, or to tax him with cruelty. The slave regards his degradation as the fiat of God; as an evil not brought upon him by the tyranny of his master, and from which no effort of his own can relieve him.

* History of the West Indies—vol. 2, page 8.

in every rank and condition of society. They are not confined to any one locality, nor to any one pursuit. But those who own the country, are most apt to love it; those whose interests and occupations chain them to the soil, are most ready to defend it. "The shocks of corn," said Xenophon, "inspire those who raise them with courage to defend them; the sight of them in the fields, is as a prize exhibited in the middle of the theatre to crown the conqueror." Men so circumstanced, are not "light to run away." They are themselves the country, and their attachment to it is as strong as their own self-love. While, therefore, patriotism may be found in every class and every pursuit of life, it is in a peculiar degree the characteristic of the owners and cultivators of the soil.

Patriotism, however, although it is the highest, is not the only virtue, to which the agricultural state is favorable. The independence of that life, its ease, its abundance, its quiet uniformity, its retirement, and its comparative exemption from those temptations which disturb the balance of our minds, and call our worst passions into play, all point it out as the best school both of public and private virtues. The love of display, the rivalry of fashion, the ostentatiousness of wealth and the strifes of ambition, will exist, in greater or less degree, in every form and condition of society. But these turbulent passions do not find their proper theatre amid the shades of rural retirement; they do not readily enter the bosoms of men, who are inspired, alike by their position and their pursuits, with a love of quietness and peace.

It may then be noted as among the happy influences of domestic slavery, as it exists among ourselves, that it tends to keep us, as we now are, an agricultural people. The farm is the proper position of the slave. It is true that recent experience has shown that slave labor may be profitably employed in manufactures and in the various mechanic arts; but the number which can be so employed, must be comparatively inconsiderable. The very physical structure of the African, renders it impossible to confine any great number of them together, in the close atmosphere of a manufactory, without certain destruction to their health. And even if this were not so, the demand for such labor must always be too limited to give employment to more than a very small proportion of the slave population in countries where that population is large enough to give character to the institution. Not so with agriculture. Its demands for labor are not easily supplied. In no one state of our Union, has there been, at any time, a redundancy of slave labor; on the contrary, in all of them large portions of their soil have been left uncultivated and profitless, for want of that labor. It has, it is true, often been misapplied, and for that reason has become unprofitable and apparently redundant. But there never was a time when the soil of any one of the southern states would not have afforded useful employment to more slaves than it contained, if that employment had been judiciously directed. In proportion as slave labor increases, when properly applied, both production and consumption increase also; so that we may venture to affirm, that slave labor will never superabound until our population shall become so great and our soil so fertile that every "rood of earth" will "maintain its man." This then, is the

proper employment of the slave. It is best adapted to his physical constitution, it best accords with his feelings and habits, and it affords the largest share of those comforts and indulgences, which are the proper reliefs of the necessary hardships of his condition. A commercial or manufacturing people never will be slave owners, because they never can profitably employ that kind of labor to any considerable extent. Wherever African slavery exists in a large class of the population, agriculture must of necessity be the chief occupation and the predominant interest.

Do I attach too much importance to this view of the subject? Let the history of free governments, throughout the world, answer the question. In no one of them can the causes of decay be traced to the agricultural class. In states where other occupations constituted the highest interest, and gave employment to the greatest number of the people, there are many melancholy examples of rapid departure from their original free principles, and of the exercise of the straightest despotism under those forms, upon which the people vainly relied for the security of public liberty. But the cultivator of the soil has no motive to make war upon his government, nor to overturn or pervert the institutions under which he lives. Too independent to be bought, too quiet to be urged into faction, and too happy in his condition to be desirous of change, he is neither ambitious himself, nor a fit instrument of the ambition of others. He is the best conservator of public liberty, because he owes to that liberty much more than any other man.

As public virtue is the basis upon which republican government rests, public intelligence and information are its best props and supports. I do not assert that there is any thing in domestic slavery calculated to increase the intelligence of the whites, nor do I consider that institution favorable to the general diffusion of knowledge. On the contrary, it is probable that the poorer classes of the people in slave-holding states, will in general be deficient in the elements of education. The whites who alone are educated, rarely amount to more than a bare majority of the entire population; and as their pursuit is agriculture, they are necessarily much dispersed in their positions. Hence the establishment of primary schools among them, is more difficult than in countries more thickly settled, and where every child is a proper subject for education. There may be something too, in the habits and pursuits of the slave owner, calculated to make him less patient of the labor of study, and less anxious for the acquisition of knowledge, than those to whom knowledge, in a certain degree, is a necessary means of subsistence. But this reasoning does not apply to that more extended and perfect education which fits men for public station, and prepares them for the higher duties of the citizen. Only a few such men arise in any age, and only a few are necessary for the wise ordering of public affairs and for the safety and prosperity of nations. To the formation of such characters domestic slavery is peculiarly favorable. It removes from the student the necessity of personal labor, and gives him time for study; it relieves him from the sordid and distracting cares which, under different systems, are so apt to chill his hopes and discourage his exertions. Hence the mind is less trammelled by forms, and is more inde-

pendent and free to exert its powers. The school room is not the only means, nor even the *best* means of education. He who is merely taught *jurare in verba magistri*, may enjoy the reputation of having passed through the schools, but he does not deserve the character of an educated man. Our northern youth pass their leisure hours, for the most part, either in schools or in listening to itinerant lecturers, who give them the mere surface of a thousand subjects without imparting to them any solid information upon any. While they are thus employed in making themselves masters of the ideas of others, the southern youth are freely thinking for themselves and forming ideas of their own. It is probably owing to this circumstance, that the citizens of our slave-holding states, to whatever quarter they remove, are apt to become prominent in politics, and to be distinguished for the freedom and liberality of their opinions. The same thing has been remarked of the slave-holding republics of antiquity. Chateaubriand, a high authority in matters of this sort, expresses himself thus: "But if I may be allowed to say what I think, in my opinion this system of slavery was one of the causes of the superiority of the great men of Athens and Rome, over those of modern times. It is certain that you cannot exercise all the faculties of the mind, except when you are relieved from the material cares of life; and you are not wholly relieved from these cares, but in countries where the arts, trades and domestic occupations are relinquished to slaves." The great man is not formed by books alone. He must have leisure to *think* as well as leisure to study; his mind must be free from the distractions and perplexities which attend the necessity of daily labor for daily bread; his feelings must be at ease, and his ideas unconfined, and free to range where they will. Such is the condition of the slave owner; and whether it make him more *learned* or not, it would be contrary to Nature, if it did not give him a more liberal caste of character, more elevated principles, a wider expansion of thought, a deeper and more fervent love, and a juster estimate of that liberty by which he is so highly distinguished.

There are only two causes of the decline and overthrow of free governments; they fall victims either to the power of a conqueror, or to the corruptions of their own people. *Usurpation*, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, has no agency in the matter. No one man can subdue the liberties of an entire people, without their consent. Neither Cæsar, Cromwell, nor Bonaparte, was an usurper. It is true that each of them became absolute in his own country, but this was only when the people had created for themselves the necessity for a master, and had voluntarily put the sceptre into his hands. The conqueror is the only real usurper. Free governments have often yielded to conquest, but not often until they have first yielded to corruptions at home. Indeed, they have generally been successful, not only in repelling invasion, but in adding the territories of conquered nations to their own. This, however, was only while they maintained the purity of their principles, for they began to be weak as soon as they began to be corrupt. Domestic slavery, if it adds nothing to their strength in war, takes nothing from their power of resistance. No country ever sends its entire population to the field. A portion must always be left at home, to cultivate the soil, to work in the

mechanic trades, to manage the exchanges of commerce, and to occupy themselves in all those pursuits which are necessary to provide subsistence, clothing, and all the *matériel* of war. In countries where slavery does not prevail, and where every man expects to provide for the comfort of himself and his family by his own exertions alone, few can be called to the field, without producing distress and want at home. But in countries where all these labors are performed by slaves, almost the entire free population may be employed in war, because one freeman may superintend and direct the labor of fifty slaves. It is probable, therefore, that a slave-holding state, will, in general, be able to call as many of her people to the field, as will a state having no slaves and only an equal population. So far as history instructs us upon the subject, those republics which have been most distinguished for their power, both in defensive and aggressive war, were, without exception, holders of slaves. Such nations too, are, as I have already remarked, necessarily agricultural. Their own soil generally yields them food, clothing, and whatever else is required to furnish forth an army and maintain it in the field. With them commerce and the arts are a secondary consideration, and of course they are independent of those foreign connexions upon which nations differently situated are compelled to rely. A people whose own soil supplies them with all the requisite means of defence, will rarely yield even to a superior power, so long as they shall continue to be animated with a due love of their independence and freedom. Such a people, whether they be owners of slaves or not, have much more to fear from themselves than from an invading enemy. The gold of Philip of Macedon, effected much more than his arms. A nation with even comparatively feeble resources, will generally be able to repel invasion so long as it is true to itself.

But it is not from the power of the conqueror that free nations have most to dread. Their own follies and vices are their worst enemy. Of these follies, the love of conquest is at once the most common and the most fatal. History is full of examples of republics which have owed their overthrow principally to this cause. Abuses, corruptions, oppressions, and the exercise of arbitrary power, necessarily follow in the path of war. And to a republic so engaged, success is as fatal as defeat. The last thing which she ought to desire, is an extended territory. Free government can scarcely be strong enough to be duly felt in the extremities of a vast dominion. Authority, like a circle in the water, becomes more and more indistinct and faint the farther it is extended. Government, weakened by its very greatness, becomes incapable of controlling its own agents. The reins of discipline are relaxed; licentiousness takes the place of liberty; disorders ensue; anarchy prevails, and at last, the despot is called in to protect the people against themselves. I think it is true, at least of military republics whose territories have been large, that the first indications of their decline have been seen in the provinces and distant governments.

Slave-holding republics are peculiarly secure from the dangers of this fatal folly. Aggressive war is contrary to the genius of agriculture. The husbandman does not readily abandon the ploughshare for the sword. Nothing short of a strong necessity, such as the defence of his country, or the vindication of his rights,

can drive him to arms. Satisfied with his own condition, he rarely desires to change it; conscious of the blessings which surround him, and properly appreciating them, he has no motive to invade the rights of others. He is too wise to put the peace, the security, the independence and the comfort of his fireside, upon the uncertain issues of war. Where the chief occupation of a country is agriculture, foreign war can present no adequate motive for withdrawing from the cultivation of the soil, either the labor itself or the skill which directs it. It rarely happens that such countries contain any large portion of that loose and idle population out of which alone a free government could hope to form an army of invasion. And to that better class who live in comparative comfort, home, however humble its enjoyments, possesses far more charms than the labor, the servitude, the dangers and the privations of the camp. The military adventurer is generally the creature of idleness, poverty, vice and misery; he is not often found amid the abundance and comfort of rural life.

Aggressive war is forbidden by the very nature of slave population. The slave requires the continual presence of the master, both to control and to protect him. Nor would it be at all times safe to withdraw from a slave-holding country any considerable portion of its military force. It is true, the history of our revolutionary war attests the general fidelity of our slaves in the presence of an invading enemy. Indeed, whatever their tempers may be, they are least formidable and most easily checked and controlled when the country is armed and its military power organized and in the field. A very small squadron of disciplined troops, prepared to march promptly and rapidly to any point of danger, would be sufficient to put down the best planned servile insurrection and to keep the slave population of a whole country in awe and subjection. An equal degree of security could not be reasonably expected in the absence of the military power of the country. Even if the opportunity should not be used for the purpose of open resistance and rebellion, such a condition of things could scarcely fail to relax discipline, to encourage disobedience, idleness and disorder, and thus to render the slave less valuable as a laborer. A slave-holding country, therefore, has the double motive of safety and of interest, not to desire foreign conquest and to abstain from aggressive war.

I am aware that history presents examples of slave-holding republics, who have not always acted upon these maxims; but the same examples are proofs that the maxims are sound, and that a departure from them is sure to be fatal to liberty. We should be unwise indeed, if we could not profit by the experience of other countries, so strongly enforcing the suggestions of our own interest and safety.

The great cause, however, of the overthrow of free governments, ever has been and ever will be the corruptions of their own people. An increase of wealth is the chief source of these corruptions. Wealth naturally leads to luxury, and luxury produces effeminacy, weakness and vice. The necessary restraints of true liberty are odious to the love of self-indulgence. A luxurious people are always corrupt and venal. The cutting reproach of Jugurtha was not applicable to Rome alone. Every luxurious nation is a venal nation,

and with such, even liberty itself has its price. From this deep sin of republics, slave-holding and agricultural nations are comparatively free. That equality of rank of which I have already spoken, presents few of the usual inducements to extravagance and ostentation; and, indeed, it is impossible for these to prevail to any considerable extent, except where wealth abounds. The moderate estates of an agricultural people do not admit of a high degree of luxury, and both their habits and their pursuits teach them to avoid it. Luxury makes its first lodgment in large cities. It is there chiefly and almost exclusively that redundant fortunes are found, and there alone are assembled, in irresistible numbers and force, all those seductive pleasures which cheat the imagination and betray the heart. From the cities these corruptions spread throughout the country, slowly it is true, but surely; and whenever they do so, public virtue is overcome, public spirit is broken and subdued, and public strength is paralyzed and destroyed. It is fortunate for an agricultural people that their habits and pursuits are unfavorable to the establishment of large cities. I do not speak of those cities of moderate size, which are necessary as marts for the produce of the country, and which that produce will always, under proper systems, invite into existence. From these, little danger to public morals is to be apprehended. I allude to those swollen capitals which engross the trade, absorb the wealth, and control the industry of nations. These are the peculiar abodes of luxury, the fruitful mothers of public and private vices, the nurseries of sedition, riot and disorder, and the worst enemies of rational, regulated liberty. It is rare that cities of this sort arise in slave-holding and agricultural countries. In them, the farm is the station of profit, usefulness, influence and dignity. The country does not look to the town for its examples, nor borrow from it either its morals or its manners. It may be received as an infallible indication of the decline of republican simplicity, that the city is looked to as the retreat of the wealthy. This never happens until the country is prepared to take on new manners and a new character.

It is the natural tendency of liberty to run into extremes. Communities that are free to govern themselves, are always prone to govern too much. Men seem to forget that they possess power, unless they are in the constant exercise of it. All that is evil in their condition, whatever disappoints their hopes or embarrasses their exertions or defeats their plans, is apt to be laid to the government and laws; and conscious that those laws are subject to their will, they are constantly devising new expedients for relief. The necessary consequence is, that they acquire the habit of depending too much upon the government and too little upon themselves. The great and rival interests of society are engaged in a constant struggle for the control of public legislation, as the surest means of advancing their own success. This rivalry would probably be favorable to liberty, if a proper balance could be preserved between the different interests. But it cannot be long preserved; it would be as reasonable to expect a continued equality in the strength of men. The strongest will acquire an ascendancy, and the weakest must yield to its power. This is a condition of things absolutely inconsistent with true liberty. The worst

of all despotisms is that which operates through the forms of free government. Its oppressions are in exact proportion to the strongest and worst of our passions; and there is no relief from them except in revolution, because the oppressor is irresponsible, and there is no power to which the oppressed can appeal. *The law* is the oppressor, and those who make the law have the highest interest to render its burthens as heavy and galling as can be borne. The chain which thus binds a large portion of a people who claim to be free, must either be kept together by open and undisguised force, or else it will, at some time or other, be broken by violence and revolution. It appears to me that this view of the subject has not generally been duly considered. Free government, which depends on the will of the people, cannot be more stable than that will itself. Of course, that condition of society is most favorable to liberty, in which the interests of the different orders are the most identical, their habits the most uniform, and their pursuits the most fixed and permanent. Such is the character of our slave-holding communities. We are all cultivators of the soil, and all owners of slaves. Whatever difference there may be in our occupations, there are few among us whose largest interest is not land and negroes. Thus the identity of our interests insures equality in the laws; the permanency of our interests insures stability in the laws, and the uniformity of our manners and occupations saves us from all those jealousies and discontents which lead to disorder and outrage. A population homogeneous in character, in interests and pursuits, is best suited to free institutions, because the laws necessarily operate alike on all; and all, having the same stake in the government, are alike interested to support it. Men do not abandon their liberties without some motive stronger than the love of liberty; and what stronger motive can there be with men, who find in liberty itself the best protection of all their rights; the best encouragement for their industry, and the best security for their happiness.

I have said that the nature of our institutions is calculated to insure stability in the laws. This is a much more important safeguard of free institutions than may be generally supposed. Instability in the laws leads to the insecurity of rights, and the insecurity of rights brings the laws into contempt. A mutable and unsettled code soon loses the respect of the people, and ceases to be a protection for any right, because it ceases to possess any power. A want of respect for the laws is one of the surest indications of the decline of liberty. I do not speak of those occasional outbreaks of popular fury, which set all law and all government at defiance. These are the mere results of temporary excitement, and are liable to occur among all people, whatever be their form of government. I speak of that disregard of the laws which is seen in the frequent impunity of crime, in the defiance of the public authorities, and in the bold assumption of juries to set the law aside, in favor of their prejudices, their passions, their interests or their caprices. These things always proceed from a depraved state of public morals, where the laws are not objectionable; but they also occur, even in the purest communities, where the laws are regarded as unjust and oppressive. It is a difficult thing to enforce an unpopular law among a free people.

Yet, from whatever cause they proceed, they indicate either great corruption in the people or a wide departure from the pure principles of justice and equality in the government. I know not what is better calculated to produce such a state of things than those fluctuations to which the laws are always subject from the alternate successes of rival and contending interests, and the consequent disgusts and resentments of the defeated party. Men do not feel that either their rights or their interests are secure, where the laws which profess to protect them are liable to perpetual changes, and to be moulded only to suit the particular interest which may happen for the time to be predominant. They soon cease to respect laws which are not founded in any general principle, and which may exist only for an hour; and the government itself, with all its institutions, naturally sinks into contempt and imbecility. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the laws should not only be just and equal, but that they should be as uniform and stable as the condition of the country will allow. To this stability, domestic slavery with its inseparable incidents, necessarily contributes in a high degree, because that institution is itself stable, permanent, and so engrossing, as to give character to all others. Our reasoning upon this subject is confirmed by examples. The northern states have much more frequently changed their constitutions of government than the southern. Virginia lived fifty-four years under the same constitution, and her people, during all that time, were remarkable for their attachment to their government, for their obedience to the laws, and for the contented, quiet and good order of their conduct. It is to be regretted that so wise an example was not more generally followed; and she herself has the greatest cause to regret, that she did not continue to present that example through all succeeding years, to this time.

The remarks which I have made, apply with peculiar force to the exercise of the taxing power. There is no subject upon which the public mind is more sensitive than it is upon this. All history proves (and the history of our own country, not less than that of others,) that unequal taxation is an unfailing source of popular discontent and resistance. A slave-holding community is much less liable to inequality in this respect than any other. As land and negroes constitute much the largest part of the property of the country, they must of course, bear much the largest share of the expenses of government; and as these are owned by all classes and almost by every individual, no one can complain that he is unequally taxed. This is not equally true, if it be true at all, of countries in which slavery does not exist. Society in such countries is necessarily divided into a great variety of classes, each having, or believing that it has, its peculiar interests; and among these classes there is a continual strife to throw the burthens of government from themselves upon others. The successful classes are too apt to push their advantage to an imprudent excess, and the unsuccessful classes are discontented and ready to regard their government as their enemy. This has, not unfrequently, been the cause of the overthrow of government. But revolutions thus commenced, rarely result in favor of liberty. Even if successful, the angry passions which cause them are inconsistent with those temperate counsels by which alone liberty can be established or main-

tained; and if unsuccessful, the attempt serves only to confirm the power which it could not overthrow.

But the great danger which liberty has to fear in the United States, is to be found in that agrarian spirit which strikes at all that is above it, and spares nothing that is good or great in the institutions of society. This deformed offspring of popular discontents and vices, has too often been at once the reproach and the bane of free governments. It does not, it is true, belong peculiarly to them, but it is in them only that it has scope for action. The love of distinction is natural to man, and whatever confers it is an object of desire and of envy. Here, in the United States, the distinctions of birth and family do not prevail; and public office, which is generally held only for short periods—which supposes the incumbent to be the servant and not the master of the people—which is attended with no trappings nor insignia, to attract the public gaze, and which is generally laden with duties and responsibilities very disproportioned to its compensations—confers but little honor and possesses but few attractions. Wealth alone, (except that commanding order of genius which elevates its possessor conspicuously above other men, and which very few possess,) can confer any substantial distinction in the United States; and hence wealth is the object of universal desire, and the end which all ambition proposes to itself. It has been often remarked that avarice is the strongest feature in the American character. It could not well be otherwise, for where wealth alone can give us any real advantage over others, it is natural that it should be sought as the greatest earthly good; and it is equally natural that he who possesses it should be viewed with envy, jealousy and ill-will. The wealthy *individual* may, by an inoffensive and useful life, escape this fate; but the wealthy, as a *class*, never can escape it. Hitherto we can scarcely be said to have had any such class in the United States. So infinite are the resources of our country, and so various our modes of industry, that abundance and independence have every where prevailed. Besides, our public lands have held out a continual invitation to all those who have found it difficult to prosper in the old states. In the fertile regions of the west, the poor become rich in a day, as thousands upon thousands of the needy and destitute are proving every year. This continual drain of the very poor, tends to preserve a comparative equality among those who remain; a circumstance to which the non-slaveholding states, who have redundant populations, owe much of the tranquillity they have enjoyed. But this state of things cannot exist forever. The time will come when this outlet will be closed, and when our people, greatly increased in numbers and confined within their ancient limits, will press inconveniently upon one another. Then, if not before, the distinction of rich and poor will be clearly established; it will be both seen and felt. The usual jealousies of the one class and the consequent fears of the other will then commence, and from that moment the rights of property will be in danger. Property, which is protected only by the law, is always at the mercy of those who make the law. It will probably be very long before an actual majority of very poor will be found in any one of our states; but it is not necessary that this should be the case, in order to call the agrarian principle into action. We

are too apt to compare our condition with that of the ranks who are *above*, instead of that of the ranks who are *below* us. Hence, where the differences in point of wealth between different classes are very great and striking, there are few who do not consider themselves poor, and who would not hope to be benefited by a general commingling of property. Besides, there are never wanting those among the more wealthy who are ready to inflame the discontents of the inferior classes, in order to make them the instruments of their ambition. The middle class are the true conservators of public liberty. They have neither cause for jealousy nor motive for discontent; they have every thing to lose and nothing to gain by change. Whilst Rome limited the landed possessions of one man to seven acres, she was free, virtuous and powerful; when she extended it to five hundred acres, she began to be luxurious and effeminate; and when even this restriction was disregarded, and the lands of the country were engrossed by the wealthy, that circumstance accelerated and rendered inevitable the ruin of the republic. In all attempts upon public liberty the highest and the lowest orders are natural allies. The one is urged on by ambition and the other by indigence and suffering. The middle class can affiliate with neither, for it is indifferent to the objects of the one and above the motives of the other. The extremes only unite, and the intermediate class who alone are true lovers of liberty, are sure to be crushed between them. But their union, although fatal to liberty, is not less certainly fatal to themselves. The wealthy demagogue who allures the indigent by the hope of plunder, is apt to be himself the first victim. It is much easier to excite the storm of popular passions, than either to allay or to direct it. I think it is no bold prediction to say, that if the time shall ever arrive—and it *will* arrive—when labor cannot find its proper reward in any of our states, and when a large portion of the people, suffering with want, cannot look to other regions for relief, the rights of property will no longer be respected. It is in vain to talk of the blessings of liberty to those who are galled with the servitude of their own necessities. You cannot persuade men to think that the law which allows them to starve is a holy thing. With the right of property, perishes every other right. The social condition rests only upon that, and when that is destroyed, the whole fabric falls into ruin.

It would be a dangerous self-delusion in us, to suppose that there is any thing in our forms of government, or in the character of our people, to exempt us from this common danger of all republics. It has its source in the human heart, and that is very much the same at all times, in all places, and in all conditions of the social state. If we would escape it, we must remove the causes which excite it to action; and this is effectually done by the institution of negro slavery.

I have already remarked upon the equality which prevails among the whites, in our slave-holding states, but I then spoke only of the equality of *rank*. It is the equality of *wealth* only, which belongs to the present inquiry. And this is important—I am tempted to say, important above all things—in a free government. "Crimes spring up only from the extremes of indigence and opulence. Overgrown estates destroy the spirit of patriotism in those who have every thing and those who

have nothing."* And here again I would be understood to speak not of individuals, but of classes. There is no form of regular government, which can preserve an equality of wealth among individuals, even for a day; and it would be absurd to say that domestic slavery can produce any such result. But it approaches that result much more nearly than any other civil institution, and it prevents, in a very great degree, if not entirely, that gross inequality among the different *classes* of society, from which alone liberty has any thing to fear. Indeed there is but one class in our slave-holding states. Merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, and all the various modes of industry, are found in all of them; but their numbers are comparatively small, and their influence, as *classes*, is scarcely felt. Besides, these are all slave-holders themselves, and land-owners also. The one great interest of all our communities is agriculture; an interest so predominant in extent, and embracing so large a portion of our people, as to be, to all practical purposes, the *sole* interest. The difference in the wealth even of individuals in such a state of society, is never very striking. The profits of agriculture are comparatively small, and its returns, although very certain, are also very slow. The most successful farmer becomes only moderately rich, by the labors of a whole life; the few exceptions which we see, serve only to prove the truth of the general rule. The fluctuations of value; the spirit of speculation; the daring enterprise which seeks to become suddenly rich by putting every thing to hazard; do not belong to agricultural life. That life demands industry, patience, economy, prudence; and it seldom fails to reward these qualities with independence and comfort, though it rarely rewards them with wealth.

There is then, in truth, nothing in the condition of our slave-holding states, upon which the jealousies of the different classes into which societies are usually divided, can act. We have among us, but one great class, and all who belong to it have a necessary sympathy with one another; we have but one great interest, and all who possess it are equally ready to maintain and protect it. Equal in our rank, the spirit of leveling sees nothing to envy; equal in our fortune, the spirit of agrarianism sees nothing to attack. All rights are safe and all interests are secure, because there are none who can assail, except those who possess them.

There is a natural jealousy between labor and capital; a jealousy which, in a particular condition of society, amounts to actual hostility. It is a strange hostility too, since labor lives only by the aid of capital, and capital yields no return without the assistance of labor. This mutual dependence is felt and acknowledged by both, so long as there is a due proportion between them. So long as there is labor enough to employ capital, and capital enough to give labor its due reward, they work together in perfect harmony. Even where capital superabounds, their harmony is not destroyed, for labor then soon becomes capital. This has been, and probably now is, the condition of the United States, but it is not the usual condition in any thickly peopled country, and probably will soon cease to be our condition. Whenever labor shall superabound, and when of course capital can no longer employ and re-

ward it, labor will become discontented, and the war upon capital will commence. Liberty cannot survive this contest; she must perish when the only right which gives her any value ceases to be respected. In slave-holding countries this contest cannot easily arise. In them, labor and capital unite in the same person. The laborer is the slave, and the capitalist is the owner of the slave. Capital has a direct interest to see that labor be not oppressed, and labor has nothing to hope from an attack on capital. So far from being hostile, they aid and support each other; so far from shaking the foundations of government by their strifes and contentions, they have a common interest to sustain it, and they necessarily work together for the establishment of good order and the maintainance of right. It is owing chiefly to this cause, that the condition of society at the south has always been more tranquil and less disturbed by factious outbreaks of the people, than it has been at the north.

When the Almighty decreed that man should eat bread by the sweat of his face, he laid the foundation of all the differences which we see in the orders of society. It is the necessary consequence of this decree, that one portion of mankind shall live upon the labors of another portion. Such is the case all over the world, and such it will continue to be, until the world shall either abandon its civilization or become one Eden, yielding all fruits spontaneously. It is then an object of first importance, that the regulations of society should be such as to render the lot of the laborer as free from discontent as possible. This is not to be done by any change in that lot itself. You may indeed benefit the *individual* in that way, but the *class* must still remain. The laborer of yesterday, who becomes the capitalist of to-day, does but make room for another laborer in his place. If the condition of society were such as to hold out the hope of this change to *every* laborer, it would indeed be the best means of reconciling him to his lot. But this cannot be, so long as it shall be the pleasure of God that man shall work for his subsistence. The free laborer always has his hopes, and it is the disappointment of those hopes which renders him discontented and factious. He sees before him the thousand roads of industry, perfectly open and free; he feels secure that he will be protected in the enjoyment of all that his industry may earn; and he knows that even the distinctions of high place and preferment are not interdicted to him. These reflections certainly encourage his exertions and often make him a wealthier and more valuable man. But they as often inspire him with unfounded hopes, and teach him to look above the realities of his condition; to struggle for some distant good which eludes his grasp, and leaves him a prey to disappointment and mortification. Seeing constantly before him a class in the enjoyment of that ease, comfort and distinction, for which he sighs and labors in vain, can it be expected that he will charge his humbler fate to his own demerit? This would require a degree of candor which is found in very few, for it belongs only to the best order of intellect and to the highest moral culture. Most men in such circumstances, would be apt to charge their misfortunes to errors in the systems around them; to the laws which recognize and maintain differences of condition among men, odious to them, because they feel them to be oppressive

* St. Pierre, *Studies of Nature*.

in their own persons. Not so with the slave. He is born to his condition; he grows up with the conviction that it is unchangeable; he submits to his destiny with resignation, because he has no hope that he can ever make it materially better. Even freedom is scarcely a blessing to him, for the eternal brand is upon his face—his caste is irrevocably fixed—and although he may cease to acknowledge a master, he can never cease to belong to the lowest class of mankind. It is the deep conviction of this truth which so often induces the slaves of kind masters to refuse freedom, when it is offered to them. Freedom is no boon to them, since it brings with it all the cares and difficulties of self-dependence, without any of the usual advantages of independence in thought and action. The African slave is contented from necessity. He has no motive to quarrel with a lot which he knows that he cannot change, and the burthens of which are best relieved by a cheerful discharge of the duties which attend them. The history of slavery in the United States, attests the truth of this reasoning. In no part of the world has the laboring class been more distinguished for contentment, cheerfulness, and even gaiety; and such the negro slave will always be, if he be not taught to feel or to imagine other evils than those which his condition itself imposes on him.

I am aware that this view of the subject is liable to the objection, that a system of society cannot be good, if it condemn the laboring class to unchangeable servitude, and cut them off from all hope of improving their condition. I am not called on to meet this objection here. Even granting it to be true, in the view of the *moralist*, it does not apply to slavery as a *political* institution, nor does it meet the argument by which that institution is shown to be favorable to public liberty. And it is well worthy the consideration even of the *moralist*, whether, as labor is necessary by an immutable law, he will add any thing to the happiness of those who are condemned to perform it, by imbuing them with feelings above their condition, by inspiring them with hopes which can never be realised, and by rendering them dissatisfied with a lot from which there is no escape. The curse which condemns us to labor, is tempered with infinite mercy; for whatever be our condition in life, our true happiness must be found in the proper employment of our faculties. To all those who think that they advance the cause of humanity by perpetual endeavors to disturb the order which Nature herself has established among men, I have no counsel to offer. If they cannot be made wise by the lessons of experience, taught in the history of all such attempts, they will scarcely profit by those of any other teacher.

There is a condition of society in which the wages of labor will purchase but an insufficient supply of food and clothing. Coercion then becomes necessary. But in a free government coercion must operate alike on all classes of the people, for any discrimination between them would be wholly inconsistent with equal rights. And yet coercion to the wealthier classes would be felt as gratuitous tyranny; and indeed every class, except the very lowest, would feel in the same way, and would be anxious to shake off a government which imposed upon them such an unnecessary and degrading burthen. In non-slaveholding states, therefore, liberty could not exist under such a condition of things. With

them coercive labor would require the exercise of a degree of power incompatible with freedom; and this power would, in its operation, necessarily produce, in a great majority of the people, a degree of discontent under which no popular government could stand. But even this evil is avoided by the institution of domestic slavery; for that coercive energy, dangerous to freedom, which under different systems must be lodged in the frame of government, is, in slave-holding states, found in the frame of society.

A still farther security to public liberty may be found in the character of that discipline by which our slave population is controlled. The slave is protected by the law, against all wanton abuses of his person, and is answerable in his person for whatever crimes he may commit. So far he is recognised as a responsible agent, and but little farther. In most other respects, his master is responsible for him. In slave-holding states, the laboring class are in effect parcelled out and assigned to the care of competent guardians. These guardians have a two-fold interest to take care of them and to manage them properly; they receive the profits of their labor, and are responsible for their misbehavior. No system can be imagined, better calculated to insure a well-managed and orderly laboring class. Indeed it is impossible that any disorder can prevail among them, calculated seriously to endanger or disturb the authority of government, since they are placed, by the law itself, under the immediate and personal supervision and control of a class by whom that law was made, and who have the strongest interest to maintain it. An enlightened friend* once remarked to me, that in slaveholding states agrarianism is divided against itself. There is great truth and force in this idea. Even if there could be found in those states a class interested to break down the established order of society, they will always be too weak in numbers and resources to accomplish any thing by their own efforts. The only class to whom they could look with any hope of assistance, is that class over whom they are usually placed as temporary masters, and by whom they are least trusted. The last man with whom the slave would unite, is his overseer. There is then, in this institution, something which courts and solicits good order; there is a principle in it which avoids confusion and repels faction; its necessary tendency is to distract the purposes and to bind the arm of the agrarian and the leveller.

In contemplating the future decline of liberty in the United States, it cannot escape us that there is a want of perfect analogy between our republics and those of every other age and country. Many of the causes of decline are indeed common to all, and we may learn many lessons of wisdom and caution from the fate of those which have preceded us. Different as they were from us in many important particulars, we may derive much information from the study of their institutions, their manners and their character. But liberty in the United States will probably not perish as it has perished in the republics of the old world. Our form of government has no example among theirs; it is peculiar in its structure, and we may well hope that it is much more solidly founded and better balanced. We have the advantage too of being withdrawn from the neighborhood of all strong powers, whose ambition might

*Judge Beverley Tucker of Williamsburg.

lead them to attack us, or whose influence and example might betray us into aggressive war. Something may be hoped also from our anglo-saxon blood, from our descent from a race of men to whom the love of liberty and the spirit of independence are natural. Yet all these securities are insufficient to insure the continuance of our institutions. Free government will have its period here, as it has had it elsewhere. The catastrophe will probably be much longer delayed, but it is not possible to escape it. Even now, the attentive observer may discern causes at work, which the true lover of his country cannot contemplate without uneasiness and alarm. To my mind it is clear, that in this country Liberty is destined to perish a suicide; she will owe her destruction to her own excesses alone. And perish when she may, I am much deceived if her last entrenchment, her latest abiding place, will not be found in the slave-holding states.

In the remarks which I have thus presented, I do not imagine that I have made any new discoveries in the philosophy of the subject, or imparted any new ideas to those who have made this institution their study. Slavery has prevailed in every age of the world. We find it in the earliest records of the Bible, and we may trace it through all the periods of authentic history, from that time to this. It has existed ever since wars were known, and will probably continue to exist, until wars shall cease. It is not a new institution which has sprung up in modern times, only to dishonor free principles in America; neither is it in this age, that the attention of the political philosopher has been for the first time called to it. It has, through countless ages, engaged the anxious study of the legislator, and has exerted an important influence upon the systems he has established. Its true character and tendencies as a political institution, were much better understood by Aristotle than by Wilberforce. On this subject, at least, the world is not more enlightened now than it was two thousand years ago. We, however, although we may profit by the lights of other ages, are not limited to their maxims. Slavery, even as it existed among them, was approved by the wisest of their philosophers, and maintained by the most practised of their statesmen. If they found it a safe and wise institution, how much more valuable is it as it exists among ourselves? All the reasoning by which they justified and sustained it, applies *a fortiori* to our condition. Their slaves were for the most part captives in war, and white men like themselves. There was no natural brand, by which the eye could at a glance distinguish them from their masters. They were indeed, often the superiors of their masters, both in civilization and in all the higher attributes of personal character. Nothing was more common among them, than for the slave to become the preceptor of his master's sons, in philosophy, in the arts and in polite letters. Slavery of this kind, could not possibly be maintained, except by the most firm, vigorous and watchful discipline. He who feels that a single chain only binds him to an inferior condition, and debars him from the higher distinctions and enjoyments of life, cannot reasonably be expected to wear that chain contentedly. For him, there is hope; bondage alone, represses his genius, palsies his energies, and cuts him off from all the rewards which genius and energy may earn. Hence, in the republics

of the old world, liberty had much to dread, from servile insurrections and rebellions. The slave could in general bring into the field, not only equal physical power, but equal intelligence, information and military skill with his master. To guard against this danger, it often became necessary that government should possess a degree of power formidable to liberty, and exert a discipline offensive to its principles. It may well be doubted whether slavery of this sort, be favorable to free institutions, or not; for, however it may be calculated to inspire a love of liberty in the master, it creates a necessity for powers in the government, which may easily be abused to the destruction of liberty. With us, however, no such danger exists. Society, public opinion, domestic discipline, exert with us all the power which they found it necessary to lodge in the government. Our safety is in the color of the slave; in an eternal, ineffaceable distinction of nature. With us, there is no magic in the word *manumitto*, which transmutes the slave into the free citizen. His caste is everlasting, and whether bond or free, he is the negro still. This he knows and feels continually. It gives him a habit of obedience and submission, not easy to be broken, and it teaches him not to put his own safety to hazard for objects which Nature herself has placed forever beyond his reach.

Let us then learn to view this institution only in the lights in which it exhibits itself to us. History, whilst it affords some analogies by which our judgments may be instructed, presents no example by which we can safely regulate our conduct. We stand alone and peculiar, among slave-holding republics. The institution, as it exists among us, has its distinguishing characteristics, which did not enter into the speculations of the philosophers and statesmen of former days. We have our own reasoning to enlighten us, our own experience to guide us. And until that experience shall falsify all our speculations, and until we shall cease to regard the preservation of free and equal government, as the greatest of human blessings, we should cherish this institution, not as a necessary evil which we cannot shake off, but as a great positive good, to be carefully protected and preserved.

FIRST LOVE.

Men may talk about the folly and falsity of first love: but who is there, married or single, who can cast from their hearts the remembrance of their early love? At all times—in the depths of black night, and in the golden noonday, sudden thoughts and associations call up the image of our first love, and immediately the whole heart is (as it were) poured out in a gush of soft and sweet feelings. We consider this as no breach of faith to the present object of our affections. Like that olden love, it seems a different sort of affection from our present one—a holy and purifying feeling rather than one deserving condemnation.

It appears to me that first love must necessarily be different from those following after it: for if it be not essentially distinct, yet the novelty of the feeling when felt for the first time would make it in some measure so.

Williamsburg, Sept. 21, 1839.

THE BALLAD OF

SANCHA OF CASTILE AND THE COUNT ALARCÓS.

Where Tagus rolls his golden sands
By famed Toledo's wall,
And in a deep and lone recess
Of king Alphonso's hall,

In solitary sadness sits,
A prey to grief and care,
Sancha, the monarch's only child,
The fairest of the fair.

For now she thought of days gone by,
When she was wont to smile,
What time she loved a far famed knight,
The pride of old Castile.

A brave and comely knight was he,
Count Alarcós his name—
And in Alphonso's court for him
Sighed many a noble dame.

In battle or in tournament,
At court or in the field,
To none this gallant cavalier
Was ever known to yield.

The count, too, loved the royal maid,
And sought her hand to gain,
And pressed his suit with many a sigh,
But sighed and sued in vain.

For she, the daughter of a king,
Was no less proud than fair,
And had refused to wed the count,
Unmindful of his care.

"Then fare thee well, thou cruel dame!
A long farewell to thee!
The spell is broke—I love no more—
At length my heart is free.

"In foreign climes, and far away,
I yet may hope to find—
Though not, indeed, a face so fair—
Less pride and hearts more kind."

This said the count, and straight away
He mounts his coal black steed,
And to the court of Aragon
He wends his way with speed.

There soon he won, for deeds in arms,
Fresh laurels and renown,
And blooming wreaths of glory now
His knightly temples crown.

A year had passed—'twas early morn,
And on Toledo's wall
Paced to and fro the sentinel,
And watched the seneschal.

When lo! beyond the city gate,
Slow moving o'er the plain,
Was seen of knights in mourning weeds,
A melancholy train.

And now a page, approaching, sounds
A bugle loud and clear;
The drawbridge falls, the opening gate
Admits a funeral bier.

Meanwhile the heavy tramp of steeds
And muffled trumpet's bray
Caught Sancha's ear in her retreat,
And filled her with dismay.

"Now go, my trusty page," she said,
"And learn what this may be,
For to my heart these sounds forbode
Some deep calamity."

Forth went the page, but soon returned,
His face was deadly pale;
His faltering tongue essayed in vain
To tell the woful tale.

At length he said, "Oh, mistress dear,
To tell such news I dread;
Low lies the flower of chivalry,
Count Alarcós is dead!"

"In distant climes that fearless heart
Was struck by Moorish spear,
And now beneath thy balcony
They bear him in his bier."

The princess heard, and stood aghast—
Her cheek turned white as snow;
And so intense her grief, she looked
A monument of woe.

Then rushed into the street, and stopped
The funeral on its way;
The mourners halt, and at her feet
Th' uncovered coffin lay.

Kneeling beside the lifeless corpse,
She grieved in piteous strain—
But never spoke—she could not weep—
Her heart was rent in twain!

At length she said, and clasped her hands
In bitter agony:
"Oh God! oh God! that I should live
So sad a sight to see!"

"That evil day, that evil hour,
In sorrow now I rue,
When I the proffered love disdained
Of one so brave and true."

Seizing the dead count's icy hand,
She pressed it to her breast,
And on his forehead, pale and cold,
One pious kiss impressed.

Grasped in his fingers, held the count,
A lock of Sancha's hair;
This Sancha saw, and, seeing, looked
The picture of despair.

A mist came o'er her beauteous eyes,
Life's stream has ceased to glide,
And now she totters, reels, and falls
By her dead lover's side.

Pages and knights in haste repair
The princess to restore,
But all in vain—her spirit's fled,
Poor Sancha's now no more!

Next day they laid, with princely pomp,
Both in the self same grave—
Sancha, the fairest of the fair,
With Alarcós the brave.

G. W. M.

September, 1839.

REJOINDER TO A

"REPLY TO THE TUCKAHOE COLONY OF VIRGINIA."

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure; critics all are ready made."

Byron.

An article under the cabalistic title of "The Tuckahoe Colony of Virginia" appeared in the *Messenger* of April, 1837; and now, after so long an interval, while it was quietly dropping down the stream of time into the ocean of oblivion, it has all of a sudden been snapped at, by the tooth of one of those voracious, critical, privateering pikes, who are ever skimming the surface of literature in quest of small game. The writer of the obnoxious article, begs leave in respect to certain of the errors charged, to put himself upon the confessional, and in respect to the rest, to offer such apology as the case may seem to demand. 'The reply' consists of some nine points, (counts of the indictment,) which will be adverted to, one by one, according to the order in which they stand.

"THE TUCKAHOE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.—My attention has been called to a publication in your *Messenger*, for the month of April, 1837, under the above title, which contains so many historical inaccuracies, as to induce me to correct them."

Answer:—It is an observation of Dean Swift, that "a man has no reason to be ashamed of confessing himself in the wrong, as it is only admitting that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday." Yet while the writer of the erroneous article in question cannot fail to appreciate the obligations he is under, for corrections of so important a nature, made by so competent a hand, yet his gratitude is not unmingled with a certain degree of regret, that these corrections should have been postponed to so late a day as the present, which is *two years and four months* since the promulgation of the errors complained of. It is true, however, that a considerable period of time may be necessary to complete a work, where the object is by a series of cerebral percolations to reduce it to a state of crystalline, staccato perfection.

"Where the writer of the article referred to, obtained his account of the above named colony, I am at a loss to know. Smith, in his second voyage up the Chesapeake, found a tribe of Indians called Tockwogh, on the river Tockwogh."

The writer of the article referred to, is quite as much in the dark, as to the existence of this enigmatical 'Tuckahoe Colony of Virginia,' as the critic, and having never elsewhere heard of any such Colony, he is persuaded it is a *terra incognita*, a mere chimera, as

fabulous as Gulliver's Island of Laputa, or Sancho Panza's Island of Barataria. To explain—The words 'The Tuckahoe' in the original manuscript, were intended to be the generic heading of sundry small pieces, the first of which happened to be styled 'Colony of Virginia,' which was of course meant to be printed underneath and distinct from the words 'The Tuckahoe.'

"It is stated in the above article, that in 1605, 'Capt. Smith came over, and remained three years.' Now Smith, page 150, states that 'on the 19th of December, 1606, we set sail from Black Wall, with the first supply in Virginia.'"

Answer:—Admitted.

"Under the head Huguenots, it is stated that they settled in South Carolina in 1502. Now the term Huguenot had its origin in 1560. See Rees' Encyclopedia 9th vol."

Answer:—Admitted.

"It is also stated by Rees, (article Carolina,) that no permanent settlement seems to have been made in Carolina, until after the restoration of Charles II, who, by his first charter, dated 24th of March, 1662-1663, granted to Edward, Earl of Clarendon, and seven others, all the lands lying between the 31st and 36th degrees of north latitude, and extending westerly to the South Seas."

The critic has evidently fallen into a misunderstanding of the passage in 'The Tuckahoe Colony' here referred to. For his adducing authorities to show that no permanent settlement was made in Carolina until after the restoration of Charles II, would seem to imply that it had been asserted in the text that the Huguenot settlement mentioned *was* a permanent settlement, but that no such assertion was therein made, but expressly the contrary, will sufficiently appear from a quotation of the passage itself, which is as follows:

"In 1502 a settlement was effected in South Carolina by some French Protestants called Huguenots. They fled from France to escape persecution. This was the first attempt to colonize North America; it was undertaken for the sake of freedom of conscience, and like many similar enterprizes, failed. These refugees, worn out by sufferings, and distracted by dissensions, at their own request were *taken back to Europe in an English ship.*"

That there was such a Huguenot settlement in 1562, see Keith's *History of Virginia*, p. 29, and Marshall's *Life of Washington*, vol. 1, p. 186. The mistake of 1502, for 1562, though important, it is conceived might occur in a work in general accurate, but it is so long a time since those scraps of history were compiled, that it is impossible to recollect from what book the date was copied or miscopied.

"Under the head, Newfoundland, it is stated that that place was discovered by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583. Now Marshall, in his *American Colonies*, (page 13,) states, that in May, 1496, John Cabot, sailed from Bristol, and discovered the islands of Newfoundland and St. John's."

Answer:—The critic has here again fallen into a misconception of the passage he is criticising, which is undoubtedly owing to the obscure manner in which an unpractised writer has expressed himself. The text does not state that Sir Humphrey Gilbert *discovered* Newfoundland, but simply that he *landed there*, which it is submitted is a very different thing. *Exempli gratia*, if a writer should assert that Napoleon Bonaparte *landed at St. Helena on a certain day of a certain year*,

it could not (strictly speaking) be inferred that he meant to say Bonaparte discovered that island at that particular time. The passage in the text stands thus:

"1583. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, brother-in-law to Sir Walter Raleigh, with five ships, set sail for America. He landed at Newfoundland, and claimed it for the British crown. On his return voyage, Sir Humphrey was deplorably lost in a storm at sea."

That Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed there in 1583, see Stith's History of Virginia, book 1, p. 6 and 7, and Burk's History of Virginia, vol. 1, p. 39. In regard to the discovery of Newfoundland, by John Cabot, in May, 1496, Marshall in his life of Washington, vol. 1, p. 4, dates this discovery by John Cabot and his son Sebastian, in May, 1498; which is mentioned merely to show that there exists a certain perplexity among the best writers, as to the dates of these early and obscure events. Indeed, to say the truth, some historians seem to doubt whether Cabot discovered Newfoundland at all or not. (See Bancroft's History of United States, vol. 1, and Burk, vol. 1, p. 39, in note.) However that may be, it is certain (although no such statement was made or intimated in the 'Tuckahoe Colony') that Sir Humphrey Gilbert on landing there, claimed Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and this with considerable parade and ceremony, for which see Stith, book 1, p. 6, and Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. 1, p. 11.

"UTTAMUSSACK.—The author locates this place twelve miles above Richmond, near the James River. Now, Smith, (page 138,) locates it at Pamaunkee; and at page 117, says that fourteen miles northward from the river Powhatan is the river Pamaunkee. Smith says, that near Uttamussack is a temple or place of Powhatan's. I think that this temple was Orapakes. On his map you will find it near the head of Chickahominy, not far from Pamaunkee, in the direction of Cold Harbour, in Hanover."

Answer:—This fact was gathered from the following passages in Beverley's History of Virginia, pp. 108, 109.

"The golden mine, of which there was once so much noise, may, perhaps, be found hereafter, to be some gold metal," &c. * * * * * This I take to be the place in Purchase's fourth book of his Pilgrim, called Uttamussack, where was formerly the principal temple of the country, and the metropolitan seat of the priests in Powhatan's time, &c. * * * * * There also was their great *Pawcorance* or Altar-Stone, which the Indians tell us was a solid crystal of between three and four foot cube, upon which in their greater solemnities they used to sacrifice. This they would make us believe was so clear, that the grain of a man's skin might be seen through it, and was so heavy too, that when they removed their gods and kings, not being able to carry it away, they buried it thereabouts. But the place has never yet been discovered.

"Mr. Alexander Whitaker, Minister of Henrico, on James River, in the company's time, writing to them, says thus: *Twelve miles from the Falls, there is a Crystal Rock, wherewith the Indians do head many of their arrows.*"

From the location of this 'Crystal Rock,' twelve miles from the Falls, and the circumstance that there was a 'Crystal' of that description at Uttamussack, (it being reckoned there were hardly two of that sort,) it was probably inferred that Uttamussack was twelve miles from the Falls. The hypothesis of the critic

that Uttamussack was at Orapakes, however ingenious in itself, is accompanied by several difficulties; for a temple at Pamaunkee could hardly with propriety be said to be near the head of Chickahominy, which by Smith's map is some ten miles distant. Nor is the critic's conjecture that 'this temple was Orapakes,' without difficulties of a truly embarrassing nature, for Captain Smith calls it a town, and a town can hardly be properly termed a temple. "And in a triumphant manner, led him [Smith] to Orapakes, where he was after their manner kindly feasted and well used. * * * * * But arriving at the Town [i. e. Orapakes,] (which was but onely thirtie or fortie houses made of mats, which they remove as they please as we our tents,) all the women and children staring to behold him," &c. Smith's History of Virginia, p. 143, and Stith, book 2, p. 51. It is rather a matter of surprise, that this critic, who is imbued with so refined a spirit of accuracy, (*homo usque ad unguem*) and who is apparently so very familiar with Smith's map, should not have perceived that Uttamussack is set down on that map, at Pamaunkee, which would have at once relieved him from all further solicitude about the matter, and from the necessity of locating it at Orapakes, which is apparently some thirty miles distant, and which the itinerant antiquary might be somewhat puzzled to find from the topographical data of the critic, inasmuch as the direction of Cold Harbor, (unless it differs from all other harbors in the world, whether cold or hot, or like the Laodiceans neither,) will vary considerably, according to the point of departure, from which you start for it. But '*de minimis non curat lex.*'

'I leave topography to classic Gell.'

It may, however, not be amiss here to suggest, that by the phrase 'at Pamaunkee,' Smith, perhaps, did not mean at a river of that name (for at a river is rather an odd expression) but at a place so called, which idea is confirmed by the word Pamaunkee on Smith's map, being printed not parallel to the line of the river, but perpendicular thereto, as is the case with other places along the river. This river was then called the Yough-tanund, and the name Pamaunkee was applied to the York. See Smith, p. 117, and 142. Stith, book 2, page 53.

"COLONIES.—Under this head the author states, that 'James Town sent out two colonies.' One he locates six miles below Richmond. Now according to Smith, (page 236,) West's colony was seated 'by the Falls,' "in a place not only subject to the river's inundation, but round environed with many intolerable inconveniences."

Answer: "Anno 1609. This year Jamestown sent out people and made two other settlements, one at Nansemond on James River, and the other at Powhatan six miles below the Falls of James River, (which last was bought of Powhatan for a certain quantity of copper,) each settlement consisting of about a hundred and twenty men. Some small time after another was made at Kiquotan, by the mouth of James River." Beverley, page 19.

"The author locates Kiquotan, near Norfolk; whereas, reference to Smith's map will show that Kiquotan includes Hampton and Old Point."

With due deference, it is submitted whether it be not consistent with common usage, in this case, to say

Kiquotan [Hampton] is near Norfolk, the object of the writer being simply to give the distant reader some general idea of the position of that place, by referring it to the nearest town of consequence in that part of the country; as we say in common parlance, Cambridge near Boston, or Germantown near Philadelphia; *Qui haret in litera, haret in cortice*. It was unnecessary to descend into these hypercritical minutiae since there are some errors (at least two) of much more importance, which the critic has allowed to pass with impunity.

'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.'

Juvenal, Sat. 2, v. 63.

"The author says that Williamsburg was laid off in the form of a W. It was not. Governor Nicholson proposed it; but it was not done."

Answer:—"Here [at Middle Plantation] Governor Nicholson projected a large town, and laid out the street in the form of a W, calling the same Williamsburgh, in honor of the reigning king." Keith's History of Virginia, page 171. It is proper to mention that this part of 'The Tuckahoe Colony' consists merely of some notes of a three or four days excursion in the lower country. Such fugitive productions, as they do not pretend to the accuracy of history, ought to be received with such indulgence as is expressed in the verse,

'Be to their virtues very kind.
Be to their faults a little blind.'

"Secretary Nelson's house in York Town was demolished by the artillery of the combined armies; and not Governor Nelson's, as the author states. The latter is still in good preservation."

Answer:—"The Virginia Militia, at the siege of York Town, were commanded by General Nelson, at that time governor of the State. The following anecdotes were related to me by General Lafayette.

"When the cannon were prepared for bombarding the town, Governor Nelson was requested to direct the pointing of them to those parts where they would do the greatest execution. He showed to officers a large house, which was a conspicuous object, and which he said was probably the head-quarters. He advised them to aim at that house. It proved to be his own. This evidence of patriotism was regarded with high admiration by the French officers." Spark's writings of Washington, vol. 8, page 201, in note. This passage is quoted not so much to deny the justice of the correction of the critic, as to show that the error has prevailed somewhat extensively.

"The author, in his rude remarks on the country gentlemen who 'have eaten up their estates; their property has gone down their gullets;' was unmindful of the old adage, 'nil nisi,' &c., and must have forgotten that his maternal ancestors were included in his philippic. Chelsea, in the olden time, was a very hospitable mansion; and may have been 'more generous than just.' But I cannot agree with the author, that they were among those of whom he says, 'fools make feasts, and wise men come to eat them.'"

Answer:—"The writer of the article in question had (probably owing to his ignorance on that head,) always conceived that the maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, was intended to exclude animadversions on deceased individuals, and not those which are of a general nature, applicable to an age or class of mankind, in respect to

which writers have ever been accustomed to use a considerable latitude of remark. Thus Juvenal has

"Nam de tot pulchris, et latæ orbibus, et tam
Antiquis, unâ comedunt patrimonium mensæ."

Goldsmith in his 'Deserted Village,' has inveighed with a good deal of warmth and severity against the depopulating evils of luxury; and in his preface, alluding to this feature of his poem, he somewhat oddly remarks, "merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would wish to be sometimes in the right."

The homely proverb, which "coming between the wind and his nobility," seems to have offended the perhaps too sensitive nostrils of the critic, it must be admitted, is somewhat coarse and vulgar; but it may be, that like some other coarse and vulgar maxims, under an uncouth garb, it contains a salutary and important truth.* Perhaps "the shoe pinches," and "*hinc illæ lachrymæ*." Whether there was ground for the remark, (in reference to a former age,) in that portion of the state, may be safely left with the country gentlemen of the present day to determine. They have continually before them, the melancholy forms of decayed churches, dismantled seats, impoverished fields, the disinherited with tears bidding a final farewell to the play-ground of childhood, the ancestral hearth, and patrimonial oak, endeared to them by every tender consideration, and ancient families scattered, like autumnal leaves, before the winds of Heaven.

What were the particular habits, manners and customs of the ancestors, of an anonymous writer, (and so erroneous and rude a one,) or whether such a person ever had any ancestors, are matters rather of curious conjecture (something like the critic's, that the temple was Orapakes,) than of any practical importance.

If there ever were such people, and if they were now living, it is likely they would not care "three skips of a flea," either for the supposed aspersion of their descendant, or for the superfluous generosity of this uncalled for vindication.

"He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument, a man's no horse."

During the trial of Aaron Burr, Luther Martin said of one of the prosecuting counsel, that "he was continually hopping up like a parched pea;" on quitting the capitol, the gentleman of whom Mr. Martin had thus spoken, was complaining of the remark to Mr. Jack Baker, (who was also engaged in the cause,) in a manner rather lugubrious and prolonged for the occasion, when Mr. B., who had not much taste for the pathetic, interrupted him, exclaiming—"Have done my dear sir, I am perfectly convinced." "Convinced! convinced of what?" cried the other. "Convinced (said Baker,) that you are not a parched pea."

If a writer passing through the lower country where his ancestors lived, should remark that "mill ponds had destroyed many lives," it could hardly be fairly inferred from that that he meant to say that there was a mill-pond on every plantation in the country, or that there was a mill-pond at the seat of his great grandfather. While the critic reproaches the writer of the obnoxious article with "rudeness" and "false statements," that writer so far from recriminating any thing of the sort, is only at a loss to know, how the critic could preserve

* Sæpe sub aurâ latet sapientia vestæ.

so much equanimity in the midst of so much that was calculated to try the patience of a person so profoundly learned in the history of Virginia, and who studies accuracy with such fastidious scrupulosity. Although his sole object was (as he mentions) to correct the errors of another, he has undoubtedly effected something more, for he has succeeded in committing several himself. In regard to the matter of "rudeness," the critic's precept was wholly unnecessary, as his example alone could not fail to prove amply satisfactory in that particular.

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Petersburg, Va., Aug. 20, 1839.

SKETCH OF FERDINAND,

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

Ferdinand VII, king of Spain, and the sixth prince of the Bourbon dynasty in that kingdom, was born at the Escorial, in October 1784. He was recognised as prince of Asturias, or heir to the crown, in 1789, by the Cortes which had been assembled in that year for the purpose. He was married in the first instance to Marie Antoinette de Bourbon, daughter of Ferdinand IV, king of Naples; and this marriage took place at Barcelona, in October 1802. It appears that the youth and personal merit of this princess inspired him with a sincere attachment, and that he was deeply affected by her death, which happened in May 1806.

His second wife was Isabel Maria de Braganza, daughter of John VI of Portugal, to whom he was united in September 1816. This princess shared the throne of Ferdinand for a still shorter period than the preceding one: she died in child-birth, in 1818. Her personal appearance was good; her features regular, and might even have been styled handsome. But there was a vacant look, and a want of expression in her countenance, that deprived her of all pretensions to beauty. She had a taste for the fine arts, and patronized the professors of them, especially the celebrated painter Lopez, under whose directions she herself attained no inconsiderable skill in painting and design.

The torch of Hymen was lit once more in 1819, and Ferdinand was espoused to Maria Josepha Amelia, daughter of the duke Maximilian, brother of the king of Saxony. In respect of education and acquirements, she was perhaps the most accomplished queen that ever sat on the throne of Spain. She spoke several languages, was acquainted with the latin, and had a taste for poetry. Of the latter, she gave the public one or two specimens in Spanish, which, considering that she wrote in a foreign language, did no little credit to her talents. With such accomplishments, this princess might have been the admiration of her subjects; but, unhappily, there was in her disposition a melancholy and moroseness, which, added to a severe and forbidding countenance, imposed an undue restraint on all who approached her, and cast a gloom on every thing around. Josepha Amelia was an ascetic, austere in her morals, and devoted to religion and religious practices. She was by nature better fitted for a convent than a court; but she was charitable and humane, and died regretted by the poor, at Aranjuez, in May 1829.

The throne of Ferdinand was still without a direct heir, and the king was induced to enter the conjugal state for the fourth time. The fatality which seemed to attend a union with Ferdinand, and the example of three princesses who had sunk into the grave soon after ascending the Spanish throne, did not deter Maria Christina de Bourbon, daughter of Francesco Genaro, king of Naples, from accepting that honor, and before the expiration of 1829, she became the wife of Ferdinand and queen of Spain.

The reputation of this princess had spread through the kingdom long before her arrival, and on her appearance in the capital, her youth, beauty and affability, realized the most sanguine expectations, and filled all with rapture and enthusiasm. She studied from the first to make herself popular, and succeeded; she flattered the prejudices of the people, conformed to their usages, and adopted their dress. All this, aided by an expressive countenance, and an indescribable smile always playing about her lips, soon caught the hearts of the people, to whom she was fond of showing herself, and who admired her the more from the contrast of her manner compared with that of her predecessor.

With the exception that Providence refused him a son, Ferdinand, who in the great political drama lately represented in Europe, acted no inconsiderable part, succeeded in attaining nearly all the objects of his wishes. During a long and turbulent reign, chequered by a variety of events, the fortune of this prince constantly prevailed, and bore him in safety over the rocks and quicksands which threatened his political career, if not his personal existence. Other men with more firmness of character, or with talents superior to those which Ferdinand was believed to possess, would, if placed in the same circumstances, have fallen perhaps the victims of their opinions, or sunk under the weight of their misfortunes. But Ferdinand, yielding always to the blast, or suffering himself to be carried away by the stream, saw many a storm pass harmless over his head, and avoided, by a patient resignation, all the evils of resistance when unsuccessful. Without attempting to control the course of events, he seems invariably to have placed his destiny in the hands of Providence. Called to the throne in 1808, by the abdication of his father and the voice of the people, he assumed the supreme authority, and found himself at the head of a loyal and devoted people. A few months only elapsed, when being summoned to Bayonne, and apprised of his father's protest against the abdication, he relinquished his rights, yielded up the crown, and surrendered himself a prisoner at Valençey. On his restoration in 1813, the unfortunate constitution of 1812 was alternately sanctioned and abolished, supported and abandoned by him, according to the circumstances and spirit of the times, and in proportion to the prevalence of the parties in favor of or against it, and still he remained the sovereign of the country. When in 1830 the succession to the crown became a matter of serious consideration, he yielded to the solicitations of the queen, and declared his eldest daughter, the young princess Maria Isabel, lawful heiress to the crown, and this same declaration was in the space of a few weeks cancelled and renewed without difficulty, and without any of the consequences which such an act was calculated to produce. Neither the designs of a corrupt court, threatening his

very existence, while yet a youth, nor the daggers which surrounded him in Seville, nor the bomb-shells that fell around him while in Cadiz, were able to reach a life which seemed to be guarded by a charm.

Ferdinand, at the time of his death, was about forty-nine years of age. He was rather above the middle stature, and corpulent. His complexion sallow, his hair of a dark brown and scanty, and his features strongly marked and not the most becoming; the projecting under-jaw of the Bourbons being in him more remarkable than in any of the family. There was, however, one agreeable feature in his countenance—a mild expressive eye, indicating a benevolence of character, which, by many, will scarcely be accorded to him. He is believed to have been a man of good natural talents, but credulous and irresolute, and too susceptible of impressions.

Don Carlos, the late king's brother, is now about fifty years of age. His resemblance to the deceased Ferdinand is but slight, except that he too is distinguished by the characteristic feature of the Bourbons. In regard to his character and disposition, such is the variety of opinions, that it would be difficult to fix upon a criterion. By those who were attached to his household, and knew him best, he has been represented as a good father, a good husband, and a kind master. In his manner he is grave and dignified; he is particular on points of etiquette, jealous of his rank, and tenacious of his privileges. He was ever remarkable for the deference he paid to the clergy, and for his adherence to old practices and old opinions; and it was the dread, so fully verified in the sequel, of his entering too fully into the views of the priests and ultra-royalists, on coming into power, that deterred many a powerful friend from joining him when he asserted his claim to the crown and gave the signal for the revolution that is now consuming the vitals of the nation.

The right of Don Carlos and of the young Maria Isabel respectively to the crown of Spain, has been too often and too ably discussed to require any notice here. The former, doubtless, was excluded by an *ex post facto* law in favor of the latter. This sacrifice of justice (if it was one,) may perhaps be defended on the principle of permitting a little evil for the sake of a great good; since it cannot be denied, that the welfare and improvement of the country, and the success of the liberal institutions lately introduced there, can only be hoped for under the more enlightened sway of the youthful Isabel.

What the result may be of the struggle going on in Spain, which is, in fact, a war of succession, it would be difficult to conjecture. The strength of the two parties is almost equally divided; the one possessing the physical, the other the moral power of the kingdom; the queen having the resources and revenues of the country, the prince maintaining a decided ascendant over the hearts and minds of the great mass of the people; Isabel reigning in the capital and in the cities, Carlos lording it in the villages and in the mountains.

G. W. M.

AFFLICTION.

Affliction is, to the good, as a storm to the atmosphere—they both purify that which before was almost purity.

SONNETS;

To "J. D." author of *Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Sonnets*.

I.

Bard of the pleasant lyre! where'er thy strain
Breaks on the stiffness of the stifening air—
Whether in Spring-time, o'er the grassy plain,
With careless step you rove, 'mid flowrets fair—
Whether through Summer's fervid walks you stray,
And mark the waters and the winds at play—
Whether 'mid Autumn's stores of ripening gold,
Thou rovest, pensive, 'mid the dying flowers—
Or Winter calls thee, with his voices cold,
To muse, instructed, 'mong the leafless bowers—
My heart is with thee: Through the joyous hours
I roam, with thee, through scenes so proudly told!
By brook, by glen, on mountain-top I stand,
Turns my fond soul to thee, and my loved Father-land!

II.

Dixon! our own New-England land is fair,
And happy faces glad its pleasant vales:
And voices whisper on its haunted air;
Where olden memories breathe their hallowed tales!
But come, my friend, and rove awhile with me,
And Southern scenes shall spread a feast for thee:
The bard is Nature's priest: where'er she reigns,
There may he find an altar: and his soul
May offer up its incense! Seek the plains,
Where the bright South doth woo with sweet control:
Here noble hearts will cheer us: while the strains
Of warbling birds, more sweet than notes which stole
From Orpheus' lyre, shall win us, for a time,
To linger from our own, to bless the Southern clime!

C. W. EVEREST.

North Carolina, Aug. 22, 1839.

THE REVEL.

"Fill, brothers, fill! heed not the storm,
Tho' Heav'n to Earth were sinking!
Drink, brothers, drink! the thirsty earth
The streaming show'r is drinking."

"No! we heed not the storm, at the lightning we laugh,
While the life-giving liquid we merrily quaff."

The glasses are fill'd, and are sparkling on high;
But the wine is untasted:—A bolt from the sky,
As if borne on the wings of a warning from Heaven,
With a shivering crash, ev'ry goblet has riven.
Hush'd then were the guests, but their silence was brief,
When the hall rang again with the voice of the chief.

"Bring cups, fresh cups! we'll fill again:
No coward banquets here;

Tho' Death's bright arrows round us gleam,
Wine, wine shall drown our fear."

"Then a fig for the storm; at the lightning we laugh,
While a health to the tempest we merrily quaff."

The glasses again sparkle foaming and bright;
They are raised to the lips! Mark that quick, flashing
light!

Why drops ev'ry goblet? Why quivers each form?
Is their mirth aw'd at last by the rage of the storm?
Ay—the peal that re-echoed, burst over the head
Of a ghastly and motionless Feast of the Dead!

TYRO.

HOPE.

I've never known an hour of joy,
 Since manhood dawn'd upon my brow :
 My life is love, and yet alloy
 Has blasted every hope till now.

And what is hope?—a bubble bright,
 That floats upon the treacherous stream ;
 A flash, a wild illusive light,
 That lumines some gay mid-day dream.

It is a phantom of the mind,
 That but beguiles us to betray ;
 Then spreads upon the wanton wind,
 Its glittering wings, and flits away.

It is a butterfly—that flies,
 Ere we its beauties have surveyed—
 A summer cloud, that gilds the skies,
 Yet dies as soon as it was made.

MILFORD BARD.

N. P. WILLIS.

Literary readers are, for the most part, apprised, that the gentleman whose name heads this article, (who, as a writer of both prose and poetry, has acquired no inconsiderable distinction,) has recently united with Dr. Porter in the establishment of a new periodical in the city of New York, with the title of the "*Corsair*." As was to be expected in that great emporium of fashion and novelty as well as of commerce, this paper, aided by the reputation of its editors, has suddenly sprung into the full maturity of patronage, and promises to hold a high rank in the well contested field of competition. In order, we presume, to render its pages more attractive, Mr. Willis embarked early in the summer for England, on a voyage of literary *picaresque*; and since his arrival there, has regularly supplied the "*Corsair*" with contributions under the somewhat untasteful title of "Jottings down in London." These consist, for the most part, of scraps and gleanings, picked up by the writer from his old familiar haunts in the English metropolis, and are, many of them, strikingly descriptive of the manners, fashions, and follies of that "Great Babel." We have read them as far as No. IV; and whilst it is admitted they contain much of the force, piquancy, and originality which distinguish the author's prose compositions, they are by no means free from the affectation, puerility, and egotism, that have likewise marred especially his later writings. That we do not point out these faults and blemishes without reasonable cause, we instance in proof of the author's *affectation*, the everlasting straining after epigrammatic smartness and point, the profuse sprinkling of French and Italian quotations, and the constant introduction of phrases peculiar to particular classes and professions, which are any thing but pure English; and we certainly do not regard it as otherwise than *puerile* in Mr. Willis gravely to inform his readers through the pages of the "*Corsair*," that Bulwer and Count D'Orsay had formed an alliance to introduce the

white cravat into fashion—that the latter's "beauty is in high preservation—his life altogether reformed—his diet milk, and his hour of retiring to bed ten o'clock, P. M." That "Lady Blessington's different carriages, are each, in their style, the most beautiful turn-outs in England"—that the "Crack-men ride without martingals, and the best turn-outs are driven without a check rein"—that the queen's riding hat is not becoming, owing to the shape of her nose; and that her majesty, when in full gallop, is apt to hold her mouth open. These are but a few of the very important similar items of information with which the republicans of New York are amused and enlightened. It is possible that the exquisites and "crack-men" of old Gotham may relish such diet, but for ourselves we confess that our appetites would incline us to prefer more simple and solid food.

The sin of egotism is too glaring, throughout these London jottings, to escape the most careless observer. Without a superabundance of charity, a person might well suppose that the end and aim of the author was to celebrate his own achievements and illustrate his own importance in the circles of high life. Indeed Mr. Willis's personal vanity so constantly throws him into the foreground of his own pictures, that it is often unpleasant, if not painful, to contemplate them. In representing the great difficulty of procuring admission to "Almack's,"—the *sanctum sanctorum* of London fashion,—he fails not to inform us that the Lady Patronesses (who we shrewdly suspect are a very silly set of beldams,) had favored him with a ticket; nor does he conceal the boast, that in that mysterious inner temple of exclusiveness, he, Mr. N. P. Willis, felt quite at home in familiar *tit-e-a-tit-e* with dowagers of rank and maids of honor, conversing about the busts of English and French Venus's—and the pretty ankles of American women. He is quite familiar with the highest political dignitaries,—with the most renowned in art, science and literature,—with the most splendid in title and wealth, and the most beautiful in the empire of fashion. He sits in the opera box and chats familiarly with Lord Brougham—rides out with the "beautiful" count D'Orsay, (very bad company we should think,)—perambulates with Bulwer—is invited to Lady Stepney's and Lady Morgan's, along with the Persian ambassador and his royal highness the duke of Cambridge,—sits by "Boz," at the dinner to Macready, which is presided over by another royal duke—dines one day with a whig baronet, and the next with three tory lords—and, in fine, neither eats nor drinks, rides nor walks, without coming in close contact with some of the "Corinthian pillars of polished society." But one of the best of good jokes remains to be told. Our countryman, Webster, it is known, is now on a visit to London, and his great reputation has won for him, there, independently of the usual attentions paid to distinguished strangers, the particular courtesy and kindness of such men as Brougham, Hallam, Milman, &c.—and yet he, we are told, is indebted to Mr. Willis for the great favor of satisfying the higher circles that the American statesman, orator, lawyer Webster, is not Mr. Noah Webster, who wrote the dictionary. This most interesting fact is communicated by Mr. Willis himself in No. II of the "Jottings down in London," and the natural inference will be, let who will imagine

the contrary, that Mr. Willis is a much greater man in London, than Mr. Webster is, or can ever possibly be. We confess, when we first read this self-soothing paragraph from the author of "First Impressions in Europe," "Letters from Under a Bridge," &c. &c., we could not suppress something like a smile of derision, and it was difficult to avoid the conclusion, either that Mr. Willis's *last impressions* were entirely erroneous, or that his associates in London high life, were a much more egregious set of ninnies than we had supposed them to be. Can it be that the statesman who has so long shared the supremacy in the American Senate, from the time of the war of 1812, to the present moment, should not be distinguished by intelligent Englishmen and English women from the highly respectable lexicographer of the same name? We own, if the fact be true, it is most marvellous.

After informing us, in Jottings, No. II, that "there are great numbers of American ladies in London, and that they seem to be a good deal the fashion"—that "Mrs. Van Buren's quiet and high bred manners are very much talked of,"—and that "Major Van Buren himself, like his brother, has been received quite as a prince royal—admitted to the floor of the House of Lords," &c.—Mr. Willis makes the following very unchivalrous remark: "Miss Sedgwick is here, *but she seems to require a trumpeter.*" Now we ask, in the name of charity, why did not Mr. Willis step forward and become the trumpeter of this neglected lady himself? No one better knew her distinguished claims to respect and attention; and he, who could familiarise with lords, and flirt with duchesses, who could even place the character and qualifications of Daniel Webster himself in their true light before London society, could have had no difficulty in trumpeting Miss Sedgwick. Cruel, unkind "*Corsair!*" Not only to turn your back upon your gifted countrywoman, but absolutely to wound the feelings of herself and friends by publishing a sarcasm upon her friendless condition! Verily, Mr. Willis must suppose that no misfortune can befall man or woman, so great, as to be out of the fashion. That the elevated mind of the authoress of "*Redwood*" and "*Hope Leslie*," could sustain itself, even against the affliction of London neglect, we do not doubt; and that she would be more likely to be contaminated than improved by intimate contact with its heartless society we doubt still less. Of what materials that society is composed—how frivolous, insincere, rapid and unprincipled—is abundantly shown by Mr. Willis himself in almost every page of his "Jottings."

We have now to prefer a charge against Mr. Willis of very grave import—one which we should gladly have passed over, but that our agency, humble as it is in the moral and literary censorship exercised by the American press, imposes upon us a strong obligation to notice it. It is, that in one gross instance at least, he has manifested a reckless disregard of his own reputation, by wantonly betraying to the world conversations of a private, delicate, and confidential nature. That we do not venture this accusation rashly, we transcribe from Mr. Willis's own account of his sayings and doings at "Almack's!"

"In the course of the evening I found myself *vis-à-vis* in the quadrille to the queen's most beautiful maid of honor. She is daughter of lord Rivers, rather tall, and

combining a most majestic *embonpoint* of figure, with a slightness of limb, and a slenderness and stateliness of neck, seldom seen in such graceful proportion. To the three hundred pounds a year, which the maids of honor receive for dress, the queen, my partner informed me, has added another hundred, thinking the sum insufficient. You know, probably, that on their marriage they receive also a dowry of one thousand pounds. Then there are the ladies in waiting, who are of the highest rank of nobility, and the bed-chamber woman, who receive also three hundred pounds a year, and are generally ladies of good birth in reduced circumstances. These all take their turns of service for two months together. My pretty and noble informant gave me these household statistics, very good naturedly, between *pastorals* and *dos à dos*; and as she was closely connected with those who had the best opportunity of knowing, I asked her a question or two touching the personal qualities of her majesty. She thought Victoria fancied herself very beautiful, 'which she was not,'—and a very good horseman, 'which she was not decidedly,'—and that she was very impatient of a difference of opinion when in private with her ladies. She admitted, however, that she was generous, forgiving, and 'cleverer than most girls of her age.' When alone with two or three of her maids, she said the queen was 'no more like a queen than any body else,' and was 'very fond of a bit of fun or a bit of scandal—or any thing that would not have done if other people were present.' As far as it went, I should think this might be relied on as the impression her majesty makes upon those who daily associate with her."

Now, we hold it to be clear, that whether the beautiful and confiding daughter of lord Rivers, should ever be informed or not, that these revelations of palace secrets had been published to the world, Mr. Willis stands wholly unjustified in the part that he has acted. Whether the young lady loses or retains her place near the queen's person, for her indiscreet candor in representing majesty what it really is—a jest,—the odium will nevertheless cling to Mr. Willis for having wound himself into the confidence of a credulous young girl with the deliberate design of betraying her. This is indeed a species of *piracy*, or "plundering by the way," which, however it may suit the taste or accord with the designs of a "*Corsair*," will merit the reproof of every honorable man, and every honorable woman too.

Before we conclude our notice of Mr. Willis, and his new periodical, we will state, that in No. IV of his "Jottings," he announces, that he had engaged, as "a regular correspondent of the *Corsair*," a Mr. Thackeray, who is styled the "cleverest and most gifted of the magazine writers of London." He is also stated to be the author of the "Yellow Plush Papers," and the "Reminiscences of Major Gabagan"—"a writer for Frazer, and Blackwood, and the principal critic of the Times." In fact, the editor of the "*Corsair*" represents him "as one of the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers"—and when they parted, Thackeray was to pass over to Paris the day after, and forthwith commence his weekly contributions to the "*Corsair*." Now it so happens, that the first letter of this "cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers" has appeared, and we have read it through with great eagerness and vivid anticipation. How sadly are our

hopes sometimes destined to be crushed! We do not find in it that evidence of superlative merit which the author of "Pencilings by the Way" would discern at a single glance. On the contrary, we think that Mr. Thackeray has much of the dandyism, affectation, and puerility of Mr. Willis himself. Let us take, for example, one or two of the concluding paragraphs in the first letter from Paris:

"What feelings we may have in finding good friends and listeners among strangers, far, far away—in receiving, from beyond seas kind crumbs of comfort for our hungry vanities, which at home, God wot, get little of this delightful food—in gaining fresh courage and hope, for pursuing a calling of which the future is dreary, and the present but hard. All these things, O "*Corsair*," had better be meditated by the author in private, than, as the fashion is now-a-days, poured over yards of paper, in fluent streams of ink. With which, farewell. I hear the dinner bell ringing, and lo! white aproned scullions bear smoking soups across the court."

We doubt very much whether Mr. Thackeray will elevate the literary tone of this country, which is now low enough, Heaven knows. He belongs to that school, we apprehend, whose whole ambition it is to minister to the frivolous tastes and appetites of the most frivolous and fantastic class among us—the exquisites in literature as well as in dress and manners. Strong sense and classical refinement he may have, and doubtless has,—but we are afraid, like a great many others, he looks upon literature as a trade, and speculates far more upon the amount of pleasure he is to give, than the good he is to do. Let us not, however, prejudge this "regular correspondent" of the "*Corsair*." Some of his subsequent efforts may justify the high-sounding notes of praise with which his first appearance before the American public has been heralded.

We have thus indulged in free, but we hope impartial, commentary upon Mr. Willis's metropolitan gossip. We have no expectation, however, that any arrow which we can speed, will even ruffle his plumage. Like the peacock in his stately strut, the gentleman is evidently so much in love with himself that even keener reproaches than ours would fail to disturb his composure. We leave him, therefore, to his destiny, consoling ourselves with the reflection, that our remarks may possibly benefit others if not the author of "*Jottings Down in London*."

— H.

THE POETS OF AMERICA,

Illustrated by one of her Painters. Published by S. Colburn,
New York.

We have just received a copy of this truly splendid book. It contains selections from our best poets, several of them elegantly illustrated. We think it, decidedly, the most tasty American work we have ever seen, and indeed we know of no English publication equal to it in that point. It will be a choice Christmas and New Year's gift. We intend to bestow upon it a longer notice hereafter, and to transfer some of its gems to the pages of the Messenger.

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES:

TO THE EDITOR.

By the Author of "*The Tree Articles*."

NOS. IX AND X.

UNPACKING MY BOOKS.

Two numbers in one, this month, my dear Messenger. The heats of summer have kept my pen idle, while I have been striving to find a cool corner in this big Babel, in which to lie down and simply live, worklessly. In the midst of this sloth-like life, I have suffered the ninth month, since I began these papers, to slip away, without taking pen in hand for your behoof, and here I find myself, early in September, a cold north-east wind blustering around my windows, while a clear anthracite fire glows merrily in my grate, unpacking my library from the boxes in which, for two years they have been lying *perdu*. As the tone of these papers has ever been desultory and various, I will even make up this double number out of the random readings and reflections, which are incident to my employment.

And what is this? "Shakspeare, in seven volumes, with notes by Singer." This is the Boston edition of Hilliard and Gray, and defies comparison in a key loud enough to be heard by the Murrays, the Colburns, and the Valpys, over-sea. What paper,—how smooth, white, and glossy! What ink,—how black, clear, and equal! What binding,—but that is another man's matter. I love a dark green goat back, with half binding of the same, marble sides, and edges, plainly lettered, and a broad rich gilding in the centre. I hate *ruling* on my books: *tooling* in every other variety of shape and form than that. How beautifully this volume opens, and what have we first? HAMLET! The line?

"But look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill!"

Are you not a great admirer of TIMES AND SEASONS,—each for itself? I am: and have never yet been able to settle it to my own satisfaction, whether morning or evening, twilight or midnight, noon-day, or day-dawn is the happiest hour for me. Something depends upon the mood in which these seasons severally find me,—and yet, while enjoying each, each seems, in turn, the loveliest. All, as they change, seem fraught with the same spirit of beauty and delight,—all possess for me the power alike, to bless and to beatify. What can be more descriptive of the dawn of day than these two lines, over which I have been poring? or these, in HENRY VI?

"See! how the Morning opens her golden gates
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!"

Or these, in the same play?

"—— the morning's war,
Where dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can call it neither perfect day nor night!"

Here, too, is a most expressive bit of coloring, in the next play, in order; RICHARD III.

"The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east!"

From CYMBELINE, too!

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins to rise:
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lie.
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing, that pretty bin,—
My lady sweet, arise!"

Yes! MORNING's breath is indeed the gentlest, sweetest, and most invigorating of all the breezes that fan the brow. Who needs to be told, that the hour of the birds' matin-song is the time to enjoy the loveliest music, and to see the gayest sights? The warbling of a thousand harmonies, and the flashing of a thousand glancing colors, and the scaling and soaring away of many thousands of tiny feathered forms amidst the clear blue heavens! Reach me that MILTON. It is to stand on the same shelf with the Shakspeare. Ah! Here is a passage in point!

"And now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heaven arrayed in gold
Empyrean; from before the vanished night
Shot through with orient beams."

Some of our own poets have done fitting homage to "this sweet hour of prime." FRISBIE, (if I do not misquote,) has these lines:

"His genial rays the Sun renews;
The scene is bright with glittering dews;
The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom.
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume."

And thus DAWES:

"The laughing hours have chased away the night
Plucking the stars out from her diadem; [beautiful!]
And now, the blue-eyed morn with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,
Blushing in smiles, and glad as infancy!

*The mountain-tops
Have lit their beacons,—and the vales below
Send up a welcoming. Nature hath
The very soul of Music in her looks,—
The sunshine and the shade of Poetry!"*

Who comes next? Old COWLEY, as I live! An antique, in black calf, with a score of worm-holes in each cover, and mousings made in the edges. Rare old COWLEY! "The eleventh edition, adorned with cuts; 1710." Doubtless a wonderful book in its day! It contains all the works of this celebrated poet, published from the MSS. of the author. I wish I could copy a portrait of SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE, which is among the "cuts" with which this curious old volume is "adorned." My readers would thus have a rare specimen of engraving from the burin of "M. V. Gucht, sculp.," who was, doubtless, the Charles Heath of his day. It represents the great painter in a reverie, half resting on his elbow, the forefinger of the hand that leans playing with the points of his sur-coat, and the little finger ornamented with a stone seal-ring, covering almost the whole joint. If Mon. Von Gucht were a faithful limner, Vandyke was certainly no beauty. As the portraiture of a Yorkshire yeoman, or a Cornwall miner, one would have a great deal more confidence in the fidelity of the sketch.

It was COWLEY who called "books, my best friends:" and it was he, too, who asked,—

"What shall I do, to be forever known,
And make the age to come mine own?"

Here are sense and philosophy:

"Friendship is less apparent, when too nigh,
Like objects, when they touch the eye.
Less meritorious, then, is love;
For, when we friends together see,
So much, so much both one do prove
That their love then seems but self-love to be!"

He thus describes HOPE:

"Empty cloud, which th' eye deceives,
With shapes that our own fancy gives,
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently, in tears."

Here is an EPIGRAM, which must have "told home" to the painter, against whom the poet levelled it. It was written on viewing a badly painted picture of Prometheus:

"How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
Whilst he his second misery suffers here!
Draw him no more, lest, tortured as he stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands!
It would the Vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver *(Aus)* should grow.
Pity him, Jove; and his bold theft allow!
The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now!"

Place COWLEY next to MILTON, and take we up another. "Aiken's British Poets:" good! A glance through its pages before we set it up.

SAMUEL DANIEL. The author of a history of England, and poet-laureat of Elizabeth. He was born in 1562, and died in 1619, in Taunton, Somersetshire. In addition to his celebrity as an elegant historian, a clear and lucid politician, and a fine moral writer, he has handed down to posterity a distinguished fame as a poet. His plays are not the best of his productions, though they are very far from being meritless. A celebrated writer has remarked of him that he was the Atticus of his day. Here is one of his sonnets; certainly a most remarkable specimen of the poetry of that golden age of literature. Beautiful conceptions, and just and perfect versification characterise this effusion. It will be seen that a disappointed lover is addressing an inexorable fair one:—

"Restore thy tresses to the golden ore;—
To Cytherea's son those curls of love;—
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And, to the Orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white,—
T' Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honor of thy feet;
Let Venus have thy graces her resigned,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres:
But then, restore thy fierce and cruel mind,
To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again,
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to 'plain!"

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. The imagery in the first three or four lines of this SONNET, by the graceful SIDNEY, is rather forced, and contrasts strongly with the beautiful impatience of love, so strikingly developed in the latter verses.

"Be your words made, good sir! of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you courted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you so *total* are?
When I demand of Phœnix, Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late!
Oh God! think you that satisfies my ear!"

I would know whether she do sit or walk ?
 How clothed ? how waited on ? Sighed she, or smiled ?
 Whereof ? with whom ? how often did she talk ?
 With what pastime, time's journey she beguiled ?
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name ?—
Say all ! and all well said, still say the same !

PHINEAS FLETCHER calls "FLATTERY, the rich coat's moth."

PRIOR has this distich : which one would think would operate as a cure for poetry, indeed :

"Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer, dead :
 Through which the living Homer begged his bread !"

Who has never heard of the famous question which puzzled all the wise men of Greece, giving rise to as much controversy among these sages as the authorship of Junius among modern speculators ? "If a man tell me that he never speaks the truth,—am I, or am I not, to believe him ? If he never does speak the truth, he is not to be believed now ; if he tells truth, now, he lies, because he says he never does so !" Now here is a poet, in the volume before me,—the celebrated DONNE, who expresses a similar idea in a single couplet:

"I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
 To stand or go. *If he says true, he lies !*"

JOHN DONNE was an English poet and divine, and was born in London, in the year 1573, being a descendant, by his mother's side, from the family of the great Sir Thomas More. In 1621, he was presented with the deanery of St. Paul's, by the hands of king James, which monarch was so attached to him that he invited him to dine at his own table ; and then facetiously apprised him of the advancement he had proposed for the poet-preacher. "And now, Doctor," said his majesty, "if you like the dish I have given you for dinner, take it home, and, after saying grace over it, carve it up as may best suit your taste, and much good may it do you !" After his death, there was erected over his remains a monument in the cathedral of Saint Paul's. His poetry was not equal to that of some of his contemporaries, and consisted chiefly of light effusions, as songs, sonnets, epigrams, &c. The celebrated Dryden has said of Donne, that he was "the greatest wit, it not the first poet, of the nation," at that time. And Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, eldest son of Henry I, who was killed at the battle of Newbury, in 1634, has borne this testimony to his character :—"The doctor may justly be called the most witty and most eloquent of modern divines." The famous Izaak Walton has left on record a very interesting memoir of this writer, in his "Lives of Eminent Englishmen," a copy of which, though very rare, I have had the good fortune of seeing.

The following lines from old DONNE are peculiarly quaint and original, containing some beautiful ideas, and conveying, in simple but affecting language, a delicate and impressive moral reflection :

"DONNE'S VALEDICTION, 1608.

As virtuous men fall mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 While some of their sad friends do say,
 'The breath goes now'—and some say, 'no :—'

So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No wind-sighs, nor tear floods us move,—
 'Twere profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love."

So much for AIKEN. Bring us the next. "Anecdotes of Literature, and Scarce Books." By WILLIAM BELOE. I remember well the day and place, when and where I purchased this book. It were as good as the best eyewater to an antiquarian with lamp-bleared optics, to witness such a stall as that. But hang reminiscences,—and let us open the volume ! Page 27th, volume ii. (two volumes in one ;) a pair of verses from "The Rival Friends" by HALLSTED, who died in 1632. The poet, by a most beautiful prosopopœia, calls upon Grief, as a relentless creditor, to whom a debt of tears is due, which will not flow at his bidding.

"Have pity, Grief ! I cannot pay
 The tribute which I owe you, tears ;—
 Alas ! those fountains are soon dry,
 And 'tis in vain to hope supply
 From others' eyes—for each one bears
 Enough about him of his own
 To spend his stock of tears upon.

Woo then the gentle heaven's love
 To melt a cloud for my relief ;—
 Or woo the deep, or woo the grave,
 Woo what thou wilt, so I may have
 Wherewith to pay my debt ;—for Grief
 Has vowed, unless I quickly pay,
 To take both life and love away."

And here is another, by P. THOMPSON, author of "The English Rogue," &c. 1668. A song, free and spirited, fine and sparkling enough for Anacreon Moore himself. It has the charms of age and rarity, simplicity, and striking beauty. How quaint the thoughts,—how smooth and euphonous the versification !

"What need we use many besatches,
 Or trouble our brain with long speeches ?
 If we love, 'tis enough—
 Hang poetical stuff,
 As the rule of honesty teaches.

Why should we stand, whining like fools ?
 Or woo by Platonical rules ?
 If they love,—we'll repay 't,
 If not,—let them say 't ;
 What need we the help of the schools ?

But *this* must be won by romances,
 And *that*, by verse and fine dances ;
 A *third* does delight
 In a song—&c. &c.

This must be extolled to the sky,—
 That you get, do but flatter and lie :
 But that lady's for me
 That loves fine and free,
 As real and ready as I !"

Aha ! here are some of the moderns, all in a row. Give them air ! Begin a new shelf ! Whom have we here ? SHELLEY ! "Lines Written in Dejection." I had a friend, whose composition contained about as many grains of deceit and duplicity as of poetical taste. He would often evince this by murdering, most remorselessly, a most beautiful idea of some favorite poet of mine. Upon my reading these touching stanzas to him, he stopped me, *in limine*, with the question ; "Lines written in Dejection ? *Where's Dejection ?* Somewhere near Naples, I suppose !"

And here are LEIGH HUNT's Works. Do you remember his "Paulo and Francesca ?" The whole of it is as sweet a morceau as ever was enjoyed. I have it nearly all by heart, and have lingered over that tablet in my memory upon which it is impressed, for many a

luxurious hour, as, "upon a summer afternoon," I have stretched myself in sleepy indolence, beneath the oak boughs, that have been waving over that self same sward, for hundreds of years. Here is a quatrain from it.

"One day,—'twas on a summer afternoon,
When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,
And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,
And shades have heavy outlines in the sun."

Was ever any thing more beautiful, and natural, and sweet?

There are people among "the wise ones of the earth," who love to laugh,—the heartless and fanciless!—at the affected and foolish, and silly prettinesses, and sweet-nesses of Leigh Hunt. They may be better judges than I am of taste and genius,—but, for a summer poet, a bard to enjoy amidst trees, and brooks, and leafy shades, there is none among all the moderns whom I hold more dear than the author of "RIMINI." What can be richer, finer, better than that gorgeous description of the garden,—so full of beauties, so overflowing with delightful thoughts, so instinct with every characteristic we love to discern in poetry! The man who can sneer at such lines as these, because they are quaintly, (or, as he would say, affectedly,) expressed, deserves to have a Bævius for his laureat, and "Cottle's Alfred" for his vade-mecum.

"There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light;
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-colored box,
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks;
The lady-lily, looking gently down,
Pine lavender, to lay in bridal gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort."

* * * * *

"And all about the birds kept leafy house,
And sung, and sparkled in and out the boughs;
And all about a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through,
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks—some in retreats,
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
Looked up, half sweetly, and half awfully—
Places of nestling green—for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight,
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light."

TAYLOR'S "HOLY LIVING AND DYING." Put him on a new shelf: we will have a row of duodecimos, there. But first, what is that my eye caught about "women's tongues?" oh!

"These women have tongues rough as cats,' and bite like an adder. All their reproofs are scoldings: their common intercourse is open contumely."

This is by no means a fair specimen of old Jeremy's manner. He was a quaint and forcible writer, and has been called "THE SHAKESPEARE OF DIVINITY."

Here is another set of large volumes for THE POET'S SHELF! "The works of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER." These poets lived in the latter part of the sixteenth, and early in the seventeenth centuries. The former died at about thirty years of age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey: the latter, of plague, at London, aged about fifty. It is said that "Rare Ben Jonson" submitted his dramatic writings to Beaumont for correction, and even borrowed largely from

him, in the contrivance of his plots, and the general style of his composition. It is not known what particular share Beaumont and Fletcher bore in the composition of their plays, though the latter appears to have possessed the rich vein of brilliant wit, so perceptible in the joint productions of the two: while Beaumont, with more judgment and taste, was employed in tempering, correcting, and perhaps pruning the sparkling sallies of his partner's exuberant fancy. This opinion must, I think, obtain with those who read those works of the one, in the composition of which the other had no share.

The dramatic works of these authors are filled to overflowing with coarse allusions, profane and vulgar humor, and ribald jests: yet they contain scenes of great power, and scenes of unequalled strength. The age in which they were written, when the licentious courts of "the merry monarch," and of his father, imparted their baneful influence to the formation of the national manners of the people of England, was one peculiarly favorable to the success of such productions. The wise and good were charmed with the imaginative and highly-wrought descriptions of human nature, in all its workings, even though, at the same time, their approbation was awarded simultaneously with that of the vulgar and unlearned, who were "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show," ribaldry and obscenity. Now, after all, there were few of the plays of these authors, which, through all their imperfections, had no redeeming excellencies: and, indeed, I know of but one, in all these volumes, of which this remark could, with justice, be made. This is a play, published in the year 1639,—full of disgusting and licentious slang, and weak as it is wicked. It is called "MONSIEUR THOMAS;" and appears to have been the production of Fletcher, alone; although here published in the name of both.

Beaumont and Fletcher's dramatic works may thus be read to great advantage, and with much pleasure, by those who well know how to separate the scenes, which naturally repel the virtuous mind, from those that are full of beauty and morality: but, in the hands of the reader, who only seeks the gratification of low and licentious curiosity in the perusal of their pages, the dramas of these authors may doubtless be made vehicles for the dissemination of a wicked and depraved taste.

I have just opened the volume before me to an instance in proof,—the play, called "THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY." The subject, like many others selected by these poets as the themes of their dramas, leads to the introduction of many disgusting scenes: still, we want nothing from the dunghill but its jewels, and these are scattered profusely upon it. This "Custom," which made every newly married woman in Scotland sacrifice her honor to the landlord of her husband, is said, (but upon slight authority, so far as I could ever trace it,) to have existed in that country, from the year of grace 535 to 1061. Blackstone rather yields, I believe, to the opinion that it did, and it has been mentioned, I know, by various writers besides, as having existed for many years.

This drama is full of the most varied and interesting incidents. It is ingenious in its plot, and in its under-plot,—replete with fine sentiments, and professing to

embrace, as its main object, the purest virtue. Yet, with wonderful inconsistency, it is shamefully low and licentious in some of its subordinate parts, and one of its principal characters (Rutilio) is exhibited in the most disgusting views imaginable. He is represented as vile, but frank and open-hearted—like “Charles Surface” and “Tom Jones:” a picture of human nature, which cannot be condemned with too much severity.

If we can tear out the threads of coarseness, which so mar the moral of this play, and exhibit, in any degree, its sterling beauties, perhaps the scenes, from which the mind of the strictly virtuous would shrink, may be passed by, as only evincing the depravity of the age in which they were written; while, it is to be hoped, such readers may find reason to be convinced, that the poets themselves felt strongly the elevation of that virtue, which they have vindicated with so much eloquence. But so deeply, I admit, are the delineations of Vice interwoven in the pictures of these authors, that Beaumont and Fletcher can be safely read by those only, who, admiring genius, may not be swayed by its obliquities, nor be led by it to taint a single thought, nor awaken a vulgar and base emotion, even for a moment.

And there are, indeed, purer and safer fountains. The writers before us have nothing of genius which SHAKESPEARE and MILTON had not. Let the mind and the heart be accustomed to the refined, the pure, in morals and in taste, and then it may safely venture to gather the riches, which unblest genius has sometimes perverted into ornaments of depravity, and nobly and successfully redeem them, to grace the cause of human greatness, purity and virtue.

Having already alluded to the characteristics of RUTILIO, one of the most important of the “*dramatis personæ*” before us, it is necessary to explain that ZENOCIA, the heroine of the piece, resists the “Custom of the Country” I have described; and, from the consequences of this, her noble and virtuous bravery, is woven the plot. Into her mouth, the poet puts many fine and beautiful sentiments: and here is one of them:

“The purest springs,
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
Their maiden pureness, and their coolness perish;
And, though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed.”

Who, from his soul, does not despise the man who can torture this passage into any thing exceptionable?

Rutilio, vile as he is, is filled with admiration of the pure and virtuous love of Zenocia and (his brother) ARNALDO. In the speeches of Rutilio there are spirit and wit, but I must pass them over. The black threads prevail in this portion of the play. Rutilio, Zenocia, and Arnaldo effect their escape, and they leave their country to preserve her fame. They then fall into the hands of enemies, and so closes act the first.

The second act commences, (as if entirely unconnected with the other,) with the representation of a vain, boasting Portuguese, (DUARTE,) whose insolence is overheard and reprov'd,—as he is talking to his page,—by his uncle, (MANUEL,) and his mother, (Guiomar.) The former thus addresses him:

“You are too insolent,—
And those too many excellencies that feed
Your pride, turn to a pleurisy and kill
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think

All blessings are conferred on you alone?
You're grossly cozened. There's no good in you,
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? So
Are many, and as knowing! Are you valiant?
Waste not that courage, then, in brawls; but spend it
I' th' wars, in service of your king and country!”

In the next scene, Zenocia is introduced at Lisbon, as the prisoner of a sea-captain, (LEOPOLD,) who employs her to be a servant to HIPPOLITA, of whom he is enamored. Leopold had suffered Arnaldo, and Rutilio to escape, by plunging into the sea. In the next scene they appear, too, at Lisbon. Hippolita, meanwhile, had, by chance, seen Arnaldo, and become much in love with him, and had sent ZABULON, a Jew, to bribe his fidelity and virtue. The Jew finds the brothers, and is left alone, in conversation, with Arnaldo. Rutilio, immediately after, accidentally witnesses a quarrel between the Portuguese, Duarte, and his brother, Arnaldo. He takes sides with the latter, is insulted by the former, they fight, and Duarte falls. Rutilio, making his escape, encounters the mother of his opponent. She is represented as kneeling, in solicitude for her son's long absence:

“I'll rest no more
Till he returneth! Take away the lights too;
The moon lends me too much to find my fears;—
And those devotions I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book,
And I shall read them there, without a taper!”

Rutilio claims her protection. Guiomar conceals him; and says:

“How he quakes!
Thus far I feel his heart beat! Be of comfort,—
Once more I give my promise for your safety.”

The officers enter with the body of Duarte, and say that they have traced the murderer to the house of the mother. The mother, however, keeps her word, and Rutilio is liberated. Guiomar says:

“Come fearless forth,—but let thy face be covered,
That I hereafter be not forced to know thee;—
For motherly affection may return
My vow, once paid to Heaven,” &c.

The third act commences with the introduction of Zenocia, by Leopold, as about to become the favorite attendant of his mistress, Hippolite. He offers her encouragement, to soothe her melancholy, as follows:

“Make much of what you're mistress of—that beauty;
Expose it not to such betraying sorrows:—
When you are old, and all those sweets hang withered—
Then sit and sigh.”

In the next scene, we find Arnaldo conducted by the Jew (Zabulon) to a scene of festivity, at the same house, (Hippolita's,) to which he had been invited, by the lady's procurer, as already described. I would remark, *en passant*, that this scene may possibly have been in the mind of Miss Porter, in her tolerably poor story of “The Hungarian Brothers;” and, perhaps, again, in that of the more poetical Moore, while he wrote that gorgeous description of the blandishments and seductions, which Selim so beautifully and nobly rejects, in “The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.” This scene is very exceptionable in its descriptions; but Arnaldo resists, in all the dignity of virtue. He even out-Selims Joseph himself! He says to Hippolite:

"— give me leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,
A building of so goodly a proportion,—
Outwardly, all exact,—the frame of heaven,—
Should hide, within, such foul inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning made you—
Imagination never made a sweeter.
Can it be possible this frame should suffer,—
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heaven has bestowed;—make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they are trusted to a weaker keeper."

In the next scene, Hippolita, is informed that Arnaldo is arrested (on her accusation,) and condemned to be beheaded, on the testimony of Zabulon, for a crime, which, of course, he has never committed, the murder of Duarte. Then we are introduced to Clodio, (who is the landlord of Arnaldo, and to whom "The Custom" required the virtue of his tenant's new wife should be sacrificed; and) who, with promises of "honorable love," had followed them to Lisbon, to seek out Zenoccia. He is in disguise, and meets the Governor, with Arnaldo, in chains. A physician informs the Governor that Duarte will recover, and Hippolita, (with Leopold, Zabulon, and Zenoccia,) enters with the design of rescuing Arnaldo; for, she says:

"My love,
Which made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him."

Arnaldo is pardoned, and grows jealous upon finding his wife the attendant of Hippolita.

At the commencement of act the fourth, we find Duarte restored to health, and cured of pride. He resolves to discover and forgive the person who had wounded him, and, for that purpose, his recovery is concealed. Leopold, jealous of Arnaldo, bargains with a bravo,

"Who had perused all dungeons in Portugal,"

to give Arnaldo a beating, "but the obduracy of the rascal makes him tender." Zabulon acquaints the Captain that he has promised Arnaldo a conference with Zenoccia. Upon this interview Hippolita and Zabulon enter unperceived. The scene deepens in interest. Hippolita is resolved on vengeance, and the Jew prepares to strangle Zenoccia. Arnaldo sues for the life of his wife at the feet of her mistress, upon which Zenoccia says:

"Kneel not, Arnaldo! Do her not that honor!
She is not worthy such submission!
I scorn a life depends upon her pity!
Proud woman! do thy worst, and arm thine anger
With thoughts as black as hell,—as hot and bloody!
I bring a patience that shall make thee blush!
An innocence, shall outlive thee, and death too!"

This is great poetry, and so is that which follows. Arnaldo is then renewedly solicited for his love, by Hippolita, and Zenoccia thus expostulates with him against his consenting:

"If thou dost, Arnaldo! If thou dost but move,—
But move one foot, to guide thee to this sin,
My curses, and eternal hate pursue thee!
Redeem me at the price of base disloyalty?" &c.

Clodio, (the landlord, to whom "the Custom" is due,) and Leopold, with the Governor, arrive at this juncture, and Zenoccia is released from servitude. In the next

scene, which I shall pass over, we have deep misery portrayed in close connection with its parent vice. Duarte then finds Rutilio, who begs him to carry proposals of marriage to his (Duarte's) mother, he (Rutilio,) not knowing her as such: (for Duarte pretends to be an enemy of the man, whom Rutilio supposes himself to have killed;) and suspects his mother, on learning that she had protected Rutilio. Hippolita is next seen contracting with a poisoner, who promises her that her, who takes his drugs,

"Health takes its last leave of her: meagre paleness,
Like winter, nips the roses and the lilies,
That spring, which youth and love adorned her face with."

Zabulon, soon after, reports this catastrophe to have actually occurred, and then the Governor and Clodio are introduced, lamenting the death of Zenoccia, in a scene of great beauty. This changes, and represents Duarte watching his mother, as she weeps over his picture, (she supposing him to be dead.) He presents himself disguised, and gives her Rutilio's proposal of marriage, narrowly observing her countenance, as she reads the letter. She resolves to dissemble with the writer, and thus to avenge the (supposed) death of her son.

Then we are called to see Zenoccia, supposed to be dying. Arnaldo says:

"Oh thou dread power!—
That madest us all, and, of thy workmanship,
This virgin wife—this masterpiece—look down on her;
Let her mind's virtues, clothed in this fair garment,
That worthily deserves a better name
Than flesh and blood, now rise and prevail for her!
Or, if these are denied, let Innocence,
To which all passages in heaven stand open,
Appear, in her white robe, before thy throne,
Once mediate for her! Or, if this age of sin
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun,
In his diurnal progress, never saw
So sweet a subject to employ it on."

Zenoccia, recovering a little from the effects of the poison, says:

"Oh! my best Arnaldo,—
Thou truest of all lovers! I would live,
Were Heaven so pleased, but to reward your sorrow,
With my true service!"

She then attempts to dissuade him from exposing himself to the infection the poison had created: upon which he declares, that

"Despite of fortune, in his death he'd follow her,
And guard his love,"

and the sentiments of the whole scene are in a very high moral strain. Hippolita and the poisoning minion are introduced, like Satan into Paradise, and Arnaldo addresses her in these beautiful and moving words:

"Are you there, madam? Now,
You may feast on my miseries. My coldness
In answering your affections; or hardness,
Give it what name you will; you are revenged of;
For now you may perceive our thread of life
Was spun together; and the poor Arnaldo
Made, only to enjoy the best Zenoccia,
And not to serve the use of any other," &c.

"We are now
Going our latest journey, and together
One only comfort we desire; pray give it!
Your charity to our ashes, (such we must be,)
And not to curse our memories."

Then come relentings. Hippolita is moved to tears. Clodio yields, also, and swears solemnly to destroy the barbarous "custom of the country," which has been the cause of all these mishaps. Then Hippolita, finding that Zenoccia and Arnaldo are perishing together, compels the poisoner to administer an antidote, and so undo the deadly charm.

We are next presented to Guiomar, waiting the arrival of her suitor, (Rutilio.) This is a splendid scene, and that part of Rutilio's character which is redeemed from his vices, is here exhibited with great spirit. Duarte attends him, still disguised. Rutilio is seized by Guiomar's orders, as the murderer of her son. Enter the Governor and Clodio, and Rutilio proposes to yield himself a willing sacrifice upon the altar of maternal revenge. Hereupon, Duarte makes himself known, and so

"The evening sets clear after the stormy day!"

Hippolita restores Zenoccia to health, and then smiles upon the patient and faithful Leopold. Guiomar sees no special objections in Rutilio, upon the whole, (though, I think, touching his morals, it suited so grave a personage as that high dame, to make an inquiry or two, just to save appearances, if nothing more!) Every body is reformed, who was bad; every body revived who was dead; and every body who was single, is married! And what does Arnaldo, but close the play, (as with good reason he should,) with these fine lines?

"Come, my Zenoccia!

Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbor,
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;
We instruct others by our fair example:
That though good purposes are long withstood,
The hand of Heaven still guides such, as are good!"

The play we have been reading, dear *lector*, together, is certainly one of the finest specimens of dramatic poetry in the language, and I sincerely hope you have found entertainment in its perusal. But I think you will find the poetry of "Valentinian," a tragedy, with Fletcher's name only affixed thereto, equally to your liking. If you will permit me, therefore, I will now go on with my "unpacking," in the meanwhile laying these volumes aside, in readiness to be resumed for the next number of these papers.

So, adieu for another month!

J. E. O.

New York, September 1, 1839.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

From Gallagher's Hesperian.

Young womanhood!—"the sweet moon on the horizon's verge"—a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied—the rich halo which precedes the rising sun—the rosy down that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower—

"A flower which is not quite a flower,
Yet is no more a bud!"

EXTRACTS

From a Poem "On the Meditation of Nature."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

INTRODUCTION.

Of Nature's pure philosophy I sing:—

And my entire devotion and the flame
Of quenchless love upon her altar fling;

For she has ever been to me the same
Unchanging parent, generous and kind;
And all its better-nourishment my mind
Draws from her bosom, and my heart would be

Cold as an iceberg of the northern sea,
If, when I gaze on her undying forms,
I did not speak the gratitude which warms
The flowing water of its deepest fountains.

Her quiet vales and her majestic mountains,
Her angry seas, that struggle with the wrath

Of the fierce Tempest, rushing from the sky
To rend the earth in his destructive path,

Or flash revenge from his dark shrouded eye,—

Her still lakes, sloping in the starlight beams,
Her warring cataracts, her peaceful streams,
The boundless prairie where the eagle soars,

The solemn grandeur of her ancient woods,
The haggard rocks that guard her bending shores,

Her green retreats and leafy solitudes,
All fill my soul with reverential awe;

For every where I read the changeless law
That tells its immortality!

* * * * *

INVOCATION.

Let us go forth and hold communion sweet

With the invisible spirit that surrounds
Earth's silent altars—let us go forth to greet

The woven strains of most enchanting sounds
That stir the clear waves of the golden air;
Let us go forth and mutely worship there!

From life's unvarying round, oh let us steal

Some fleeting moments we may call our own,
When, unrestrained, the heart can deeply feel
The quiet happiness to be alone.

Alone with Nature in some voiceless glen,

Or by some forest brook, or on the height
Of some uprising hill—away from men,

The city's busy tumult and the sight

Of all the sons of pleasure and of pain,
Where the free soul must feel its human chain.

Then, if within our hearts reflected lie

The perfect glories of the earth and sky,

If every feeling they inspire be fraught

With the pure essence of exalted thought,

Well may we deem, that round each bosom's throne
Float the white robes of Innocence alone!

* * * * *

SKEPTICISM.

The man, who cannot see the light divine
Which circles round Creation's altar-shrine,
Can, through his tuneless spirit, never feel
The magic sweetness of her spirit steal:—

And though upon the sapphire arch above
Glowed the bright beacons of eternal love,
Vain, vain would be our ardent search to find
One star-beam mirrored on the skeptic's mind!

THE SUN.

Behold the Sun in his imperial height,
Beneath his eye uncounted planets lay—
Wide o'er creation pours his lavish light;
From the beginning he has ruled the day.
How kingly is his sceptre! see him wave
Its lustre o'er the firmament—and where
Fly the wild tempest-clouds? deep in a grave
Of rosy vapor sinks th' expiring air,
And o'er the east the rainbow's arch is thrown,
While sinks the Day-god, gorgeous and alone!
There's glory in his setting—but the time,
When, like a monarch, from his throne sublime
He gazes o'er the world in mightiest power,
Is in the silence of his rising hour.
On all alike his equal radiance streams;
The humblest flower receives his earliest beams,
The smallest fountain revels in his ray,
Beneath his glance old ocean's billows play;
His smiles upon the lowliest valley rest,
And proudly glisten on the mountain's crest;
He looks as sweetly on the cottage home
As on the splendor of a regal dome;
And each faint star, that gems the distant sky,
Drinks the full lustre of his glorious eye!

THE STARS.

Oh, when to rest the wearied day retires,
How, on God's temple, burn the unwasting fires!
Pure, soft and still, each in its own blue sphere,
As when at first the mighty Maker framed
The bending arch, and bade its gleams appear
Where the great sun had through the ether flamed.
For ever beautiful! for ever bright!
What is your hidden mystery? do ye stream
From the clear fountains of celestial light,
And each to earth display a broken gleam
Of Heaven's immortal glory? are ye strown
Along the borders of that fadeless shore,
Which lies beyond those depths unseen, unknown,
To light the course of angel-plumes, that soar
High through your rainbow-colored atmosphere?
Or are ye brilliant melodies—embodied forms
Of thrilling sound made so divinely clear—
Bright tones from lips that inspiration warms?
Or, as such perfect loveliness ye cling,
With hope and joy the spirit to inspire,
Are ye not glimpses of those chords that string,
In glittering order, Heaven's melodious lyre?

THE SEA.

On the free waters let your vision dwell;
See how they flash beneath the golden ray!
Hark, how they murmur—as their surging swell
Breaks at your feet and slowly rolls away!
Like nodding plumes and helms and glistening spears,
The scurried waves come rushing o'er the main;

Then, like a host, subdued by sudden fears,
They scatter brokenly to charge again!
Where the horizon meets the glimmering sea,
What fragile mists are floating!—Look once more!
A sail! a sail! and yet it cannot be—
'Tis but a sea-bird, that doth lightly soar;
And where yon billows, like strown diamonds, gleam,
I soon shall hear his shrill, rejoicing scream!
And can such radiant beauty ever wear
The shadow of the tempest? Will its proud
And vengeful rider, in deep midnight tear
The folded blackness of the thunder-cloud,—
Uncchain his lightnings and arouse these waves,
Which now are whispering to the peaceful deep
Or calmly resting in their hidden caves,
To leap like lions startled from their sleep?
The whirlwinds wrestle and the billows rage,
And yet God holds them in his hollow palm;
He frowneth war—in conflict they engage:—
He smileth peace—and lo! there is a calm.

CHANGE.

Change—change—the fate of each created thing!
Change, swift and constant change, the seasons bring.
Mark how they change!—upon the Summer's brow
Twine clustering wreaths of golden-crested grain,
The ripened fruit drops slowly from the bough,
Stirred by the gale that breathes along the plain.
Then bounteous Autumn yields her liberal stores,
The tired laborer to bless and cheer,
And from her lap in glad profusion pours
Her copious gifts to crown the perfect year.
Then are the leaves all tinged with vermeil dyes,
And withering fall upon the faded grass,
And o'er the azure of the changing skies
Pale fleeting mist and drifting vapor pass.
Stern Winter comes to scatter over earth
High crests of snow and jewels icy-cold;
And manhood seeks his dear, domestic hearth,
Where glow affections which are never old.
Then Spring, with all her bird-like melodies,
And rose-leaves twined 'mid her dishevelled hair,
Stirs the young foliage of the forest trees,
And with soft radiance paints the stilly air.
And there are lesser changes—Heaven is pure
To-day—no scattered mists its smiles obscure—
To-morrow comes—and one continual cloud
Throws o'er the green earth an unbroken shroud—
To-day we taste the morning's dewy breath,
To-morrow brings disease, and pain, and death—
To-day we drink the blushing cup of health,
And see its waters sparkling soft and clear;
To-morrow comes the pestilence by stealth,
Robed in thick darkness, heralded by fear!

ADVERSITY AND PROSPERITY.

The best and noblest characters, "the splendors of the firmament of time," have generally been formed by the joint influence of adversity and prosperity; as the rainbow, the most beautiful phenomenon of nature, is owing to the joint influence of sun and cloud. G.

OH! PITY THE STRANGER.

Written by a Young Lady on her return from Ireland.

Oh! pity the stranger, whoever he be,
Who wanders from home o'er the dark rolling sea;
For sad is his heart, while around you there's mirth
In each smiling face which enlivens your hearth.

As you value the blessings which smile round you now,
Oh! mock not the sadness which rests on his brow!
For how can he join in your revel and song
While his sorrowing thoughts to the absent belong?

Oh! speak no light word of reproach when he weeps,
Nor rudely disturb his repose when he sleeps—
For you know not how dear to that lone heart may be,
The dream which restores him his home o'er the sea!

I was far—far from home—and my heart was so sad,
That it scarcely remembered it ever was glad;
For lost faces of friends, and their tones of delight
Were lingering around me by day and by night.

I have trod the throng'd streets, and lonely have felt—
In the echoing temple I lowly have knelt—
And have heard in the organ's deep chanting the while
Voices calling me far from that "Ocean-girt Isle."

But my footsteps now wander the wild woods among,
Where the glad birds are pouring their early spring song,
And the faces and tones which I mourned for before,
Have welcomed me back to my own native shore!

But do I forget—ah! how can I e'er!—
That the heart of the stranger is burdened with care?
For a vow to afford such my utmost relief,
Was made when my own heart was bursting with grief!

Camden, South Carolina, 1839.

OLIVER TWIST.

Charles Dickens, *alias* Boz—the author of the Pickwick papers, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, &c., &c., is one of the lions of modern English literature. We extract from a late number of the *London Quarterly Review* part of a racy and original critique upon *Oliver Twist*, which presents in strong language both the excellencies and defects of the author. The whole review is too long for insertion, besides containing much matter that is irrelevant.

"His works are a sign of the times; their periodical return excites more interest than that of Halley's comet. They, like good sermons, contribute to our moral health; for mirth, cakes, ale, and ginger hot in the mouth do us good; Mr. Froude's negation of negus to the contrary notwithstanding. The works of Boz come out in numbers, suited to this age of division of labor, cheap and not too long—double merits; there is just enough to make us rise from the feast, as all doctors of divinity and medicine do from dinner, with an appetite for more: in fact, Boz is the only work which the super-

print-shops—Boz furnishes subjects to playwrights and farce-writers; he is the play himself, now that brutes feed where Garrick trod; he brings home to us tragedy, comedy, and farce; the mountain comes to Mahomet, to us in our easy chairs, by our fires, and wives' sides, unpoisoned by the gas and galleries, unheadached by the music and bill of the play. Boz, like Byron, has his imitators: since the increasing demand for the *Nickleby* article, Boz, not being protected by patent, like Mackintosh, has been pirated; cuckoos lay their eggs in his nest; countless are the factory-boys which Mrs. Trollope has turned loose; even history becomes Pickwickian; Gurwood, 'cut like Romeo into small shooting stars, despatches majors and minors, Scott and lot, all aiming at the life of England's Duke, which we hope (notwithstanding he has escaped a hundred victories) is still insured. These biographers run shilling handicaps—the more subscribers the better—*nos numeri sumus*. Whatever may be the merit of these imitations, for which we are not now looking, the strength of Boz consists in his originality, in his observation of character, his humor—on which he never dwells. He leaves a good thing alone like Curacao, and does not dilute it; wit, which is not taught in Gower street, drops out of his mouth as naturally as pearls and diamonds in the fairy tale; the vein is rich, racy, sparkling, and good-natured—never savage, sarcastic, malevolent, nor misanthropic; always well placed and directed against the odious, against purse-proud insolence, and the abuse of brief authority. Boz never ridicules the poor, the humble, the ill-used; he spares to real sorrow "the bitterest insult of a scornful jest;" his sympathies are on the right side, and carry his readers with him. Though dealing with the dregs of society, he is never indecate, indecent, nor irreligious; he never approves nor countenances the gross, the immoral, or offensive; he but holds these vices up in a pillory, as a warning of the disgrace of criminal excess. Boz, like the bee, buzzes amid honey without clogging his wings; he handles pitch charmingly; the tips of the thumb and fore-finger of the picturesque senoras of Paraguay are infinitely more discolored. He tells a tale of real crushing misery, in plain, and therefore most effective language; he never then indulges in false sentimentality, or mawkish, far-fetched verbiage. Fagin, Sikes, and the dog especially, are always in their proper and natural places, always speaking, barking, and acting exactly as they ought to have done, and, as far as we are able to judge, with every appearance of truth. Boz sketches localities, particularly in London, with marvellous effect; he concentrates with the power of a camera lucida. Born with an organic bump for distinct observation of men and things, he sees with the eye and writes with the pen of an artist—we mean with artistical skill, and not as artists write. He translates nature and life. The identical landscape or occurrence, when reduced on one sheet, will interest and astonish those who had before seen with eyes that saw not, and heard with ears that heard not, on whom previously the general incident had produced no definite effect. Boz sets before us in a strong light the water-afending orphan's eye, the condemned prisoner, the iron entering into his soul. This individuality arrests—for our feelings for human suffering in the aggregate are vague, erratic, and undefined. He collects them into one burning focus; a practical oppression is perfectly understood by the mass, even by the irrational "masses," however they may be ignorant of the real causes and appropriate remedies. A general wrong, a poll-tax, will be borne without resistance, while a particular outrage shown to the daughter of Wat Tyler came home to the clenched fists of a million fathers; for private feelings pave the way to public outbreaks. Death, again, as an abstract idea is a thing for declamation. Boz gives

The circumstantiality of the murder of Nancy is more harrowing than the bulletin of fifty thousand men killed at Borodino. Bloodshed in mid-day comes home to our peaceful threshold; it shocks the order of things; it occurs amid life. Wholesale carnage, battle's own daughter, is what we expect, and is gilded with glory and victory, not visited by shame and punishment.

Boz fails whenever he attempts to write for effect; his descriptions of rural felicity and country scenery, of which he clearly knows much less than of London, where he is quite at home and wide awake, are, except when comical, over-labored and out of Nature. His "gentle and genteel folks" are unendurable; they are devoid of the grace, repose, and ease of good society; a something between Cheltenham and New York. They and their extreme propriety of ill-bred good-breeding, are (at least we hope so) altogether the misconceptions of our author's uninitiated imagination, mystified by the inanities of the kid-glove novelists. Boz is, nevertheless, never vulgar when treating on subjects which are avowedly vulgar. He deals truly with human nature, which never can degrade; he takes up every thing, good, bad, or indifferent, which he works up into a rich alluvial deposit. He is natural, and that never can be ridiculous. He is never guilty of the two common extremes of second-rate authors—the one a pretension of intimate acquaintance with the inner life of Grosvenor Square—the other an affected ignorance of the doings, and a sneering at the bad dinners of Bloomsbury—he leaves that for people to whom such dinners would be an unusual feast. We are bound to admit that Boz's young ladies are awful—Kate Nickleby is the best of them—but they are all bad enough; but we must also admit that, both in fiction and reality, these bread-and-butter budding beauties are most difficult to deal with, except we are in love with them. They are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and as Falstaff says of Dame Quickly, no man knows where to have them.

Boz is regius professor of slang, that expression of the mother-wit, the low humor of the lower classes, their Sanscrit, their hitherto unknown tongue, which, in the present phasis of society and politics, seems likely to become the idiom of England. Where drabs, house-breakers, and tavern-spouting patriots play the first fiddle, they can only speak the language which expresses their ideas and habits. In order fully to enjoy their force, we must know the conventional value of these symbols of ideas, although we do not understand the lingo like Boz, who has it at its fingers' ends. We are amused with the comicality, in spite of our repugnance that the decent veil over human guilt and infirmities should be withdrawn; we grieve that the deformity of nakedness should not only be exhibited to the rising generation, but rendered agreeable by the undeniable drollery; a coarse transcript would not be tolerated. This is the great objection which we feel towards *Oliver Twist*. It deals with the outcasts of humanity, who do their dirty work in work, pot, and watch-houses, to finish on the Newgate drop. Alas! for the Horatian precept, "*Virginibus puerisque canto*." The happy ignorance of innocence is disregarded. Our youth should not even suspect the possibility of such hidden depths of guilt, for their tender memories are wax to receive and marble to retain. These infamies feed the inmate evil principle, which luxuriates in the supernatural and horrid, the dread and delight of our childhood, which is never shaken off, for no man entirely outlives the nursery. We object to the familiarizing our ingenious youth with "slang;" it is based in travesty of better things. Noble and generous ideas, when expressed in low and mean terms, become ludicrous from the contrast and incongruity; "*du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*." But the base vehicle conveys too frequently opinions and sentiments which could thus alone gain admission. The jests and jeers of the "slangers" leave a sting behind them. They corrupt pure taste and pervert morality, for vice loses

shame when treated as a fool-born joke, and those who are not ashamed to talk of a thing will not be long ashamed to put it into practice. These Dodgers and Sikes break into our Johnsons, rob the Queen's lawful current English; they, at least, are unfettered by grammar. They speak the energetic tone of this era of popular outbreaks—*potus et ex lex*. The classics, like other dogs, have had their day. Engin, reasoning well, votes Plato a bore. Can Cicero sharpen the "Artful Dodger," or Euclid enlighten the speculative Mr. Sikes? "D— Homo!"—these "ancients," dead and buried, can't go the rail road pace of "them lifers." Boz is no reader of Aristotle—

"Laws his Pindaric parents minded not,
For Boz was tragi-comically got."

His *muthee*, or plot, is devoid of art. This, a fault in comedy, is pardonable in tragedy—where persons, not events, excite. We foresee the thunder-cloud over *Œdipus* and the master of Ravenswood without decrease of interest, which is not diminished even on reperusal, by our perfect knowledge of the catastrophe; but Boz must remember that he is not in the high tragedy line, which deals more in expression of elevated persons and thoughts, in an elevated manner, than in the mere contrast of situations and events; and make a better story next time. He should also avoid, in future, all attempts at pure pathos—on which he never ventures without reminding us of Sterne and his inferiority to that master. Let him stick to his native vein of the *serio-comic*, and blend humor with pathos. He shines in this; his fun sets off his horrors as effectually as a Frenchman's gravity in a quadrille does his levity in an *emete*, or a massacre."

We extract the following beautiful and pathetic lines from Mr. Willis's "*Jottings Down in London*." Mr. W. says, "I picked up a volume of poems at the club to-day, which I had never seen before, and here is one good thing from it."

LINES TO A SISTER DEAD.

BY JOHN KENTON.

I think of thee, my sister, in my sad and lonely hours,
And the thought of thee comes o'er me like the breath of morning flowers.

Like music that enchants the ear—like sights that bless the eye;
Like the verdure of the meadow—the azure of the sky—
Like rainbow in the evening—like blossom on the tree,
Is the thought of thee, dear Charlotte—is the tender thought of thee.

I think on thee, dear sister; I think on thee at even,
When I see the first and fairest star steal peaceful out of heaven.
I hear thy sweet and touching voice, in each soft breeze that blows,

Whether it waft red autumn-leaf, or fan the summer rose.
Mid the waste of this lone heath, by this desert, moaning sea,
I mourn for thee, my Charlotte, and shall ever mourn for thee.

ETERNITY.

At all times we have two eternities before us: the one, that of time, in our imagination; and the other, that of space, in the blue heavens, which reach above and around us, we know not where. And nightly we have the third, that of number, completing the triad, in the countless stars; themselves the gems of eternity—an eternity alike of space and time.

THE STUDENT

IN AGRIPPA'S MUSEUM.*

It was a spacious vaulted room,
And many a carving grim,
In torch-light now, and now in gloom,
Scowled fearfully on him.
In the midst a brazen table bore
A mighty volume old,
And sealed it was with five and four
Clasps of pure burnish'd gold.

Hard by a silver censer stood,
And as nearer the student came,
The smouldering fire of sandal-wood
Shot up into a flame.
And he thought as it met his eager sight,
He would open and therein look
On the hidden things, be what they might,
Of that old nine-clasp'd book.

The clasps he openeth one by one,
And little dreaming of ill,
The words uncouth to read begun,
That did the pages fill.
The incense flame, of late so clear,
Now into vapor passed,
While mingled tones of glee and fear,
Swept by upon the blast.

And as those accents rang around,
A knock comes at the door;
Yet he, it seem'd, heard not the sound,
For he read as before.
On, on, he went, when, lo! there came
A second and louder blow!—
Is it the breeze that fans the flame,
And makes it flicker so?

But, with a third and furious stroke,
The iron door now rang,—
Like one from fearful dream awoke,
To his feet the student sprang.

* "But the most extraordinary story of Agrippa is told by Delrio, and is as follows:—Agrippa had occasion one time to be absent for a few days from his residence at Louvaine. During his absence he entrusted his wife with the key of his museum, but with an earnest injunction that no one on any account should be allowed to enter. Agrippa happened at that time to have a boarder in his house, a young fellow of insatiable curiosity, who would never give over importuning his hostess, till at length he obtained from her the forbidden key. The first thing in the museum that attracted his attention was a book of spells and incantations. He spread this book upon a table, and, thinking no harm, began to read aloud. He had not long continued this occupation, when a knock was heard at the door of the chamber. The youth took no notice, but continued reading. Presently followed a second knock, which somewhat startled him. The space of a moment having elapsed, and no answer made, the door was opened, and a demon entered! "For what purpose am I called?" said the stranger sternly; "what is it you demand to have done?" The youth was seized with the greatest alarm and struck speechless. The demon advanced towards him, took him by the throat and strangled him, indignant that his presence should be thus invoked from pure thoughtlessness and

Then with a crash the door gave way,
And forth before him there,
One shrouded all in mantle gray
Stepped from the turret stair.

With angry mien and aspect fell,
('Twas a fearful sight to see,)
"I am here," he cried, "thy bidding tell—
What seekest thou with me?"
No word, no sign, the student gave—
He saw that form of ill—
And as though he had been in a dead man's grave
His very heart stood still!

"So ho! for nothing then, I learn,
Hither have I been brought—
But thou shalt find, ere I return,
I come not up for nought!"
He seized him with a deadly hold—
Ah! well I ween that none
Escape, however strong or bold,
Who meet that Evil One!

P. H. R.

THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

I.

The image of her whom he loves, in the mind of one that loves truly, is as the evening star in the pure depths of space. And like that star, though far away, her image is as bright and vivid as though she were near.

II.

There are some feelings and changes of the human heart, at whose action we cannot help being grieved; and indeed whose existence, even in ourselves, we will scarcely acknowledge; and which yet tend greatly to our happiness. Such, for instance, is the gradual diminution and final cessation of grief for friends who have died, or who by circumstances have been removed from us forever, and the sometimes almost total oblivion of them in our memory.

III.

Most of the eminent astronomers have lived to a very old age. This I suppose has been owing to the abstraction, produced by the peculiar nature of their science, from the petty cares of the world. We might almost imagine, that with the beams of the stars, which they so often gazed upon, they had imbibed a portion of their wondrous duration.

IV.

The reviewer of Crabbe's life and writings, in the Edinburgh Review, whilst speaking of his being a great reader, observes "But the reading which was constantly going on, was mostly reading for amusement. Nineteen twentieths of their principal supply of modern literature are said to have been novels." Perhaps it was a romantic tendency produced by such reading, that led him, when an old man, to imagine himself in love; for it is said that he then fell in love with several ladies, one after the other in quick succession; and these passions could hardly have been otherwise than imaginary.

V.

The expressed idea coincides but faintly with the

through the twilight heavens, to the dark and colorless mass, which they become, when night, like the car of a conqueror, has rolled over the earth. This is, owing in some measure to the imperfection of language. Some men too have a greater command over words than others, and a greater knowledge of their exact meaning and differences, and hence what are most suitable to convey an idea in the strongest possible manner. But the great cause, in all cases, which renders the expressed idea inferior in strength to the original, is, that every idea enters the mind with many beautifying, or strengthening associations, and when it is expressed, most of these must necessarily be lopped off: or in fact, they are frequently so intangible, that they cannot be expressed at all, in words. Every one who has transcribed his ideas, must feel this weakening process in a greater or less degree. But if such be the case with the multitude of writers, how great must be the difference with a Shakspeare or a Shelley. How little must the world know of their glorious imaginings.

VI.

Industry may be carried so far as to become an evil: for all amusements being forsaken, making money becomes the only one; and being thus made the sole occupation and thought of life, it becomes an idol, upon whose altar all the noble feelings of the heart, one after the other, are sacrificed.

VII.

Presentiment of evil is oftentimes nothing more than a modification of fear. When, for instance, we are entering upon any undertaking, whether of amusement or business, however great may be the pleasure that we expect from it, still we have always some fears lest we should meet with something unpleasant. The knowledge gained by experience, that we are almost always disappointed in our expectations, is in itself sufficient to damp our hopes, and mingle them with fears. And this feeling is the stronger, accordingly, as our mind is more or less tinged with sadness at the time, or as there are just grounds for some fear. If, on such occasions, we meet with no accident whatever, we think no more of our preceding feelings, or as only under their real character—but if we do meet with one, we change the name of fear into that of presentiment. In most cases, we deceive ourselves in this manner. We imagine that we had a presentiment of a thing happening; whereas there existed some cause for this expectation, of which cause we were unconscious, and therefore thought that there was none at all. This cause may have existed only to produce the expectation, and then to vanish from our memory; or, as is most commonly the case, it may still continue to exist along with it—we being unconscious of such existence. Thus a state of joy or sadness, existing just before we had fixed our thoughts upon something of whose event we were doubtful, whether it will be good or evil—accordingly as this previous or perhaps accompanying state was joy or sadness, so will our expectation, or in other words, our presentiment, be of good or evil. We may say then, generally, that presentiment is nothing more than expectation produced by some cause, of the existence of which cause in our mind, we are unconscious. This cause, of which we are unconscious, is often nothing more than the association of ideas. Thus, for instance, if we have formerly enjoyed our-

selves in any place, when going there again, we are almost sure to expect pleasure, even though perhaps that which formerly caused this pleasure, is not supposed by us to be now there; if our expectations are realized, we say that we had a presentiment of it, whereas it was only the action of the principle of association—i. e. from having once enjoyed ourselves there, we ever after associated with it the idea of pleasure.

VIII.

When we are in doubt which of two courses of conduct to pursue, the great motives being balanced, it is frequently the small ones which turn the scale. And we often act unconsciously rather from the impulse of these less motives, than from that of the greater. When, too, events occur, favorable to our happiness in several respects, frequently we rejoice rather from the expectation of the more trifling benefit, than from that of the more important—particularly, as is often the case, if the former be the more immediate. And the same thing takes place with regard to our grief at the loss of any thing that was beneficial to us in several respects.

IX.

If you wish a friend to admire a favorite volume, never praise it too highly; for he, expecting too much, will be disappointed;—or, at any rate, the desire and expectancy of being pleased, alone, by their mixture with the pleasure taken in reading it, will diminish its intensity by the complexity produced. We often desire a person to like a book, as much as if this were a great acquisition to ourselves. However it is sometimes: for a mutually admired book has a great tendency to cement friendship.

X.

They who have religion, must necessarily be more happy at all times than those who have it not. For in the midst of pain and affliction, their faith will lift their minds unto the joys of Heaven—joys in which they feel that they must soon participate—and in this contemplation their immediate earthly troubles are forgotten: as the eagle, surmounting the clouds that hang loweringly over the earth, floats far above in the sunny and unclouded heavens.

XI.

Judging from past history, fanaticism appears to form an essential trait in the New England character. It was this spirit, which, in the reign of Charles I, plundered and despoiled the churches, and which, finally, beheaded him. After the Puritans had emigrated to America, it was owing to this same spirit, that they were persecuted who differed from them in religious matters, and that the old women were burnt as witches. It must have some channel of discharge, and this it has at the present time found in abolitionism.

XII.

Obscurity in writers is, I have no doubt, often owing to the want of some associated idea. An author, in thinking of a subject many times, upon which he is about to write, views two ideas so often together, that he at last involuntarily regards them as inseparably connected. And in expressing a thought of which both of these ideas form a part, he puts down only one of them, unconsciously taking it for granted, that his readers also associate them invariably together.

THE SILENT TEAR.

Ah! lady, say, when I am nigh,
Why always sad—why always sigh?
'Tis ever thus when I am near—
I'm doom'd to mark the silent tear.

There was a time, when thou wouldst smile,
My weary moments to beguile—
And chide me, if I was not near,
With many a sad and silent tear.

Thou weepest now, if I but twine
Thy small, white, trembling hand in mine;
And tho' I smile and still am near,
I only mark the silent tear.

There was a time, when thou wouldst prove,
By every languishment, thy love,
And grasp my hand, when I was near,
To wipe away thy silent tear.

Ah! well I know the secret grief—
But, oh! I cannot yield relief;
Mine is the same—the grief of years—
Witness, alas! my silent tears.

MILFORD BARD.

THE "KNICKERBOCKER," AND THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

We desire to notice more frequently than we do, some of the magazines of our country, distinguished for literary excellence. In future we are resolved to do it, even to the exclusion of other matter. If our instrumentality can recommend them to southern patronage, we shall lend it with pleasure. We are all laboring in the same cause, and if we can help each other, it is our duty to do so. In Virginia, to say nothing of other southern states, there are many country gentlemen of wealth and education, who, by subscribing for a dozen, or even half a dozen periodicals, might diffuse in their neighborhoods a taste for the delightful recreations of literature, and that taste, if excited, would supplant the relish for gross pleasures. How few of our families are reading ones, in the strict sense of the term! Besides the newspaper, the Farmers' Register, the Sporting Magazine, and the year's almanac, a few trashy novels, constitute, it is feared, the major part of the libraries of our otherwise social, agreeable and hospitable country houses. If our squires won't read themselves, why don't they provide solid and substantial nutriment for their wives, sons and daughters? We insist upon it, that they cannot spend their surplus cash better. Here, for example, is the *Knickerbocker* of New York; we have before us the August number, and a very pleasant, instructive, and delightful one it is. The letter on the "London theatres," from the author of an "American in Paris," is absolutely worth, to a man of true taste, a whole year's *Knickerbocker* subscription. Not Washington Irving himself, nor "Boz," nor Willis, nor any of the host of periodical writers, ever delighted us more. We wish our readers could share the pleasure we experienced in reading that one article. The *Knickerbocker*, by the way, is not only freighted in its monthly voyages by the rich adventures of "Geoffrey Crayon"—but another great name will be shortly added to the list of its contributors. Charles Dickens, the intimitable "Boz," the author of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, &c. &c., is about to adorn its pages with his truly original and fertile mind. His thoughts will appear on this side of the Atlantic, in their fresh and virgin state. We are all tiptoe to see how he will first address an American audience.

Here too, on our table, is "*Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*," for September, and a very gentlemanly magazine it is. If our

readers have never seen Burton on the stage, they have been deprived of a rare pleasure, and his recent great success on the New York boards, has given him a new claim to the rank of the very first of American comedians. How truly praiseworthy is it in Burton, in the midst of histrionic fame and popularity, not to forget that he is also a useful and effective member of the republic of letters. He is not only a fine actor, but an admirable writer; as a critic, he cuts with one of the keenest edged knives we have ever seen, and woe be unto the luckless wight who is obliged to submit to his operations. They are absolutely withering, as one or two specimens in the September number will abundantly testify. We are pleased to find that our old assistant, Edgar A. Poe, is connected with Burton in the editorial management of the "*Gentleman's Magazine*." Mr. Poe, is favorably known to the readers of the *Messenger*, as a gentleman of fine endowments; possessing a taste classical and refined; an imagination affluent and splendid, and withal, a singular capacity for minute and mathematical detail. We always predicted that Mr. Poe would reach a high grade in American literature, but we also thought and still think, that he is too much attached to the gloomy German mysticism, to be a useful and effective writer, without a total divorce from that sombre school. Take for example, the tale of "the Fall of the House of Usher," in the September number of the *Magazine*, which is understood to be the production of his pen. It is written with great power, but leaves on the mind a painful and horrible impression, without any redeeming admonition to the heart. It resembles a finely sculptured statue, beautiful to the eye, but without an immortal spirit. We wish Mr. Poe would stick to the department of criticism; there, he is an able professor, and he uses up the vermin who are continually crawling, unbidden, into the literary arena, with the skill and nonchalance of a practised surgeon. He cuts them up by piece-meal, and rids the republic of letters, of such nuisances, just as a good officer of police sentences to their proper destination, the night-strollers and vagabonds who infest our cities. We sincerely wish Mr. Poe well, and hope that he will take our advice in good part. The September number of the *Magazine*, is embellished by a fine portrait of Richard Penn Smith, a respectable American dramatist and poet. Besides various other interesting pieces, it contains an excellent article on Gymnastics, understood also, to be from the pen of Mr. Poe.

THE SUNBEAM.

I flit o'er the ocean—'tis shrouded in light;
I smile on the landscape—'tis verdant and bright:
I touch the blue heavens with saffron and gold,
And the bright hues of Iris resplendent unfold.

The blush of the rose is awoke by my gaze;
I whisper,—young zephyr obedient plays:
All beings of beauty, o'er streamlet and dell,
Are called into life by the power of my spell.

The sparkling of fountains—the glow of the rill—
The shadows that rest on the breast of the hill—
The gay wreaths of light, that the wild billows ride,
All owe to my magic their glory and pride.

I peer through the casement, and scatter the gloom
That broods o'er the captive, and lighten his doom:
O dearest of triumphs that flows from my art,
To banish one pang from the sufferer's heart.

And thus, 'mid the tempests and storms that arise,
A rainbow of hope will I spread in the skies—
And on hearts, or o'er landscape, wherever I stray,
A joy and a glory shall follow my way.

Camden, S. C.

S. P.

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No. XI.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I have read in some old, wondrous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguer'd the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flow'd between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasp'd the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaim'd the morning prayer,
The white pavillions rose and fell
On the alarmed air!

Down the broad valley, fast and far,
The troubled army fled:
Uprose the glorious morning star,—
The ghastly host was dead!

I have read in the wondrous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamp'd beside life's rushing stream,
In fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the river of life between.

No other voice nor sound is there
In the army of the grave—
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of life's wave.

But when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell—
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of years afar,
The spectral camp has fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star—
Our ghastly fears are dead.

November, 1839.

VOL. V.—90

ISLAND OF CANDIA.*

The Island of Candia, the ancient Crete, is one of the most interesting regions, from its historical associations, which modern travellers can visit; and it is not less worthy of examination from its geographical position, its natural features, and from the influence, which, under happier auspices, it might exert upon the various countries that surround it. It is the largest of the islands of the Mediterranean, and yields to none of them in the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its climate. It is, indeed, pressed down by an iron government—that of Mehemet Ali; but it is to be hoped that this will either cease ere long, and allow the union of the island to the dominions of King Otho, or that such changes will be gradually introduced, as will be more conformable to the spirit of the age and the condition of the people. Accident led us to this island a short time since, but our personal observation was so limited, that we have little to tell, and no *hair-breadth escapes* to narrate to the reader. We were, however, successful enough to collect some valuable statistical information, concerning its condition and productions, from authentic sources, and we propose to communicate the results of our remarks, regretting, however, that circumstances will necessarily render these meagre and imperfect.

A slight inspection of the map of the Mediterranean, will show the advantageous position of this valuable island. It stretches from Greece to Egypt, actually barring the approach to the Archipelago and the Levant, and to the immense and fertile regions, which seek their outlets through them. When it is recollected that these embrace almost all the Turkish possessions, the provinces subjugated by the Pasha of Egypt, the greater part of the new kingdom of Greece, and no inconsiderable portion of the Russian dominions, we shall be ready to agree, that Aristotle had just grounds for the opinion he advanced, that few situations were more favorable for the foundation of a great empire. It touches the Adriatic Sea on one side, and the Nile on the other—thus forming the door, which can open or shut the maritime intercourse between important portions of Europe, Asia and Africa, and the rest of the world. France particularly has not been indifferent to

* In the October number of the Messenger, we promised to present our readers with an original article from the vigorous and classical pen of Mr. Cass, the present American Minister at Paris, and we take sincere pleasure in now redeeming that promise. An historical, geographical, and statistical account of so important an island as Candia, or the ancient Crete, derived principally from the personal observation and research of a gentleman so well known in the republic of letters, as well as in political life, cannot fail to be deeply interesting to our readers. To express all the pleasure with which this able contribution to the Messenger has inspired ourselves, might, perhaps, somewhat invade the prerogative of others. We are, therefore, content earnestly to recommend its careful perusal, and to tender to Governor Cass our best thanks for the favor by which we have been distinguished.—[Editor Southern Literary Messenger.]

sion, entrusted to General Dumas, under the reign of Louis XVI. In the autobiography of that respectable man, interesting particularly to an American, from his personal participation, under Rochambeau, in the war of our revolution, is a curious narrative of his voyage to Crete, and a full account of the views of the French government in relation to the possession of the island. General Dumas examined the whole country minutely, and presented, on his return, an able report exhibiting all the facts necessary for the action of the ministry. But the elements of a great political change were then in operation in France, and a storm was gathering, which soon burst upon that country and upon Europe with a frightful violence, little favorable in its commencement to the realization of projects of distant aggrandizement. But the advantages of the island are too obvious to escape the statesmen of the present day; and Mr. Lamartine has very recently proposed at the French tribune—in a speech, not less remarkable for its apparent contempt of national faith and established rights, than from the consideration that it proceeded from an eminent author, whose writings abound with declamatory passages upon religion and morality—to take possession of Crete and to hold it as a permanent military station. He has been much less happy in demonstrating the justice of his project, than in exhibiting the value of the possession which he covets for his country. And in one of the latest works upon the East, which has issued from the English press, containing an account of Candia, the travels of captain Scott of the staff corps of the British army, there is a labored memoir, pointing out its value to Great Britain, and endeavoring to show that it is useless to the Pasha of Egypt, and that he would willingly cede it as the price of the recognition of the hereditary right of his family to his other territories.

When the reader recalls to his memory that Crete was the native country of the Titans, and of Saturn, of Jupiter, of Vesta, of Ceres, of Juno, of Neptune, of Pluto—all the latter occupying the most distinguished places in heathen mythology—of Minos, of Rhadamanthus, of Deucalion, and of Idomeneus; that in it were Mount Ida and the Labyrinth; that it was governed by the institutions of Minos, established originally by that lawgiver for its benefit; that it was celebrated for its hundred cities before the war of Troy; and that it sent to the memorable siege of that place eighty vessels, under its king Idomeneus, as we are told by the father of the Epopea—

“Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
These marched, Idomeneus, beneath thy care
And Merion dreadful as the god of war:”

When all this is brought before us, it is easy to comprehend that a very early state of civilization, and perhaps the occurrence of some extraordinary event, must have given great interest to this classic land in the fabulous and traditional periods of the world,—an interest, which the subsequent course of its history kept alive, and which has descended to our times as a tribute, that the present always owes to the glory and decadence of the past.

island exhibits to the observer. One of the earliest of civilization, remarkable in the earliest periods of the world for its contributions to the heathen mythology, to the systems of education and of legislation, and to many of the arts which minister to human comfort, it is not less remarkable for its political phases. It has been at times independent and subjugated, a monarchy, a republic, and a province. As a monarchy, it was governed by Minos, who is called by Hesiod the greatest of mortal kings. As a republic, it furnishes two lessons for the contemplation of all who are interested in the study of human nature. It never undertook an external offensive war—and its duration, which extended to one thousand years, exceeds that of any other republican government upon record. Happy will our country be, if in following this example, we shall be able to equal the Cretan republic in moderation, and to exceed it in longevity. From an independent nation, it has passed successively under the domination of the Romans, the Arabs, the Greeks, the Latins, the Venitians, the Turks, and last, of the Egyptians. Once the missionary field of St. Paul and the Bishopric of Titus, it is now divided between the Moslem faith and a degraded branch of the Greek church; and the only sign of vital religion it exhibits, is to be found among a little band of generous and devoted persons, who have brought back from the western continent, to this early seat of apostolic labor, the human means of reestablishing the primitive purity of the church, and who, with a few faithful disciples, have fixed their abode in a corner of the island, amid ignorance, fanaticism and ruin.

The slight allusion we have made to the early condition of this island, sufficiently evinces, that it is one of the regions to which a branch of the human family directed the course of its emigration, not long after the separation from the parent stock in the central portions of Asia. The origin, early progress of settlement, and increase of nations, precede the period of authentic history, and are lost in the darkness of that remote epoch. It is to be regretted, indeed, that the infancy of nations has passed under circumstances which have left us no authentic memorials of the most interesting portion of human history. It is difficult to conceive a more curious subject of observation and inquiry, than the first efforts of man to examine the world around him; to accommodate himself to the circumstances of his position; to learn how to provide for his animal wants; to proceed step by step from one result of his experience to another, till he attains a knowledge of his true condition and a sentiment of his real power, and to place himself at the head of that creation which he is destined to embellish and to govern. But it is useless to speculate upon these topics; the necessary facts have forever escaped us. Writers are, indeed, anxious to discover, in the mythological fables and in the gross traditional tales which have come down to us, a shadowing out of the events that actually passed at that remote period; and many a long day has been laboriously and uselessly devoted to these investigations, uncertain in their process and profitless in their result. Unfortunately, we are often

so eager to find remote causes, that we overlook those which are more natural and obvious; and in all these investigations, nothing is allowed for the waywardness of the human intellect and the fantasies of the human imagination. The prototypes, therefore, of these legendary monsters, we are determined to seek in nature, rather than in that creative intellectual power, which is never more fertile than in those periods when it is the least regulated by study and knowledge.

The fabulous and traditional history of Crete abounds with illustrations of the preceding remarks. We need not recall them to the reader, because they cannot fail to be suggested by the simple enunciation of the names of the personages we have given, and whose renown occupies so large a space in the poetry and annals of the earlier ages. We pass over, therefore, the race and deeds of the Titans, and the celestial dynasty, descended from Saturn the eldest of them; the reign of Minos and the life of Rhadamanthus, who were so distinguished for their justice, that they were called to preside over the tribunals in the infernal regions; of the exploits of Theseus and the death of the Minotaur; and of the other marvellous incidents with which this period abounds, and pause a moment to survey the condition of the island when authentic history first makes it known to us.

It had then exchanged its monarchical for a republican government. Its executive, composed of ten magistrates, elected annually, performed similar functions to those of the Ephori at Sparta, and probably formed the model of the constitution of the latter. A council of twenty-eight senators, named for life, was a check upon the executive authority; but it is difficult to trace the respective limits of their power, or to ascertain how far a wise jealousy might be carried, before it degenerated into one of those political contests before which human freedom has so often fallen. Its duration of ten centuries is a shining proof of the wisdom of its practical operation; and antiquity vaunts the enlightened men and virtuous citizens it formed. It was praised by Plato and Strabo and copied by Lysurgus; it could have no higher eulogies. The notices which have come to us of its history and condition during this period are few and imperfect. It is evident, however, that the constitution of the island did not prevent internal dissensions; and different cities fought for superiority, with all those incidents attending their alternate ascendancy and subjugation, which mark the history of the Grecian republics, continental and insular. To him, who seeks the causes of the decline and fall of these little interesting states, nothing can appear more contemptible than their differences, perpetually succeeding one another, nor more insensate than the course of the governments and people, forever sacrificing their peace to the childish passions of the moment, and thus preparing the way for the memorable fate which overtook them. In all history there is no chapter more interesting to the friends of equal governments, than that which describes the jealousy and dissensions of the Grecian people—nor any lesson more instructive than is exhibited by their consequences. They displayed so many bright spots during their passage over the horizon, that their memory will never fail to attract the admiration of mankind. But they set in a dark and troubled night.

The Cretan archers and slingers were celebrated

among the ancient warlike nations, and they rendered essential services in the retreat of the ten thousand, and swelled the army of Alexander in its triumphal progress through Asia. The secret springs of the Cretan policy are unknown, and we cannot, therefore, determine what motives induced the people to join the Persians against the Greeks. But the part they took for Mithridates, brought them into contact with the Romans, then on their way to universal conquest, and furnished the cause or the pretext for their subjugation. War was declared against them, and Mark Anthony, the father of the Triumvir, attacked them, but was defeated, and a great part of his fleet taken. Rome could pardon a conquered people, but never a victorious one; and Metellus was sent to repair the disaster and to vindicate the honor of the Roman arms. He debarked upon the island without opposition; but the Cretans soon collected their forces and maintained a vigorous resistance with varied success for three years, diversified by a species of civil war among the invaders, in which a portion of their troops under Octavius joined the islanders. However, after the loss of a large portion of the inhabitants, and the destruction of several cities, the country was at length subdued and added to the list of subjugated nations.

It then became a Roman province, and its fate for ages was bound up with that of the great metropolis. In the division of the empire, it fell to the lot of the eastern Emperors, and seems to have been comparatively flourishing, till it was almost ruined by a remarkable earthquake in the reign of Valentinian I.

In 803 it became connected with the Spanish Saracens, whose romantic adventures furnish such an interesting episode in the history of the various kingdoms now composing the Spanish monarchy. One of those family disputes, which so often marked the progress of these Moorish adventurers, had broken out; and the unsuccessful party dreading the vengeance of their rivals, and determined not to submit to their authority, embarked under their leader and sailed over the Mediterranean rather as pirates than as legitimate warriors. Attracted by the riches of Crete, they landed upon the island, but too feeble to conquer it, they ravaged the coasts, and safely retired with their plunder. But, tempted by the wealth of the country and its weakness, they returned the next year with a more formidable armament, and landed their armed colony. They made an incursion into the interior, and when they returned to the shore, they found their fleet in flames, and comprehended, that they had before them either a conquest or a tomb. Their leader frankly avowed, that this bold measure was his own, and replied to their remonstrances, that he had brought them to a land flowing with milk and honey, to their true country, where they would find wives to recompense them for those they had left. The conqueror of Mexico, when he burnt his fleet and showed his soldiers that they had to choose between the enemy and the sea, had perhaps read this lesson in the history of the roving bands which his own country had sent forth. There are times when the rashest measures are the wisest, and it is the province of true genius to appreciate the circumstances, and to seize the favorable moment for decisive action, taking care to distinguish between the difficult and the impossible.

The Moslem leader reaped the reward of his bold enterprise. He defeated the armies which the Greek emperor, Michael, the stammerer, sent against him, and in less than three years established his domination over the island. He died some years later, and left to his successors a throne, the fruit of his wisdom and enterprise. The Saracens continued in possession of Crete about one hundred and thirty-eight years, when their power was utterly broken, and the country restored to the Greek empire. This union continued till 1204, when the western Europeans having conquered Constantinople, the gratitude or the policy of Baldwin, elected emperor, induced him to cede the island to the Marquis of Montferrat, one of the leaders who had aided in elevating him to his new dignity. The new possessor, however, wanting gold more than territory, sold his kingdom the same year to the republic of Venice, the merchant kings, who wielded equally the sword and the purse, ever ready to acquire from weakness or improvidence.

During four centuries and a half the Venitians retained possession of Candia, and marked their government by a wise and vigorous course of administration. They repelled the efforts of the Genoese and of the Turks to wrest it from them, and improved the condition of the inhabitants. Commerce was extended, the cities repaired, and traces of the prosperity of the country, at this period, have yet survived Turkish and Egyptian domination.

The power, wealth, and enterprise of the small republics of Italy, during the middle ages, furnish a fertile subject for contemplation. Their history places in prominent relief the advantages of freedom and of commercial industry; and Venice and Genoa, particularly, have left many monuments of their successful progress from the Adriatic to the sea of Asoph.

But a power had now arisen in the east, destined to alarm the western nations; and the lion of St. Mark was called upon to defend, by strenuous efforts, one of the most precious jewels in his ducal crown. In 1645 the Turks attacked the island, and landing with a formidable army, laid siege to the city of Candia. After a vigorous resistance this important place was taken, and the invaders extended their conquests in different directions. They had subjugated nearly half the island, when their progress was arrested by some of the bloody revolutions in the seraglio, which have so often stained the course of Turkish history. As the Moslem efforts relaxed, those of the Venitians were redoubled, and their fleets rode triumphant upon the Levant, and actually took possession of the island of Tenedos, which commands the entrance of the Dardanelles. But the fanaticism and perseverance of the Turkish character were never more strikingly displayed than in the progress of this long contest. They succeeded in retaining their hold in Candia, and though the siege of its capital was interrupted, and offensive operations suspended, still the Venitians could not expel them. The latter, tired with this bitter and expensive war, proposed, through the mediation of the French ambassador at Constantinople, to divide the island between themselves and their enemies; but the offer was indignantly rejected, and under such circumstances, that Louis XIV, wounded in his pride, broke with the Turks and joined himself to the Venitians. The

succors he furnished, though they delayed the final result, yet could not change it.

The Grand Vizier Kiuperli, one of the most celebrated warriors known in the Ottoman annals, was then at the helm of the Turkish government, and after repairing the disasters of his fleet, retook from the Venitians their late conquests, and pushed his operations in Candia. The city of Candia had already been invested during some years, when the Grand Vizier himself, in 1667, after the most formidable preparations, debarked upon the island, with large reinforcements and an immense supply of all the *materiel* of war necessary to the most vigorous prosecution of the siege.

Then commenced that death-struggle, for the possession of this important place, which arrested the attention of Europe, and which gave place to a series of the most romantic adventures in the whole history of human daring. The siege itself was the longest upon record. It continued uninterruptedly ten years. Tradition, indeed, has given to Troy a similar contest of equal duration. But there is little versimilitude in the general *contour* of the facts of the Trojan war; and imagination, rather than authentic history, has probably supplied us with the course of its operations. The conduct of the Greeks is utterly irreconcilable with the rudest principles of the art of war. Professing to attack a fortified city at some distance from the coast, they sit down upon the shore, and occasionally advance into the plain to meet the Trojans in the open field, or depart upon distant expeditions for the collection of prisoners and plunder. There were no lines of circumvallation, nor the slightest attempt to invest the city during almost the whole of the war. We looked carefully over the plain of the Troad, and whatever place may be selected for the site of the lost city, it is not the less obvious, that the hostile parties kept themselves at a respectable distance from each other, and that the country was as open to the Trojans as the sea to the Greeks. The theatre of operations was a level plain, enclosed between the ridges of Ida, the Archipelago, and the Hellespont, having in its front the small island of Tenedos. It required a more vigorous imagination than has fallen to our lot, to recognise in either of the little marshy streams which wind their way through it, the rivers so magniloquently described in the *Iliad*, and with epithets not inapplicable to our own Ohio and Mississippi. Indeed, the prestige of the plain and its associations was almost destroyed by our first access to the shore. At a little distance from the place of landing, upon a rising ground, we perceived a Turkish village—approached it, as well to gratify our curiosity, as to procure information. When almost upon the point of entering, a number of persons made violent gesticulations, which we could not understand; but on the arrival of our interpreter, who had fallen in the rear, we found the plague was raging there, and that the object of this friendly warning was to prevent our entrance. It was the fourth of July, when we roamed over this celebrated plain, recalling, at the same time, the birth of one of the youngest nations, and the death of one of the oldest.

But we must follow the struggles of the contending parties, under the beleaguered walls of Candia. The natural position of the city was strong, and its fortifications had been carefully improved, till it had become

one of the most powerful fortresses of the age, and it was defended by able and zealous officers, and by ten thousand men. And well it needed these advantages, for the Grand Vizier was a renowned warrior, and had invested the place with an army of eighty thousand men, and he had at his command the resources of a mighty empire. During more than two years the operations were carried on without intermission, and all the arts of attack and defence were mutually exhausted. Human life is nothing in a Moslem army; and the Turkish general sacrificed his soldiers without scruple, satisfied if he shed christian blood, and regardless at what expense. The fortifications were battered in breach and levelled; mines were exploded; trenches filled up, and assaults attempted. But christian fortitude still held out against Mahomedan fanaticism. The injuries were repaired as fast as made; and the most desperate attempts at escalade, led on by the Grand Vizier in person, were successfully met and repelled. The Pope was at length roused from inactivity or indifference, and began to regard with anxiety the prospect of the fall of one of the bulwarks of christendom before the Mahometan power. A crusade was preached—but alas! the times had changed, since Peter the Hermit excited the enthusiasm of Europe, and led the western nations to a long and terrible contest, as irrational in its objects, as it was fruitless in its results. However, many of the ardent youth of Europe, led away by a generous sympathy, embarked for Candia, and joined the Venitian forces; thus supplying, from time to time, the loss occasioned by disease and the sword. It was a period of peace, and many, who were desirous of military renown, coveted the glory of being taught in such a school. The engineers particularly sought this distinction,—and Vauban, among others, carried there the tribute of his experience.

Notwithstanding the generous ardor thus displayed, and the pertinacity of the defence, the Turks pressed on, and in the spring of 1669, after a series of desperate actions, succeeded in gaining possession of one of the principal outworks and reducing the fortifications almost to a heap of ruins. Candia approached its fall, when suddenly a French fleet, carrying seven thousand men, arrived to the aid of the defenders. They landed on the very eve of an intended final assault; but their presence dispirited the Turks, and the contemplated effort was abandoned. The French, however, could not consent to defend the city behind its ramparts. They immediately made a sortie, with all the ardor of their nation, and with all the enthusiasm inspired by the nature of the war in which they found themselves engaged. Their attack was so desperate and unexpected, that the Turkish army was thrown into immediate disorder and suffered a heavy loss. Had the assailants then retired, and coolly undertaken the defence of the place, the respect taught by this vigorous effort, and by the reinforcement itself, would probably have paralyzed the operations of the enemy, and might have led to the relief of the city. But the morning light disclosed the small number of the christians, and at the moment when these were upon the point of carrying the Ottoman entrenchments, a powder magazine belonging to the Turks blew up, and the French, fearing the whole ground was mined, retired in disorder,

leaving a large number dead upon the field, among whom was their general, the Duke of Beaufort.

This disaster sealed the fate of the unfortunate city, and with it the domination of the Venitians over the island. Disunion soon sprung up among the discordant materials composing the defence, and one after another, the volunteers, abandoned a task which appeared hopeless, and retired as they could to their respective countries. The Turks, concentrating their energy, and encouraged by these circumstances, made a vigorous assault, which ended in putting them in possession of one of the principal defences, and in opening to them a passage in the heart of the city. It was determined, therefore, to surrender; and a capitulation was entered into, which was followed by the withdrawal of the Venitians, and the establishment of the Turkish power over the island.

Since that period it has had its full share in the miseries entailed upon all the christian people subjected to the Mahometan yoke. The disasters, occasioned by this long contest, have never been repaired, and never will be, till the government of the island is in other hands.

It was divided into three Pashalika, and subjected to three rapacious despots. In consequence of some internal dissensions between them, a band of the native mountaineers obtained permission to govern themselves. But this concession not being regarded with fidelity, frequent contests were the result, till in 1821, the Candioties joined the other Greeks in their attempt to shake off the Turkish yoke. Not being able to subdue them, the Sultan ceded the island to Mehemet Ali, who soon obtained possession of it, and it yet forms an integral part of his dominions.

It was the 29th July, 1837, that emerging from the beautiful group of the Cyclades, we approached the ancient kingdom of Minos. We had run down from Constantinople with a favoring breeze and delightful weather, and had passed the various isles and islets which "crown" this glorious "deep," and which have been the theatres of events that will forever render them celebrated in the annals of mankind. All of them are small specks, hardly distinguishable upon the map of the world, and some of them are mere rocks; but there is a deathless interest attached to them, which time cannot annihilate, and which will survive all the revolutions, social or political, they are destined to undergo. This sentiment is a generous tribute to the dignity of human nature. It is not wealth, nor power, nor numbers, which impose upon the imagination. It is none of these, nor the memory of these, which bring the trans-atlantic pilgrim, from the bustle and business and enterprise of a new world, to contemplate these scenes of former civilization and of present decay. No! he renders his homage to a nobler idol—to the memory of genius, industry, advancement in civilization, progress in the arts and sciences, and the cultivation of whatever can best promote the interests of human nature.

We had passed by Lemnos, Tenedos, Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos, Scio, Delos, Syra or Syros, Paros, and the various other islands, which deck these seas, and whose names and history are familiar to the reader; and we had stopped at several of them to examine their condition and to run over their interesting remains.

The compression, if we may so speak, of scenes and events, within a narrow compass, and the powerful emotions which this short voyage is calculated to excite, may be appreciated by this striking fact, that at one point of our passage, we had in view at the same moment, Syra, Tinos, Andros, Delos, Mycone, Naxos, Paros, Antiparos, Siphanto and Serpho. We had passed in the distance the island of Patmos, the residence of St. John, and, if not the scene of the revelations made to him, the place where he wrote the Apocalypse which recorded them.

Our own internal seas present masses of water as large and some of them larger, than this "Egean deep," and abound with picturesque objects, almost unrivalled in the world. The entrance into Lake Superior, with the shores embosomed in woods, the high lands gradually opening and receding on each side, and the water, as clear as crystal, extending beyond the reach of the eye, forms one of the most striking displays of natural beauties it has ever fallen to our lot to witness. And a scene, almost equally impressive, though of a different character, attends the traveller who crosses the small arm of Lake Huron, between the island of Michilimackinac and the entrance of the straits of St. Marie, which communicate with Lake Superior. One bright summer morning we found ourselves making this passage, and as the sun displayed his disk above the water which surrounded us, we were surprised by a singularly interesting spectacle. We were accompanied by a fleet of three hundred Indian canoes, which had left Michilimackinac in the night, in order to make the passage, before the wind—which strengthens as the day advances—should render the voyage dangerous, for the frail birch vessels in which they navigate the rivers and lakes, that furnish them with so much of their subsistence. These Indians had made their usual annual visit to Michilimackinac, to sell their peltries and procure supplies of ammunition and clothing, and to talk over their public affairs with the representative of the government stationed there; at that time Mr. Schoolcraft, to whose worth as a citizen, and to whose exemplary conduct as a public officer, we are happy to have this opportunity of bearing testimony. They were returning in high spirits, having with them all their families, as is the usual custom of the Indians in these excursions, and having also a supply of the articles most necessary to enable them to contend with the hardships incident to their mode of life. The lake was perfectly smooth, the Indians animated, paddling with their utmost energy, and singing their various songs, with a strength of lungs which sent these far over the water. The whole display was full of life, and we recall it with the most pleasant emotions. But these scenes upon our Indian border, whether still or animated, are feeble in their effects upon the human mind, when compared with the impressions produced in the theatre where we were now moving. Distance, however, no where lends *enchantment to the view* more than here. But the nakedness of reality comes painfully to destroy some of these delusions on a near approach. All these islands are destitute of timber, naked as a vast prairie, but without one other point of resemblance. They are generally rocky, broken by ravines, and to the eye nothing can appear more sterile. The mode of culture, when

they are cultivated, is slovenly, the inhabitants indolent, the houses mean and dirty, and the towns and villages in a state of decay, and yet we visit them with the deepest interest. We visit them for what they have been, and in spite of what they are.

One of the most renowned is the little islet of Delos, or rather the two morsels of rock and earth known under that name, but separated by a narrow channel, furnishes the most striking illustration of these remarks, and the most complete picture of desolation, which even these regions exhibit. In our lonely walk amid its ruins, we did not meet a single human being. What a contrast between this almost frightful solitude and its former condition, when it was filled by busy crowds which inhabited it, or which continually flocked to it to worship at its temples, as the Jews went up to Jerusalem to render their devotions to the living God!

The sanctity of this chosen spot, is one of the facts best known in the history of ancient manners. It was the birth place of Apollo and Diana, and its three famous temples were dedicated respectively to the brother and sister and to their mother Latona. Their ruins yet attest the extent and splendor of these edifices; to the construction and embellishment of which the various states of Greece contributed with a generous spirit of rivalry, evincing the liberality of their disposition and the ardor of their religious faith. This island was holy ground, a place of refuge, where even enemies were friends when they met upon it. Livy relates an interesting anecdote upon this subject. A commission of Roman deputies going to Syria and Egypt were compelled to stop at Delos, where they found a number of galleys belonging to the kings of Macedonia and Pergamos at anchor, although these two princes were then at war. The historian adds, that the Romans, Macedonians, and Pergamians, met and conversed in the temple, as though they had been friends. The sanctity of the place suspended all hostilities.

In like manner, when the victorious Persian squadrons swept the Grecian seas, and landed detachments, which ravaged the other islands, the commander spared Delos, and even reproached the inhabitants for having quitted it upon his approach, adding, "Why have you quitted your dwellings, and thus marked the bad opinion you have of me? I am not your enemy by choice—and besides I am ordered by my king not to commit hostilities in a country, where two divinities were born, and to use no violence towards those who inhabit it. Return then, and resume possession of your houses and lands!"

And in this island, thus venerated, we saw, not the marbles actually in the process of being burnt into lime, but the pits where the lime had been made, and where, perhaps, some of the most beautiful works of antiquity had been prepared to form the mortar for a miserable cottage. It is said, that heretofore the inhabitants of Mycone rented this island from the Turkish government at the annual price of ten crowns! Such a picture admits no other trait.

As the last island of the Egean group sunk in the horizon, Crete rose before us, extending east and west, and presenting its diversified shores to our view. The aspect was rugged, and the coast precipitous and iron-bound, while in the interior arose a range of mountains, upon whose summits the clouds were resting. We

steered for the bay of Suda, and entered it without accident, mooring our noble frigate in its quiet waters.

This bay is one of the most magnificent ports in the world, stretching inland about six miles, with a breadth of three, capacious enough to contain the most powerful navy, and with sufficient depth of water for any vessel that floats. Its entrance is narrow, and divided by two small islands, on one of which is a little fortress, completely commanding the approach. We were told that the commanding officer was a *bon-vivant*, who loved wine better than the Koran; and that the captain of one of our armed vessels, who was desirous of entering the harbor, but who was prevented by the new quarantine regulations, which Mehemet Ali has recently adopted, found his way to the Egyptian's heart through a bottle of champagne, who, disregarding the fear of the plague and the fear of the Pasha, dispensed with the sanitary precautions and admitted his new friend to *pratique* without hesitation. Whatever opinion may be entertained respecting the progress of the Turks in the manners of the western Europeans in other respects, there is none in this, that the higher classes are fast acquiring the habit of drinking wine, and some of them a much stronger liquid. The *penchant* of the late Sultan for this indulgence, was well known through the empire, and could not fail to produce by its example a powerful influence. Ibrahim Pasha is a confirmed toper; and if we should use a harsher word, we should probably convey to our readers a still juster idea of the extent to which he carries this habit. In Damascus, we found the table of the governor general of Syria loaded with wine; and his confidential friend and physician, a French gentleman, observed, significantly and jocosely, that his patron had fifteen thousand books in his library. We did not need the arch look, which accompanied these words, to enable us to correct the errata; for books, read bottles of wine.

Still this practice is neither altogether general nor public, and we found that much prejudice was excited against those who indulged themselves too freely and openly. A respectable French officer, high in the confidence of the Pasha, has renounced christianity and embraced the Moslem faith. We found him in command of the ancient city of Sidon, and he is at this moment the second officer in the army of Ibrahim Pasha, which is defending the entrance of Syria against the Turks. His new religion must sit lightly upon him, and the devout Mussulmen do not appear to have much confidence in the faith of their proselyte. What sort of a follower of the prophet can he be? said they; he never goes to the mosque; he drinks wine and eats pork. The days of Turkish fanaticism are indeed past. The time has been, and not long since, when his turban would not have protected his neck from the scimitar or the bowstring.

The entrance of the bay of Suda is from the east, and beyond is a high projecting point, which completely shelters it from the sea. To the north and the south are rugged hills, but to the west the break between the ridges continues and forms a level valley, which opens in about two miles at the city of Canea. There are two small villages upon the bay, occupying the declivity of the southern range of hills. The scenery is not uninteresting, relieved by little orchards of olive trees,

that precious gift of Providence, whose production is so essential to the inhabitants of the east. The plain leading to Canea is covered with a light sandy soil, and abounds in water, which might be used for the purpose of irrigating the crops, but which is almost wholly neglected. There are some villages upon the route, and traces of a considerable population.

Canea occupies the site of the ancient Cydonia, the mother city of the island, renowned for its power and opulence, and which was the theatre of many interesting events in the history of Crete. But the modern town extends over a small part only of the ancient one.

It is not the political capital of the island, but it is the place of the greatest commerce—and this preëminence it owes to its position in the most fertile region, to its port, where vessels of three hundred tons can enter, and to its vicinity, being within two miles to the bay of Suda, which affords safe anchorage to the largest ships.

It was formerly strongly fortified by the Venitians, but a portion of the works have been demolished, and another portion is in a state of dilapidation. This neglect is of the less importance, as it is probable the future possession of the island will depend more upon the decision of diplomacy than upon military expeditions.

The harbor is small and obstructed by ruins, and not safe in a northern gale. The buildings are old and in a state of decay, and every thing shows that the hand of oppression has weighed heavily upon the wretched population.

Mehemet Ali has established a rigid police through his dominions. Whoever possesses sufficient knight-errantry to seek dangers, either for the sake of recording them, or from any higher motive, would waste his time if he stopped in either of the provinces subjected to the sway of the Egyptian Pasha. He chooses to be, through himself or his agents, the only oppressor in his government; a part, indeed, which he fulfils with admirable ability. But the traveller is safe, not only in his person, but he is generally protected from imposition and extortion. In traversing the island of Crete, he would have nothing to fear but the usual casualties of a journey and the fatigues to which he would be exposed by the state of the country and the manners of the inhabitants.

From the bay of Suda we sailed down the coast, passing Retimo, the third city in importance, after Candia and Canea, in the island. It was a place of much distinction in the time of the Venitians, and it is filled with the evidences of their power and wealth in every state of decay. It stands upon a low cape, but its harbor is not well sheltered, and the mole which formed it has been almost destroyed. The channel has been so filled up with an accumulation of sand, that no vessels drawing more than thirty tons can enter. Those of larger tonnage must remain in an open roadstead.

The population is about eight thousand, and its commerce is principally carried on with Greece and the islands of the Archipelago.

When we arrived at Candia, the capital of the island, we unfortunately found Mehemet Ali there, with a part of his fleet, anchored before the town. We say unfortunately, because he had just given, in his own person,

an example of submission to his quarantine regulations, which left us no hope of a relaxation in our favor, as we had visited a suspected port within the limited period. Not having, at our disposition, the time necessary to procure admission, we abandoned the island and bore up for the Holy Land.

The city of Candia presents rather an imposing aspect from the sea. In its rear is a range of mountains which extend through the island, and from amid which the snow-covered top of Ida is prominently distinguishable from the rest of the chain. In the distance the city is thrown with beautiful effect against this ridge, though in fact it is surrounded by a considerable plain. The mountains, however, diminish much in height and the chain is almost interrupted, so that the gaps furnish convenient routes for traversing the island from north to south. The plain extends to the base of the ridge from which Ida projects.

The city contains about twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants. It has a mole and a small port for vessels of light burthen; but for those of greater depth of water, it affords no protection but an open roadstead. It presents the aspect of an old Venitian town, rather than that of a Turkish one. The streets are wide and paved, but in a rough manner. There are some fountains, and occasional rows of trees, which produce an agreeable effect. The fortifications are nearly in the state the Venitians left them, somewhat repaired, in the most necessary places, but generally dilapidated. The guns are old and apparently unserviceable, almost as dangerous to the possessors as to their enemies. The bazaars are tolerably well supplied, and on the whole there is an agreeable air of business and neatness in the city, presenting a favorable contrast to the general aspect of Turkish towns.

The island of Candia extends about one hundred and sixty miles from east to west, and about thirty from north to south in its widest part. It is divided by a ridge of mountains, running longitudinally through the island, and separating the northern from the southern part. Towards the centre, this ridge is less elevated and precipitous, and communications from one coast to the other have been easily established; but elsewhere the passage is more difficult and the aspect of the interior more savage. The roads, or rather passes, have been wholly neglected, and are now tedious and dangerous. Wheel carriages are unknown, and the transportation of the productions to the coast forms an important portion of their cost to the purchaser. Frequently the solid masonry of the old Venitian bridges has survived the roads they were intended to connect, and evince the former flourishing condition of the country. There are no rivers—the streams descending from the mountains not deserving that name—but springs and rivulets are abundant, and under happier auspices might be employed in irrigating the fields. But, alas! the country presents almost one scene of desolation. It is well known that the olive is a tree of slow growth, requiring many years to reach maturity and to produce its fruit. The ruthless Turks have cut down a large portion of these trees, the work of centuries, and thus extended their vengeance to succeeding generations. We found the same result elsewhere in the east, wherever in fact man had arrayed himself against man. The first act of oppression is to cut

down the olive trees around a village, and then the labor of destruction is almost complete, for the miserable hovels are not worth the trouble of demolition. The plain from Athens to the Piræus was heretofore a magnificent olive orchard, but now its superb trees have almost disappeared, leaving scattered individuals to attest its former magnificence. With a little bread and a few olives a Greek soldier performs his duties and cheerfully encounters the painful marches over the rugged paths through his country. And the Greek peasant is happy, if he can provide a scanty supply of this favorite food for his wife and children. We were told at Athens of a curious division of property, by which, frequently, the ground belonged to one man, the tree to another, and the product to a third. We were also told what was the principle by which these respective rights were regulated and the rent of the owners secured. But we have no space for its development.

About twenty miles from the city of Candia, at the base of Mount Ida, is the cavern so celebrated under the name of the Labyrinth. It is in the vicinity of the site of the ancient city of Gortyna, whose remains yet attest its former power and opulence. The credulity of the ancients and their predisposition to the marvellous, are in nothing more remarkable than in the fabulous recitals concerning this "Big Cave," as it would be called in Kentucky, and the exaggeration of many modern travellers has been scarcely less marked, and is certainly much less excusable. That it was originally a natural cavern in a soft limestone rock, there is no doubt. Many of the chambers and passages have been increased by the hand of man. And the wonder is not that this should have been done, and this subterranean arylum occasionally resorted to by the inhabitants of the neighboring regions; but that in an enlightened age, doubts should have been elevated into mystery, and much learned *charlatanism* employed to envelope a very plain subject with difficulties. When the proximity of the city of Gortyna is recollected, and the contests in which it was involved for ages, together with the general state of insecurity, which has often prevailed upon this island, what more natural than that the inhabitants should occasionally seek refuge for themselves and their property in this secluded cavern, so difficult to be discovered and so easy to be defended; or, that in a succession of ages, the natural fissures in the rock should have been enlarged, and the whole work rendered more capacious and more comfortable? We are persuaded that this is the natural solution of all the mystery attending this subject. As to the story of the Labyrinth, and the thousand fables connected with it, they do not merit a moment's serious consideration, except so far as they furnish materials for an interesting chapter in the history of human nature; evincing on the one hand the fertility of the imagination, and, on the other, the extent to which credulity may be carried, either in an implicit belief in a monstrous fable, or in a more chastened faith, seeking the materials in bygone events, and gravely endeavoring to account for the violations, not only of probability, but of possibility, by combining some allegorical mystery with traditional facts.

One cannot but be struck with the resemblance between this cavern, and those to be found in the limestone regions of Kentucky. The description of the former is absolutely applicable to the latter, leaving not

the slightest doubt but that they owe their origins to the same common causes. If the traditions of the aboriginal inhabitants of Kentucky had been preserved, it may be that they would have furnished us a story quite as interesting as the adventures of Theseus and the destruction of the Minotaur. And if they had found a record as lasting and as beautiful as the Roman poet has bequeathed to posterity, we might not have envied the Cretan wonder the description of its

"Parietibus textum cœcis iter, ancipitemque
Mille viis habuisse dolum"——

in the time of the Greeks.

It is estimated that Crete contained twelve hundred thousand inhabitants. In the mutation of its fortunes, these have been successively reduced, so that under the government of the Venitians, they did not reach one million; but the diminution was frightfully accelerated by the Turkish yoke, which, with its accustomed destructive power, had brought this number down to about two hundred and eighty thousand before the commencement of the Greek revolution; and at present it does not exceed one hundred and seventy thousand, of whom one hundred and thirty thousand are Greeks and forty thousand Mahometans. The state of the population in former ages is sufficiently indicated by the accounts which are given of its hundred cities,

"Centum urbes habitant magnas"——

and the epithet even which Homer applies to it, "*Creta Hecatompolis*," marks the progress it must have made at that early period in the elements of wealth and power. And though this number of one hundred may have been rather a round one than numerically exact, still no doubt can exist, but that there were a great number of important towns in this island, towards the commencement of authentic history. Pliny, after enumerating nearly twenty cities upon the coast and as many in the interior, all existing in his time, adds, that the memory of sixty others was still preserved. The renown which the island enjoyed among the ancients, for its fertility and the mildness of its climate, is well borne out by these evidences of its adaptation to the support of a dense population.

The repulsive effects of Turkish conquest upon the countries subdued by the Mahometans, is one of the distinctive traits of their religious and social institutions. Among other nations there is a slow but gradual tendency towards amalgamation between the invaders and the invaded; and generally in a succession of ages, the peculiar characteristics of each are so softened, if not annihilated, that the original differences disappear and cease to produce any effect upon the new society. Not so with the followers of Mahomet. Their fanaticism never slumbers, and their religious dogmas raise an impassable barrier between themselves and the inhabitants of the countries overrun by them. It is a cardinal principle, not only of their policy but of their faith, that all the people they subdue, have justly forfeited their lives; and it is a practical corollary, that whether these shall be spared or not is a simple question of expediency. The English law is not the only one which delights in fictions; the Turkish code contains at least one of these subtle contrivances, by which results are obtained not originally contemplated by the lawgiver. When the conquered Rayahs are

freed from military execution, this exertion of Mussulman mercy is not a pardon but a reprieve. The penalty always hangs over them, and is ransomed from year to year by a tax, constituting a considerable item in the Turkish budget. Every person in the Turkish empire, not a Mahometan, pays this yearly contribution, under the pretence of its being due to the Sultan for his clemency in permitting the infidel dog to live under the shadow of his throne during another year.

As to intermarriages between the professors of Moslemism and christianity, this mode of uniting the races is impossible, because every such union is punishable with death, and the most sedulous attention seems to have been exerted in other respects to preserve the same system of separation. The Turk adopts a peculiar costume, one, which till lately, has not changed, and which has probably been unvaried since the days of Abraham; and he prescribes, if not all the costume, at least a part of it, which his conquered subjects shall wear. In courts of justice the christian's statement is valueless, and he has little to hope from a legal controversy with a fellow subject of the favored caste. The cardinal principle of the Turkish polity seems to have been, that a Mahometan is made to govern and a christian to submit; and this principle has been carried out in all the various forms that a complicated state of society presents. We say *has been*, because great changes have come over the Turkish institutions and greater yet seem to be in progress.

At this moment, in the island of Crete, the condition of the Mahometans, if not actually worse than that of the Greeks, promises less melioration. The former are generally all poor, with the exception of a few rich Agas. Before the revolution they were Janissaries, and were maintained by their privileges and by the taxes and extortions wrung from the latter. But now this redoubtable order is suppressed, and its remains, driven to their own resources, are barely able to procure the necessaries of life. Their number is in a state of rapid declension; while the Greeks, relieved from some of the oppressions which weighed them down, and finding their industry better rewarded, and their acquisitions better protected, are gradually advancing in improvement. Our intelligent informant told us, that four years ago scarcely a house was standing or a field cultivated; but that now the signs of prosperous industry began to meet the eye of the traveller in different parts of the island.

The principal agricultural product of Crete is the olive. It gives the most profitable return; though, at present, from the dearth of labor, it is estimated that more than one-fifth of the olive trees are neglected; laborers not being found to gather the fruit. Wheat is also a staple article, but unfortunately the province of Messara, heretofore most devoted to its culture, was one of the districts which suffered most from the revolution; and this circumstance, with the general depression of agriculture, has led to such a diminution in the supply, that large quantities of this article have been imported for consumption. However, the culture begins to revive.

The same causes have operated to depress the production of another of the staple articles of Crete—that of wine. The soil and climate are favorable to the growth of the vine, and several species of grape have

been cultivated, producing different kinds of wine much esteemed, and which were formerly in demand for exportation. But the supply is now restricted to the domestic consumption; though, as agriculture and manufactures revive, there is little doubt but that this branch of industry will be again cultivated with success.

Crete produces the following articles for exportation:

Oil.—Which is peculiarly adapted from its quality to the manufacture of soap, though the quantity varies greatly from year to year.

Silk.—Of a superior quality, but in small quantities.

Raisins.

Honey.—Highly esteemed through the east.

Chesnuts.—An important article of consumption in these regions. Those of Crete are in much demand through the Archipelago.

Cheese.—Formerly Crete possessed large flocks of sheep, and there was manufactured from their milk a cheese, known under the name of sphakian, esteemed through the east. The troubles in the island led necessarily to the diminution of the flocks, but they are now increasing, and cheese is again becoming an article of exportation.

Whetstones.—Said to be of excellent quality.

Carobs.

Vallonea.

Almonds.

Soap.—The habits of the eastern nations lead to a great consumption of soap. Their ablutions are frequent; and preferring fingers to knives and forks, they find themselves obliged, after eating, to wash with soap and water. We have often admired the dexterity with which the servants manage this ceremony. The water is always poured from a vessel with a spout, resembling one of our coffee pots, upon the hands, which are held over a basin, and the operation is a very comfortable one, while the habit itself of personal neatness is conducive to health.

Crete possesses many manufactories of soap, and this article, which is of an excellent quality, is exported to all the countries in the Levant. Olive oil is used in its manufacture. The silks of Crete go to Trieste; the raisins to Tunis, Malta, and Trieste; the carobs to Malta, Genoa, and Constantinople; the vallonea to Trieste; and the almonds to the Black Sea. The other articles of produce principally to Turkey.

Crete imports from the Adriatic Gulf boards and nails, now much wanted for the construction and repair of houses,—from Germany and England, cloths, cottons, calicoes, &c. A few articles of American manufacture find their way there indirectly. Colonial products, coffee, rum, sugar, &c., are supplied by Trieste, Marseilles, and Malta; leather by Leghorn and Russia; iron by Trieste; corn, when necessary, by the Black Sea, Macedonia and Anatolia; rice by Alexandria and Piedmont; butter by Africa; and cod fish by France.

The commercial relations of Crete are principally with Syra and Trieste, which serve as entrepôts, whence the articles required are imported, from time to time, in small quantities.

The pre-existing commercial regulations through the Turkish empire must undergo great changes in consequence of the treaties recently negotiated by France and England at Constantinople. The principles will

no doubt be extended to all other nations. If faithfully executed, the odious monopoly established by Mehemet Ali in Egypt will be abolished, and that unfortunate country delivered from one of the heaviest oppressions under which it labors. But the Pasha is shrewd, avaricious and unprincipled; and he may find the means to render abortive all the efforts of the commercial interest of western Europe, to open its natural channels to the trade of Egypt. This system of monopoly, the last and worst contrivance of vice regal cupidity, has not found its way into Crete. The Egyptian merchant—for the Pasha is the only free merchant in his metropolitan country—has yet spared his conquered provinces this infliction. He may be waiting the firmer consolidation of his power and the final settlement of the questions pending between him and his nominal sovereign, but actual rival, the Sultan. His recent victory near Aleppo, and the death of his personal enemy Mahmoud, and the consequent stirring events, which at the moment we are writing are going on in the east, seem to assure to him the great object of his ambition—the establishment of an independent and hereditary government in his family.

The import and export trade of Crete is fettered with few impositions, and many other countries might draw a profitable lesson in political economy from Turkish and Egyptian moderation. The goose is allowed to lay its golden egg daily, without the fear of death to extract from it the precious deposit, and thus, in the fallacious hope of immediate acquisition, to sacrifice both present and future. The duties of entrance and clearance are three per cent, without any addition for coastage transportation. There is neither tonnage nor wharfage nor light-house duty, and the pilotage is in fact whatever the vessels please to pay, for the regular allowance is but three piastres, say fifteen cents. As to manifests, and all the machinery of custom house security against frauds, the Cretan regulations make short work of them. The captain or merchant interested in the importation or exportation, makes his declaration at the custom house, and the affair is finished.

The Mahometan governments meddle but little with foreigners living within their dominions. As long as these refrain from any acts compromising the public peace, they are left to the jurisdiction of their own consuls. This jurisdiction is aided, if necessary, by the local police, and the consuls are vested with very extensive and summary powers over their fellow countrymen. If a foreigner commits an offence against the peace of the island, he is delivered to his proper consul, who tries and punishes him agreeably to the laws of his own country. Formerly, whenever an injury was committed by a foreigner, a tax or *oranie* was levied upon the whole body of foreigners, and a fund thus raised, by which the innocent paid for the crimes of the guilty. But all this is changed, and not only has the tax disappeared, but the offender is referred, as we have seen, to the jurisdiction of his own consul. The subjects of the new kingdom of Greece are yet liable to some vexatious restrictions, the result of the feeling inspired by recent events, and perhaps by the relations of language, religion and manners, which connect them with the great body of the Cretan people. But these precautions will gradually disappear, and the Greeks be

admitted fully to participate in the freedom enjoyed by other foreigners; which, in fact, amounts almost to immunity.

The average annual importations of Crete are estimated at 25,300,000 piastres, equal to \$1,265,000, and the exportations at 22,500,000 piastres, equal to \$1,125,000. The number of vessels which entered in 1837 was 717, with a total tonnage of 30,532 tons, and manned by 4,992 men. The number which cleared during the same year was 730, with a tonnage of 31,629 tons, and with crews amounting to 5,577 men.

The revenues of the island for the same year are exhibited in the subjoined statement:

	Piastres.
Taxes on agricultural produce,	4,950,000
Rent paid in kind by the farmers of the government lands,	500,000
Capitation tax,	890,000
Duties on oil exported,	1,030,000
Duties on soap exported,	705,000
Duties on other exports,	120,000
Custom house duties on goods imported,	210,000
Duties on agricultural produce, paid at the gates of the several cities, equivalent to the active duties of France,	180,000
Duties on certain articles to defray the expenses of the cities,	171,000
Receipts from courts of justice,	150,000
Receipts from lazarettos,	100,000
	8,926,000

Equal to \$446,340.

The expenditures during the same year were as follows:

Salary of the governor,	2,200,000
Pay, rations, &c., of the Arab troops,	3,500,000
Pay, rations, &c., of 1,300 Albanians, irregular troops,	3,500,000
Salaries of the members of the three councils, and incidental expenses,	600,000
Salaries of the treasurer, clerks, &c.,	120,000
Salaries of the members of the courts of justice, and the officers of the custom house,	100,000
Salaries of those employed to collect the taxes imposed on certain articles to defray city expenses,	120,000
Salaries of officers of the lazaretto, and incidental expenses,	70,000
	7,910,000

Equal to \$395,500.

We annex as a statistical curiosity the following abstract of the extraordinary expenditures made by Mehemet Ali in Candia, since the island came into his possession; a portion of which, were for works of internal improvement.

	Piastres.
For building at Candia a small lazaretto, where vessels with clean bills of health only are received,	30,000
Do. do. at Retimo,	20,000
Do. do. at Spinalonga,	20,000
Do. do. at Lontia,	15,000
Do. do. do.	65,000
Amount carried up,	150,000

	Piastres.
Amount brought up,	150,000
For building a lazaretto at Suda, where all vessels are received, coming with foul bills of health, and infected or suspected merchandize,	1,146,500
Repairing and partly clearing port of Retimo,	171,500
Repairing the port of Candia,	575,000
Repairing the fortress of Canea,	280,000
Repairing the fortress of Carabonsa,	65,000
Repairing the arsenal at Canea,	50,000
Repairing the fortress at Suda,	50,000
Cost of machinery for clearing port of Canea,	380,000
Cost of an aqueduct at Candia,	305,000

(Equal to \$166,150.) 3,323,000

When the allied powers of Europe interfered efficaciously for the establishment of the kingdom of Greece, considerations of policy prevented the annexation of Candia to the new state; to which union it was called by the wishes of its inhabitants, whose language, associations and interests connected them with their brethren of the same stock, the descendants and remains of the subjugated eastern empire. However, the island was not restored to the Turks, but was secured to Mehemet Ali, in whose possession indeed it had been for some time. He was required to govern it without the imposition of any new taxes; a condition which, if faithfully observed, would go far to defeat one of the principal objects of Mahometan governments—which is to wring from the wretched population all the money that power can procure and poverty furnish. In the present constitution of the island, it is governed by a Pasha, whose authority is in fact unlimited, but whom the policy of the Vice Roy has surrounded with some institutions having the appearance of a representative character. And though no usefully practical result, to any great extent, has yet been obtained, because the elements of administrative knowledge are sparsely scattered among the Turkish population, still the experiment is an interesting one, and it is to be hoped it will be continued, and lay the foundation of a gradual melioration in the political institutions of the island. The whole country is divided into twenty cantons, each of which sends two members to their proper municipal council. There are three of these councils—one at Candia, one at Retimo, and one at Canea. One of the deputies from each canton is a Greek, and the other Turk; though this regulation has not been invariably observed, in consequence it is said of the difficulty of finding competent persons. But there is a singular difference in the application of this charge of incompetence; one of our authorities referring it to the Greeks and the other to the Turks. These councils have a legislative as well as a judicial power. They frame the laws and try and punish the breaches of them. But the pain of death cannot be inflicted without the approbation of the governor. In addition to these duties, they have important administrative powers, such as the enforcement of the regulations concerning the public health, the fixing of the price of provisions, the superintendence of the public works, &c. "The deputies receive a trifling salary, and being rather nominated by the governor than elected by the people, cannot be supposed to be very independent."

We cannot close this sketch without acknowledging

our obligation to Mr. Bonnal, the consul of the United States at Canea. His long residence in the island, together with his general information, gives great authenticity to his statements, and he seems as eager to communicate as the traveller is to collect. He enjoys a high reputation at Canea, and deservedly so, and is a most worthy representative of our country in that remote place. We know no subject in the legislation, connected with our external relations, which demands more prompt and urgent attention than the situation of our consular establishments, more particularly those placed in Mahometan countries. Almost every where, indeed, the office of American consul is little better than an eleemosynary employment. Scattered over the globe, and stationed at all the interesting commercial points, these officers are dependent upon casual fees—altogether, except in a very few instances, inadequate to their support. On the continent of Europe, at some of the consulates, these fees are principally composed of charges upon the American traveller for the *visa* of his passport; that is, for the certificate of the consul, under his official seal, that he has examined the passport—an indispensable ceremony—without which the traveller would find his journey arrested by the police. But this tax is paid with much reluctance, and in fact ought to be abolished. But a substitute, however, should be immediately provided by law in an annual fixed allowance. And, what is still worse, many indispensable expenditures made by the consuls are left without being remunerated, because there is no legal provision for their allowance.

There is a little American mission at Canea, at the head of which is Mr. Benton—a worthy man—devoting himself zealously to the task he has undertaken, principally the education of youth. He has met with some difficulties from the local authorities, but we understand these are yielding to a better knowledge and a more correct appreciation of his motives and objects, and we could scarcely invoke for the island a more interesting institution than the firm establishment of this missionary undertaking.

No American can meet these little bands of pilgrims, which his country now sends forth to every benighted portion of the world, without an emotion of pride and patriotism as pure as it is profound. With a devotion at once ardent and enlightened, these generous apostles of religion, morality and education, gird themselves up to their task, and abandoning their native land with all it offers, go forth to regions, marked by ignorance, intolerance and misery as their own. They go indeed under the star-spangled banner, but it is neither to gather riches nor to carry war. Higher and holier sentiments impel them to the journey, and support them in the trials they are called upon to encounter. It was our good fortune to visit several of these establishments in the east, and we found that their inmates had conciliated the respect of the native inhabitants and were laying the foundation of future usefulness. These green spots in the moral desert are indeed refreshing, and doubly so to an American, as tributes of the generous zeal of his country to these regions of early civilization. We sincerely hope they may continue to multiply and flourish, and that the fructifying streams from the western continent which give them nourishment, may not fail in their supplies.

THE WATER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How beautiful the water is!
 Didst ever think of it,
 When down it tumbles from the skies
 As in a merry fit?
 It jostles, ringing as it falls,
 On all that's in its way—
 I hear it dancing on the roof,
 Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout
 And gushing out below;
 A happy thing the water is,
 While sporting thus, I know.
 The earth is dry, and parch'd with heat,
 And it hath long'd to be
 Releas'd from out the selfish cloud,
 To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,
 The flowret's simple grace,
 As if to chide the pretty thing
 For dust upon its face.
 It scours the tree, till every leaf
 Is freed from dust or stain,
 Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd
 And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop, is tinkling down,
 To kiss the stirring brook,
 The water dimples from beneath
 With its own joyous look—
 And then the kindred drops embrace,
 And singing, on they go,
 To dance beneath the willow tree,
 And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!
 It loves to come at night,
 To make you wonder in the morn
 To see the earth so bright;
 To find a youthful gloss is spread
 On every shrub and tree,
 And flowrets breathing on the air,
 Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is,
 It loves the flowret's cup,
 To nestle mid the odors there,
 And fill its petals up—
 It hangs its gems on every leaf,
 Like diamonds in the sun;
 And then the water wins the smile,
 The flowret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!
 To me 'tis wondrous fair—
 No spot can ever lonely be,
 If water sparkles there—
 It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
 Of grandeur, or delight;
 And every heart is gladder made,
 When water greets the sight.

RETURN TO DELAWARE.

Oh! bright to my eye was the billow that burst,
In distance, on Delaware's green, shady shore;
For there in the cradle of liberty nurs'd,
In childhood, my country I learned to adore.

Land of the beautiful! land of the brave,
The gifted and glorious, the favored and free!
Oh! death to the dastard, and chains for the slave,
Who'd refuse to preserve, or perish with thee.

Green home of my youth, still as bright to my eyes
Are thy flowery fields, and cloud-covered hills!
And bright as the sunlight, that lumines thy skies,
Is the light in my mind, which fond memory fills.

Now brighter and brighter, yon dim shore appears—
'Tis the halcyon of hope, 'tis the beacon of bliss;
And Affection has opened her deep fount of tears,
For, oh! there's no home so happy as this.

In fancy I see the gay beautiful bower,
Where the minstrel to woman in boyhood sung;
Where adorned by her hand with a fanciful flower,
The harp of his happy heart often has hung.

Sweet land of philosophy, land of the fair,
A prodigal son I return to thy shore;
To the home of my childhood I fondly repair,
To wander away from thy pleasures no more.

MILFORD BARD.

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES:

TO THE EDITOR.

By the Author of "The Tree Articles."

NO. XI.

MY BOOKS UNPACKED.

I resume my pen, this month, still surrounded by my unpacked library, which is not yet quite set up, however. We, dear reader, like learned Bellario and the fair Portia, in the play, will yet "turn o'er many books together," before all is set "to rights;" and, in the meantime, take we up, as promised last month, this edition of BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, which opens at the mark we left, with the TRAGEDY OF "VALENTINIAN."

Of all the works of this literary copartnership I think I have been most pleased, upon a careful perusal, with this play. It bears the name of Fletcher alone, and was first printed in the year 1647. I do not award it so high a meed of praise as a mere dramatic production; for its plot is irregular and ill-contrived, and it seems to inculcate no very important general moral. But as a poem, it is unrivalled by any other work of its authors. The introduction of the Emperor's parasites opens the way for many indelicate allusions: yet, in this respect, the play, compared with others, is certainly among the least exceptionable.

A general murders his best friend, for trying to prevent his revolt, in revenge for the rape of his wife by the Emperor, Valentinian. That monarch is poisoned by a

servant of this friend; and Maximus assumes the purple, is married to Eudisia, the relict of Valentinian, and is put to death by her, she believing him false. But, as I have already said, the play derives no interest from its plot, but from the general tone and style of its poetical execution, and the deep knowledge of all the phases, and all the workings of the human heart, which is manifested throughout the whole, by its authors.

The meeting of Decius, Maximus, and Lucina, after the visit to the Emperor, affords a scene of great power; the concealment of his indignation, by Maximus,—his bitter agony from a breaking heart,—his terribly passionate and scornful irony, make the reader shudder and weep, at once.

The first extract I shall make, (and in quoting, I shall entirely disregard the course of the story,) is a description of Lucina (the wife of Maximus,) by Chilax, a pander to Valentinian, who had been employed to carry her off. He is addressing the Emperor:

"She has in her—

All the contempt of glory, and vain seeming
Of all the stoics: All the truth of christians,
And all their constancy. *Modesty was made*
When she was first intended: When she blushes,
It is the holiest thing to look upon:
The purest temple of her sect that ever
Made Nature a bless'd founder."

And another heartless pander to the monarch's unholy lust thus strikingly paints her:

"I ask'd her,

After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If the Emperor, grown mad with love, should—
'Stop,' said she,
And pointed to a Lucrece that hung by,—
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot mortal fire against me,—she departed!"

This is certainly "a gem of purest ray serene." Ardelia and Phorba, courtezans, are employed by Valentinian's wicked tools, to aid in this despicable plot against Lucina, who thus addresses them:

"If ever ye had fathers, and they, souls;
If ever mothers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Besides your sins, or common but your curses;
If ever any of your ancestors
Died, worth a noble deed, that should be cherished;
Soul-frightened with this black infection,
You'd run from one another to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,
That made ye blind and beasts!"

To this heart-searching appeal Ardelia only remarks,

"So godly!

This is ill-breeding, Phorba!"

Valentinian says to Decius, his general,

"Take heed! you were better
Build your own tomb, and run into it, living,
Than dare a prince's anger."

Maximus thus addresses his wife, Lucina, after the hellish design of Valentinian had been forcibly accomplished:

"Go, Lucina!

Already in thy tears, I have read thy wrongs:—
Already found a *Caesar*. Go, thou lily,
Thou sweetly-drooping flower! Go, silver swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem! Go, Lucina,
And, if thou dar'st, outlive this wrong."

Can any thing be more fine than this? And again;
Lucina speaking of Valentinian says, forcibly,—

"And when he weeps, as you think, for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from hateful yew-trees,
That rot their honest neighbors."

Here is a song from the last act; the beauty of the language, the smoothness of the rhythm, and the imaginative tenderness of which are peculiarly striking.

"Care-charming Sleep thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death,—sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,
And, as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses: sing his pain
Like hollow-murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride."

Who, of all the poets, has transcended this? Lucina had resolved to follow the illustrious example of that Roman matron Lucretia, if like her's the alternative was to be life with dishonor, or death; and her own husband, Maximus, as we have seen, had strengthened her in this stern purpose by bidding her, like a silver swan, to go, and sing her own sad requiem. She is dishonored, and then dies by her own hand. Valentinian, her royal ravisher, then says to his parasites,

"She is not dead—wake her!
She sleeps!

"Licinius. We are no gods, sir!
If she be dead, to make her new again!

Valentinian. She cannot die! She must not die! Are those
I plant my love upon but common livers?
Their hours, as others', told them? Can they be ashes?
Why do you flatter a belief into me,
That I am all that is? 'The world's my creature;
The trees bring forth their fruits, when I say "Summer!"
The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
At my command moves not a leaf: the sea,
With his proud mountain-waters, enying heaven,
When I say "Sull!" runs into crystal mirrors!—
Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles!
That with my least breath break, no more remembered:
Ye moths! that fly about my flame, and more perish:
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honors,
Living no longer than my spring of fury;—
Why do ye make me God, that can do nothing?
Is she not dead!"

Here is a masterly description of honest poverty, exulting in its superiority over hypocritical and empty greatness: it is addressed to one of the minions of court-favor, by Pontius, a centurion, who had been cashiered by one of the Emperor's generals.

"I am poor,
And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,

Planting of worts and onions,—any thing
That's honest, and a man's, I'll rather choose!
(Ay! and live better on it, which is juster!)
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavor's done, and wages paid me,
Than you do, wine: eat my coarse bread not cursed,
And mend upon it:—(your diets are diseases:)
And sleep as soundly, when my labor bids me,
As any forward pander of ye all,—
And rise a great deal honest! My garments,
Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you through all your velvet!"

The character of old Decius, the victim to the monarch's cruelty, and a martyr to "as much goodness as could die, and excellence as could live," is finely drawn. The following extracts are from his dying speech, addressed to one of his friends, Phidias:

"This I charge ye,
(Because ye say, ye loved old Decius ay:)
See my poor body burned: and let some king
About my pile, of what I've done and suffered,—
If *Caesar* killed not that too. At your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient!

Be there
No annals of Decius, but 'HE LIVED.'
The winged feet of flying enemies
I've stood and viewed thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer."

I have mentioned that the Emperor was poisoned by the servant of that friend himself had murdered; and my last extract is his dying speech. It is a mighty conception of the author, this! Imagining the parting thoughts and horrid blasphemies of a wretch whose life had been devoted to the worship of his own senses; whose hand had been raised only to distress,—whose tongue had been made vocal only to damn,—his eye looking but to wither,—is indeed a stupendous effort of human genius!

He is dying of poison, and says, as life is fast ebbing away,—

"Gods! let me ask, what am I, that ye lay
All your afflictions on me? Hear me! hear me!
I do confess I am a ravisher—
A murderer—I hated *Caesar*: Oh!
Are there not vows enough—and flaming altars—
The fat of all the world for sacrifice—
And when that fails, the blood of thousand captives,
To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?
I do despise ye all! Ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no Gods! Your parole
Is only preached abroad to make fools fearful,
And women, made of awe, believe your heaven.
Oh! torments—torments—torments! Pains above pains!
If ye be any thing but dreams and ghosts;—
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;—
Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;—
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for them,
Weighing our fates and fortunes above reason;—
Be more than all, ye Gods! great in forgiveness!
Break not the goodly frame you built, in anger—
For ye are things, men teach us without passions.
Give me an hour to know ye in! Oh, save me!

But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
Take this destruction from me!—No! you cannot—
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer!
My brains are aches—now, my heart, my eyes—Friends,
I go! I go! More air! more air! I'M MORTAL!"

[Dies.

Here, while the volume is open before me, I may as well transcribe three beautiful stanzas from the same fine pens.

"Hence, all your vain delights!
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly:
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!
Oh! sweetest melancholy!

Welcome! folded arms, and fixed eyes!
A sigh, that, piercing, mortifies!
A look, that's fastened to the ground!
A tongue, chained up without a sound.
Fountain heads,—and pathless groves,—
Places which pale passion loves,

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls;—
A midnight-bell, a parting groan,—
These are the sounds we feed upon.

Then, stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as dainty melancholy!"

The following lines are from "The Queen of Corinth," by the same poets, and having copied them, we will put BEAUMONT and FLETCHER on the shelf.

"Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,—
Sorrow recalls not time that's gone!
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh, nor grow again.
Trim thy locks,—look cheerfully,—
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys, as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe,—
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more."

My next shall be a continuation of this subject, but more various in its topics, and of a somewhat lighter strain. At present, adieu!

J. F. O.

New York, October 1, 1839.

LETTERS FROM OUT THE OLD OAK.

NO. II.

My dear Messenger,—Discarding every thing like formality, you perceive I already assume the style of an old and intimate acquaintance, and in place of the coy distant address of Mr. Editor, have adopted the more social and affectionate one of my dear Messenger. I have often imagined, from the writings of the author, we might form a correct idea of the character of the man; such I am sure was the case with Byron; and if Willis's delineation of the right-amiable Mrs. Bulwer be true to life, I have not been mistaken in my estimate of her ladyship, from a perusal of the dedication affixed to her *Cheveley*, or the *Man of Honor*. Well, I was about making an application of this dictum to myself, but I will leave this to your more intelligent readers, and pass on. Night sits enthroned in darkness, and one solitary star, riding high and wan in its distant sphere, is holding its lonely vigil over the page upon which your correspondent embodies the fleeting reflections of an idle hour. A few old dusty volumes of un-

couth shape and size, lie scattered around me; and the profound stillness of the summer's night, is only broken by the deep-mouthed baying of the faithful watch dog. Imagination pictures to herself the ghosts of my ancestors, frowning upon the degenerate apostasy of their renegade descendant, who, forsaking the time-honored occupation of his forefathers, would call in question the wisdom of that philosophy which would entail upon the child the avocation, sentiments, and opinions of his parent. In the estimation of these venerable sages, book-learning should be left exclusively to the wealthy and high-born; to the plain farmer, so far from being a *sine qua non*, it but served to distract his attention with a thousand theoretical hypotheses, utterly at variance with the safe and advantageous prosecution of his calling. Science and agriculture were as diametrically opposed as light and darkness; the latter capable of receiving no assistance from the former, nor of reflecting any light upon her researches. Science was to be cultivated by the pale-face man of letters in the silent retirement of his chamber, whilst agriculture, like the mechanical arts, could only be advantageously pursued by him whose life had been practically devoted to its study. The expression of opinions so wide of fact, might at this day excite some surprise, but my countrymen are not now what they were some seventy years back, though I am not entirely satisfied but that many still afford practical illustrations of this same doctrine. The condition of our country at that time was such, as to afford few comparative facilities for the attainment of an education, and those few were solely within the reach of the aristocratic and wealthy. The stirring events of the Revolution, and the consequent excitement produced upon the minds of the people, caused to some extent a suspension in the operations of the social system. After the conclusion of that struggle, the entire change which had been effected in government, produced a change almost equally perceptible in the manners of the people. Though the artificial distinctions in the various grades of society, which existed in England, had never been recognized in Virginia, yet the line of demarkation between "distinguished families" and the residue of the community, was clearly defined and well understood. Old family mansions, whether protected by the law of entails or not, descended regularly from sire to son, whilst the right of primogeniture secured the entire landed estate in the hands of the eldest born. Under our republican system, however, these laws, which hitherto had virtually debarred the middle ranks of society from the hope of making any permanent acquisition of real interest were abolished, and others enacted in their stead, suited to the increased exigencies of society, and tending to facilitate the transfer of real property, as the convenience of families or the wants of the individual might demand. Industry and economy were now left free to acquire, and an opportunity presented "the many" of building up baronial estates similar to those already existing, or at least of participating in the wreck of such as were ready to decay. Money, therefore, became the great desideratum, and wealth, not education, the legacy which the parent was most desirous of bequeathing the child. These causes were not of a local or sectional character; but perhaps their influence operated to a greater extent in the tide water

sections of Virginia than elsewhere. Be this as it may, some cause existed to produce the effect. The productive resources of our State have not been developed; nor has the cause of education been sufficiently advocated or attended to. My county, in common with others, has suffered from the neglect of matters so important and essential to national improvement and national prosperity.

*Sæpe, malum hoc nobis, si mens non lava fulesset
De celo tactas memini prædicere quercus;
Sæpe sinistra cava, prædixit, ab illice cornix.*

Incessant and eternal motion, is, however, the law, not less of rational than inanimate nature. Looking to inanimate nature alone, there is not a shrub, or flower of the field, but that would serve to impress it upon the mind. The most usual and familiar phenomena testify to the truth of the assertion, with an impressive emphasis, which man can neither mistake nor question. "It is indelibly imprinted upon the face of the earth, in revolution and in change; indelibly, also, on that of the heavens, in never-ending exhibitions of wonder and of beauty." So intimately blended is it with all the functions of organized animate beings, that motion may well be said to be typical of life, whilst its absence is the unerring emblem of death. Nor is it the law of matter alone. It is equally applicable to mind. Neither the one nor the other can ever remain at rest. Progress or retrograde it must. It is the stern command of inexorable, unyielding destiny. Nations, like individuals, are its subjects, and under the influence of its operations—their history is but unending revolution. Thus has it been with us—many of the customs of our forefathers lie buried in their graves. Time has introduced innovation, and change succeeded unto change. Even the very sports and amusements of the young are not what they once were. The condition of society has been improved. A thousand presses are daily sending forth their winged messengers, laden with the chosen arcana of science; seminaries, academies, and colleges have been instituted; and the increasing demand for the productions of intellect and genius, must ultimately lead to results corresponding to the efforts made. The operation of these causes has not been entirely unproductive. Their influence has been felt; and so long as they continue to operate, improvement must be the consequence. As a citizen and son of Virginia, proud of her honors, and alive to her interests, I reiterate the compliment paid the editor of the Farmers' Register, by one of her congressional representatives—"That he has done better service to his State, than all her politicians combined, for the last twenty years." My county has not remained stationary amid the buzz of revolution and of change. The dissemination of correct views, and sound principles, relative to agriculture, must introduce improved systems of cultivation. Every facility here, which the farmer could wish or desire, Nature has placed within his reach. A country originally fertile, remarkably champaign, and intersected with numberless streams capable of boat navigation, needs only the hand of industry and enterprise speedily to approximate the favored Eutopia, as pictured by the dreaming visionary. The very rivers which bathe her shores and beautify her scenery, may be made to afford inexhaustible supplies of the finest manures. Yes, every wave of the majestic Potomac, for some months

in each year, bears on its bosom to the beach, a boon which would lend verdure to sterility, and cause the wild flower to bloom more luxuriantly and beautifully. Her surface is white with the merchantman's canvases, and each breeze may waft some portion of the productions of our soil to the first marts of our country. Internal improvements we need not. The voice of our representative is never heard in the hall of our legislature asking an expenditure of public funds for the construction of rail roads or the excavation of canals. The Rappahannock and Potomac, fair sisters, with their numerous creeks and inlets, are Nature's highways; we ask not of Art the exercise of her wand, or the display of her powers. A proper application of the means, which our locality presents, will develop resources amply sufficient, and Plenty, fair goddess, blending her blessings with the graces of our land, cause the home of Washington to become the Eden of Virginia.

The cause of agriculture, nevertheless how important soever it may be to us, is not one upon which I look with so much interest, as that of education. "Animi imperio, corporis servitio, magis utimur," says Salust; the one excelling the other as the gods were to superior brutes. The sentiment has lost none of its beauty or force, from its antiquity, whilst the truth of the old Roman's assertion would be well sustained by the testimony of the nineteenth century, in which of a truth, *arma cedant togæ, concedat laurea linguæ*. At no period in the history of mankind, has intellectual acquirement been more highly appreciated than now. Genius has never been cheered on her pathway with more thrilling plaudits, nor has her brow been encircled with a greener wreath, than that with which America is ready to reward her. In the best days of Augustan literature, when Mæcenæ had drawn about the throne of the Cæsars those living and undying lights which yet clothe it in glory and splendor, Intellect was not more highly prized, more richly rewarded. The field for her labors is illimitable—the necessity for her exertions coeval and coeternal with the existence of man. Considerations of high moment call on the American, with peculiar emphasis, to extend and disseminate every facility which our country can afford, for the promotion of information. Upon this pillar rests the question of man's capability for self-government,—the experiment of our ancestors, founded on this presumption, is dependent upon the wisdom of their descendants for its final completion. The cause of education is onward in its progress, *et sic semper esto*.
NUGATRITE.

Westmoreland County, Va.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh! when in Death's arms, this fond bosom reposes,
And the heart that adored thee, hath beat its last hour,
Bind round my pale brow a rich wreath of the roses,
That grow where we met in thy beautiful bower.

And when o'er my grave, thou shalt stand with emotion,
To gaze on the bard, as he lies on his bier,
Oh! remember the minstrel's undying devotion,
And drop on his bosom affection's fond tear!

When the moon, o'er my tomb, in her beauty shall wander,
And the bright star of eve, in the western sky set;
Oh! loved one, then come, bend thy knee there, and ponder
On all that hath passed, for thou canst not forget.

MILFORD BARD.

THE FOREST.

Ye dear old Forests! how I love,
At balmy close of summer day,
Along your flowery paths to rove,
And through your bowers of laurel stray.

To muse beneath your leafy plumes,
While slow and deep the breezes sigh;
And Memory chants amid your glooms
Low requiems to the days gone by.

Not years of youthful bliss were those
I've pass'd beneath your chequer'd shade;
But gloomy seasons, dark with woes,
By loneliness more grievous made.

How oft I've hasten'd to your bowers,
With aching heart, and weary eye,
To weep amongst the dewy flowers,
While zephyrs gave me sigh for sigh.

But then, though sorrow was my lot,
Some blessed hours would intervene;
And here and there a sunny spot
Records some dearly cherish'd scene.

A sister's hand has touch'd those flowers,
A brother's foot has linger'd here;
Friendship has sat beneath these bowers,
With sunny eye, and soul sincere.

And He who heeds the mourner's cry,
Has in these shades a mercy seat;
Here have I heard his voice of joy,
While humbly bending at his feet.

Ye dear old Forests! I have wept,
And smil'd and pray'd, your shades among,—
And ye have listen'd while I swept
My wild harp to the unstudied song.

And when I sleep the dreamless sleep,
Ye'll be a trophied tomb for me;
Where Nature's self will sigh and weep,
And wild birds hymn mine elegy.

LYDIA JANE.

ENTHUSIASM.

As the action of wind upon fire, so oftentimes is that of enthusiasm upon the flame of action or admiration. It is made to burn brighter for awhile, but only to go out the sooner. Enthusiasts taking up strong likes and dislikes, if they are once convinced of a flaw in the character of a person whom they had admired, immediately give them up forever, and frequently go exactly into the opposite direction. Such is the fate of a political favorite—admired and caressed for a season, whilst the enthusiasm in his favor lasts—and when it has burnt out, or when he has gone counter to his admirers in the slightest respect—abused and maltreated, as a man without principle, and as an enemy to his country.

Williamsburg, Va.

THE REV. MR. CHAPIN'S ADDRESS.

We have been anxious long since to give place to Mr. Chapin's Anniversary Address, delivered before the Richmond Lyceum in April last, and have only been prevented from doing so by the numerous demands upon our pages. The address itself has lost none of its freshness or importance by delay. It inculcates in singularly felicitous language the great and important truth, that *Intelligence* (by which is meant the clear perception of truth and duty universally diffused,) is *essentially requisite to the prosperity of a nation*. By *prosperity* Mr. Chapin means all that "relates to a nation's progress, happiness, and safety;" and with these definitions it will be found, that he has very conclusively proved his main proposition. Few, however, are willing to contest this great truth in the abstract, for the same has been long since demonstrated by reason, as well as by historical experience. The difficulty lies in carrying out our own convictions into practice, or in cordially uniting for the purpose of establishing and diffusing the only preventives to national decay and dissolution. What boots it that we know of some sovereign specific against contagion, if we madly neglect its use? If universal education, moral and mental, be necessary to perpetuate free government, and men are convinced of the fact, why are our law-makers so listless and indifferent on the subject, or why are the members of society generally so little disposed to make even small sacrifices, to insure so grand a result? The question, perhaps, is not so easily answered; yet we fear that the great prevailing and controlling sin of the present age, is the *desire to grow rich*. Whilst we acknowledge that such a desire, moderately cherished, is beneficial to society, we believe nothing is so pernicious when it becomes inordinate. It deadens all the finer feelings, contracts the social and domestic affections, and extinguishes the spirit of patriotism. We commend Mr. Chapin's address to general perusal. Besides the excellence of its doctrine, it contains many passages of rare beauty and eloquence.—[Editor So. Literary Messenger.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Richmond Lyceum, in the Capitol, April 3d, 1839.—By Rev. E. H. Chapin.

Gentlemen of the Richmond Lyceum:

I presume that you have already anticipated, from the occasion, the general strain of remark which I shall employ at this time. The anniversary of an institution like yours, calls for some topic of an intellectual and moral nature, and such, whatever specific grade it may occupy, is the character of the address to which, for a brief portion of time, I request your attention. And here permit me to say, that I feel my own inadequacy to the full accomplishment of the duty required by the present circumstances. Such an opportunity as this, should ever be possessed by the giant and master spirits of the age—the skilful and industrious laborers in the great cause of progress—who are out in the field of humanity, toiling in the sunshine and blessing the shower, removing obstructions, opening the goodly soil and scattering abroad and afar the seeds, we trust, of a rich and glorious harvest for their country. It needs such men as these, who can lay bare all the sinews of a subject, and show its full force and importance; and I feel, therefore, I repeat, my inadequacy to the task now assigned me. I will only premise farther, that I shall advance no novel topic, nor indulge in any startling theory or singular and ingenious argument—content with the fact, that the publication of essential, and, it is to be feared, much-neglected truth, however trite it may be, is better than the exhibition of many finely wrought and beautiful devices.

I lay down, as the motto to my discourse, the broad maxim, that INTELLIGENCE IS ESSENTIALLY REQUISITE TO THE PROSPERITY OF A NATION. I use the term *prosperity* here, in an extensive sense, meaning by it, all that relates to progress, happiness and safety. I presume that no one will dispute this proposition, but that it will be received as a truism. It requires no argument, therefore, to sustain it, or to convince you of its correctness. If it did, our evidence is palpable, and ready to the tongue of every one who has at all reflected upon the subject. We point to the primitive or savage man, surrounded by all the rude circumstances of his condition. He plucks his food from the thick greenwood and the running stream, sleeps beneath a roof of bark, and clothes himself with skins won by his prowess in hunting. Physically, he is perfect. His is the robust frame, the pliant sinew and the stalwart arm. You would readily select him for display in a triumphal procession or a gallant and mighty war-host. He is free, and, doubtless, in many respects happy. But, after all, his happiness is in a great measure, at least, derived from the gratification of the lower faculties of our nature—his freedom is that of the wild beast, and maintained by a strong arm, and a "red right hand." Those wholesome restraints which bind society together, and prevent the disastrous outbreaking of evil passions, and are the safeguards of property and life—those better and inward principles of action, which obtain among other portions of humanity, are in his mode of existence, unknown, or but feebly exercised. Has his cabin been fired by some hostile brand? In the spirit of retaliation, a village smoulders in ruins, and fields are blighted; is his brother murdered to-day?—to-morrow, the avenging weapon quivers in the bosom of the transgressor. But it is unnecessary to specify and to direct your attention to all the revolting evils of superstition and ignorance. You have but to turn your eyes to those lands where knowledge is cultivated and diffused among the people, and you will behold, every where, the benefits of civilization, the supremacy of law, and the blessed sanctity of religion; and you will discover a contrast as marked as that which exists on the physical globe, between that portion where "the day beams" rest, and the hemisphere which sleeps in star-light and in shadow.

But we may illustrate the truth of our proposition better, perhaps, by history. We refer to the middle ages—the dark lapse which intervened from the overthrow of the regal city by the iron-handed Goth, to the dawning of mental splendor and the revival of letters, in the fourteenth century. A period of wide spread and deep seated intellectual and moral torpor was this! The perception and energy of true and spiritual religion were dim and weak—lost in the thick gloom of ignorance, and fettered, in their free impulses, by an all despotic power. The living principle of genius was almost without an oracle upon earth. The home of wisdom was in the past. Her shrines were the tombs of the mighty dead, and her records the chronicles of ancient glory. We do not mean to say that all was darkness. Here and there were orbs of light, burning solitary and far apart in the vast and lonely firmament. There were learned and skilful men, whose nice distinctions in reasoning and subtle metaphysics, were worthy Aristotle, their master. And there was poetry, too,

thrilling through the proud ranks of the brave, and melting in the lays of the Troubadour—flowing where the "bright wine" flowed in the festal hall, and breathed beneath the lattice, or in the bower of beauty.

Physical energy—the zeal and animation which do not depend upon the exercise of the loftiest faculties of mind—were not lacking. A high sense of honor, courage, and a reckless daring, mingled with a romantic fervor of love, were the distinguishing traits of the higher classes of the time. Young men, panting with ador for the golden spurs, cheerfully underwent all the hardships incident to the course of training which secured them, and held wounds and pain as easy conditions to the obtaining of the victor's wreath and the smiles of "Ladye-Love." The bold baron deemed it a glorious end to die, "full knightly in his harness." The gage was but thrown into the ring, and kings moved to the conflict; and a poor hermit lifted up his voice and told of the blessed shrine and the holy sepulchre, and lo! an hundred banners floated to the winds, ten thousand lances flashed in sunshine, and the earth shook beneath the thundering tread of the red-cross warriors—the glory and chivalry of Europe.

But, allow all the intelligence and energy we can to this period, still it must merit the appellation of the *dark or iron age*. Still it rested upon the world, a long, long night, brooding between the illustrious times of antiquity and the glory of a brighter morning. Its starry gleamings, as we have said, were few and far between—or, perhaps, in its earlier or latter watches, the descended orb of the past yet gilded here and there a mountain-peak, or the gray light of the approaching dawn fell dim and uncertainly upon the distant and misty summits. But in the depths, the *depths*!—below, and all abroad, was thick and palpable gloom. The intellect of the great mass, slept in shadow, silent, and almost stagnant, like the doomed waters of the Eastern Sea. In describing any nation or period, we regard its general traits, and fix its character from these. While, then, we remember, that there were men like Erigena, Alfred, Abelard and John of Salisbury, we also remember that such were exceptions, and rare exceptions to the common rule. And we must not forget, moreover, the nature of much of even the wisdom that did exist at that time. It was blended with mysticism, employed on idle questions and in dialectic contests, and moulded to the uses of a subtle and scholastic philosophy. Concerning such men as Scotus and Aquinas, "the most subtle" and "the angelic" doctors, we might, perhaps, appropriately use the language of Milton—they

"——— *Apart sat on a hill retired,*
In thoughts more elevate and reasoned high,
* * * * *
And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

Now these abstractions and chimeras, could have none of those universal and purifying effects which flow from true philosophy. Knowledge, confined to the student's cell, or imprisoned in the dark walls of the cloister, could not move in its own free sphere and shed abroad its healthful and glorious influences. When we call this a dark age, therefore, we speak particularly of the condition of the people—the common people—the everlasting pillars of society. They give the hues and changes to times and nations. The impulses of the

great and the wisdom of the learned, are important, chiefly, as affecting the mass. To *that* the philosopher looks with an interested eye. He may not heed the breezes which rustle among the flowers, or the gushing fountains that sparkle in the sun; but his eye will closely watch the cloud that darkens up the great heavens, and his ear listen continually to the murmurs of the mighty and resistless ocean. He calls it a *revolution* only, when the multitude moves, or is moved—when the bondage of ignorance or the foot of the oppressor falls heavily upon *them*—or when a regenerating spirit goes forth among *their* ranks, and stirs the pulses of the universal heart.

It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the features of the popular character, during the period of which we are speaking. The light of knowledge being thus feeble and dim, we know, also, that the upper classes were enveloped in darkness and pervaded with many and deep vices; and from their condition we may infer that of the lower orders. If ignorance and immortality prevailed among the lofty and high-born, what could be expected of the serf or villein, separated and bound down by the rigid distinctions of the Feudal System? If it was found necessary to institute an inquiry “whether the officiating clergy could read the Gospels and Epistles correctly,” and if “military exploits were the business, and gross luxury the amusement of the nobles,”* what must have been the situation of the dependants and vassals, the laborers and fighting men, thrall to the service of those whose will was their law, and as it were their life.

Your own knowledge then, and the obvious answer to these questions, will sufficiently exhibit the condition of Europe in the middle ages—the time of combats and ordeals, of relics and legends—and when “in the shadows of universal ignorance, a thousand superstitions, like foul animals of night, were propagated and nourished.”†

Such is the period of history to which we refer in illustration of our proposition. We ask, what was the great cause of this thick and universal darkness? No doubt obscures our answer. It was the declension of knowledge which took place in the latter days of the Roman empire, and which, as we have seen, became almost total at its overthrow—whether we refer that result solely to the hand of the barbarian, or attribute it, in connexion with this cause, to a gradual decay, which makes it not unreasonable to suppose that, in the words of a historian,‡ it would “have been almost equally extinguished if the august throne of the Cæsars had been left to moulder by its intrinsic weakness.” We find, during the closing years of that great power which had shadowed the nations, that science was contemned, art corrupted, study neglected or perverted—a feeble poetry, a barbarous latinity, a prevalence of superstition, and “a general indifference towards the cultivation of letters.” Upon this weakness and dissolution, rushed the barbarian, like a dark torrent—sweeping and trampling down the pride of the ancient time—its statues and shrines, and columns and trophies—overflowing landmarks, revolutionizing customs, abolishing laws, and changing the whole aspect of the western world.

But, upon that gloomy lapse which we have been

Enfield's Hist. Phil.

† Hallam.

‡ Hallam.

contemplating, and of which these things were the causes, there broke, at length, a glorious radiance. And mark what produced the change. As we have before said, the dawn was developed gradually. We find so early as the beginning of the eleventh century, that schools were established in different portions of Europe, and contributed their aid in the coming revival of letters. The orbs of DANTE and PETRARCH still more dispelled the night, sparkling with golden lustre in the clear horizon, and singing and heralding, like morning stars, the beamings of approaching day. But a great cause of this glorious reformation, was the immigration of learned men, from the east. Upon the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, many of these left their country, bearing with them “the Greek fire” to other and desolate altars. From this broke forth a living spirit of enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge. Learning found, every where, an asylum among the great, and princes were competitors in the good cause. Old manuscripts were plucked from their dusty hiding places, and obsolete volumes opened to the eager hand of the student. Genius revelled once more among the creations of the past, and strains of wisdom flowed out again in the measures of the Attic tongue. Once more was GREECE a watch-word for intellectual energy, and her temples and hill sides, her mountains and vallies, her great names and her battle-fields, were hallowed by classic recollection. Once more did inspiration catch its breathings at PINDUS, and dreams of the poet-land were fashioned after TEMPE!

But this revolution, glorious as it was, would have been comparatively, of but little importance, and inappropriate to our subject, were it not for the effects which it produced, and the great events connected with it. We discover about this period, a moving among all the elements of society. The darkness of ignorance and the bondage of superstition are dispelled and broken, and forms of light and beauty leap from the vast chaos, like the kindlings of a new creation. The spirit of invention and the hand of skill have been at work—the mariner has a guide on the lonely and heaving deep, and the press, the PRESS has broke forth in its splendor, and its influence is smiting and awakening hearts. The bark of the adventurous navigator has passed “the stormy cape” and found the far shores of Hindostan, and the “*Te Deum*” of “the world-seeking Genoese” has thrilled on the distant breezes of Bahama. There is a murmuring of strength under ancient and deep-set foundations, and a trembling of hoary dynasties. There is a hurtling in the air, of voices answering to voices—and, anon, there go up thunder shouts rending the high concave with their power. And old, gray altars have crumbled, and chains, and mitres and crosiers are passing away, and there is a principle of spiritual energy stirring in the souls of men, that marks it as a great and special era in the history of the race—the rising up of mind from its long sleep of ages!

I am aware, gentlemen, that I have been dwelling upon a point which I presumed, in the commencement, to be superfluous. But we have been contemplating an interesting period in the history of mind, and one which strongly supports our proposition, and in this fact, and the hope that its present exhibition will have a beneficial tendency, I find my excuse for having so long detained you.

I proceed to remark, that in order clearly to establish the truth of our maxim, it is necessary to understand the sense in which we use the term "intelligence." We do not mean by it, then, only a cultivated taste, or a certain state of intellectual excellence. If so, we believe that our maxim might easily be proved false, by a reference to historical facts, or to individual experience. The simple shepherd-races, or the nomadic tribes of the olden time, may have been happier than the dwellers of haughty Babylon, or of Rome in its hour of purple greatness. They felt not the withering corruption which steals upon that nation whose moral restraints are not commensurate to its pomp and physical power, nor the disaffections and convulsions, which rend the bosom of an empire when all the people are not fully and truly enlightened. The refinements of art, or the splendor of intellect, could not bestow upon those mighty kingdoms the loftiest station in the power of human attainment, nor the boon of perpetuity. So with individuals. He whose genius sways the hearts of thousands, and who

"Stoops to touch the loftiest thought,"

may suffer the keen anguish of a mind diseased, and pass away, untimely and in darkness, from the earth.

Allow me, then, to present, under two heads, my definition of intelligence.

In the first place—it is *the clear perception of truth and duty*. That people which is truly intelligent, will possess a due regard for righteous and equitable laws, the rights of property, and the authority of religion. A partial knowledge of some, or of all these, may prove the deceptions cause of overthrow and ruin. The abstract idea of liberty, for instance, without a regard to those just bounds which limit and define it, may produce the dreams of the enthusiast, or the excesses of a mob. That nation which, obtaining a view of freedom, rises up and breaks the fetters that have bound it, may exert a mighty and redeeming influence upon mankind; but when, in its zeal for liberty, it sweeps away wholesome restraints, and uproots all "the ancient landmarks" of society, it presents to the world, the horrid spectacle of a community *lawless and ungoverned*—with anarchy raging in its midst, and blood upon its altars. I select this illustration, and dwell upon it, because I deem it peculiarly appropriate to the present subject. In speaking of the prosperity of a nation, it is needless for me to say, that I have specific reference to our own dear land, and I think that some of the chief evils to be dreaded by us, will spring from the abuse of the principle of liberty. It requires intelligence—"a clear perception of truth and duty"—to prevent and crush them. Without that liberty which we enjoy, no nation can flourish in all its parts; and going upon this truth as an admitted premise and one superfluous to maintain in this country, I merely suggest those cautions which are necessary to the preservation of that freedom, and, consequently, to our national prosperity. A due knowledge of, and a regard to, just restraints, we say, then, are necessary to the existence of liberty; for without these, the subject is not free, but is in bondage to a worse than regal despotism. His property, his life and holiest privileges are not safe, when the supremacy of law binds not the whole and the perception of light is dim and feeble. So, Art may rear its classic temples, and Literature adorn its groves and porches, but if in the heart of the

nation there is no regard to the sanctions of justice, and if it does not throb to all the impulses of duty, it is not a truly intelligent, it possesses not the elements of a prosperous one.

I have spoken of the authority of religion. I refer to the spirit of Christianity, and unhesitatingly proclaim it to be the great conservative principle of society. I am aware that there is a doctrine, certainly as old as the days of Hobbes, and which has, I think, been recently broached among us, that it is for the interest of civil sovereigns and all commonwealths that there should be neither a Deity nor any religion. And it is said to be so, because if there be a Power which is feared more than that of the temporal ruler, the authority which he should maintain is put in peril. But to refute this argument here, would be an act of supererogation. None but the cunning ruler or the tyrant, require such a weapon—he who would chain men to his foot-stool by the bonds of policy, or awe his people by the outstretched and bloody scourge. Go back with it, then, to the earlier and darker ages of the world—to the times of the Loerian law-giver, and the blood-written code of Draco. We say, that the very contrary to this result would be the effect of intelligent action upon the precepts of Christianity. Its teachings direct us to love our neighbors as ourselves—to "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's"—to "obey magistrates," and to "submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." It throws the eternal authority of its all-binding precepts around the executive power, condemning, it is true, the evil ruler—and who does not?—but protecting him who doeth rightly. The Sovereign of the Universe has delegated authority to men, and he who rules in justice will never find his dictates at war with those of Christianity—for then, he is a medium through which Christianity acts, and the power of the magistrate is but

"—An image of His own."

But religion is a conservative principle of society, moreover, because it has an influence where the civil law cannot operate. The sanctions of the latter cannot remove all the causes of evil, nor produce every form of good. They can guard from the outer and grosser vices—from the more palpable sins—but they cannot go down into the heart, and move upon all the springs of private action, and make pure the motive. This Christianity only, can do; and being capable of doing this, it must be vitally essential to accomplish the ends of all just government, and to secure the real prosperity of a nation. Could we, from the crystal battlements of some near star, overlook the wide earth, wherever we beheld the isles of beauty and the places of light, there is Christianity—there are its precepts and its practices—its shrines and temples.

This great truth should be remembered and acted upon; and, in educating a people, in spreading knowledge abroad, let not an element of true intelligence so essential as an acquaintance with the teachings and requirements of Christianity, be neglected or feebly employed.

Our second definition of intelligence is—*the diffusion of knowledge among all the people*. Although my remarks may be brief upon this point, I would present it as an important feature of this discourse. The perception of truth and duty, must not only be clear to

each individual, but universal, through the mass, or the end desired will not be obtained. Allow that even in this country, the political action of the many is controlled by a few, still, in one way or another, the many must act ere national effects are produced. And besides, if this be the case, it can only be the result of a want of intelligence, and this is, in fact, not a *republic* but an *oligarchy*; and "knowledge," which "is power," being in the hands of a particular class, exerts its legitimate supremacy over those who possess it not. But we will not admit this to be true. We will not admit it to be a fact, that the many are controlled by the few, while we behold in our parliamentary assemblies and our triumphant gatherings of the people, among the most eloquent and zealous and mighty, those whose sinews have been hardened under the breezes of heaven, whose hands are scarred with toil, and their brows marked by the sunshine and the storm. We trust, at least, that it will not be, that Bolingbroke's comparison of "*Dutch travellers*,"* shall apply to the great body of the citizens of this republic. The privileges which they hold, were bought and nourished in too stern a time of peril and of blood, for them to be indifferent or inactive in their behalf—to lightly estimate them, or to suffer them to be wrenched away from their grasp and controlled by others. The regal people! Ages have enwrapped them in darkness, and iron and sandalled feet have trodden them down. They have rested long, unconscious of their power, and chains have been thrown on the slumbering Hellespont. Pampered pride and bloated luxury have wrung their spoils from amid their sweat and tears, and awful tyranny has reared its very throne upon, and crushed them. It is a fearful omnipotence which has slept so long at the foundations of empires, and resisted not even when scourged unto bleeding! And is it not well that they were thus ignorant of their strength, until they had received intellectual light and moral guidance sufficient to show them its proper uses? For, had they risen up, without these restraints, and in the drunkenness of revenge, who will pretend to estimate the results? But, and joyful am I, we live in a brighter age. The great truth has been practised upon, and is *felt* where it is not practised, that government belongs, primarily, to the people, and all the authority of empire springs among and must flow from them, and should be ultimately controlled by them; and no earthly power may, lawfully, pluck this right away. A voice of triumph has gone forth at the uprising and progress of millions, and we present to the eyes of the world, the glorious spectacle of a self-governed people. It is not empty declamation—there is a thrilling and sublime meaning in the announcement—that the dweller of the mountain cabin and of the far corners of the land, has a voice in the councils of the mightiest nation on the globe, and adds his impulse to that power which may deepen its broad foundations and erect the pillars of its future strength. If to the people, then, legitimately belongs the ruling power, the influences which they exert upon our country will secure its good or evil destiny. The character of these influences will depend upon the condition of those from whom they spring. If from an elevated and intelligent community, we may look for happy and blessed effects—if otherwise, it needs no prophet's vision to assure us of

* Vide Letter on the Spirit of Patriotism.

the ill result. These are simple and familiar truths, but none the less important because they are so. They lay the whole matter plainly before us. The prosperity of our country depends upon the good influences exerted by the people. Those good influences depend upon the universal diffusion of intelligence. Therefore, the prosperity of our country depends upon the universal diffusion of intelligence.

Such is the importance of the extension of knowledge to all the people—and therefore do we include it in our definition of intelligence. We admit that there may be nations, the names of which have descended with immortal lustre to succeeding ages, on account of their high intellectual eminence, and yet who have not prospered, but have perished and gone down from among the living forever; but we shall find in such instances, that intelligence was only the possession of a few, and that their renown is composed, not of the glory which flows from the whole enlightened mass, but which sparkles from bright and individual orbs, scattered here and there. These sinking below the horizon, there were no fountains of light kindling among the people—no conservative and redeeming power dwelling in the hearts of the crushed and darkened million—and so the mighty fabrics crumbled upon their basis, and were swept away by the hand of the destroyer.

Our definition of intelligence, then, is this—*The clear perception of truth and duty and the universal diffusion of this perception*; and this, we think, supporting the essential truth of the proposition, will, also, refute all the objections which may be made to its general application. The anarchist and disorganiser on the one hand, and the monarchist or despot on the other, can draw no argument, if this be true, to support their claims. They cannot argue in this respect, from the past to the future. We grant, that in casting our eyes over the history of the world, we witness strange anomalies. In one portion, we see hope and virtue and justice, crushed by brute force and trampled upon for ages;—and in another, we behold men, when arising from their bondage, equally regardless of the right, indiscriminately mingling the blood of the innocent female with that of the cruel tyrant, firing the cottage with the palace, and overturning at the same blow the throne and the altar. We grant all this—but we say, that these very effects have resulted from the want of true and wide spread intelligence, and thus our argument gathers strength from these very instances. Scatter this knowledge abroad—implant it deep, and cherish it—and you will witness its blessed fruit. It may be a silent and invisible influence, but it is mighty, nevertheless; and you shall see nations, like the planets above us, swayed by a powerful although an imperceptible principle—moving in obedience to its hidden dictates, solemnly and majestically, beautiful in their harmony, and rejoicing in the brightness of their glory.

But it is time that I should apply these remarks. As I have already said, and as you have perceived, I refer them directly to our own country. We would say, then, that the truth under consideration is an important one; but no principle, unless acted upon, can be of any benefit to us. I desire, therefore, that our countrymen should not only believe what has been said, and is so well known, but that they should employ it, and carry out its dictates practically.

We live in a land, that, I trust, is to be made the theatre of events more glorious and blessed for humanity than all that has been done by illustrious and by-gone empires. I trust that the words of Berkely may prove prophetic—that

"Time's noblest empire is its last"

Certain it is that we shall not perish, if we perish at all, without accomplishing some mighty result, which shall designate our name as good or evil on the pages of history. We shall not go down thus early from the world, with the lustre of only one great event to rescue our memory from oblivion. These vast elements which move around us—this great machinery of physical power and thought and action—*must* in its operations, produce some important end—*must* yet accomplish a work of terror or of triumph. The result will be according to the use which we make of the powerful means within our grasp—an untimely end, from the darkness of which no memory of early greatness can redeem us, or a glorious eminence upon which the shadows of oblivion shall never fall, and whence shall go out our influences over the wide earth, to bless and to gladden it.

There is a broad distinction between America and the nations of the old world. They have their records of antiquity—their dusty archives and crumbling monuments—from which to draw their immortality and establish their renown. Even should they achieve no more, or ignobly fall, the lights that are burning upon ancient shrines and by honored tombs, would shed an imperishable splendor upon their ruins. But America has yet to create her character; and great are the responsibilities that rest upon her, and critical the trial through which she must pass. She has had none of the weaknesses of barbarism or the imperfections of infancy to undergo. She leaped, mature and panoplied, from the teeming brain of her progenitor. She sprang into being when the night of dark ages had passed away, and the beamings of intellect and of moral excellence were around her. She has not these excuses, therefore, for her errors, and many of her sins will be against knowledge. We have said that she has no monuments. We should have said that she *has* monuments—but, unlike those of older nations, if she falls darkly, they will but add to her reproach, and become the objects of mockery to others. They were reared and consecrated by our fathers, as pillars of republican greatness and goals from which their sons should press onward—but now, if we sink or retrograde, we disgrace their trust, and leave these precious legacies to stand as mementoes of unsuccessful experiment.

How zealously, then, avoiding all appearances of evil, should we employ those means which will conspire to our prosperity and future eminence! How narrowly should we scrutinize our situation, eradicating the germs of evil, and scattering every where the seeds of good! If we would do thus, let us endeavor by every lawful method to diffuse true intelligence among all the people. The reasons for doing thus have already been presented—the means by which we may accomplish the object are simple and practicable. Let me say here, that I do not suppose we shall ever be able to create a nation of geniuses, or to cultivate in every mind the principles of a refined taste. To suppose this, would be to suppose a change in the nature of things; and besides, it answers not to the definition which I have

given of true intelligence. The result which we would see accomplished, is a nation of usefully enlightened and common-sense people, acquainted with the great truths of history and nature and revelation, and acting upon their knowledge. And to produce this effect, we say, is easy and practicable. Allow me to glance slightly at some of the means.

And, in the first place, I would mention the establishment of some system of school-education, which should be for the benefit, not only of the rich and the able, but the poor and necessitous. Indeed, the instruction of the latter should be its principal object, for the former have always the means and the opportunity requisite to the purpose. The child of every free citizen, should have an education sufficient to qualify him for all the duties which it will be incumbent on him to perform in after life, as a man and an American. The contributions of the wealthy and the influence of the powerful, can scarcely be better employed than in promoting an object so honorable and important to their country. The high tone of morals which pervades those portions where such a system is in operation, is a sufficient proof of their efficacy. I would have the knowledge imparted in this manner, such as I have already defined intelligence to be—a clear perception of truth and duty. Beside the influence which it would exert upon the prosperity of the country, I would have, as an exhibition of the genius of republicanism, the child of the poor and obscure man—of the war-worn veteran, perhaps, or the brave defender of his country—stand up and hold his chance with the opulent and the mighty. And, as connected with this point, I would mention here the vast importance of bestowing religious information upon the poorer and more destitute classes. This is necessary for all classes—we have shown it to be so—but we speak now especially of those who have scarcely any or no religious advantages—who are found in almost every part of our land, and particularly in the purlieus of our large cities—and whose years are spent in ignorance, their Sabbaths in riot, and their whole lives in vice and crime, or, at least, with but faint gleamings of the knowledge of christian precept and duty. It needs such spirits as RAIKES to go among these, and bring them under the influence of religion and morality. This mass will not be inactive. It will put forth a certain power, and a power which will be felt, too, through the nation; and it depends much upon the patriotic and the liberal, whether there shall go forth from it the tenants of our prisons and our penitentiaries—pollution and guilt to darken and to blight—or a blessed influence, which shall purify and refresh the obscure places of society.

Public libraries, are another means of diffusing intelligence, to which I would direct your attention. Let these be established in every community sufficiently large to warrant their support. The benefit arising from a popular access, under certain regulations, to a collection of useful reading matter, you will readily perceive. Instruction will thus be placed in the reach of every one, which cannot be easily obtained in any other manner. Associations can afford to purchase valuable works and a quantity of books, which most individuals are not able to do, and thus, from personal contributions, a fund is created capable of gratifying the wants and tastes of those, who else, from want of

opportunity or limited means, would be deprived of much pleasure and improvement. But, besides, by this means we may pour light upon distant and future generations. It is well for us to commence storing up the knowledge of our day for those who shall come after us. Our libraries may become the receptacles of our contemporary literature, and preserve much, which, although at present well known or but little regarded, may be of value and importance in other ages. Every reader knows the costliness and rarity of the productions of two or three centuries back, and of some of the noblest works of genius, and will be willing to grant a boon to posterity which has been denied to him. We need not fear that the hand of barbarian ignorance, or the violence of an Omar, will destroy our literary treasures. They will prove sources of instruction in our day and generation, and stand through all coming time, among our proudest monuments and better than all the trophies of victorious battle.

Again—as important aids in the diffusion of intelligence, I would mention lyceums and debating societies. I view as a cheering omen, the rapid springing up of these associations, within these few years, in different parts of our country. I so view it, because it indicates that there is abroad a thirst for useful information, which seeks these establishments as the means of its gratification. I so view it, moreover, because a happy influence is exerted upon that important portion of community, *young men*, and we may thus hope that its effects will be carried out into the most active and busy scenes of life. An enlargement upon all the advantages and benefits of these societies, would, of itself, form a subject for a lecture, and a very appropriate one upon an occasion like this. We might show you the profitable employment of time, else wasted in folly, and possibly dissipation—and of money otherwise spent idly, and perhaps hurtfully. We might show the benefit accruing to the diffident and the backward, who may there exercise and acquire confidence in those abilities with which they are now too modest to appear in a wider arena, or gain that information, of which, from unfavorable circumstances, they have heretofore been deprived. We are aware that some may sneer at these associations as puerile and trifling, and we are happy that they are placed beyond and above the necessity of such means of improvement as they afford. For our part, we deem them well advanced who are so. We believe that grave Wisdom, and profound Learning, may mingle in the exercises of the lyceum and the debating society with profit. We allow that they may be so conducted as to be trifling and puerile, but we deny that they necessarily are so, and require evidence ere we can believe that this is generally the case. Why may they not hold an elevated and manly character? Must profound problems of natural science be discussed only in a philosophical society? Must stern and sober questions be agitated solely in the legislative hall or on the floors of congress? Are not these, and similar subjects, of interest and importance out of these places, to which they are considered as especially appropriate? The power of thinking and of reasoning for ourselves, and of expressing our opinion readily upon any subject, is an acquirement so valuable, that every one should strive to attain it, and he is verily guilty who neglects the means of doing this when they are in his reach.

Knowledge is open to all at the present day—there are no robed teachers to whom are committed solely the mysteries of learning—her portals unclose at our touch—we can enter. We need seek at the shrine of no oracle—the inmost penetralia of wisdom are accessible by our own endeavors. There are fountains of intelligence gushing from a thousand sources, and we may freely quaff. There are treasures beneath the soil, and if we will diligently search for them, we shall bring them up, flashing to the sunlight. We are not obliged to follow blindly in the path which others have marked out, but we may carry the torch ourselves if we will, and first and foremost, we may explore the dark, the intricate and the untrodden. All visible things are ready for our investigation. The laws of mind and of matter, with all their interesting and important truths, are open before us. We may be called a nation of debaters, and we are so, from the very circumstances of our free institutions. He who would keep pace with the times, then, must be studious, vigilant and active. A man is not now, like the *athlete* of old, distinguished by his physical superiority—by his speed in the race, his power in the pugilistic combat, his precision in guiding the chariot steeds, or his skill in hurling the swift javelin—but he has a part to perform in the intellectual arena, if he would come out from oblivion, if he would become even an acting portion of the age, and well should he be girded and prepared for the task. That mighty weapon, reason, should be ever ready and bright in his hands, and he should exercise and inure himself to the conflict of mind with mind. And where, we ask, can he better do this, than in the debating society? Where can we better tutor those powers which we must use when we go out into the world, or keep them in order and ready for action, when, for a time, we have retired from its busy strife? Far, then, from being necessarily puerile and trifling, are the lyceum and the debating society. We, on the contrary, rejoice in their prosperity. We hope that they may be established, and many of them, in every community, according to its numbers. We wish moreover, that the sex of More and Hemans and Sigourney and Sedgwick, would lend their encouragement to these associations, not only by their presence, but by their contributions to the treasures of knowledge. Something would be added to the refinement of these assemblies, and perhaps somewhat of the stormy passion of rough debate would be allayed. I look upon these associations, then, as being important mediums for the diffusion of intelligence, as a great means of instruction—of checking the tide of dissipation—of giving the truth to the young and the power of its defence—of raising up a generation worthy of America;—may I not add, of training the immortal for immortality!

Thus have I presented some of the means of extending to the people a “clear perception of truth and duty,” and you all will see that they are simple and practicable. I am aware that they are not *new* means, but those which have been long established and widely extended. Still, I wish to see them employed every where, and until they are, I shall deem it proper to recommend them and urge their importance and necessity. It is certain that there are many who have not been brought under their influences, and moreover, there are many of these which are weak and languishing and struggling with difficulties, when it is in the power of our

citizens to stretch forth a helping and invigorating hand. I trust that the talented and the wealthy will act upon this matter—let them consider the importance of these objects, the evident and powerful influence which they may have upon the prosperity of the nation, and let them, as patriots, by all means, encourage and foster them.

Ours is a land to be proud of. Even to look upon its physical grandeur—the features which it has borne from the creation—its crowned mountains and its sheeted cataracts—its sunlit hill tops, and its glorious valleys—its rocks of eternal strength, and its clear-flowing waters—even to look upon these, we say, we may well be proud. And when we call up its thrilling memories—its records of brave hearts and strong arms and noble minds—when we remember its old monuments of battle, the prayers of its pilgrims, and the ashes of its mighty ones—do we not feel the truth and beauty of the sentiment

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?”

And who can wonder that the patriot has died for it, on its high places—and that the returning exile, stretching out his arms and viewing its shores through gushing tears, has exclaimed in the broken accents of sobbing joy—

“This is my own, my native land?”

And can we wonder that, with all these natural advantages and the incitement of such examples, a spirit of enterprise has been awakened and is stirring mightily among us? Its workings are all around us. It has conquered in realms that the Roman never shadowed with his eagles, and left where it has been, trophies more glorious and durable than the hoary monuments of Egypt. It has spanned, with its everlasting arches, the deep and broad abyss, making there a level and beaten track, and opened channels of intercourse through the bosom of the riven rock. It has made the wide and boisterous ocean to be as a gentle stream, and cleft, even through “the illimitable air,” a pathway to the stars. It has created scenes more beautiful than the dreams of the ancient time, or than ever glided before the glistening eye of a poet. Distant regions, but yesterday the abodes of the prowling wild fox and his red hunter, now smile with pleasant hamlets—their streams reflect the insignia of commerce, and their hill-sides “echo to the song of the reaper.” It has spoken in solitude, and lo! an hundred voices have answered there. It has looked upon the forests of a thousand years, and they have passed away like visions; while glittering marts, sacred fane and shining pinnacles, have risen in their stead. And then, its plumed harvests nodding and brightening on all our hills—its towering masts bristling in all our ports—its hum of universal business—its cheering sounds of toil—its clangor and roar of machinery, and all its tumult and its triumph! Amid all these operations, it moves, as it were the life-blood, preserving and animating and quickening the beatings of the mighty heart.

This same liberal and indefatigable spirit, we would have exerted in the great cause of diffusing light and knowledge. We would have it work out results still more honorable and blessed for our country, by raising it to that intellectual and moral eminence which it is so well fitted to adorn. We would have these same

expansive hearts and strong hands, which are working such magical changes in the physical condition of our land, employ their energies in aiding the poor and cheering on the young in their efforts after knowledge and improvement. We do not wish our country to possess crowns, or to hold the sceptres of nations; but wish her to sway hearts by the mighty influences of freedom and intelligence. It was for this, we trust, that she was raised up in these later times—to afford the world an example of what a republic *can* be, and to send forth in other ages and other lands, a power to regenerate and to bless. We would have the words of Milton be as a prophecy, to which she shall answer as the accomplishment—“Methinks,” says he, “I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed, at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.”*

Gentlemen of the Richmond Lyceum—I have already, I fear, trespassed too long upon your patience. My remarks in conclusion will, therefore, be brief. Permit me to offer you a few words of congratulation and of precept. I rejoice with you, upon this your second anniversary, that you have been able thus far to succeed in your laudable and important object. I am glad to know, that within the past year, you have been able to establish an aid to your endeavors so valuable as a well selected library. I am cheered, also, with the hope, that the efforts of those of your number who have enlisted in the attempt to furnish the public with a monthly journal devoted to the cause of lyceums and debating societies, will prove successful; and that the liberal and the enlightened will, by their pecuniary and their mental contributions, assist in placing it upon a permanent foundation, where it will prove worthy of patronage, and be the agent of much and lasting good. I bid ye go on, gentlemen, in all your good works. I trust that you will not suffer the clouds of a few adversities, or the vexations of an hour, to prevent your vigilant, unwearied and triumphant action, in a cause so glorious as that of acquiring and diffusing intelligence. There is no portion of our country from which a blessed influence upon its prosperity can more appropriately arise, than from this. Here were the kindlings of its young liberty fanned into a flame, and hence should go forth that which will constitute its prosperity and the lustre of its immortality. Monuments of glory and of honor are here. Graves that hallow the soil and that distant nations speak of with reverence. Legends of liberty told by its haunted stream-sides, and songs of patriotism sung by all its clear and hospitable hearth-fires. Here, also, among these hallowed tombs, and amid the breathing of departed intellect, here may you and all succeeding generations, rear up rich trophies of mental and moral greatness; and may it be known in history, that those whose fathers fought and bled among the earliest for

* Speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing.

their country's freedom, were of the first to erect the columns of its strength and to deepen its imperishable foundations.

A few words farther, and I close. I have spoken of the important place which Christianity holds, as a portion of true intelligence. Gentlemen, I commend it especially to you again. You may scan the broad and legible heavens and the mysterious depths of earth—you may search skillfully among the relics of ancient lore and "drink deep" of "the Pierian spring." You may gather knowledge from all the sources of human learning. And I would have you, if possible, do so. But I wish to press upon you the injunction, not to neglect the BIBLE, amid all these studies. Mere uninspired knowledge will be mingled, more or less, with earthly frailties and human passions. But inspiration flows forth, untainted in its purity and reflecting only images of heavenly beauty, fast, fast from the throne of God. Even were it before you only as a model for *intellectual* improvement, it possesses powerful claims upon your attention. Would you have eloquence? There it is, breathing from lips that have been touched with sacred fire. Would you find lofty poetry? There it is, like that which the angels know, and to which the morning stars sang together. Would you learn lessons of practical or judicial wisdom? They are there, deep, strong and convincing. But it is not for such things only that you hold the Bible in your hands. You know that it makes appeal to the inward and spiritual powers, and see to it, I beseech you, that its appeals are regarded and known and practised upon. The soul, without principles of moral and religious action, even if it should reach (and we do not say that it can,) all unguided by its better nature, a mighty energy and a broad expansion of intellectual power, would be a wild, a chainless and a dangerous thing—wandering forth, like some terrible principle in nature, not bound into the fixed paths of the planets, or subject to any known law of order, threatening to commingle and crush worlds; or like the eagle, who, while soaring to the orb of day, with glory in his eye and sunlight on his wing, is lost amid stormy clouds, and beaten about by resistless and adverse tempests.

May you practice, gentlemen, upon these truths—thus assuring to yourselves pure knowledge and real benefit—and may the influence exerted by your society and kindred associations, do much in causing the dwellers of the future to know, not by the sad experience of its absence, but by feeling it around them as their air and very life, that INTELLIGENCE IS ESSENTIALLY REQUISITE TO THE PROSPERITY OF A NATION.

DEVOTION.

Why do men feel more devout, when their hearts are filled with deep emotions—when their minds are raised (as it were) from earth, by solemn music or the sublime and beautiful—but that their minds are then most fit to hold communion with the Deity, for nothing that is vile or base can then have place in them. In both deep joy and deep grief, the mind turns involuntarily to its Creator. And it appears to me that gratitude to him is almost an essential part, or at least an almost invariable concomitant of intense joy. c.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.

The twilight hour,
With mystic power,
Is stealing o'er earth and heaven;
And treasur'd lays
Of other days
Float on the breath of even.

The mirth and glee
And minstrelsy,
Of childhood's early morn,
Trill on the ear,
As loud and clear
The mingling shouts are borne.

From girlhood's bower
Each opening flower
A note of love is sighing;
Their petals pale
Tell sorrow's tale—
Their stems are prostrate lying.

But there's a spell
Hath power to quell
Each echo from the past;
To bid the breast
Enfranchis'd rest,
And whisper peace at last.

That spell is thine,
And worlds thy shrine,
Imagination fair!
Thy spirit springs,
On venturous wings,
High in the realms of air.

Each glitt'ring star,
That shines afar,
But paves thy grand highway;
While quiet nooks
And murmuring brooks
Still tempt thy feet to stray.

By tangled dell,
O'er rock and fell,
Thy hor'ring form is seen;
'Neath ocean's wave,
In mermaid's cave,
Thy gorgeous couch hath been.

When Ætna's fire,
In flaming ire,
Doth deluge the mountain's side;
What joy to dip
Thy thirsty lip
In the whelming torrent's tide.

Then come to me;
Thy tracery
Is woven round my heart;
Make me but thine,
Be thou but mine,
And let all else depart.

Limb shall not fail,
Nor spirit quail—
We'll range o'er earth and sea;
The stars of night
Shall guide our flight,
And morn sing jubilee.

The compact done,
The guerdon won,
I bid each fear depart;
Thy voice of love,
Shall even prove
A styptic for the heart.

Fort Edward, Washington County, N. Y.

CERTRUDE.

AMRAM;

THE SEEKER OF OBLIVION.

BEING A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Hamlet.*

Reader—if perchance I be so fortunate as to have one—I know no law which can compel me to declare from what Persian manuscript I deciphered the following tale; though I, no doubt, could amuse many, and flatter my own vanity, by displaying much ingenuity in forging and explaining some dark mystery which might furnish the desired information. From my unwillingness to tell the whole truth, kind reader, you may suspect the Persian origin of my story. Keep your suspicions, by all means, if they benefit you, but allow me also to keep my secret. After having learnt all this in relation to the original manuscript, you may perhaps wish to be informed unto whom the tale is told; and here I may be more communicative without endangering my veracity. Loquitur Amram—you could have found that out by your own research—but not that the Prince Aboun Hassein, unto whom Amram addresses his discourse, is a young and misanthropic traveller, of royal birth, with whom you and I, fair reader, may seek more acquaintance hereafter. But, lest I lift the veil too high, let me now introduce you.

Great Prince—the remembrance of the past rises on my soul like the sun on the sandy deserts of Araby. The light which it affords discloses but a blighted and a sterile region, where if the semblance of joy ever appeared, it was but a mirage*(1) which attracted for a time, but whose unreal nature was detected by a nearer approach. Perchance the relation of my sorrows is painful to me, for time has traced deep furrows on my heart, though he has left my brow without a wrinkle; yet my lord Aboun Hassein has commanded, and his servant will obey—and if for a moment my narrative substitute in your bosom the warm feelings of sympathy for the morbid phantasies of misanthropy, the pleasure of success will fall on my soul lightly and sweetly, as did the manna on the plains of the South, to satisfy the cravings of the disciples of Moussa.(2)

* For notes see the end of the article.

I was born in the neighborhood of Sham el Demes-hy,(3) that region of undying spring, which our Holy Prophet has declared to be the loveliest of all terrestrial paradises. Every where is the ground covered with a velvet grass—green as the turban of an Emir(4)—soft as the fleeces of Angora.(5) Every where is it spangled with the brightest and most fragrant of flowers, while o'er the thousand brooks that intersect the beautiful valley, the tall dates and pomegranates wave their graceful foliage. The air is oppressed with the sweetest of perfumes—the skies are flushed with the softest and richest of colors, and the maids of that clime are fair as the roses they sigh over—tuneful as the bulbuls they listen to. I have wandered over many lands—I have seen far countries—but still to me that spot seems the eye of the universe, and the vale of Demeshk stands unrivalled in my heart. Even now, while speaking, I am hurried back on the wings of memory to that home of my youth, and in fancy I stray through its vineyards and olive groves, drinking in the cool evening breeze, when it returns faint and weary from its pilgrimage over earth and over sea. Yet there are sorrows connected even with that garden of delights, and though seen in the distance and mellowed into less repulsive shades, they still cast a gloom over my spirits when recalled unto my mind. With the melancholy, however, a sad pleasure is mingled; and I still feel what in every country is acknowledged, that a charm encircles the home of our childhood, which time may deaden but not destroy. And from the myriad woes of life I have turned for consolation to those scenes of my early days—those hours of gladness, when my spirits were too buoyant to admit of that reflection which is the parent of all misery.

But I must proceed with my story. From age to age, my ancestors had devoted themselves to the reading of the stars and to the study of mystic lore.(6) The secrets which they discovered were handed down by each dying father as the most valuable legacy to his son, and the son treasured them as an heirloom which should descend to his remotest posterity. But the knowledge that my own parent attained, far transcended that of his predecessors, whose dark and magic scrolls had been but lamps for the direction of his course. His secrets were such as almost to compel the elements to obedience, and to exact from the genii the homage of fealty. It might be that these dark studies ruined his health, or that some too daring experiment was attended with fatal consequences, for he perished by some strange and sudden death ere my early age could be conscious of the greatness of my loss. Before his departure, however, he had dipped me in the waters of youth, brought from the extreme East,(7) and bound by a fearful oath a powerful Peri, to protect me in all danger and difficulty. In his last moments he consigned me to the care of his friend, the wise Ishmael; and as a recompense for the trouble he might undergo, he presented him with those mystic volumes which he so much valued himself, and which he well knew would advance my new protector to the most dazzling height in those studies whereunto his heart was devoted.

Moon after moon replenished her lamp—year after year rolled on, while I lived with my good guardian. I was educated after the fashion of princes, (for the rank of my father was noble among the noblest,) and after

having perfected myself in the use of arms and in all those accomplishments which add grace and dignity to courts, the sage Ishmael initiated me into the mysteries of his own much loved study. Oft have I passed the live long night with him drawing dread combinations from the stars, to charm the elements and to make nature subservient to his will—or gazing intently on the thrice-heated furnace, as we essayed to extract the virgin gold from the worthless dross, and not unfrequently attempting to discover the elixir of life, which for so many ages has eluded the researches of the wise. Oft-times too would we seek the refreshing coolness of the grove, and reclining under the wide spreading chenar trees, by the banks of my own Baradee,(8) I would listen to my guardian's remarks on the sages of old, or be amazed as I heard the cabalistic spells with which Soleyman ben Donad(9) is said to have routed the rebellious armies of Heaven. Frequently he would explain those unhallowed creeds which had held in darkness the deluded minds of men before the visitation of our prophet, and becoming excited by the fervor of his faith, he would picture the unconceivable perfections of the paradise of the righteous, and dilate upon the beauty of those houries who await with sweet sounding zitars(10) the admittance of the faithful into the gemmed and marbled courts of eternal bliss.

Though, by the nature of my studies, separated from the youth of my own age, yet was I not altogether alone, for the daughter of the Hakem was my constant companion. Together we received the instructions of her father, and hand in hand we strolled along the dancing streams, which, like veins, course through the vale of Demeshk, giving new vigor to the flowers of the earth, and adding beauty to the scene. Ever as the sun went down we sought the grove of chenar trees,(11) for it concealed a lovely bower, enlaced with the honeysuckle and the vine, the jessamine and the rose—where we would sit and recount the wild sweet tales of former times—those enchanting stories with which the Sultana Scheherazade(12) is said to have lulled the jealousy of her lord. Year after year did we live after this manner, each ever rejoicing in the society of the other; but as revolving years brought a darker tinge to my cheek, and boyhood gave place to maturer age, I could no longer view with the same feelings the ripening beauties of the fair Zobeide. From brotherly affection I passed to intensest love, and my adored one was persuaded without much oratory of the sincerity of my attachment, and confessed that the affection was reciprocal. Oh my loved Zobeide, even now can I fancy I see before me thine incomparable beauties—the unnumbered charms of my peerless one—her face beams on my soul, bright as the eye of the morning to the tempest tost—her cheek is soft as the velvet-mosses of Demeshk—crimsoned like the blush of the budding rose. She is tall and graceful as the cedar of Lebanon,(13) when its leaves are shaken by the winds of the summer—her step is light as the roe on the mountains—her feet white as the marble of Shirameen.(14) Her soul is as the finest mirror, reflecting every image presented to it, untainted in its purity—her voice is musical as the harp over whose chords the genii of the breezes play, and often has it sounded on my ear melodious as the dulcet murmurs of distant waters to the traveller of the burning desert. But pardon me, great

Prince; to you this description may be tedious; but in the pleasure I experienced, as I recalled the charms of my much loved—my long lost—my faultless Zobeide, I forgot unto whom I was relating the story of my misfortunes.

The full moon was to be the signal for rejoicing—the night appointed for the consummation of our happiness—and on that eve my dark haired Zobeide was to become the bride of Amram. But as the moon shines brightest when farthest from the sun that gives light unto her, so was I farthest from the reality of bliss, when my prospects seemed brightest. But how shall I speak of my sorrows? Again my heart suffers all the dreadful pangs which then it suffered—my fair one was lost. On the eve preceding that appointed for our nuptials she disappeared, and left no clue to extricate me from the labyrinth(15) of my fears. I was altogether unable to discover whither or by what means she had departed; but the suddenness and the secrecy of her flight, made me suppose it effected by the violence of others. The excess of joy immediately gave place to a lonely and blighting feeling, which nestled around my heart and spread over my soul a cold and deadly sickness—for the uncertainty in which I was left opened the way to the most painful conjectures. Oh, prince! if you have ever loved with the intensity of affection, you may conceive the anguish which I then endured; my joys had been bright as the radiations of the hill of Emerald,(16) but it was now torn with throes more violent than those which convulse the base of that famous mountain.

To the memory of my Zobeide I erected a cenotaph; around it I planted the cypress and the yew, and with my own hands I tended the painted flowers that sprung lightly from that fancied grave. Here I spent whole days dreaming of the lost one—refusing all consolation, though many endeavored in kindness to administer to my wounded soul—but the sadness of my heart could know no solace; and the only occupation of which my palsied mind was capable, consisted in conjuring up all the sweet memories of the past and giving them an ideal body to perpetuate the charms of my own Zobeide. Three times had the round moon hung her bright lamp in the mid vault of Heaven—a faint type of that wild mystery of the far East—the incarnations of Brahma—but still my grief was unabated, and her resplendent glory bestowed no peace on the anguish of my soul.

About this time, the old Hakem seeing how vain were the attempts of others to console me, himself addressed me: "Son," he said, "your grief is unmanly—tears and long lamentations are for women,(17) but we who are men and born for action, must have our feelings of sterner mould. I have lost a daughter—you a bride. Is your loss to be compared to mine? I have watched over her in love and expectation, from the earliest hours of her infancy. You have loved her only in her bloom. Into my heart she has grown, as the solitary plant on the high mountains strikes deep its roots into the rock. To you she has been but as the flower plucked in the garden, for its beauty, to adorn or delight while its beauty and fragrance remain." "Venerable father," I replied, "your words are full of wisdom—but when the feelings are grieved, the head may assent to a truth which the heart rejects—there are none whom I

may love with the same fervor of attachment as the fair Zobeide. She is gone, and with her all hope of happiness has flown from my bosom." "So you deem now; but you little know the mutability of the heart of man when you call your sorrow ineradicable; but if this grief long continue, I may regret having violated the customs of the country in the treatment of my daughter. But for years I was alone. I pursued studies, in which my dark-haired beauty was my only companion. When I received you into the house, I had too long allowed her the control of her actions then to check them; yet I may look back with regret on the joys of former times, if bought by the present misery of Amram."

"Father, it were unjust—for though my soul be dark with clouds, know that the only alleviation of my sorrow is the remembrance of the past, and the consciousness of once having had happiness within my reach."

"Not happiness, my son—when the thin hair turns gray on your aged head, you will learn that unto none has Allah granted a state of bliss.(18.) Remember the persecutions of our Holy Prophet before he established the light of the faith; and think of the difficulties that opposed the course of the great Soleyman ben Donad, and forget not, my son, that though surrounded with learning, power, wealth, and honor, he remained not in the true belief, for which he is now cursed with the burning heart in the Halls of Eblis."(19.)

"Perchance thou sayest sooth—but my dreams of happiness were so vivid that they have begotten a belief in its possibility."(20.)

"Ah, my Amram, fancy ever is the deceiver of youth. Your visions of bliss are as bright and as false as those evening hues which gild the dark clouds of Heaven."

Another month passed on—day after day bore witness to the sincerity of my grief—but at length my heart was petrified by its continuance. An icy chill came over me. I was listless and almost unconscious. The lengthened monotony of woe had paralyzed my senses. My limbs refused their due and wonted assistance. My eye became vacant—my intellect inert. In vain I endeavored to shake off this lethargy. Neither the powers of my body nor the faculties of my mind were subservient to the dictates of my will. Every day I grew weaker—and as my weakness increased, a fever seized on me. My eye, from being filmy, became wild and bloodshot. A tingling sensation ran through all my nerves; and as the live blood danced in my veins, a throbbing pain convulsed my body. My head became light—my brain swum—I knew no more, for I was delirious.

My eyes opened, but they were blinded with the light to which they had been so long unaccustomed. With pain I raised my thin translucent hands to shade them. I closed my eyes and pressed my forehead;—it was cold—but an agonizing throb shot through my temples. A cool sponge was applied to them, which afforded such relief that I deemed myself transported to some other world. A melon was introduced into my mouth, to the parched roof of which my swollen tongue had before cleaved. The still tranquillity of delight relaxed my nerves, and I had but strength to open my eyes for a few short moments, to behold him who thus tended me. He was an old man—his face seemed known

to me, and the mildness of his kind blue eye beamed on me like the memories of the past. I fell into a slumber—sweet visions visited my sleep. I was seated among the chenar trees, with a fair one by my side, whose exceeding loveliness outshone those beauties which inspired the honied verses of Hafiz. Around her head was a coronet of the loveliest flowers; but the lily was shamed by the marble whiteness of her brow, and the rose blushed a deeper dye to see itself rivalled by the carnation of her cheek. Her eyes were soft and shining as the stars seen in the deep waters of the Green Sea;(21) and as her head rested on my bosom, they were upturned to mine, as if she would there read a transcript of her own feelings. Her hand rested within mine. I would cast my eyes on the smiling landscape, then turn them to that sunny face, to convince of the reality of that which I beheld. As I thus repeated my gaze, it assumed the likeness of one I thought I had seen before. I pressed my hands upon my eyes—then looked again—but my gaze fell only on the jasmine that hung before my lattice in the graceful festoons that Nature's hand had given it—my charmer was gone—it had been only a dream.

Again I slumbered—for I had not the power of remaining awake. I lay by a sweet rill, whose murmuring was soothing to my languid ear. The citron trees waved over me, shaking on every breeze the perfumes of their blossoming branches. The birds warbled their blithest notes—but to my ear there came a sweeter melody; it was faint at first, for it was borne on the blast from a distance; gradually it came nearer, and the liquid sounds rung in the listening air—it was celestial harmony. My tranced senses were drowned in that sea of music—still I lent an attentive ear, and methought my pulses were attuned to past delights. The musician approached me. She was all beauty. Her eye dark and languishing as the gazelle's.(22) Her breath perfumed as the breeze that issues from the throne of Allah. I looked but once on her who had so enchanted me—yet the love seemed no new feeling. I looked again—and again it was a dream.

I tried to recall the visions of my sleep, but slumber again overtook me. I was moving in an atmosphere of sweet sounds, which rose and fell wildly, like the modulations of a rising storm. Perfumes floated around, but I fainted not even with the ecstasy; neither was I overpowered by excess of sweetness, for a strange and unfelt power sustained me. I was not alone, for with me was one whose brightness surpassed the meridian splendor of the unclouded sun—yet my eye quailed not, for her beauty was mellowed by supernatural softness. Her figure(23) was the impress of perfection, yet I vainly tried to catch its outline, for each limb and lineament was breathing, and around was woven a thin robe of finest moonshine, whose ever varying colors were brighter and more changeable than those which flit across the lunar rainbow. She turned her face towards me. I knew not where it was I had seen a faint resemblance of those beauties. Hand with hand I journeyed—for, an unseen influence impelled us on, through groves of ever blooming trees, whose every bud and leaf filled the air with music, as they quivered in the wind. Nor alone passed we thus onward—thousands from a thousand quarters, merging towards the same centre, accompanied our wanderings; and all bore

crescents on their brows; from which most luscious odors were distilled to gladden the hearts of those who trod within the mystic gardens of that paradise. My fair companion looked and smiled upon me. The veil of light fled for a moment from her face; it was my own, my lost Zobeide.

It was a summer's eve—I lay upon my couch tranquil but weary; it seemed as I had just waked from a long trance, and was now gathering anew my energies to go forth unto the world. Long I lay in drowsy wakefulness; on my brow and cheek the cool and pleasant breeze swept gently, creeping through the open lattice, and bearing on its balmy pinions the tribute which each loving flower paid as it passed along. There was an old man bending over me: when he saw my eyelids open, he clasped his withered hands, upturned his eyes to Heaven—rapidly his thin lips moved. Exhausted, he sunk upon the floor. I lay unmoving, for as yet my thoughts were not my own. The recollection of the past came slowly over me—a tomb rose on my sight; gathering my wandering faculties, memory recalled Zobeide, and at once I knew all that had happened. I knew that I had been ill; my visions again flitted before me, and in all I recognized my lost Zobeide. The old man's face again bent over me, and I knew it was the father of my love. I spoke to him—the tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks—and he, who for weeks and months had watched over me, then sunk beneath his feelings. They had been unnaturally wrought up and excited, so that he had endured what few could else have borne. Now that I was recovered, the excitement was over—the stay which had supported him was suddenly withdrawn and the old man fainted. The slaves flocked into the room, and though they saw that I had oped my eyes, yet were they heedless of me; their whole attention being given to the old Hakem, (24) whom all loved. Slowly he recovered; he was carried to his own couch, that exhausted Nature might recruit her powers. Thought and reflection, with returning sense, came to me. I was calm, for my frame was still weak, and my blood had boiled so long, that now its fevered heat was gone. I dwelt upon the past; it was tasteful to me, for it was linked with associations of Zobeide; and every memory of her was painful, as it told of lost happiness, and as I deemed that my fair one was now in Heaven. I could find no content. I could no longer indulge in grief, for the fountain of my tears was dry; and I could not think of joy, when Zobeide still floated before my eyes. I, therefore, resolved to seek the only solace, the only refuge for my wounded spirit, and to wander in search of the waters of oblivion.

In three days the good Ishmael appeared again before me; his feet tottered, for his limbs had not yet recovered from the attack that greeted my awaking to convalescence. He came to the side of the couch on which I lay, and taking my hand between his palms—"You have been ill, my son," he exclaimed—"but Allah has preserved you,—he has listened to my prayers, and at length a bright star appeared in the sky, after I had watched long in hopelessness. Great is the God of Mahomet, and bounteous unto all the faithful." (25.)

"There is a mist upon me, my good father, which obstructs my remembrance; but I believe I have been

ill, and that more than once I saw your face bending over me. Was it not so?"

"Yes, my son, I watched you; for you were the last link that bound me to earth. My studies are tasteless and insipid to me, when there is none unto whom I may impart my thoughts. I should have been like the old pine on the mountain, which, the last of the forest, the lightning has scathed. I should have stood alone, stripped of my leaves and my branches, and fallen uncared for and companionless."

"Your own life has been nearly sacrificed for my preservation; your kindness falls on me like the dews of Heaven on the flowers of the field; yet I little deserved such unusual regard."

"My son, selfishness was mixed with my own motives; (for in all our actions our impulses are partly evil)—the oak, that for years has been clothed with the ivy, would perish if the parasite were plucked from it. You have grown around my heart; and had you died, in misery I should have followed you. You were the sun that lighted for me the darkness of this world—there was one other, but she is gone—my loved Zobeide is as one whom the waves of the sea cradle in their dark caves."

The old man's voice seemed a spirit from the past; it was like the voice of home when it speaks in silence to the exile; it conjured up all the memories of the sweet bygone hours: they burst over my soul in a flood of light, dazzling as when the day shines through the opened portals of the dungeon, to him who has been for years its inmate. Yet more painful than ever was remembrance: it eat into my soul as the rust consumeth the sheathed sword. "And now I must seek the waters of oblivion."

"T were vain, my son, though thy Peri assist thee."

"It may be, yet I must attempt it. I must leave you, good father. I can no longer endure the silent grief that preys upon me. I must depart. May Allah protect me."

"Your project is wild, yet go; change of scene may bring with it change of feeling; moreover it will make you conversant with others' woes and so forgetful of your own. Go, my son, and protection ever be with you. Yet the waters you desire, may not easily be found; many sages have sought them, but they have ever returned unsatisfied. Still go, my child. I too shall leave this abode of sorrow—and although I may not long survive when you are gone, yet will I seek in other climes alleviation of my afflictions. Adieu! here let us part; but take with you this signet—there are two which resemble it; one I ever keep myself where it cannot be lost, and the other my poor Zobeide kept with like care." (26.)

We parted! since that time I have not seen, I have not heard of my old guardian; and Ishmael is probably as ignorant of the fate and fortunes of Amram. Yet we shall meet again in the gardens of Heaven, if not here. I turned my face towards the rising sun, and thus began my pilgrimage, crossing the great desert with a caravan I overtook a few days' journey from Demeshk. Three weeks I travelled alone, after leaving the caravan, through varied scenery, till I came to a still lake, which spread before me its silver bosom. For a moment I was enchanted with its beauty—the weeping willow bent over it, and the chenar trees were lovelier than those that shaded the banks of my own Baradee. Amra

trees(27) were there—and the purple blossoms of that tree which presents the appearance of spring and summer ever enduring together. Vines, too, with clustering fruit, more delicious than the golden grapes of Casveen; and almond trees which might have rivalled those that bloom in the gardens of Dehlee. On the glassy waters, purer than the lake of pearl, red lotuses and blue water lilies raised their graceful flowers, while the banks were clothed with a soft grass, sending forth continual fragrance like that on the margin of the sacred Ganges. Neither were the leaves of the golden Champac absent; nor the ruby flowers of the Camalata; nor the Amreta Jambu, which gives its name to one of the fairest trees of Paradise. It were vain to describe all that decked that magic scene—earth seemed ransacked of her beauties, so varied were the flowers that bloomed beside that lake. But the pleasure which these afforded, did not continue. I sickened with excess of beauty, and the stillness of all things sunk on my soul as the atmosphere of the vale of death. The sheen of the broad basin remained unchanged—a wide expanse of liquid silver, over which there passed no shade—and the sky was blue above, but there was no cloud-wreath to relieve the sight; the birds were mute, and the leaves slept unquivering on the aspen bough. I was alone, and the still beauty of the scene made me more sensible of my loneliness. I tried to flee from the spot, but I could find no path to guide me—there were no footsteps on the long grass. Ever as I moved, flowers of melancholy associations sprung up beneath my feet—the Rayhan, whose soft tufts wave over the graves of the departed, and that Tuberose which the dwellers in the eastern islands(28) have named the mistress of the night, together with that flower which dispenses not its odors till darkness approaches, and seems itself the harbinger of death.

My brain reeled in a mist of its own creation. Overpowered, I staggered to the margin of the lake, and seeing there a light boat unmoving on the waters, I leaped into it, almost unconscious of my actions. The skiff wheeled round, for as I stepped upon it, a rapid current swept down the lake and hurried me away. I fell, almost senseless.

As my senses returned, I could perceive that I lay on a bed of flowers in that caique, borne down the narrow stream with the swiftness of lightning.(29) Trees, more beautiful than those I had seen on the borders of the lake, bloomed along the banks of that impetuous river; and their overreaching branches and blossoms hung so low that I thought to catch them as I was hurried onward. I stretched my hand to catch them, but their fragrance only I reached. Sometimes a stray flower fell into my hands, but I had no sooner touched it, than its beauty paled; it gave me pleasure no longer, but withering, quickly died. On I was borne—the arrow flies not straighter to its mark, than that boat bounded on toward some hidden home. The stream became wider and the trees bloomed thinner on the banks. I tried no longer to catch their flowerets. Still, onward, the river widened, and instead of blossoms and green leaves, sharp and jagged rocks frowned down upon me; but in some few and distant places I could see the acacia waving its bright saffron tresses, or a small tuft of green grass, on which my eyes would willingly have delayed. Still my small caique danced onward; the rocks increased

in size; verdure and vegetation were forgotten; the high mountains bathed their white heads in the dun clouds of Heaven, which hung over me like one vast shroud of watery vapor. But there was one bright blue spot in the far distance, though the leaden waters were not gilded by its smile. My boat stopped not; on it hurried with the same steady and rapid movement. The rocks drew nearer; I could not see them, but I felt the change; a tangible mist enveloped me, and a darkness which was not night—for that one blue spot was still visible, like the light of hope in the midst of sorrows. There was no rest for me; the river hitherto so smooth, fretted and chafed amongst the hidden rocks—my boat leapt from wave to wave; the billows raged higher, and boiled as when the waters of the Coral sea(30) bursting through the strait of Tears,(31) mingle their waters with the mighty ocean. The crags met, and through the low arch the tumbling boat shot. Once more I was in the open air—the unspotted blue of Heaven smiled over me. I looked back towards the stream I had just quitted—it was gone—shut out by the thick mist that rose behind me; and I found myself a lonely voyager on the dull untraversed waters of a shoreless sea. My boat moved not, but lay slumbering on the palsied waves; the sky became dark and lowering—behind me and before me the dense mists hung on the verge of the bright blue, as if eager to swallow up its brilliancy; there was no sound—no breath—the air itself was sleeping. I submitted to the strange influence of the place, and lay in waking slumbers; yet no visions came to gladden my soul; the semblances of things had vanished from my mind, and I could think of nothing but that sky and of those waters and of my weird boat. My skiff moved not, and yet there rose before me in the flushed horizon, a wall of shining crystal, on which the roseate hues of light danced fitfully. Rapidly did they come nearer, though my boat seemed still unmoving. Those crags of ice divided—the portals soon resolved themselves into dread shapes, from which a chill benumbing atmosphere proceeded and wrapped itself around me. From all sides, before, behind, battlements and towers of ice sprung through the misty shroud, and bathed their glittering peaks in the living light of Heaven. Slowly these walls closed in, and the waters of the lake, on which I floated, became dense and more dense. Then a loud voice, as of one the grave had freed, rung on my ears, "*On, mortal, on—thou hast no choice; the waters of oblivion are before thee—on to those waters whence is no return. Child of clay, thou hast sought the treasure of the genii in their wild and magic halls; on, for the waves of oblivion shall roll over thee.*" The voice had spoken; at once the water and the air and the blue heavens all found a voice and shrieked in dreadful unison: "*On, mortal, on—thou hast no choice; the waters of oblivion are before thee*"—and those crags of wondrous crystal threw back the awful sounds from peak to pinnacle, as when the loud thunder laughs at midnight among the lofty mountains. "*On, thou hast no choice—the waters of oblivion are before thee.*" Crag answered unto crag, till o'er the roaring waters there hung an atmosphere of loathed sounds. Then there rose, as if from myriad mouths, a wild and fiendish laughter, and those walls of ice burst out in wanton mirth, while the water and the air laughed in wild symphony. Suddenly the bosom of that lake, which be-

fore had been so still and smooth, rushed on in foaming rapids, and the war of streams sounded like the cataracts of Bahs el Nil. Swift as the eagle, when he swoops on his prey, or as the death-bearing Samiel, the light boat sprung forward, and through those portals of the ice, shot towards the waters of oblivion—and as I passed, they closed behind me with a horrid crash. “This cannot be,” I cried; “the prophet will not resign his votary into the hands of the rebellious angels; it may not be. Dread powers of darkness and of ill—by the victory of Soleyman, I conjure you—by that charm which has excluded you from Paradise—by the majesty of Allah, and by that mystic spell which mortal lips may not pronounce, and which accursed ears dare not hear.” With sudden plunge those toppling crags vanished in the dull waters, with themselves, and in their stead there sounded on my ear the sweet music of a rippled stream. My eyes were open, and a weight was off my spirits.

When my eyes had become habituated to the light, and the effects of that trance had passed away, I found myself reclining by that silver lake whereon I had started in the enchanted boat. The date trees waved over me their graceful foliage, the moon shone bright, and the stars viewed with joy and admiration their beauteous orbs glassed in the deep waters.

A spirit appeared to me—the radiance of her countenance and the brilliancy of her figure made the moon appear dark in heaven. She bent over me; and the words proceeded from her mouth sweeter than the remembered tones of a sweet sound; more soothing than the silver tones of Izrafil. “Amram,” she said, “I have visited you with a dream—you have wished for the waters of oblivion; wilt thou now that I conduct you where you may meet with the reality of your vision?” A shudder ran over me—my cheek turned pale—a cold sweat issued from all the pores of my skin—the blood stagnated in my veins, and I had only power to exclaim, “Nay, fair Peri; drive me not thither; the recollection of those horrors overpowers me. I will not taste of those dark waters.” “Amram,” she replied, “it is well I have watched over you; for my oath to your mighty father compelled me. This time have I rescued you from the jaws of destruction. Farewell, and know that Zobeide liveth! (32.) Seek.”

I did not remain long in the place where she had left me, but with the earliest dawn I proceeded to retrace my steps. The path which in the evening I had so hopelessly sought, presented itself at once for my acceptance. Instead of the stillness which before had been spread over nature, the birds carolled lightly in the woods—the winds made wild music in the trees, and every flower, that bloomed along my path, breathed forth the notes of gladness. With the utmost speed, I returned towards the vale of Demeshk, hoping that my Zobeide might possibly have returned toward the home of her childhood. Hope and fear were so nicely balanced in my bosom, that I forgot all my former desires of oblivion, and journeyed on in lightness of heart. But as I entered the vale of Sham el Demeshy, fear so far predominated, that I almost anticipated the reply to my frequent and vain inquiries, for I found that no intelligence had ever been received of the lost Zobeide. I visited all the spots which her partiality had consecrated—I strolled through the chenar grove—and for hours

I reclined in the jessamine bower; I even visited the tomb I had erected to her, but the sadness which it inspired was mellowed by my belief in her existence.

I now despaired of ever finding her again, without chance should throw her across my path; and I should probably have remained in the vale of Demeshk, if I had not remembered my protector, Ishmael, and been seized with a desire of informing him that his daughter still lived. But ere I again quitted, perhaps for ever, that sweet paradise, I sought the banks of the cool Baradee—and looking on it with a feeling of affection, “Murmuring rivulet,” I cried, “laughing and sparkling in the noontide sun, sweet art thou to my heart! Still thou smilest and sportest, as when in the days of my childhood I stood by thy brink and watched thy current bear along with it the little boats which my idle fancy made of every twig that sailed down thee. Still thou rollest on, and strayest in happy ignorance of thy future lot—knowest thou that thy pleasant course will be ended—that thy waters will be lost in the brine of the ocean and thyself seen no more? Thou canst not, or not always wouldst thou wear that cherub smile upon thy cheek. My life is like thine: in childhood all was gladness—the sorrows, that like April showers at times bedimmed my joy, were but as the light clouds that, from time to time, steal from thee the cheering rays of the sun and rob thee of thy smile. But they quickly vanished, and every little incident that then happened to me, was like the straws and feathers, the leaves and flowers, which are carried along at thy sweet will. My gladsome thoughts seized them and hurried them along with me—and as the bee, unheeding, extracts honey from all flowers, so did I suck joy from things which to others might have seemed painful. But the tide of my life has rolled onwards, and brought to me, as it does unto thyself, a deeper and a wider stream—and now the brightest beams dance coldly on the surface, without penetrating to the heart as they were wont to do of old—and instead of sporting with the few green leaves and bright blossoms, they fall unregarded upon me. My stream is still rapid as before, but its rapidity makes it turbid. Still I roll onwards as thyself, fair brook, till I reach the ocean—the boundless and shoreless ocean of eternity. Smile on, then, my sweet Baradee; and though to me the past has been full of tears, yet will I smile with thee, for thou carriest me back to the glad days of my childhood.” I bent over the stream. I scattered some flowers and green leaves upon it, and for some minutes my tears fell unnoticed on its sparkling waters. “Will there ever be one,” cried I, “to shed tears over me, or to scatter fresh flowers on my grave when I am dead? None, (33,) with that sensation of pleasing regret with which I now deck thy bosom—for the hand of the stranger will adorn my tomb, and I shall die an exile from my home. Thou hast ever been my companion, and hast lent a ready ear to complaints which none other has heard. All my secrets have been confided to thee, and I have fancied that thy wavelets sympathized with my sorrows, for they seemed, to wear a softer smile. Adieu! then, fairest of rivers. Adieu! my own sweet Baradee.”

I turned and quitted the spot. I wandered in search of the father of my youth—the sage Ishmael—him I have never found. I have visited the shrine of our prophet—I have kissed the holy Caaba, (34)—I have drunk

of the soul-curing waters of Zemzem,(35)—I have lived with the tribes of Araby, and the tribes of Tooran(36) have extended their hospitality to me. I have visited the burning lakes(37,) which flame beside the great water of judgment,(38,) and have dwelt with the Guebres,(39,) whose sincerity and goodness deserve a better creed. In the course of my travels I have observed, that in all places the good and the bad are mingled—that kindness is naturalized on earth wherever man can live. I have observed that religions, which should unite all men, if the welfare of men be their intention, are unfailing sources of contention and bloodshed. I have found men possessed of the greatest virtues, marred by some trivial fault, which dimmed the lustre of their goodness; and characters of acknowledged vice, possessed of some dazzling virtue, which blinded the eyes of men to their faults. I have travelled much—the words of Ishmael I have tested and found true—there is no happiness—but I hate not the world in consequence, rather loving it, that I may alleviate the miseries of others in the hope of consolation in return. For vain as this consolation may appear, when carefully scrutinized in the eye of reason, yet it invigorates the heart, as the dews of the morning refresh the budding, and like snow sinks deeper in proportion to the lightness of its fall. I have found neither Zobeide nor Ishmael, yet I cannot conceive my time ill spent, since it has inclined me to a firm reliance on the bountiful goodness, and a pitying tolerance for the errors of others, whether in religion or in life.

Many revolutions of the sun had passed over me, since I quitted the soft flowing Baradee, and I was returning once more to revisit the centre of all my pleasing thoughts and fancies, when slumbering by the banks of the Euphrates, the voice of the Peri again sounded like music on my ear—"Up, Amram, arise! thy lord cometh and the hour of thy joy is at hand; haste thee to the plains of Farsistan, pass from the vale of Lilies(40) without delaying, and thou shalt find the prince Aboun Hassein by the fount, which wells out from the mountains of Fire(41)—him shalt thou accompany."

My tale is ended—the servant of my lord is before thee—thou knowest all—and if my story hath deserved thy attention, may it keep alive in thy breast the remembrance of "Amram, the wanderer."

Notes explanatory of Orientalisms employed by the Persian author.

(1) "Mirage." This word hardly needs explanation in the present day, for every one now knows that there is an ocular deception under the appearance of water, frequently met with in the deserts of Asia and Africa.

(2) "Moussa." Moses. The Mahometans claim the same right to scriptural references that we Christians do.

(3) "Sham el Demeshy." "On the eastern base of Libanus is the fertile plain, watered by numerous streams, where the ancient city of Damascus stands—the Demeshk, or Sham el Demeshy of the orientalis. The environs of the city, watered by the Baradee and other small streams, present at all seasons of the year a pleasing verdure, and contain an extensive series of gardens and villas. The valley of Damascus or Gather, is, according to Abulfeda, the first of the four terrestrial paradises." Malte Brun Geog. 110, xxviii, 3.

(4) "Green as the turban of an Emir." Green is the sacred color of the Mahometans, and the use of green turbans is restricted to the grandees, if I mistake not, for I cannot at present refer to the authority; but the words of the Persian author of this tale should be considered sufficient authority.

(5) "The fleeces of Angora" are so soft as to have become proverbial.

(6) A practice which even now is not renounced in the East, as is evident from the following passage of Malte Brun: "The Afghans believe in alchemy, magic, astrology, and the prophetic character of dreams." From a work entitled 'Travels in the East,' and published in the latter part of the seventeenth or the early part of the eighteenth century, I extract the following passage, to show the respect in which astrology was held even then: "Astronomy is studied in Persia purely for the sake of astrology; which last they term the revelation of the stars. The people of the East look upon astrology as the key to futurity, and they have an insatiable curiosity for prying into things to come. This seems to be the principal end of their studies, and they look upon a person to be stupid and ignorant to the last degree, who speaks slightly of this science."

(7) Where they may still be found, along with singing birds, ever living waters, and a variety of other curious things; for an enumeration of which I refer the reader to D'Herbelot and the Arabian Nights.

(8) "Baradee." See note 4.

(9) "Soleyman ben Donad." Solomon, the son of David, the greatest of the Preadamite kings, according to the orientals.

(10) "Zitars." A musical instrument, probably resembling the cithara of the Greeks and Latins, for its description as well as its name resembles the "testudo Apollinis."

(11) "Chenar treea." The favorite tree of the east; being a species of the sycamore.

(12) "Sultana Scheherazade." The name will instantly recall that beautiful work "The Arabian Nights Entertainments" to the minds of all readers. And here I would observe, that these tales seem as much admired in the east as they ought to be in the west.

(13) "Tall and graceful as the cedar of Lebanon." The proximity of Damascus to the mountain would naturally suggest the comparison.

(14) "The marble of Shirameen." "Near the village of Shiraméen, not far from the lake of Shahoe, are ponds or plashea, whose indolent waters, by a slow and regular process, stagnate, concrete and petrify, and produce the beautiful transparent stone commonly called Tabreez marble."—Shoberl's Persia. Mr. Morier observes, that in its last stage of concretion, the marble is white like l'was frost.

(15) I was unable to translate the Persian word by any which might convey its real force, and therefore substituted "labyrinth," though it detracts from the consistency of the work. But the fault is that of the translator.

(16) According to the religious philosophy of the Mahometans, the basis of Mount Caf is an emerald, whose reflections produce the azure of the sky—the mountain is endowed with a sensitive sensation in its roots or nerves—and their vibrations, at the command of God, is the cause of earthquakes."—From a note in Gibbon's Hist. Dec. and Fall. Rom. Emp. Vide etiam D'Herbelot, Bibliothèque Orientale, pp. 230-231.

(17) The reader may from this perceive the propriety of Lord Byron's distinction:

"By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail,
And woman's eyes wet—man's cheek is pale."

Bride of Abydos.

(18) The classic scholar may be pleased with the coincidence existing between this passage and the line of Hesiod—Works and Days:

"*Ἄλλ' ἐμύγῃ καὶ τοῖσι μεμῖξται σόθλα κακοῖσι,*"
and the still more beautiful words of that sweet bard Lucretius—
—Medio de fonti leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.

(19) I would not willingly lose the opportunity which this allusion affords of adding my mite of admiration to the thousand voices which have praised that wonderful tale "Vathek."

(20) Who would not gladly be reminded of Shakspeare's words—*Henry IV, part II:*

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

(21) "The Green Sea" or Oman's Sea, is the Persian Gulf.

(22) Among the Eastern nations a dark languishing eye is considered the greatest of beauties.

(23) Among the papers from which this translation was made, I found a loose scrap, on which was a species of lyric verse, apparently descriptive of the beauty of this vision of the night.

Not knowing whether to consider it as part of the poem or not, I have preferred introducing it here:

Her form was loveliness embodied—

Not those bright and fairy shapes

Which we are apt to conjure up,

When the last hues of evening spread

Their soul-entrancing charms around,

Could equal her in beauty.

Her rosy cheek, flushed with the joy of youth,

Was clearer than a summer morn,

When from the ocean's golden breast

The sun uprising in a flood of light,

Bursts into new existence.

Her brow was white as alabaster ;

And where the purple veins meandered,

It seemed as though the God of Love

Had set his seal, and left those bubbling founts

Of life as tokens of his presence.

(34) "Hakem," or wise man, applied more especially to their physicians.

(35) The Mahometan religion is distinguished above all others for the pure and unhesitating reliance of all its votaries on the goodness of Providence. In all dangers, in all afflictions, in the hour of prosperity, and in the hour of expected death, the maxim to which the Osmanlee steadily adheres, is "Lord, not my will, but thine be done." Would that their sincerity were grafted into a purer creed.

(36) The Persians and Orientals, in general, are remarkably superstitious in relation to amulets—few ever go without them. "Charms and amulets," says an old writer, "against diseases and enchantments, are another part of their superstition. You will not find a Persian without his amulet, and some of them almost loaded with them," &c. &c. *Travels in the East*, 1690, 1710.

(37) The description of these trees would occupy so much space, that I must content myself with referring the inquiring reader to Chardin's *Voyages en Perse*; Malte Brun's *Geograph. Universelle*; and Sir William Jones' *Asiatic Researches*.

(38) Of Java and the Sumatran chain.

(39) In this passage the author seems to have been desirous of portraying, metaphysically, the course of life. We come into the world—during the first fourteen or fifteen years of existence our thoughts are occupied chiefly with looking abroad upon the world and admiring the various novelties which are presented to our sight. About that age we feel an inclination to go forth unto the world ourselves, for it appears still beauty to our eyes, for the wandering fancies of our hearts prevent us from observing the shifting scenes of that which is before us. Once embarked, however, we perceive ourselves rapidly hurried forward, and though at first our brains turn giddily, from being so suddenly plunged into the vortex of action, yet this feeling, sooner or later, passes away, and we see thousand fancied pleasures almost within our reach, which we vainly strive to catch. As life glides on, these joys seem to recede from us, for our hearts being no longer set upon them, they are seen at juster distances. As we grow still older, the very perception of them departs; they remain upon us merely as the wild vagaries of childhood, and we laugh at those who seek over them, as duped by those deceptions which we at length have escaped. The imaginative admirer of Amram's philosophy may range, on this subject, o'er the wide fields of his own fancy, and come at length to the conclusion, that as the rocks drew nearer on the path of the voyagers, so do all things cling closer round us as we approach that goal whence we must spring from time into eternity.

(30) "The Coral Sea." The Red Sea, so called from its abounding in red coral.

(31) "The strait of Tears." The straits of Babel Mandel, so called by the Orientals, from the dangers of its passage.

(32) Though here informed, in a manner I cannot doubt, that Zobeide lives, yet, after looking over the greater part of the papers, I have not been able to discover her locality. But if continued application make me more fortunate in my labors than Amram has hitherto been, I shall certainly give you the desirable information on the subject.

(33) Though we may all agree that the love of the animate is better than that of the inanimate, yet the pleasure is not so durable. In the latter case the feeling is a reflex operation of

our own hearts; we love something inanimate; in fancy we embody similar feelings in the object of our attachment, and by the action of the will and the imagination, we transfer them back unto ourselves, and endeavor to forget that the whole series of thought and feeling proceeds from our own minds.

(34) "The Holy Caaba." The black stone of Mecca, whereunto the faithful ever turn their faces when they pray. Vide Gibbon and D'Herbelot.

(35) "Zemzem." The sacred fountain of Mecca, which possesses all the wonderful powers of the lake of Bethesda.

(36) "Tooran." The Persian name for Tartary.

(37) "Not far from thence (Balaghan near Eikon) is the field of fire, about a square verst in extent, and continually emitting an inflammable gas."

(38) "The great water of the judgment." Among the many names given by Orientals, the one "in the Tene-Avesta is worthy of remark. That apocryphal work, which is full of old traditions, calls this sea Tchekâet Daéti or "the great water of the judgment." Malte Brun, liv, xxxiv.

(39) The Gaurs, or "Guebres, are the relics of the ancient Persians, who have refused to embrace the doctrines of Mahomet and retained the religion of Zoroaster." Shoberl's Persia.

(40) "Khusistan." The ancient Susiana, whose capital, Susa, signifies "city of Illies." Vide Malte Brun.

(41) "The Mountains of Fire." The El Ahwas mountains, (south-west from Ispahan,) anciently called Parachootra, or Mountains of Fire, according to the testimony of Abulfeda, Hadgi Khalfah, &c.

CONSUMPTION.

He had been her idol;—from day to day,
She pour'd the incense of her unshared heart
Upon his shrine. To her eye, all that's best,
Of earth's beauty, met in his radiant brow—
To her ear, his voice had more of music
Than all earth's measured melodies combined.
And now she saw him dying! hour by hour
The living vermeil of his bright cheek fade,
And the destroyer spread his waning wreath,
To mock with its false light the opening tomb.
What tho' his voice had bade her trust no joy
Of mortal birth! and told in faith deep trust
Of that bright world, where love, deep quenchless love,
Forever reigns, without or death or change?
The fond young heart, by its crush'd hopes—by tears
And griefs from the heart's core,—by the deep thirst
Unquenched by mortal streams, alone can trace
Its weary wanderings to the founts of faith.
And still she dream'd of hope—some sunny isle
Fanned by soft breezes, fresh from myrtle bowers
And groves of spices, rich with healing balm,
To cool his fevered temples, and distil
Through his parch'd veins the springs of life anew.
And spring returned with its soft showers, and dews
Distilling nectar from the honied flowers—
And bee and bird-fly calling treasured stores—
Breeze and insect, and all that love the sun,
Returned,—but not to the poor sufferer health.
And with the yearnings of the exile's heart,
He panted for his native streams and vales—
Familiar paths and household voices, things
Deeply stored in memory's hallow'd shrine—
But most he sighed to rest his weary head
Neath the wild flowers of his own lov'd home.
Fond wish and vain!—no native shore shall rise
To scatter dust on thy fond faithful breast—
But with old Ocean's gems, the young and true—
The beautiful, the lost, thou'lt find thy rest.

The ship unmoor'd—along the dancing wave
 The young and gay—the light of heart are borne,—
 And wit and song, and revelry and mirth
 Resound. But hush! the song is ceased, and lo!
 Amid the list'ning crowd the sound is heard,
 "Death, Death is here!" Dread foe! could'st thou not stay
 Thy hand, and let this brightest victim pass?
 But no! 'tis done! the cold dark waves rebound,
 And clasp this treasure in their sad embrace.

Condens, S. C.

S. P.

EXAMINATION OF PHRENOLOGY,

In two lectures, delivered to the students of the Columbian College, District of Columbia, February, 1837: By Thomas Sewall, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Boston, 1839.

The pursuit of novelty has always exerted a powerful influence over the mind of man. From the days of Eve to those of Gall and Spurzheim, it has formed one of the strongest propensities of our nature; and while it has been the original source of many useful discoveries in science and important improvements in the arts, it has also caused the sacrifice of many an intellectual effort, and the loss of much valuable time.

The origin and progress of what is called the science of phrenology, is a striking illustration of the truth of these remarks. Of all the visionary fabrics which have ever been constructed by the ingenious or supported by the credulous, few can be mentioned, that are more completely baseless than this. With just enough of novelty to engage the curious—of originality to entrap the superficial—and of ingenuity to enlist the reflecting—it presents many points to attract public attention and gain popular favor. Its pretended foundation on personal observation—its lofty pretensions to genuine simplicity—its pompous claims to superior success in explaining the operations of the human mind—the skill and address of its really eloquent and able founders, have all tended to gain active proselytes and attract devoted followers.

But, if we do not entirely misread the signs of the times, the dark shadows of a long, if not an eternal night, are fast gathering over its clouded horizon; and notwithstanding its temporary success and evanescent popularity, we firmly believe that this, like many other brilliant meteors, has arisen to glitter and dazzle but for a moment, and then disappear forever before the overpowering light of true philosophy and genuine science.

In France and Germany, where this progeny of genius and observation, which was to illumine the darkest recesses of mental philosophy and afford a ready clue to the whole labyrinth of metaphysical vagaries, first saw the light—even in France and Germany, which we should suppose peculiarly fitted, from the tendency to imaginative speculation in the one, and the fondness for specious novelty in the other, to afford a ready support to its deceptive sophisms and oracular dogmas—even there, where, (if any where,) we should think it might bask in the perpetual sunshine of popular favor, it has already ceased to attract public attention or claim a place among the important pursuits of man.

In Paris, we learn from recent and undoubted authority, that it no longer creates any interest—that very few of the distinguished *savans* of that metropolis of science have any faith in the truth of its doctrines, and that still fewer consider them worthy a serious discussion.

It is, however, no part of our object to enter upon an examination of the merits of phrenology or of the justice of its claims to be ranked among the valuable discoveries, which the science and learning and indomitable perseverance of the present day have sent forth to instruct and benefit mankind. We wish merely to introduce to the notice of our readers, the work, whose title is placed at the head of this article—a work, which has not been surpassed, if it has been equalled among the numerous productions on this subject, for conclusive reasoning, masterly induction, and overpowering argument.

Professor Sewall's work consists of two lectures, delivered to the students of the Columbian College in the city of Washington, and published at their request. In the first lecture he gives a brief but comprehensive, candid and perspicuous outline of the peculiar views entertained by phrenologists; and in the second he inquires how far these views are sustained by, and are consistent with, the anatomical structure of the cranium and brain—a course of argument and discussion perfectly fair to his opponents, and yet quite different from that which has generally been pursued in the attempts to overthrow this mis-called science.

Professor Sewall first presents a brief historical sketch of the origin of phrenology—of its introduction to the medical and scientific world by Dr. Gall, in a course of lectures at Vienna in 1796—of his association with his favorite pupil Spurzheim in 1804—of their lecturing in most of the principal cities of Germany, Prussia, and Switzerland, in 1805, on their way to Paris—and of their reception by the French Institute, which distinguished body appointed a committee to report on their peculiar views, at the head of which was placed the first comparative anatomist of the age, M. Cuvier. Of this report, Dr. Sewall states, "some merit was awarded them for the improvements they had made in the manner of dissecting the brain, and for a few other innovations; but many of the discoveries which they claimed as original, were traced to anatomists who had preceded them, and their main positions were regarded as extremely hypothetical."

"Dr. Gall died in Paris in 1828, at the age of seventy-two. Spurzheim, while he considered France his residence, travelled extensively through Germany, Switzerland, Prussia, England, Scotland, and Ireland, making observations, teaching phrenology, and collecting facts. He returned to Paris to reside in 1817, where he regularly gave two courses of lectures upon phrenology annually; but complained, that during his absence, the subject had in a great measure been laid aside and forgotten. In 1824, he married a lady of fine talents and accomplishments, who entered deeply into the spirit of his enterprise. This event seems to have given a fresh impulse to his investigations, and to have inspired him with increased zeal in extending the influence of phrenology.

"Spurzheim, in 1832, visited the United States. His objects were to study the genius and character of

our nation, and to establish and propagate the doctrines of phrenology. He landed in New York on the fourth day of August, and proceeded almost immediately to Boston. Here he was received with all the respect and kindness for which the inhabitants of that ancient metropolis are so distinguished in their treatment of strangers. He was conducted to the various public and private institutions; was introduced to the literary and scientific personages of distinction; and every thing was done to render his stay agreeable, and to promote the object of his visit. He was invited to deliver lectures, to examine heads, and to explain his doctrines. But he had scarcely entered upon his career, when he was struck down by a fever, of which he died on the tenth of November, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His remains were interred at Mount Auburn, with every mark of respect, where a neat and beautiful monument has been erected to his memory, by the generous and high-minded citizens of Boston."

Dr. Sewall then goes on to show, that ideas similar to those of Gall, were entertained and promulgated long before his time, by Aristotle, by Galen, by Gordon in 1296; by Albert, archbishop of Ratisbon, in the thirteenth century; by Montagnana in 1491; by Servetus, who died in 1553; by Dolei, a Venetian; by Porta of Naples; by doctor Willis of London; and by baron Swedenborg. He adds, however, that "whatever may be the truth with regard to the origin of phrenology, it is through the writings of doctor Gall, supported by the untiring labors and invincible zeal of his pupils and disciples, that the science has been widely spread through the civilized world. And it is by these labors, and by this ceaseless spirit of exertion, that the subject has been brought to our shores, and has afforded the occasion to investigate it and ascertain whether it furnishes us with that infallible guide in the study of human character, which has been pretended."

Professor Sewall then gives the following as the fundamental principles, upon which the whole system of phrenology is based:

"1st. Phrenology, like most systems of mental philosophy, makes the brain the material organ of the mind.

2nd. It assumes the position, that just in proportion to the volume of this organ, other things being equal, will be the power of the mental manifestations.

3rd. That the exercise of the mind promotes the development of the brain.

4th. That the character of the mind is to be determined by the configuration of the brain.

5th. That the brain is a multiplex organ, and composed of a definite number of compartments or sub-organs, each of which is the appropriate seat of a propensity, sentiment, or intellectual faculty.

6th. That the mind consists of a definite number of original powers, which are divided into propensities, sentiments, and intellectual faculties.

7th. That to the existence of each original propensity, sentiment, or intellectual faculty, a specific cerebral organ is necessary, and that every specific mental operation can be performed, only by means of an appropriate organ.

8th. That the brain is composed of at least thirty-five phrenological organs or pairs of organs, all commencing at the medulla oblongata or top of the spinal marrow, and radiating to the surface of the brain.

That they commence at a point, and like so many inverted cones, become more and more voluminous, until that portion which is bounded by the walls of the cranium, presents a surface corresponding in form, size, and situation with the figured skulls, delineated in plate 1, fig. 2, and 3.

9th. That just in proportion to the development or size of each of these organs, or cones, will be the strength of the particular faculty of which it is the residence; the size of the organs to be estimated by their length and breadth, and the extent of their peripheral surface; and consequently that each prominence of the skull indicates the degree of development of that organ of the brain which is situated immediately under it, and of course, the power of the intellectual faculty, sentiment, or passion, of which it is the residence.

10th. That the exercise of any particular faculty of the mind, promotes the development of the appropriate organ of such faculty."

"In accordance with these principles, the cranium has been mapped out into thirty-five distinct territories, corresponding, as is supposed, in position, form and size, with the bases of the different organs of the brain."

He next points out the position of the individual organs, and briefly sketches the leading characteristics of each of their respective functions, as described by phrenologists.

In his second lecture, Doctor Sewall remarks: "Having exhibited the leading doctrines of phrenology, as found in the standard books upon the science, and as taught by the most eminent lecturers, my object on this occasion will be, to show how far the science is reconcilable with the anatomical structure and organization of the brain, the cranium, and other parts concerned.

"I adopt this course from two considerations:

"1st. From a belief that the anatomy of the parts concerned, is the proper, and indeed the only certain standard by which to ascertain its truth.

"2nd. That the metaphysical arguments on the subject, while they have been urged with great power, have too often been evaded, and the public mind has not been enlightened as to the real merits of phrenology, by the usual methods of investigation. Even the lash of ridicule, under which it has generally been left to wither, has done but little in arresting its progress or exposing its errors. The ground which phrenologists assume the right to occupy, is so extensive, and the outlets for retreat are so numerous, that it is difficult to present an objection to the science, which cannot, upon the common principles of reasoning, be plausibly evaded. A few examples will illustrate the idea which I wish to convey.

"If an individual has a large head, and his mental manifestations are unusually powerful, the case is brought forward as a proof of the truth of phrenology; but if the manifestations are feeble, it is said that the great size of the head is the result of disease, or that the brain is not well organized, or that other circumstances have exerted an influence in diminishing its power. If a small head be connected with a powerful intellect, it only proves that the brain, though small, is well organised, and acts with uncommon energy.

"If an individual has a particular propensity strongly marked in his character, and there is no corresponding development of the brain, it is said that the organ has

not been thrown out by indulging its desires; but if there is a large development of an organ, and no corresponding propensity, then it is contended that the germ of the propensity is there, but that it has been repressed by education or other circumstances; or it is found that some counteracting organ is fully developed which neutralizes the first. For example, if the organ of Covetousness is large, and the person has no uncommon love of gain, and the organ of Benevolence is also large, it is urged that the action of the one neutralizes that of the other.

"I have already mentioned that the temperament also is supposed to perform an important part in modifying the action of the different organs, and for which all due allowance is to be made.

"When all these fail in furnishing a satisfactory explanation, another method, still more amusing, is sometimes resorted to, in relieving phrenology from embarrassment. It may be illustrated by the following facts:

"There is a celebrated divine now living in Scotland, equally distinguished for his amiable disposition, his gigantic powers of mind, and the great moral influence which he exerts upon the christian world. This individual, it is said, has the organ of Destructiveness very largely developed, and not having any counteracting organ very large, it is contended by those who are acquainted with the fact, that he manifests his inherent disposition to murder, by his mighty efforts to destroy vice and break down systems of error. In this way he gratifies his propensity to shed blood.

"By a recent examination of the skull of the celebrated infidel Voltaire, it is found that he had the organ of Veneration developed to a very extraordinary degree. For him it is urged, that his veneration for the Deity was so great, his sensibility upon the subject of devotion so exquisite, that he became shocked and disgusted with the irreverence of even the most devout christians, and that out of pure respect and veneration for the Deity, he attempted to exterminate the christian religion from the earth.

"Other explanations, as much at variance with truth and common sense, are resorted to in carrying out the system.

"Allowing, therefore, to phrenologists the latitude they claim, it would seem impossible to present a case so contradictory to their principles as not to admit of prompt and plausible explanation.

"It is such considerations as these that have induced me to attempt an examination of the principles of phrenology, on other than metaphysical grounds, or its practical application to individual cases.

"In pursuing the investigation, I shall inquire:

I. How far phrenology is sustained by the structure and organization of the brain.

II. How far facts justify the opinion, that there is an established relation between the volume of the brain and the powers of the mind.

III. How far it is possible to ascertain the volume of the brain in the living subject, by measurement or observation.

IV. How far it is possible to ascertain the relative degree of development of the different parts of the brain, by the examination of the living head.

V. Notice a few facts which have been used in sup-

port of phrenology, and conclude with some general remarks."

Under the first inquiry, how far phrenology is sustained by the structure and organization of the brain—he states, that it is divided by a strong, tough, horizontal membrane called the tentorium, into two portions, (the cerebrum and cerebellum,) the latter being connected with the former by a small aperture in the tentorium near its centre: and that the fact of the existence of this horizontal membrane, separating the superior from the inferior portion of the brain, clearly shows the absurdity of the idea of organs as described by phrenologists. "Upon removing the dura mater, there are exhibited to the eye, numerous convolutions, rendered distinct by grooves which separate them to a greater or less depth; but these convolutions do not, in any respect, correspond in form, size, or position with the bases of the phrenological organs, as mapped out upon the figured skull. Phrenologists do not pretend that there is any relation between the one and the other. Neither the cortical nor fibrous part of the brain reveals, upon dissection, any of those compartments or organs, upon the existence of which the main fabric of phrenology is based. No such divisions have been discovered by the eye or the microscope. The most common observation is sufficient to show, that there is not the slightest indication of such a structure. Indeed no phrenologist, after all the investigations which have been made upon the subject, from the first dawn of the science to the present time, not even Gall and Spurzheim themselves, venture to assert that such divisions of the brain have been discovered; and yet they insist that such organs do exist."

The next inquiry proposed by our author, is, how far do facts justify the opinion that there is an established relation between the volume of the brain and the powers of the mind?

"This inquiry," he observes, "involves one of the fundamental principles of phrenology; and while pursuing the subject, it is proper to remark, that the phrenologist would escape from the consequences of the doctrine, that the volume of the brain is the measure of the mind, by placing the issue upon the relative development of the different regions of the brain, and not upon the volume of the brain as a whole. If the man of strong intellectual powers, for example, has an ample forehead, the man distinguished for his moral and religious qualities, has the superior region of the cranium large and towering, and the man of strong animal propensities, has the back and lower part of the head large and protruding, the developments are said to accord with the principles of phrenology, although the head be ever so small. This position often proves a secure retreat for the manipulator, especially as the lines of demarcation, which are made to separate the different families of organs from each other, are indefinite and variable in their position, and consequently may be drawn where best suits the case under examination. If the forehead happens to be stinted in its dimensions, and the individual still has a powerful intellect, it is only necessary to throw back the line which separates the intellectual organs from those of the moral faculties, so as to allow the former to encroach upon the region of the latter, and the whole difficulty is removed. Upon the same principle, the organs of the moral faculties

may invade the region assigned to the intellectual organs, or the animal propensities may usurp the dominion of the moral faculties, as the circumstances of the case may require. So by drawing the boundary lines of the different regions of the cranium farther forward or backward, the principle is adapted to the case, and the case to the principle. By this course, the phrenologist changes his position, and attempts to evade the legitimate consequences of his doctrine; and cases where individuals were remarkable for the diminutive size of the head, but were distinguished for power of mind, have been brought forward, not only as consistent with phrenology, but as evidence of its truth. But all this neither changes the ground of the argument, nor relieves us from the necessity of regarding the whole brain as the measure of the whole mind."

Professor S., then introduces a quotation from Mr. Combe, and adds some remarks, to prove still more conclusively, that phrenologists intend to embrace the whole brain as the index of the whole mind, and that it is the great fundamental principle upon which the science is based. "For if a small brain can be made to perform its mental functions with as much power as a brain of larger size differently constituted and endowed, volume is no longer the index of power, and phrenology must be abandoned as destitute of foundation. If the volume of the brain then is to be taken as the measure of the mental power, it is important to know whether its absolute or relative size is intended to be understood. If the former, then men of small stature must generally rank as inferior in intellectual power, to men of large size; and phrenology has also to contend with the fact, that the whale, the elephant, and several other animals of the lower order, have a larger brain than man, while their intellect is inferior.

"If the relative size of the brain be intended, then it is necessary to know with what it is to be compared; whether with the dimensions of the face, the size and length of the neck, with the size of the spinal marrow, the cerebral nerves, or with the volume of the whole body. Upon this point, phrenologists have not been explicit.

"The difficulty of instituting an accurate comparison of the brain with the first four of them, seems likely to prevent either from becoming the standard; and the great variations to which the body is liable, from different causes, losing, as it sometimes does, nearly half its volume, while the brain remains the same, renders this not a more certain criterion. Some facts, however, seem to have afforded the inference, that the volume of the brain, as compared with the size of the body, is to be taken as the measure of the mental power; and just as we descend in the scale of intellectual existence, from man through the various tribes of animals, it is said, the brain will be found to be diminished in size, according to this standard. But the investigations of Haller, Wrisberg, Soemmering, Blumenbach, Cuvier, and other anatomists, show this conclusion to be erroneous, and prove, by actual experiment, that it has no foundation in nature."

He then presents in a tabular form a summary of the result of Cuvier's investigations, by which it appears "that four species of the monkey, the dolphin, and three kinds of birds, the canary bird, sparrow, and cock, exceed man in the proportion of the brain to the

body; and that various other animals are nearly on a level with him.

"Nor does the argument in favor of a regular gradation of intellect, according to the size of the brain, hold good, in a comparison of the lower animals with each other; their intellectual capacities not being in proportion of the brain to the body. This fact is shown by the table of Cuvier.

"The doctrine, therefore, that man owes his intellectual superiority to an excess of brain, derives no support from his comparison with the lower animals; nor does it appear, from observation, that this is the source of the diversity of intellectual capacity, which distinguishes individuals of the human species from each other.

"Professor Warren, of Boston, who has probably enjoyed as great opportunities for dissecting the brain of literary and intellectual men of high grade, and of comparing these with the brain of men in the lower walks of life, as any anatomist of our country, if not of the age, says, as the result of his experience on this subject, that in some instances, it appeared that a large brain had been connected with superior mental powers, and that the reverse of this was true in about an equal number. 'One individual who was most distinguished for the variety and extent of his native talent, (says Dr. Warren,) had, it was ascertained after death, an uncommonly small brain.'

The third question discussed, is, how far it is possible to ascertain the volume of the brain in the living subject, by measurement or observation. And he here shows conclusively, that the instruments invented by craniologists for measuring the head are insufficient for this purpose, because the integuments of the head, and the walls of the cranium are not of a uniform thickness, and that we possess no means of determining the degree of deviation from this principle. He exhibits a number of drawings (very handsomely executed by the way) which illustrate very forcibly and conclusively some of these points.

One plate represents, by a horizontal section, "the skull of a sturdy, athletic waterman, who was drowned in the Potomac. It is scarcely the eighth of an inch in thickness, though it is firm, compact, and in every respect healthy in its structure."

Another represents, by a horizontal section, the skull "of a young and once beautiful female, who came to this city from a neighboring state, fell into bad company, abandoned the paths of virtue, and died in abject poverty. It is nearly twice the thickness of the former, and is well organized and healthy in its appearance."

An engraving of a third skull is given from the cabinet of professor Smith of Baltimore, which averages nearly *one inch* in thickness and appears in every respect healthy and natural. This of course is nearly eight times thicker than that represented in the first drawing, and is a striking illustration of the impossibility of ascertaining the amount of brain by measuring the exterior of the cranium.

But Dr. Sewall is not content with confounding his opponents, he literally overwhelms them in this "Pelion upon Ossa" argument—he goes on to remark:

"But in order to render this part of the investigation more satisfactory and conclusive, I have instituted

a series of experiments, in order to ascertain the exact amount of brain in the skull, compared with its external dimensions. These experiments were made under the immediate inspection and by the assistance of Dr. Thomas P. Jones of this city, and professor William Ruggies of the Columbian College; gentlemen whose high scientific character ensures the utmost accuracy in the results. I am much indebted to these gentlemen for the aid they have afforded me. In the first series of experiments, we ascertained the volume of each brain, the skull included; in the second series, the volume of the brain alone, or the capacity of the cerebral cavity.

"Then, in order to render the difference in capacity more obvious, the volume of each skull, the brain included, was reduced to the dimensions of seventy fluid ounces.

"This table shows the result of these experiments, as extended to five of the skulls delineated in the plates.

Vol. skull, br. included.	Vol. brain.
Plate II. fig. 1, 70 oz.	56.22 oz.
" fig. 2, "	51.72
III. "	46.21
IV. "	34.79
V. "	25.33

"In five skulls, therefore, of the same external dimensions, we have a difference in the amount of brain between

I. and II.	of	4.50 oz.
I. " III.	"	10.01
I. " IV.	"	21.43
I. " V.	"	31.89

"In this computation we have a difference in the volume of brain, contained in two skulls of the same external dimensions, of 31.89, something more than one half. These experiments have been extended to a great variety of crania, not here delineated, which confirm the above estimate, and show that the external dimensions of the skull furnish no indication of the amount of brain.

"I hold it then to be clearly established, that no phrenologist, however experienced, can, by an inspection of the living head, ascertain whether an individual has a skull of one inch, or one eighth of an inch in thickness; nor whether he has 56.22 ounces of brain in volume, or only 25.33 ounces."

We commend this extract to the particular attention of Dr. Spurzheim's followers, and we rather opine they will find it a "knot," which, like a certain one we read of in ancient history, can be more easily cut than untied.

The next point considered, is—how far it is practicable to ascertain the degree of development of the different parts of the brain, by measurement or examination of the living head.

"In the investigation of this part of the subject," professor S. remarks, "we shall find that anatomy interposes numerous obstacles to the practical phrenologist, the more important of which I shall briefly notice.

"1.—Of the frontal sinuses. These are cavities situated in the anterior and lower portion of the frontal bone. To show the manner in which they are formed, it is proper to state, that the bones of the skull are composed of two tables, external and internal, and

that these are united by an intervening lattice work of bony matter called diploe.

"In some parts of the skull, this diploic structure is absent; the two tables recede from each other, and cavities of greater or less extent are thereby created. It is in this manner that the frontal sinuses are formed.

"Plate VI represents, by a horizontal section, the skull of an individual whom I well knew. He was an athletic, laboring man, who became intemperate, and died at the age of thirty. During his life, I frequently remarked, that he had what would be called by phrenologists, a fine head for the perceptive faculties. His eye was deeply ensconced under a full projecting brow, and the organs of form, size, weight, color, order, number, eventuality, individuality and comparison, were uncommonly well developed. His locality was enormous. We should, upon the principles of phrenology, have pronounced him a Rubens in painting, a Humboldt in arrangement, and in form, size, and weight, a Wren, a Douglas or a Simpson. The development of his comparison, eventuality and individuality, would have placed him by the side of Dean Swift and the Earl of Chatham; and his locality represented him as quite equal to Columbus, Newton, Volney and Sir Walter Scott.

"But what do we find upon examination after death? we discover the frontal sinuses to extend over the organs of eventuality, individuality, form, size, weight, color, locality, order, time; and comparison; the two tables of bone separated in some points at the distance of an inch, and the intervening cavities so capacious as to measure one and a half fluid ounces.

"Here then, are ten of the organs, of which no correct judgment can be formed, as to the degree of their development in the living head. From the large frontal sinuses, delineated in this plate, I have skulls, in which they are seen of almost every intermediate size, to those which measure only a few grains."

He next speaks of the difficulties arising from the thickness of the temporal muscle—one of the principal muscles of mastication, and which from its situation necessarily conceals a number of the phrenological organs. He also states, that the two tables of which the skull is composed are not parallel to each other, and that no phrenologist, therefore, who discovers a protuberance on the skull can determine whether it is caused by a fulness of the brain, at that part, or an increased thickness of the bone.

The great number and diminutive size of the organs too, present a serious obstacle to the phrenologist in ascertaining their fulness, as well as their actual position. In the forehead, for example, there are no less than fourteen pairs of organs crowded together in the compass of a few square inches: a space scarcely equal to a single pair of organs belonging to the department of the propensities, or that of the moral sentiments, and all concealed by the frontal bone.

"How" then, he asks, "is the phrenologist to know, when measuring the head, whether the skull is thick or thin, whether the frontal sinuses are large or small, and whether the protuberances which he finds on the head represent corresponding developments of the brain, or are occasioned by an increased thickness of the skull at the places where they exist." After presenting several other considerations, bearing upon the general question,

which our limits compel us to pass over, our author goes on to strengthen his argument, from the fact that nothing has been deduced in favor of phrenology from all the various and complicated injuries inflicted upon the cranium and brain, and accounts of which have been preserved in the records of medicine.

"The idea that the brain is composed of a plurality of organs, and that each has its own appropriate functions, has elicited every argument which could be brought to its support. To sustain the proposition, volumes have been written, experiments have been made, and the records of medicine and surgery, have been ransacked in pursuit of facts.

"If the brain be composed of a plurality of organs, as represented by the figured head, each of which is the seat of a separate faculty, it necessarily follows, that when any one of these organs is injured or destroyed, its faculty must be injured or destroyed also.

"Yet in all the mutilations of the brain, to which man has been subjected for two thousand years, it appears that the records of surgery do not furnish a single well authenticated case, in which the loss of a particular faculty has happened, according to the organ on which the injury was inflicted, while the other faculties remained unimpaired.

"We learn from the researches of Haller, Dr. Ferrier, and numerous others, that a vast variety of cases are recorded, in which large portions of the brain have been actually destroyed, and in so many parts of the head, as to dispose of nearly all the phrenological organs in turn, and that not a single case has happened of such partial destruction of intellect, as must have occurred if the doctrine of separate organs be true; and we can hardly find a surgeon who has not met with cases in his practice, where portions of the brain have been destroyed by wounds, the consequences of which fully confirm the statement of these writers.

"In many of these cases, blindness and deafness have been produced, motion and sensation destroyed, and all the intellectual faculties suspended; but there has not been a destruction of a particular faculty of the mind while its other powers have remained untouched. How then, can it be, after the lapse of so many ages, that there are no facts of this description to confirm the doctrines of phrenology? Certainly it cannot be for the want of an opportunity for observation.

"To say nothing of the accidents of private life, there is scarcely a naval or military battle, in which cases of injury of the phrenological organs are not met with in abundance; and yet the science derives no support from this source."

He then inserts an interesting surgical case, copied from the *American Medical Intelligencer*, for April 1837, in which a boy, eleven years old, received a kick from a newly shod horse, that fractured the right superior portion of the frontal and the adjoining portion of the parietal bone. A portion of the bone an inch and a half long was driven in upon the brain, which was otherwise so much injured as to prove fatal on the forty-third day. The space of the skull, previously occupied by the right anterior and middle lobes of the cerebrum, was found, upon a post-mortem examination, to present a perfect cavity, the hollow of which was filled with some sero-purulent matter—the lobes having been destroyed by suppuration. The third lobe was much disorgan-

ized, &c. The other most important points in this case are noticed in the following remarks of Dr. Sewall: "Here then is a case, in which all that portion of the brain, which has been assigned by phrenology to the intellectual functions, viz:—Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Coloring, Locality, Order, Time, Number, Tune, Language, Comparison, Causality, Wit, Imitation, Eventuality and Wonder—was found in a state of disease and disorganization, and yet not one of those functions destroyed or impaired. And it should be borne in mind, that not one hemisphere of the brain only was found diseased, (for in such an event, the phrenologist would say, that although one hemisphere was disorganized, the other being healthy, the sound half performed the functions of both, as the brain is composed of two symmetrical portions,)—but in this case the anterior lobes of both the right and left hemispheres of the brain were diseased, and to an extent which precludes the possibility of any mental operation, being performed by them. Take, in connection with these facts, the position of the phrenologist, that the periphery or external portion of the brain is that in which the mental operations are performed, and what becomes of the doctrine of a plurality of cerebral organs, or a separate compartment for each of the mental functions? As well may we talk of walking without legs, or seeing without eyes, as to suppose this youth capable of those intellectual functions which phrenology has placed in the anterior lobes of the brain, if the doctrine of separate compartments be true. Under all this devastation of cerebral organization, what was the state of the boy's mind? 'The boy's faculties,' says the surgeon, 'were not destroyed, but there was some intellectual confusion, from the time of the injury, during the operation, and for two hours after, from which time he recovered every faculty of the mind, and they continued vigorous for six weeks, and to within one hour of his death, which took place on the forty-third day.'"

Professor S. presents various other cogent and forcible reasons for believing phrenology to be absurd in theory and unfounded in fact; but for these, we must refer our readers to the work itself, with the assurance that its perusal cannot fail to afford them both entertainment and instruction.

In conclusion, we cannot better express our own estimate of this highly interesting publication than in the language of the *London Monthly Review*:

"There is the reasoner, the practical expounder and the calm, dignified, and self-possessed refuter, exemplified in every page."

GHOSTS.

The universality of the belief in ghosts, is generally brought forward, as an argument in favor of their existence. But it appears to me not to be one. I think that it may be explained on rational principles. Besides their belief in ghosts, all nations have also had one in other supernatural beings. But the imaginary beings of different regions have always differed widely in the character assigned to them. Thus in Asia, we find a belief in ghouls and genii—beings whose assigned character differs widely from that given to the fairies

of western Europe. As these beings do not really exist, there must be some tendency in the human mind to imagine their existence. And this tendency, it appears to me, consists in an inherent desire, which all men have, of assigning to every effect a cause. To men in a barbarous state, there are innumerable operations of nature, which they cannot account for: there are, particularly at night, many sounds floating through the air, and many appearances of natural objects whose cause is concealed. Men then, on account of this tendency which I have supposed, are led to solve the difficulty, by imagining them to be the work of supernatural beings. After the idea of such essences is once conceived, many qualities and attributes are quickly given them, as is well exemplified in the number of those assigned to the Grecian gods. The characteristic features attributed to these beings, is the joint work of the disposition of the people, of whose imagination they are the product, and of the nature of the country which that people inhabits. And thus their differences are owing to variations in these particulars.

Now the reason that ghosts are more universally believed in than any other supernatural essence, is—1st, That it is very natural to suppose that those with whom we have lived in terms of love or friendship will not desert us, if possible, even in death. 2nd, on account of this feeling, and the tendency which I have supposed above, it is more natural for men to attribute effects, whose cause is unknown, to the spirits of the dead, than to imagine other beings in order to account for them. 3rd, As these circumstances are common to all mankind, this belief has therefore been universal.

Williamsburg, Va.

G.

THE ORPHAN.

We made her grave by starlight,
And laid her down to rest,
And bade the sod press lightly
Upon her poor old breast.

Have you seen a friendless orphan,
Of every tie bereft,
Adown this cold world wander,
Uncared for and unblest?

Come view with me this low bed,
On a dark and lonely dell,
And listen to my numbers,
While I her story tell.

In far Britannia's green isle,
Her birth-place and her home,
Mid flowery meads and gay dells,
Her feet were taught to roam;

A father kissed her bright cheek,
And smoothed her sunny hair;
A mother, for her loved one,
Breathed forth affection's prayer.

And oft by summer evening,
When day-light toil was o'er,
Her sisters in the moonlight
Played by the cottage door.

The bugle's blast o'er mountain,
O'er hill and dale afar,
Call'd forth the valiant-hearted,
To scenes of distant war.

The sire obey'd the summons,
And 'mid the cannon's roar,
Poured out his dearest life-blood
Upon a foreign shore.

And she, the tender-hearted,
His glory and his pride,
Like a pale floweret blighted,
Bow'd down her head and died!

And thus bereft and lonely,
The little orphan stray'd,
Mid scenes of carnage only,
By tumult's din dismay'd.

But God, who times the tempest
To the lambkin newly shorn,
Preserved this houseless lone one,
From many a pelting storm.

And tho' through all her journey,
Of four score years and ten,
Neglected, poor, and lonely,
Her days and nights have been;

Think not no beam of mercy
Illum'd her darksome lot,
For God regards the mourner,
Tho' by the world forgot.

Peace to thy slumbering ashes;
Let no rude foot molest;
Peace to thy ransom'd spirit—
In Heaven enjoy thy rest.

Camden, S. C.

S. P.

MECKLENBURG

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

*Again considered; with remarks upon the resolutions of
May 31st, 1775.*

The June number of the Southern Literary Messenger, contains an article on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, the direct object of which is to deny the authenticity of that instrument as published, and, in its tendency is insidiously calculated to impeach the motives and injure the character of those venerable patriots who have given their solemn testimony in its favor. The writer wishes the public to know that these Mecklenburg resolves of May 20th, 1775, are spurious—a base imposition practised upon the community, and should no longer receive that share of attention they have hitherto commanded. This, we believe, is the obvious meaning of his article. And upon what does this grave denial, this reckless disregard of well-authenticated facts depend? Upon an old newspaper, discovered by Peter Force, Esq., of Washington City, containing certain patriotic resolutions passed by a committee in Charlotte, May 31st, 1775. These resolutions are seized upon, by "Investigator," with unusual avidity, and without paying a decent regard to the pious exhortation, "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think," so important in worldly matters as well as in ethics, are proclaimed to the world as the original Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence! Alas! to what extremes prejudices

will carry mankind! Enough, it was thought, had appeared in the pages of the Messenger, editorial and communicated, to satisfy every impartial inquirer on this subject. In the few remarks we now intend to make, we disclaim controversy—but shall proceed to examine briefly in what manner this subject has been investigated in the article above alluded to, and inquire if that knowledge of facts, value of testimony, or honesty of deduction has been evinced in its production, as might have characterized its author. We think it may be made apparent, if Investigator had ever read the Mecklenburg resolves, and accompanying proceedings, with any other motive in view than to cavil, he might have found therein a satisfactory solution for any mystery, to which the resolutions of May 31st might have given rise, and their origin consistently accounted for. In the account of the Mecklenburg Convention, we are informed of the appointment of a “standing committee of public safety,” whose duty it was to meet at stated periods and transact such business as the exigency of the day demanded. Before this committee, “clothed with civil and military power,” were arraigned all tories, and persons suspected of being inimical to the “American cause.” It exercised much wholesome and efficient authority, and recommended various measures of a prompt and decisive nature, which “had a general influence on the people of the county to unite them in the cause of liberty and the country.” Now, we ask an impartial community, may not these resolutions of May 31st have emanated from this “committee of public safety,” and does it not comport more with fair and honest inference, to conclude that such was the case, than to adopt the disingenuous artifice of pronouncing them identical with the Mecklenburg Declaration passed eleven days before, “in presence of a large, respectable, and approving assemblage of citizens?” A few of this “large assemblage,” are still alive to testify to the proceedings of the 20th of May, and delight to narrate this “deed of noble daring” with all the patriotic ardor so common to the veteran soldier; thus verifying the glowing sentiment of Miss Leslie:

“The warrior’s soul lights up and shines
When memory fans the fire,
And gallant deeds of former times
The martial tale inspire.”

An impartial public will not, without due investigation, thus basely repudiate the high and unimpeachable testimony of a noble phalanx of revolutionary worthies. The Mecklenburg Declaration of May 20th, and the resolutions of May 31st, which Investigator heralds to the world, will be found, “upon comparison,” to be entirely different; the one emanating from an unusually large “convention” of delegates and people of the county unanimously adopting independent measures; the other, only such patriotic proceedings of a legislative character, as occurred frequently at that excited period, without any thing attending their publication to make an indelible impression on the memory, and, in reality, never existing, or regulating the community as therein recommended. In the exasperated state of the public mind that then existed, it is not surprising that “committees” met frequently, and that their proceedings should be marked with a spirit of resistance. With these facts before us, in offering a rational explanation of these resolutions of late discovery, is there any propriety or necessity of adopting the forced and illiberal construction which “Investigator” is pleased to advance?

Were this the only consistent view that could be taken of this matter, the community might rest satisfied. But there is another mode of accounting for them, drawn from the history of the state, touching this eventful period, which we will briefly notice, and leave for others to determine. It will be recollected that on the 24th of April, 1775, nearly one month previous to the adoption of the Mecklenburg Declaration, the royal governor of North Carolina was compelled, in consequence of the fearful array of popular movements in view of the palace at Newbern, to take shelter on board “his majesty’s ship Cruiser.” We forbear giving a detail of the train of interesting events which led to this first gubernatorial expulsion, constituting, as it does, one of the brightest pages in the early history of the state. It is here passingly alluded to, to show, that at this early period there existed much maturity of opinion on the subject of independence; the people were actually living under a whig government, and, consequently, no where felt the restraints of royal

authority. In every section of the state, the great principles of liberty, and the “unalienable and inherent rights of man” had been sedulously inculcated by the distinguished whig leaders of the day—to them the people were ardently attached, and to them they anxiously looked for a removal of grievances. Upon the memory of such men as a Johnston, a Harvey, an Ashe, a Hooper, a Caswell, an Iredell, a Polk, with many others, pioneers in the cause of liberty, the patriot delights to dwell. Under the auspices of such men, the provincial congress of 1774 was called into being, comprising the virtue and intelligence of the people. In this congress, the delegates of each county and town were instructed to have elected “county committees,” whose duty it was to have the resolves of congress properly executed, arrest tories, and consult for the general good. These “county committees,” soon sprang into existence at the recommendation of the delegates, and proved one of the most useful instruments employed in the revolution of public opinion. They held four regular sessions during the year, but from their great facility of assembling, were in the habit of meeting at “short notices” for the transaction of any important business. History informs us, they sometimes “usurped the authority of the county court, and subjected the gravity and reason of the law to the control of the popular will.” This conflicting jurisdiction, however, did not “uproot the foundations of civil society,” as predicted by governor Martin;—on the contrary, their imprudences were amply atoned for by the good they accomplished. “They exercised, rigidly, a political censorship, and did not hesitate to subject to the penance of a dungeon all persons convicted of disrespectful language towards the American cause.” That they held frequent meetings throughout the year 1775, we have abundant proof in the history of the state, and proclamations of governor Martin, denouncing them as “traitorous” and “seditious combinations,” and “subversive of his majesty’s government.” And again, we ask, may not these resolutions of May 31st have emanated from this “committee,” deriving its authority from a provincial congress? At this distant day it is, perhaps, impossible to say with which committee they originated—either might have passed them, and it is now a matter of little moment to which we ascribe their paternity. The flame, kindled at the battle of Lexington, continued to rage with unabated fury throughout the state, and was the active excitant in the Mecklenburg Convention of May 19th and 20th, of promoting the adoption of the most stern and declarative measures. The same soul-stirring argument—the “inhuman shedding of blood” at Lexington—is heard and felt, in the proceedings of the “Cumberland Association,” one month afterwards, (June 20th.) These “associations” prevailed extensively during the year 1775, and, although only a few of their acts, breathing the most spirited tone of resistance, have reached our times, shall we reject these as spurious, unworthy of a “local habitation and a name,” because they have not yet been found in the pages of a newspaper, and thus fall within the limits of our narrow prejudices? The proceedings of these “associations,” and a few other patriotic meetings, as well as the Mecklenburg resolves of May 20th, have come down to us in a properly authenticated manner, and they all await the same doom—a rejection or reception by an impartial public. The Mecklenburg Declaration was found among the valuable papers of the late General William R. Davie, in all respects a proper depository of such a record, and to whom we have evidence a copy was sent. This copy, now in the executive office at Raleigh, somewhat torn, and bearing all the marks of age, is entirely legible. A bare inspection of this venerable paper is well calculated to produce a favorable opinion of authenticity in the mind of any superficial or incredulous investigator of this subject. But apart from these explanatory views relative to a consistent accountability of the resolutions of May 31st, have we not the most direct and specific testimony? The late Col. William Polk of Raleigh, says, he was “present on the 20th of May, 1775, and heard his father, (Col. Thomas Polk,) proclaim independence to the assembled multitude.” And need it be inquired, will he be believed? The proclamation of independence on such an inspiring occasion, was well calculated to make a deep impression on every interested spectator. The late General Graham, of Lincoln, a citizen and soldier worthy of the best days of the republic, and noted for his general intelligence and accurate knowledge of revolutionary events, says, “During the winter and spring preceding that event, (Declaration of Independence,) several popular meetings of the people were held in Charlotte; two

of which I attended. On the 20th of May, 1776, besides the two persons elected from each militia company, (usually called committee-men,) a much larger number of citizens attended in Charlotte than at any former meeting—perhaps half the men in the county. The news of the battle of Lexington, the 19th of April preceding, had arrived. There appeared among the people much excitement. After reading a number of papers, as usual, and much animated discussion, the question was taken and they resolved to declare themselves independent."

This is but a small part of General Graham's testimony; but our prescribed limits will compel us to pass over much of its interesting historical matter. Need it be inquired throughout the range of his acquaintance, "was he deceived, or can he be believed?" The testimony of the late Rev. Humphrey Hunter, of Lincoln, who, in the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, laid aside, for a time, his academical studies—his engagement with books, to join in the engagement with men—is equally specific, clear, and satisfactory. He left behind him a manuscript "Journal of the war in the South," describing every battle in which he was an actor, and every important transaction which he witnessed. He says, in connexion with this subject, "Orders were presently issued by Col. Thomas Polk, to the several militia companies, that two men selected from each corps, should meet at the court house on the 19th of May, 1775, in order to consult with each other upon such measures as might be thought best to be pursued. Accordingly, on said day, a far larger number than two out of each company were present." The resolves, as heretofore published, are then given. "These resolves having been concurred in, by-laws and regulations for the government of a standing committee of public safety, (above alluded to) were enacted and acknowledged. Finally, the whole proceedings were read distinctly and audibly at the court house door, by Col. Thomas Polk, to a large, respectable, and approving assemblage of citizens." But will we be told all this is *spurious* or *fabricated* testimony? So deep an impression had this magnanimous and early step by the citizens of Mecklenburg made on the writer's memory, that in an account of "General Review" in Charlotte, in 1812, seven years before the first public agitation of this subject, by the editor of the Raleigh Register, we find the place and the occasion eliciting a passing tribute of veneration to this illustrious transaction. After saying "One hundred soldiers, exempted by law from military duties, were present," and that "a large majority of these were veterans of the revolution," he adds, "It is also worthy of remark, that not a few of these well-tried patriots had paraded on that same ground in 1775, and anticipated Congress in a Declaration of Independence." The testimony of John Davidson, one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration, sustaining the above statements, has been adduced. He also furnished a copy of one of the original certificates, granted by Abraham Alexander, chairman both of the Mecklenburg Convention and the "Committee of Public Safety." It ran in the following words:

"North Carolina, Mecklenburg County,
November 28, 1775.

These may certify to all whom they may concern, that the bearer hereof, —, is allowed here to be a true friend to liberty, and signed the association.

ABRAHAM ALEXANDER,
Chairman of the Committee of P. S."

This was the *test of patriotism*, with which every individual friendly to the American cause was required to be furnished; so vigilant were the measures adopted by our forefathers in guarding the sacred privileges we now enjoy! Other testimony equally clear and specific might be cited from published and unpublished sources, but as this subject was discussed somewhat in detail, in a former number of the Messenger, we deem it unnecessary to multiply proof. Long before the first public announcement of this subject in 1819, the citizens of Mecklenburg knew and appreciated the noble deed. It was not a vague and uncertain tradition of the passage of a few patriotic resolutions of a bold character, of which several of the colonies could even then boast, but it was the adoption of a Declaration of Independence that made the distinguishing and indelible impression. When public attention was first called to this subject, it was not so much to remove any doubts that had arisen, as to supply the knowledge of a memorable transaction in the history of the state, which was known to be notoriously deficient, not

only in this, but in several other important respects. Added to this, many of the respectable witnesses would soon pass from time to eternity; and hence, not only the honor due to the actors, but the cause of truth pointed out the necessity of publishing to the world the important fact, and the indubitable basis upon which it rested. It is worthy of remark, that several of the most conspicuous actors in the Mecklenburg proceedings of May 20th, were active and influential members of the provincial congress, which convened in Halifax a little upwards of ten months afterwards, (April 4th, 1776.) We accordingly find that the same spirit of independence which characterised the Mecklenburg Convention above all other "meetings" of the people or their "committees," also shone conspicuously in this Congress, and gave birth to the first legislative recommendation of a national declaration. As this report on the subject of independence is not extensively known, we subjoin it as an important historical document:

"The select committee to take into consideration the usurpations and violences attempted and committed by the King and Parliament of Britain against America, and the further measures to be taken for frustrating the same, and for the better defence of this province, reported as follows, to wit:

"It appears to your committee, that pursuant to the plan concerted by the British ministry, for subjugating America, the King and Parliament of Great Britain have usurped a power over the persons and properties of the people unlimited and uncontrolled; and disregarding their humble petitions for peace, liberty, and safety, have made divers legislative acts, denouncing war, famine, and every species of calamity, against the continent in general. The British fleets and armies have been, and still are daily employed in destroying the people, and committing the most horrid devastations on the country. That governors in different colonies have declared protection to slaves, who should imbrue their hands in the blood of their masters. That the ships belonging to America are declared prizes of war, and many of them have been violently seized and confiscated. In consequence of all which, multitudes of the people have been destroyed, or, from easy circumstances, reduced to the most lamentable distress. And, whereas, the moderation hitherto manifested by the united colonies, and their sincere desire to be reconciled to the mother country on constitutional principles, have procured no mitigation of the aforesaid wrongs and usurpations, and no hopes remain of obtaining redress by those means alone which have been hitherto tried, your committee are of opinion that the house should enter into the following resolve, to wit:

"Resolved, That the delegates for this colony in the continental congress, be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence and forming foreign alliances, reserving to this colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for this colony, and of appointing delegates from time to time (under the direction of a general representation thereof,) to meet the delegates of the other colonies, for such purposes as shall be hereafter pointed out.

"The congress taking the same into consideration, unanimously concurred therewith."

Upon comparison, it will appear that a striking similarity of language is common to this short state paper, and the national Declaration of Independence. Yet who accuses Mr. Jefferson of intentional plagiarism? It is not strange, that men who have been long accustomed to think alike should also speak alike. It is not strange, when high-toned patriotic feelings seek for utterance, and the cause of liberty was the ever-present, soul-stirring theme, that men should express themselves in similar or identical language. Neither is it strange that many choice phrases should be currently used, and fondly remembered. Such expressions as "inalienable" or "inherent rights," "dissolve the political bands," "absolve all allegiance," "pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes," &c., or "sacrifice" or "risk our lives and property," with many others that might be named, were peculiarly the language of the times. The sentiments eloquently embodied by Mr. Jefferson, were not peculiar to himself, but adopted by him as expressive of the common feeling in the emphatic language of that eventful period. We particularly allude to those expressions upon which is built the theory of plagiarism. In conclusion, under whatever aspect this whole subject is viewed, the honest inquirer will see no propriety of adopting "Investigator's" gratuitous assumption of a forgery of resolutions for the 20th of May. Against this cheap and summary process of settling questions, the candid reasoner

will revolt and enter his willing protest. The imposing circumstances under which the Mecklenburg Convention was called into being, its duration, (two days,) the subject discussed, (Independence,) and the applause with which the proceedings were received by a large and admiring audience, were as fitly calculated to rivet the attention, and make a lasting impression on the memory, as any other prominent and interesting occurrence of the revolution. We now dismiss our remarks to the careful investigation of an impartial public, prepared to await its rightful decision, under whose award the subject can only properly rest in peace.

C. L. H.

August 31, 1839.

THE BACHELOR BESET;

OR, THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.

The house of Mr. Singlesides was situated in one of the pleasantest parts of the city; it was a snug, commodious building, painted white, with a pretty varandah, green venetian blinds, and modestly overtopped by a slate-colored roof. Before the door was a prim looking row of trees, trimmed into proportions exactly corresponding with one another, and the whole fenced in by a white paling, along the top of which ran a cornice, garnished with a formidable array of sharp nails or spikes, which presented a military air of defiance. Besides these defensive appliances, the dwelling was guarded on the sides and in the rear, by a high brick wall, which showed a no less hostile aspect, being surmounted by fragments of bottles that threatened laceration to all who should attempt to reach its height. From the neatness and order of all around, one might readily conjecture this to be the abode of "single blessedness;" and so it was—for Zachariah Singlesides was fast hastening towards his grand climacteric, and from his first verging to manhood up to the present time, love had never sweetened or embittered his draught of life; and it was a source of much self-gratulation, that amid the vicissitudes of our ever whirling sphere, woman had not influenced his destiny. A bachelor, with avowed principles of abhorrence to the matrimonial contract, which principles have been vigorously and consistently sustained through a long series of years, is not often liable to become an object of speculation to the fair sex. In the instance of Mr. Singlesides, his pertinacious resistance on first commencing life, to the advances of the ladies, had established a conviction, that nothing short of a miracle could uproot feelings and prejudices, confirmed and strengthened by time—and, that the thawing of a glacier or an iceberg would be quite as feasible an undertaking as that of attempting to melt the frozen ramparts around his heart.

If in his youth and manhood, therefore, he had been irritated by the arts of the designing, they had long since ceased to ruffle his serenity. He revelled *ad libitum*, in the "funny and free revelries" of a bachelor, and if the din of connubial devilries smote upon his ears in the quiet of his orderly domicile, he would devoutly bless his stars that he was exempt from the evils which distracted his neighbors and acquaintance.

Among other blessings enjoyed by Mr. Singlesides, was that of having his household conducted in the quietest and most methodical manner possible. His domestic arrangements moved onward with that noise-

less precision, so desirable, yet so rare. His servants performed their several offices like the invisible wheels and springs of a time piece, the results of which appear to the eye, without any material interruption to the other senses. His garden was laid out with mathematical skill, and in happy accordance with his conceived opinions of taste. Each walk and bed had its boundary of stiff box wood—and bachelor's hat, with southernwood or old man, were conspicuous embellishments to almost every parterre. In proof, however, that Mr. Singlesides was not so illiberal as to allow his antipathy to the ladies to militate against his professed admiration for plants and flowers, a particular spot in his garden was appropriated to the culture of old maids, whose stiff stems and dusky red petals occupied a small space of earth; and lady slippers, maiden's blush, heart's ease, and even love in a puff, were likewise permitted a place. It must be confessed, however, that he appeared tacitly to consider this portion of his garden as an infected district, for he had caused an intervening row of tall shrubs to be planted, so as to intercept it as much as possible from observation, and when disposed to take a turn in his garden, always carefully avoided that particular spot.

Returning home, sometimes worn and harrassed by every-day cares and professional labors, he never felt the want of those pleasing sympathies of conjugal affection, which numbers have so feelingly depicted. When he closed his door upon the world, it was with very opposite emotions—he had within him a sweet consciousness of quiet and security, unmingled with fearful anticipations of sour looks and squalling notes from wife and children.

On the opposite side of the street, directly facing the house in which Mr. Singlesides lived, stood the mansion of Miss Betsy Bud, an elderly gentlewoman, who had survived the expectation, at least, if not the hope, of matrimony. When the reminiscences of past days were sometimes made the tea-table chat of a group of respectable matrons, whose youth had been cotemporary with that of Miss Bud, many a racy joke relative to her love adventures was recollected and laughed over. But age seemed to have dried up every avenue to the tender passion in the heart of Miss Betsey; it was believed that the fire of her juvenile days had burnt out, and though its violence had been extreme, all now regarded her as an extinct volcano.

Although within a convenient distance for watching the movements of the bachelor, she was never detected in the unbecoming act. Her eyes, those "outlets of the soul," were discreetly confined to her own household, and if Mr. Singlesides proved his liberality by suffering lady slippers and old maids to occupy a corner of his garden, Miss Bud with true feminine pride, had rendered bachelor hats and bachelor buttons contraband plants in her well organized flower knots. This prudent line of conduct sufficiently demonstrated that she not only abstained from evil, but even from its appearance; for though it may be heroic to face and overcome temptation, still that prudence is commendable which guards against objects calculated to awaken desires known from past experience to be fruitful of discontent and disappointment. Whatever, therefore, had been Miss Betsey's juvenile follies, the tongue of malevolence could not now find a single fragment of indiscre-

tion on which to base a tale prejudicial to her character. It is true, she was sometimes peevish and ill-natured; but who, that has the control of several unruly maid servants, would not be the same? And then the equanimity of her temper was frequently interrupted by the midnight revelries of neighboring cats, who, entering her premises, would scratch and scramble over her favorite beds of violets and camomile, root up her catnip with unsparing effrontery, and scare her slumbers with terrific serenades.

The respective positions which Mr. Singlesides and Miss Bud maintained in society, were not only similar as bachelor and maid, but they were, moreover, both governed by the wise principle of discharging diligently their own concerns, without breaking in upon the rights of others. Their views, however, were not extended to the promotion of universal good; for having long lived isolated from all domestic and social ties, they cared little how the machine of civil life worked, provided it did not interfere with themselves. Unfortunately though, for the peace of these two individuals, there occurred an unusual number of marriages. Many elderly young ladies, about to hang their harps upon the willow, unexpectedly found themselves converted into brides. Indeed, one wedding succeeded to another with such startling rapidity, that all trembled, lest their turn should come next. In the midst of this revival, one who had been an intimate of Miss Bud, but who like herself had remained single, moved off the stocks. On learning this news, her ancient associate reddened, and unhesitatingly pronounced her a "fool;" but notwithstanding this harsh and hasty censure, there was soon a visible change in the manners and deportment of Miss Bud. The very next Sunday, succeeding the event, she was seen at church, decked out in a style of unusual juvenility, and her usual sanctimonious air changed for one of unbecoming levity. In one so notoriously circumspect, the gaiety of her attire and obvious inattention to the ceremonies of the day attracted the notice of all, and it was decided without a dissenting voice, that the wonderful metamorphosis of Miss Bud could only proceed from the brisk way in which the matrimonial market was looking up. The favorite meal of Mr. Singlesides was breakfast. It was a repast he loved to linger over, though his table was crowned with the simplest fare—for he was as abstemious as a camel—but with a newspaper, his slippers slipshod, and leisurely nibbling a crust of dry toast, occasionally softened by an appeal to his cup of coffee, his moments flew by on angelic wings. To have interrupted him at such moments, would have occasioned serious annoyance; therefore, his well disciplined attendant, after quietly placing his meal before him, would instantly withdraw, leaving him to the luxury of feeling "never less alone, than when alone."

Now, it happened, while Mr. Singlesides was enjoying his solitary repast, the day after Miss Bud's profanation of her venerable person by youthful gewgaws, and of the Sabbath by indecorous demeanor, that the door of the bachelor's hall was assaulted by a repetition of raps, which quickened the steps of Mr. Singlesides' sedate waiting-man, who was curious to know who demanded admittance at this unseasonable hour. Upon opening the door, a demure looking damsel manifested herself, holding a neat waiter, on which was a covered

saucer overspread with a milk-white napkin. Poor Jacob looked aghast, when "Miss Betsey Bud's compliments, and saucer of marmalade of her own making," were presented to his master, and for a while he remained in a delicate dilemma, at a loss how to proceed—his natural politeness pleading in favor of instantly repairing to Mr. Singlesides with the sweets of Miss Bud—and on the other hand, restrained by habitual respect for peculiarities to which for many years he had been subservient. Our bachelor, at the moment, was poring over one of those long presidential messages, which none but a most inveterate newspaper reader could have finished to an end, when Jacob broke gently, like "the morn on tip-toe," into the apartment, and in a subdued voice disclosed the purport of his errand. To a man who had long considered himself as free from female impertinence, as if an inhabitant of that paradise into which woman is never supposed to enter, the effect was stupifying. Speedily recovering himself, however, and shrinking from the marmalade as if it had been the gum of the deadly upas, he peremptorily ordered it to be returned, and too much discomposed to resume his employment, made a covert retreat from the house by the back door.

From a minute chain of evidence, it was apparent to all that Betsey Bud was getting mischievous. The pointed rebuff her first advances had received, threw her into disorder, and gave a momentary check to her motions, but with the characteristic perseverance of her sex, she quickly rallied her scattered energies and recommenced hostilities, though in rather a more cautious manner.

There was at the back of Mr. Singlesides' dwelling a vacant lot—this, Miss Betsey rented, and presently, from the hitherto barren enclosure, was seen to sprout a flourishing young plantation of the *morus multicaulis*. This bold manœuvre of taking the bachelor in the rear, was concealed under the prevalent silk-worm fever, though some were ill-natured enough to hint that her design was to make a cocoon of Mr. Singlesides, by enveloping him in meshes of her own spinning; yet the more benevolently disposed, considered her as only acting up to the spirit of the times. It requires but one ingenious projector to set afloat a novel design, for thousands of others to imitate it, were it not for the wise and valuable security of a patent; but, unfortunately, there was no legal authority to secure to Miss Betsey an exclusive right to the conquest she meditated. Like the intrepid and enterprising discoverer of our continent, she was doomed to see others press into the new world, which she had vainly hoped would be left for her alone to possess.

It was not long before the bustle of cleansing, white washing, and the removing of furniture, in a fine brick tenement just next door, attracted her notice, and she learned, to her unspeakable dismay, that a young, handsome, and sprightly widow, was to become its tenant. That woman who has been able to secure a first husband, is always suspected of understanding the art of entrapping a second. Pangs of jealousy, and dread of rivalry, began to assail the bosom of the spinster, who resolved to keep an eye on the movements of her new neighbor, in order to ascertain whether there was any solid grounds for apprehension. Alas! for poor Miss Betsey Bud, she never cast a glance in the direc-

tion of the brick tenement, but she saw either the bust of Mrs. Gossamer, prominent from a window, or a full length figure of the same individual, placed in a picturesque attitude on the portico. The widow had a brilliant voice: throughout the evening the street was filled with music, as ever and anon she broke out with a fragment of a popular ditty, or brought to light the memory of some sweet bard, whose numbers deserving immortality, have been swept away among the rubbish of past ages. Though not apt to combine causes with effects, Miss Bud shook in her shoes at the possible emotions that might be created by the melody of this enchantress. In her youth she had read Alexander's feast, and in terror she recalled the different passions inspiring the conqueror by the apposite measures which burst or breathed from the lyre of Timotheus. She, herself, had once enjoyed the reputation of a sweet singer. In an association called the Seraphic Society, whose object was the cultivation of sacred music, she had even acquired the soubriquet of Seraphina. But since her time, music, like almost every thing else, had changed its style and character; and when striving to imitate the light grace, with which the widow run or rather flitted up an octave, Miss Betsey's efforts resembled the gobbling of a turkey, or the more discordant notes of a donkey. With the occupation of watching her rival, setting snares for the bachelor, and attending to her other numerous engagements, the duties of a diplomatist were not more fatiguing and complicated. But Mrs. Gossamer was the sorest evil with which she had to contend; her mind dwelt incessantly on the subject, until the lovely widow became the incubus of her sleeping and waking visions. Penetrating the careless intractability of her disposition, Miss Betsey concluded it best to redouble her efforts to gain access to the good graces of Mr. Singlesides, before weapons from that quarter could affect him. In consequence, she busied herself more than ever with her morus plantation, and even went to the expense of having a neat little coconery erected in the centre of the lot, where she was sure to be found at those hours when Mr. Singlesides was at home, ostensibly engaged in superintending the progress of the building. The lot was not only in the rear of the bachelor, as has already been remarked, but also adjoining his garden, so that often when he was inhaling the evening breath of his flowers, the bony arm of the spinster thrust through the paling, to gather a sprig of verbena, or her long neck stretched over the shrubbery like a camelopard's, would startle and drive him away. Never was a bachelor so beset! If he took a retrospective glance, there was the spectral form of Betsey Bud, standing in grim relief, like the apparition of a disturbed conscience, while a forward view showed the attractive widow, with siren smiles, luring him to his destruction.

There was one stroke of Betsey's policy, which seemed to promise greater success than any she had tried; this was, having gained Jacob, as she believed, over to her interest. But this was not exactly the case. Though no ways anti-matrimonial, this faithful servitor was not particularly desirous of serving under a gynarchy, while on the other hand he was not destitute of feelings of gratitude for services rendered him by Miss Bud, which he endeavored to maintain consistently with his fidelity to his master. When, therefore,

any delicacy arrived, Jacob would secretly receive it, and return a polite message of thanks in the name of Mr. Singlesides. From certain expressions that had reached her ears, Miss Betsey concluded that she was much indebted to her confidant for the gracious manner with which she was led to believe her presents were received, and in consequence looked upon success as more than probable. Coinciding in the opinion, that "the surest way to a man's heart, is down his throat," she continued to attest her tender regard and her housekeeping abilities, by blackberry cordial, squeezed by the magic hand of love, custards, and nuts, picked in unbroken halves from the shell, to give zest to a glass of madeira—with a catalogue of other dainties, like the smaller articles in the stock of a dry-goods merchant—too tedious to enumerate. Nor was this the only way in which her talents and ingenuity were exercised. She had contrived to ascertain, that a mat was wanting for the argean lamp, which stood upon the centre table in the bachelor's parlor. Immediately the requisite materials for working in worsted, were procured, and seated in a becoming attitude at a front window, Miss Bud commenced a bird of paradise. Day and night she toiled, first at the head—then at the tail—till at length, starting from the canvass, appeared the gorgeous inhabitant of the torrid zone, arrayed in even greater splendor than when seen on fluttering pinions, beneath its own fervid suns. This working in *cruel*, was literally *cruel* work both to the person by whom it was executed, and for whom it was designed. When it was handed in to Mr. Singlesides, carefully wrapped in the folds of a perfumed pocket handkerchief, he angrily bade the handmaid to be more particular in future, and not pester him by mistaking one house for another. When the girl returned with this evidently wilful misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Singlesides, Miss Bud retired to her chamber to weep, and to calculate the cost of her mat, which, having regarded frantically for a few seconds, she consigned to the depths of a large trunk, to rest among other woollen articles which her precaution had buried in tobacco, to prevent the incursion of the moths.

It is not uncommon in a concern where matrimony is the subject, that what was at first entered upon merely as a matter of speculation, ends in becoming an affair of the heart. At the commencement of her undertaking, from simply having in view a change of name, Miss Bud now imagined herself deeply and irrevocably in love. Alas! she was indeed a *bud* with a canker concealed within it.

Mrs. Gossamer, the charming widow, was precisely one of those kind of women, who are adored by the gentlemen, and detested by the opposite sex. There was just sufficient freedom in her manners to lead her innocently, and without a suspicion of being at all liable to censure, into those trivial breaches of prudence which the censorious delight to seize upon and magnify into glaring improprieties.

From the number of beaux who daily worshipped at her shrine, Miss Betsey's apprehensions of her as a rival were somewhat allayed, until a circumstance transpired to put in agitation all her former fears and suspicions. Miss Bud was one evening, as usual, stalking among her morus, feigning to be busy in gathering leaves for her voracious pets, the silk worms, when who

should enter Mr. Singlesides' garden, but Mrs. Gossamer! There she was, advancing gaily along the middle walk, without gloves, bonnet or shawl; her hair floating over her face and neck in bewitching negligence. The apparition of one from the nether regions, could not have more astonished Miss Betsey, the sensitive Miss Betsey Bud, who quivering and shivering, remained gazing at her with distended eyeballs. This bold step of the widow was indeed taking the bull by the horns. She ran about, smelling first one flower and then another, when Mr. Singlesides appeared at a window. "Your garden is charming," cried she, to him, in a voice whose cadence lingered delightfully on the ear. "You must excuse my trespass—the temptation is so great"—and her concluding words were accompanied with a "wreathed smile," as she continued waiting in expectation of an answer. Whether it was the powerful spell of beauty, or that the bachelor had not quite forgot himself to stone, yet irritated and perplexed as he was, he certainly made an effort to be gracious. He muttered some words not exactly intelligible, and waved his hand with an action somewhat resembling the motions of a dead body under the effects of a galvanic battery, yet which might admit of the interpretation of a welcome.

Betsey Bud felt as though she could have challenged her to single combat. She surveyed her with the emphatic glare of a dragoness, and would assuredly have spoken, if, at the instant, Mr. Singlesides had not retreated from the window, and Mrs. Gossamer from the garden.

From this time forward, the sole aim of Mrs. Gossamer seemed to be the captivation of the bachelor. Perceiving his partiality for flowers, she never came into the possession of a rare plant, without sending him a cutting; and whenever he was the least indisposed, her inquiries never ceased until the object of them was restored to health.

These soothing attentions, in seasons of indisposition, Miss Bud had been most unaccountably deficient in, for which, on reflection, she sincerely reprehended herself, determining hereafter to repair her fault; and it was not long before an occasion offered for her doing so. The bachelor was seized with an acute attack of rheumatism. Miss Betsey early apprised of it, immediately dispatched a long message of regret and condolence, accompanied by the skirt of an old red flannel petticoat, on which was pinned a certificate, penned by herself, highly commendatory of its virtues from her own personal experience. Whether these virtues were ever put to the test in the instance of the invalid, is uncertain; for although Jacob in his anxiety to relieve his master, tried each recipe that poured in from the widow and maid, yet he might prudently have rejected this, from a fear that Miss Bud meant to intimate by this sanguinary banner, that she intended to give no quarter. During this distressing spell, she was never for one moment off her guard; her voice varied only from piano to pianissimo, and she stepped about as noiselessly as time.

Now the widow was not so circumspect, but, as usual, had had her bevy of beaux paying their evening homage. Though not absolutely vain of her vocal powers, Mrs. Gossamer never enjoyed herself more, than when making melody either with a select knot of amateurs, or warbling to one entranced listener; and it

was difficult at such moments to determine, whether her voice, her harp, or her smile was most bewitching. Betsy Bud enjoyed the thought of what a happy contrast her humane behavior would present, when viewed with the levity of her rival, and enjoyed these concerts, not for their harmony, but for the discord they were likely to produce.

It was a bright beautiful night in July, when all within the vicinity of the pretty widow's residence were awakened by a group of serenaders, who were striving with all their skill to impart to the fair object of their gallantry some idea of the music of the spheres. The weather was intensely warm, the upper windows of every house in the neighborhood were opened to catch any breeze that might stir—and carefully screened within a lace net, from those nocturnal disturbers of repose, the moschetos, lay Mr. Singlesides. It had been a restless night with him until the last half hour, when sleep had kindly visited his pillow; but he was recalled to the miseries of life, by the noise of the musicians. The hour which brought them there, was not only an evil one to the bachelor, but also to his guardian angel, Jacob, who, worn with the fatigues of attending his patient, was most unfaithfully slumbering on his post. Ever since his master had lain quiet, Jacob's head had commenced a bobbing motion, similar to that of a beligerently disposed goat; but his master's voice roused him—and he arose, scratching his head and staggering to the window. "Close in those shutters," cried Mr. Singlesides, loud enough to be heard on the other side of the street. "Gracious goodness," responded Miss Bud, frisking from her couch, "they have waked him up."

Miss Betsey's love had arrived at such a pitch, that she never could, when speaking of Mr. Singlesides, pronounce his name. She generally ran through the whole declension of the pronoun *He*. "Shameful," she continued, elevating her voice so as to be overheard—"such downright barbarity!" "he has not had a wink of sleep"—"it will ruin his health"—"it will be the death of him." Although the dog star was raging, Miss Bud modestly enveloped herself in a large cloak, and advanced towards a window, whence she could indistinctly discover the figure of Mrs. Gossamer, hid behind a curtain, peeping down upon the serenaders. "This ought not to be encouraged," she said, firing at the sight of the widow—"the civil authority should interfere"—"our police regulations are scandalously lax"—"and such a valuable life as his is." Here Mrs. Gossamer gave a faint titter, which was echoed in a corresponding key by one of the party below. "Gentlemen," called Miss Bud, "there is an unfortunate individual in this neighborhood, who is extremely ill—will you please to move further off with your music." A brisk chorus from the serenaders was the only reply; and in an agony of imaginary distress, Miss Bud paced from window to window, wringing her hands, and tearing the border of her night cap. "Mrs. Gossamer," she again began, "though I have not the honor of your acquaintance"—these words were delivered in a tone of mock emphasis—"I take the liberty of speaking, to request you will endeavor to silence this uproar." "Madam," answered an impertinent young fellow of the group, "we shall play and sing as long as we feel inclined;" and he immediately struck up in a comic voice,

"Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo."

Slam went the widow shutters, crash, down upon the sill came the sash, and flap into bed went Miss Bud, vowing eternal enmity to Mrs. Gossamer and every other widow extant.

Mr. Singlesides now arose and seated himself, with a groan, in the silver rays of the magnificent orb which streamed full into his apartment. It was just such a moon as a lover or poet might have apostrophised,—by turns brightly beaming, or partially overshadowed by drifting fragments of dark clouds. But Mr. Singlesides had no pretensions to either character; he was a thing entirely apart from the romance acting beneath the lattice of the young and gay, and he could only continue to groan and protest against “the intolerable racket.”

“Upon my honor,” whimpered Miss Bud in a sympathetic tone, “this is too bad”—and up again she sprung and rolled herself in the cloak and unclosed the window—“Gentlemen,” she called in a voice of mild expostulation—“there is in this immediate neighborhood a valuable life at stake”—but a voice in which the very soul of the singer seemed embodied, as he stood with uplifted face towards the window of Mrs. Gossamer, drowned her quivering accents; and before Miss Bud could summon resolution to speak again, the serenading party withdrew, as the closing line of the song, “Yes, till death I’m thine,” died upon the air.

It was not long ere Mr. Singlesides was able to resume his ordinary occupations; but the serene delight with which he used to return home from the fatigues of his counting-house, was completely destroyed. His means of ingress and egress were so entirely under the surveillance of his indefatigable persecutors, that he seriously meditated the plan of having a communication cut through the side of the house, leading into the alley, and which at last he triumphantly saw executed. But here the superiority of woman’s wit over man’s ingenuity, was manifested—for Miss Bud, by enlarging the borders of her mulberry domain, rendered this avenue of escape even more exposed to her vigilance than the two others. The poor “beset” one, knew not what to do: he was attached to his house, its location, and every thing about it, but to live in such incessant thralldom was out of the question, and in a fit of spleen and despair, he put an advertisement in the “Morning Herald,” offering it for rent. Miss Bud was congratulating herself on the manner in which she was gradually drawing a line of circumvallation round her prey, when the notice of Mr. Singlesides’ projected removal caught her eye, and perplexed to know what had caused so sudden and unlooked for an event, she determined to find it out.

Mr. Singlesides was usually so very methodical in his movements, that in his hours of going from and returning to his home, there rarely occurred the deviation of a minute, and Betsey, as soon as she saw him leave the door and turn the corner of the street, screened her head in a large dove-colored caleche, threw over her lean shoulders a strip of black lace, and tripping over the way, was soon heard knocking at the highly burnished rapper of the bachelor. Jacob heard and obeyed the summons, but was somewhat reluctant to admit the lady, who came under pretence of examining the house before engaging it for a friend. Recollecting, however, that as his master never returned until half an hour before the hour for dining, there could be no great harm in complying with her request, he at last ushered her in

with true African urbanity. Besides wishing to know Mr. Singlesides’ motive for renting his house, Miss Bud was actuated by another powerful principle of curiosity. She wished to inspect every thing about the bachelor’s establishment; so after putting a few leading questions to Jacob, while she peered into every nook and cranny, she made a feint of retiring; but no sooner had Jacob withdrawn, than slipping off her shoes to prevent being overheard, she stole stealthily upstairs, thinking to have a peep into the bachelor’s bed-room, although her maidenly delicacy strongly argued against the step. But, “when a woman deliberates, she is lost,” and in went Miss Bud in breathless trepidation. She was charmed with every thing she saw—such exquisite order, combined with such solid comfort!—such a display of just taste in the pattern of the bed and window curtains! “not gaudy but neat.” While in this state of delicious excitement, she fancied she heard advancing steps and voices. Poor Betsey Bud flew about the room like a pent up rooster, and quite as red. Once she felt inclined to take a desperate leap from the window, but her courage forsook her, and again she scampered and fluttered about in agony. By some accidental circumstance, Mr. Singlesides had returned to his house very soon after having left it, and the first object that presented itself on entering, was Mrs. Gossamer, seated near the centre table, negligently turning over the leaves of a book she had taken from it. With a slight excuse for her freedom, she named her desire to look at the house, which she proposed renting, as it appeared far preferable to her own. The “beset bachelor” internally groaned, as he perceived how fairly he had rendered himself liable to female impertinence and intrusion; but hoping that his misery, which now seemed to have reached its climax, would soon have an end, he exerted himself to make a show of civility, while he conducted the widow through the rooms on the first story. To preclude any further examination, he remarked that the upper part was precisely on the same plan; but this would not satisfy Mrs. Gossamer, who declared that she never engaged a house without first having made herself intimate with the geography of it. “So come, Mr. Singlesides,” she cried, gaily—“lead the way.” “You will excuse me, madam,” said the bachelor. “Indeed I will not,” said the undaunted widow, running towards the staircase, followed by Mr. Singlesides. “Into every room except *this*,” he said, placing a resolute hand on the lock of his chamber door. “Nay, but I must, sir.” “Impossible, madam.” “I am determined upon it.” “Ma’am, I swear—.” “Come, do not swear, for I am resolved to have a peep into this Blue Beard chamber of yours.” “You cannot enter ma’am; if you choose to overstep the bounds of propriety, I do not.” “Nonsense, Mr. Singlesides, your opposition only inflames my curiosity.”

At this critical juncture, Miss Bud, nearly driven out of her wits, was just in the act of hiding under the bed. She was entirely concealed except one long leg which protruded from beneath the valance, when the door flew open, and in came Mrs. Gossamer. “Gracious Heaven!” exclaimed she, starting back with well feigned surprise—“what do I behold! Really, Mr. Singlesides, had I known—could I possibly have anticipated *this*—pardon me, sir—but I must say, it is the last sight I should have expected to see. O! for shame, Mr. Sin-

glesides—a man of your unblemished reputation; really, I am shocked—amazed—disgusted.” “Madam,” cried Mr. Singlesides, glaring at Betsey’s leg, “I solemnly affirm that I do not know to whom that limb belongs.” “Impossible, sir; I would swear to it among a regiment of legs.” “Your knowledge far surpasses mine, madam,” cried the bachelor, elevating his voice to a higher pitch, and stretching out his clenched fist—“I again solemnly protest that I know not to whom that limb belongs.” “Then I’ll venture to assert you are among the very few men of the city who are unacquainted with the leg.” “That’s a cruel, shameful slander,” screamed Miss Bud, struggling from her hiding place. “Miss Betsey Bud, by all that’s dreadful!” exclaimed Mrs. Gossamer with a theatrical start. “Yes—the woman you would injure in the tenderest point,” said the weeping spinster. “O, Mr. Singlesides,” she continued—“I am placed in an extremely delicate situation—I can scarcely explain myself, my situation is of such a delicate nature—I feel faint—overcome—harts-horn, if you please—drops of any description.” “There is nothing of the kind about this house,” said Mr. Singlesides—“it is not used to be troubled with hysterical females; and I must say, ma’am, that your appearance here gives rise to most unpleasant suspicions against me.” Miss Bud attempted to give an account of herself, frequently interrupting her scarcely coherent narrative, with floods of tears. Mrs. Gossamer regarded the scene with an incredulous smile, when at length she said, “Well, I never saw more spirited acting than is displayed on both sides. Really, Mr. Singlesides, and Miss Bud, you would do well to enrol your names among the first strolling company you meet. But I will intrude no longer, and in future I shall take care how I enter a bachelor’s house.” With these words, she indignantly withdrew.

“I am forever undone,” whimpered Betsey Bud; “she will proclaim it from one end of the town to the other.” “And I shall be slandered and laughed at,” thought Mr. Singlesides, who was peculiarly tenacious of his fair fame. “I never can survive disgrace,” squeaked Miss Bud—“I shall certainly imitate the chaste Lucretia.” “Do not say so, Miss Bud.” “Indeed I shall put an end to myself.” “Oh! Miss Bud.” “Upon my honor, I will commit some dreadful act.” “You talk rashly, madam,” cried the bachelor, who perceived that Betsey would suffer as much from the blasting breath of calumny as himself, and in a fit of unnatural pity he made her an offer of his hand!

Mr. Singlesides had never before been so much excited; his discretion and judgment were completely under the dominion of the contending feelings at work in his breast, or he never could have terminated the scene by such a magnanimous act of self immolation.

Miss Bud returned home with very different emotions from those with which she had left it. She seemed to tread on air, and could scarcely behave herself with due decorum on the occasion. Before his excitement had subsided, Mr. Singlesides wrote a note to Mrs. Gossamer, explanatory of the recent occurrence, and closing with an earnest request that it might “never be made the subject of discussion.” The lovely widow was warbling her sweetest strains to a pale, intellectual looking young man, who was hanging over her entranced, when this was handed in. “Is that a billet-

doux from one of your thousand admirers?” asked he. “It is from your uncle,” replied Mrs. Gossamer. “From my uncle! what can he possibly have to correspond with you about?” “It is in reference to a laughable adventure—I will tell it you;” and she began a relation of the late rencontre.

From her account it appeared, that Mrs. Gossamer had seen Miss Bud in Mr. Singlesides’ bed-room, and believing something ludicrous might result from it, particularly as she had seen the bachelor on his way home, she went to his house on pretence of renting it, and purposely insisted on being admitted to his sleeping apartment.

It furthermore appeared from the conversation that ensued, that a deep and romantic attachment existed between the narrator and the person that listened, who was nephew to Mr. Singlesides, and heir of his fortune, provided he remained single during life. Mrs. Gossamer’s attentions to the uncle, therefore, were intended to propitiate his good opinion and induce him to reverse the order of his will; and Mr. Singlesides being ignorant of the preference entertained by Mrs. Gossamer for his nephew Frederic, naturally appropriated the attentions to himself.

“Then you have done for yourself with my uncle,” said Frederic, laughing. “Not at all—I have a capital plan; it has this moment struck me. Return here in an hour and you shall hear of a way in which you may gain your uncle’s consent to our marriage.” Instead of either a written or verbal message from the widow, as he had imagined, Mr. Singlesides was startled by the unceremonious entrance of that person herself. “There is only one condition, sir,” she abruptly began, “on which I will consent to keep secret what I have seen.” “Name it, madam,” said Mr. Singlesides, apprehensive of some new evil. “That you will make me your wife, sir.” “Impossible, madam; I—I—.” “No apologies, sir—we understand each other I presume—good day.” “Stay, Mrs. Gossamer—I cannot—.” “O well, sir—no compulsion; you may do as you please, you know.” “Really, Mrs. Gossamer, if I could consistently—.” “I repeat, you can do as you please, Mr. Singlesides; but believe me, I shall not keep silent; indeed I shall go to the expense of having caricature cuts engraved of the whole scene—not omitting the memorable leg discovery.” The vision of the bow window of a book-store, stuck full of these execrable prints, was too much for our bachelor, and, just as the widow was making her exit, he recalled her, and in faltering accents assented to the proposed terms of accommodation. “Am I in my senses?” asked the unfortunate bachelor, as soon as the light form of the widow had escaped through the door. “Do I really exist? Yes,” he added, reasoning with Descartes, “I think, therefore, I exist.” Burying his face in his hands, he continued in this attitude many minutes, until aroused by the entrance of a person whom he recognised as his nephew. Frederic gazed at his uncle with an inquiring eye, remarked his haggard appearance and expressed the greatest apprehension about his health. “Something extraordinary must afflict you,” said he; “and I hope you will not refuse me the privilege of sympathising with you.” Mr. Singlesides’ emotions were too violent to be pent up in his own breast. He told his distressing entanglements, and even asked for advice. “I will

not only advise," said Frederic, (being previously instructed by Mrs. Gossamer,) "but also make a proposition. I will myself marry the widow, provided you annul the clause in your will which disinherits me in case of my marrying. As for the maid, you must leave her without explanation or apology. Your secret will be safe, when Mrs. Gossamer is your niece."

Mr. Singlesides had too long appreciated the blessings of liberty, not to seize the first occasion to release himself from shackles, with which the delirious excitement of a moment had encumbered him. Very soon after the interview between the uncle and nephew, the widow and the latter were united under the roof of Mr. Singlesides, who bestowed a substantial benediction on them by settling a liberal annuity upon the bride.

Meanwhile Miss Bud remained immersed in matrimonial preparations—alas! too premature. She did not fail, however, to remind her intended husband of her existence, by repeated messages and presents, which were almost entirely disregarded.

There was an unusual air of bustle and confusion about the quiet and orderly domicile of the bachelor; who himself was busily employed in superintending the packing of several trunks, with a countenance on which was strongly impressed mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret. A gentle tap at the door, drew his attention—it was a maid with a plate of batter-cakes and Miss Betsey's compliments. "D—n Miss Betsey," cried Mr. Singlesides—slamming the door in her face. The following hour he was off to Texas.

Miss Betsey Bud—but we will draw a veil over her sorrows. No, we will leave it for an instant unclosed, and just glance at her as she paces frantically from room to room, calling out in allusion to Texas, "Well, well indeed, may it be called 'rogue's refuge.'"

Macon, Bibb County, Georgia.

M. G. M.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

TO ANNA.

I.

Do you remember how our childhood's hours
Were spent in wandering through the forest shade,
Weaving our garlands of the sweet wild-flowers
That on the air a pleasant fragrance shed?
And how we sat beside the flowing brooks?
Watching the sun-fish glitt'ring in the stream,
While unchecked joy spake in our very looks,
And all was peaceful as an infant's dream,—

Do you remember it?

II.

Do you remember our old favorite tree,
Spreading its boughs of foliage, thick and dark,
And how you clapp'd your little hands to see
The letters of your name carved in its bark?
And all the cares and sport we had at school;—
How long I tarried when you were detain'd;
And when the mistress placed me on the stool,
While others laugh'd and mock'd, how you were
pain'd,—

Do you remember it?

VOL. V.—96

III.

Do you remember, too, how many a time
Through the lone church-yard we together trod,—
And the sweet music of the Sunday chime
That called the village up to worship God?
How near the altar-spot we had our seat,
E'en in the holiest of that holy shrine;
And how we bow'd with awe and reverence meet
Beneath a feeling which we *knew* divine,—
Do you remember it?

IV.

Do you remember, too, our fireside meetings—
The many pleasant faces gathered there,
The words of friendship and the cheerful greetings;
And our "dear grandpa's" high-back'd, cushion'd
chair,
In which he sat, his tender stories telling
To friends that hung upon each moving word,
While in their eyes, the quiet tear-drops welling,
Told of the deep effect of what they heard,—
Do you remember them?

V.

Do you remember, cousin, the warm tears
You shed, while clasp'd so closely to my heart,
And how I tried to soothe your rising fears;
On that sad morning when we had to part?
And how I told you all that I had dream'd,
In young ambition's most propitious hour,
Of untrod heights of fame, whose summits seem'd
Above the common hopes of men to tower,—
Do you remember it?

VI.

Do you remember me, while far away
From all those friends in whom I took delight,
And cherish my remembrance day by day,
And meet me in the visions of the night?
And while I tread temptation's dangerous path,
And see my fond hopes blasted, one by one,
Meeting with scorn and frowns, and slights and wrath,
Will you, sweet cousin, love me fondly on,
And still remember me?

New York, Sept. 17, 1830.

C. M. F. D.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

The good generally attribute the actions of persons to better motives than the bad; and this is very natural. For the latter having been often impelled by such motives, can more easily imagine others to act from their influence, than the former can; who must necessarily have but a faint idea of such feelings, never having themselves experienced them. In fact, they both generalize from themselves to others.

If the world be as bad as some assert, I should suppose that a knowledge of human nature would conduce very much to our own fall. For, by habit we may accustom ourselves to any thing; and the constant sight of vice deadens our horror for it; seeing also so many around us doing wrong, we will be apt to consider it not very heinous for us also to act thus.

G.

ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Horticultural Society of Maryland, at its Annual Exhibition, June 6, 1839; by Zac. Collins Lee, Esq.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE

MARYLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY:

At your request I appear this evening to discharge a pleasing duty, and offer with you on this fragrant and pure shrine of Nature, the homage and gratitude which these her gifts of fruit and flower demand.

From the engrossing and dull pursuits of artificial life—from the marts of commerce and the feverish paths of politics and ambition, we here solicit all ages and classes to unite in a festival and taste a cup unmingled and unembittered by selfishness or pride.

Had I consulted my own just estimate of the occasion, and my unfitness to make it interesting or useful, the duty I now perform should have been declined; but there was something so refreshing and beautiful in the associations of your society, that I yielded rather to instinct and feeling than to judgment, and determined to throw myself upon the same kind opinion and indulgence which had called me to its discharge.

The anniversaries of national disenthralment and renown are stirring and patriotic in themselves—but the very achievements they celebrate, have been won by the blood of patriots and the sufferings of a whole people—the laurel and the willow entwine the chaplet on the hero's brow; and many a tear for the gallant dead, saddens the 'flowing bowl' in which their deeds 'are freshly remembered.' In other lands less favored and free than our own, the waving of banners, the falchion's gleam, and the roar of cannon, proclaim too often the sanguinary triumph of power over civil liberty—and the proud pageant is darkened by the retrospect of battles, the sack of cities, the burning of villages, and the flight and massacre of thousands, before the conqueror's sword. Even in the earlier days of chivalry and romance, with the tilt and the tournament, where was sung and commemorated

'Knighthood's dauntless deed,
And beauty's matchless eye'—

there, alas, so servile and degrading a barrier separated the lord from the serf, that it robbed these heroic jubilees of that freshness and attraction which freedom alone bestows.

But this, your anniversary, simple and unostentatious, though it be, is, compared with *those*, the refreshing shower, and the balmy air, after the thunder-cloud has burst, and the summer heat has passed away. It is the union of all that is useful with all that is beautiful—the rainbow of the fields, displaying every color and fraught with every sweet.

Surely then, if the smiles of Heaven ever descend, it must be upon a scene like this—for you have come

*In accordance with our previously expressed determination, not to be restricted altogether to original matter when a good selection is at hand, we take great pleasure in spreading before our readers a rich and delicious repast in the address of Zachæus Collins Lee, Esq., delivered before the Horticultural Society of Maryland, at its annual exhibition in June last. We trust that none of our readers, and especially our fair readers, will think of laying down the Messenger until they have admired with us this beautiful literary gem.—[Editor S. L. C. Mes.]

up here, the young, the beautiful, the aged, to behold and adore the wisdom and benignity of Him, whose wonderful works are now spread out before us, and to whom human pageants are 'as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,'—for 'the lilies of the valley are his, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

Upon an occasion of such unalloyed interest and pleasure, it would ill become me to detain you with any labored or scientific dissertation, even had I the ability or the time to do so: I therefore choose rather to dwell on some of the more obvious advantages of your society, and enforce upon the public attention, the claims it so irresistibly presents to more general and zealous support.

The Maryland Horticultural Society was formed in 1832, by a few gentlemen of taste and education, who then determined to give to the long neglected subject their attention; and among its officers and members at that date, will be found several beloved fellow citizens, now no more, associated with many who are still its friends and patrons—they subsequently obtained an act of incorporation, which in its preamble declares the object to be, an association 'for the purpose of improving and encouraging the science and practice of horticulture, and of introducing into the state new species and varieties of trees, fruits, plants, vegetables and flowers.'

The first annual exhibition was held in June, 1833; and at this, its sixth anniversary, it presents to the public the most cheering evidences of its beneficial and successful progress. To an increased list of members, it has added and united by its own attractive pursuits, many of our admired and spirited townswomen, whose zeal and devotion have already imparted a charm and impulse to the society, not to be resisted by the most selfish and obdurate benedict or misanthrope; while, apart from these attractions and resources, it is now giving life and energy to innumerable cultivators of the soil, by awarding weekly and annual premiums to the most enterprising and successful among them, and thereby affording to industry and taste a stimulus, and to horticulture a prominent place among the sister arts. Indeed the present exhibition of flowers alone, might challenge competition in our country, while the rapid improvements manifested in the culture of fruits and vegetables since the society's foundation, will speak its best eulogy: and the regret must now arise, that in this, our Baltimore, distinguished for the beauty and moral loveliness of her daughters, and the valor and public spirit of her sons, so many years should have been suffered to elapse in which the culture of the garden and the husbandry of the field (taught us thirty years ago by the West Indian emigrant) were without this great auxiliary and stimulant, and that more regard and attention is not now given to the society.

Around us, and on every hand, our hills and valleys are blooming with the growth of almost every plant and tree; and we are in our walks and rides enchanted by the rich scenes which open from some adjacent and once barren spot, where, 'emparadised in flowers,' the cottage of the horticulturalist peeps forth to win the heart and gratify the eye.

Our markets too, in the abundance they offer and the returns they make to the industrious and thrifty farmer and gardener, will convince you, that interest as well as pleasure, are moving onward, hand in hand, in the dif-

fusion and enlargement of the society's benefits—while by its direct agency, every foot of ground near our city, and landed property generally in its neighborhood, is rapidly enhanced in value; and by being converted into gardens and rural retreats, afford even to 'the dull edge of sated appetite,' some luscious fruit, or early plant and vegetable, before strangers to our boards—and then the ornamental trees which embosom so many cool sequestered country seats, where the invalid and man of business may repair for renovation and repose—all proclaim, with most 'miraculous organ,' the usefulness and the elegant and refined pleasures of horticulture.

The great Roman orator declared in one of his finest orations—that there was no better pursuit in life, none more full of enjoyment or more worthy a freeman, than agriculture. The same may be said of the kindred art which gave birth to this society: and Lord Bacon, the great master of human learning, has borne testimony to its value, in an essay on this subject, in which he describes gardening and horticultural avocations as the purest of human pleasures as well as the greatest refreshments to the spirits of men; and considers the perfection of this art, as the indication of a nation having attained the highest degree of civilization and refinement. He says, in his quaint language, 'when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were not the greater perfection.'

The sacred volume also breathes throughout its holy pages, the sanction and encouragement of rural and innocent pursuits; and the Creator, by placing our first parents in a garden—a paradise—

* And place of rural charms and various views,
With groves whose rich trees wept odorous gum and balm,
Where flowers of all hues, and without thorn
The rose untended bloomed?—

seemed indeed to indicate the preference and favor which the husbandman and gardener would ever receive at his hand.

Profane history has brought down to us its mythology and civil rites, associated and invested with fruits and flowers; and the song of the Bacchanal and the lute of Pan, tell of the clustering grape and the overhanging bough. But the knowledge of plants was then greatly limited, and few, very few of the wonderful creations which modern botany has since disclosed, were known or regarded.

The revelations of the Creator to the tenants of Eden, doubtless discovered to them such productions of the earth as were necessary to their sustenance; but the Bible only speaks of the three general divisions of the vegetable world, into the *grass*, the *herb* and the *tree*; and Solomon, the most celebrated for his botanical knowledge, enumerates particularly the Mandrake, the Cedar of Lebanon, and the Hyssop that groweth on the wall, as most prominent in his day.

For centuries afterwards, botany was but the humble hand-maiden of medicine and surgery; hence we find the balm of Gilead extolled in Judea as the panacea of all diseases, and of more inestimable value than all our modern panaceas for the assuaging of the ills that 'flesh is heir to.'

The heroic age added little or nothing to the preceding period, unless indeed the fabled gardens of the Hesperides and Aleinous, in which Homer has placed 'the

reddening apple, the luscious fig, the glowing pomegranate, the juicy pear, the verdant olive, and the bending vine, can be regarded as bright exceptions—these being the offspring rather of poetry than mother earth.

From the days of Theophrastus to those of Pliny, during an interval of nearly four hundred years, there had been only enumerated about six hundred plants, regarded more for their medicinal than nourishing qualities, and the account we have of them is very indistinct and unsatisfactory. Following came on the darker ages, in which the few known arts of life shared the sad fate of civil liberty, leaving to the world the discovery, by a few Moorish and Arabian physicians, of one or two herbs—such as Rhubarb and Senna, which are now recognised in our *materia medica*.

The Roman era, deriving, as it did, its taste for gardening from Greece, to the extent it had gone there, opened a wider field to its cultivation. Numerous beautiful passages in the Latin poets, prove the high estimation in which gardening was held among the Romans: Tacitus describes a palace built by Nero, which was on a site laid out on the principles of modern gardening; he says, 'the usual and common luxuries of gold and jewels, which adorned this palace were not so much to be admired, as the fields and lakes and flowers, which here and there opened in prospects before it.' But it is to modern times we must look for the revival and creation of botany as a *science*. Gæssner, Haller, and Linnæus, established for it a system of investigation, by which thousands of new and rare productions were added to the catalogue of Ceres and Flora. These great high-priests of nature, reduced at once, to fixed principles and invariable rules, the study—and by the classification of plants according to their natural affinities, demonstrated, that like man, their domestic life was regulated and sweetened by the presence of the gentler sex, and their being depended upon constitutions and habits peculiar to themselves.

In England, during the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth, much of the taste and natural beauty of the gardens of Rome were lost sight of, and substituted by an artificial and grotesque deformity, which maintained for many years, and which, by torturing the box, the yew, and evergreens, into the shape of beasts and other whimsical forms, degraded the standard of horticulture; so that many of the English gardens of that period are described, as being adorned with yew trees in the shape of giants—Noah's ark cut in holly—St. George and the dragon, in box—cypress lovers, laureline bears, and all the race of root-bound monsters which flourished, and looked tremendous around the edges of every grass plat.*

But a better spirit soon succeeded, and the works and philosophy of Dr. William Turner, the father of English botany and gardening, gave a right direction to its pursuit, and added countless treasures to the researches of his predecessor—and by the innumerable varieties of shrubs and flowers, to which he gave 'a local habitation and a name,' the sea-girt island became the home and nursery for almost every tree and plant; and it is now to the annals of English agriculture and gardening, that we look for the most valuable improvements in the useful and ornamental departments of horticulture.

* See the eloquent address of Mr. Poinsett, in 1836, before the Horticultural Society of South Carolina.

The science of botany, being thus founded solely on the natural affinities and fixed laws of vegetation, the great masters to whom I have referred, raised it at once from being the obscure handmaid of medicine, to be the most enlarged and delightful study to which the head and heart of man could be devoted. The poorest plant and the most unobtrusive flower that 'blushed unseen,' under their hands in a moment unfolded the mysteries of its being and the hidden lore of nature. For, if the flowers on the mountains and in the valleys, are the alphabet of angels, with which they have written secret and divine truths upon the hill-tops, how doubly attractive must become a study, which shall disclose the loves of those angels or the higher destiny of man.

Standing as we do, at an immeasurable distance from the olden time—living in an age and land where all who have the spirit to be free, or the virtue to be just, may become public benefactors—how strong are the calls which duty and interest, in every art and department of life, make on us, to be active and beneficent in our efforts. If we cast our eyes over the world, its past and present condition, how infinitely exalted appears the physical and intellectual resources of our generation.

The face of nature too, is more prolific and interesting, and exhibits ten thousand beauties and benefits, unknown to past ages. The history, therefore, of the vegetable world, written as it now is, in every language and on every green field, developed then but little compared with the present hour, in which we have assembled to celebrate its triumphs, and to behold, by the light of truth and christianity, what was denied to the darker eras of man.

But the great temple of nature, though thus opened, is not explored; beyond us there are many meandering streams and flowery fields to be traced, and hidden treasures to be discovered. The promised land rises in bright perspective, and our children must finish what has been commenced by us—kindling brighter lights, and erecting nobler altars to nature and religion.

What a theatre for horticultural effort does our own country afford? The vegetation of the United States is as various as its climate and soil. In the Floridas grow the majestic palm, the orange, the cotton, the indigo and the sugar-cane. In the Carolinas, the eye of the traveller is charmed with the beauty and grandeur of the forest trees, the evergreen oak, the various species of pine, walnut, and plane tree, the splendid tulip, the curious cypress, and the superb magnolia,—while the oaks, the firs, and the chestnuts of the middle and northern states, afford to the naturalist a rich scene for investigation and study.

Already ten species of the walnut are distinguished for their use and beauty, in the soil and in manufactures; and as many of the maple, the spruce, the hickory, and the larch; most of them, now transplanted to our gardens, and public pleasure grounds, are the objects of daily converse and admiration.

There, too, is the giant sycamore, the king of our western forests, exhibiting in its growth, a fit emblem of the vigorous and hardy race, who people the young but glorious west. It rises, as Mr. Washington Irving has described it, in the most graceful form, with vast spreading lateral branches, covered with bark of a brilliant white. These hundred white arms interlacing

with the other green forest trees, form one of the most striking traits of American scenery. A tree of this kind near Marietta, measured fifteen feet and a half in diameter; and it is said, that Judge Tucker, of Virginia, obtained a section of such a tree, put a roof to it, and furnished it as a study, which contained a stove, bed, and table, making a comfortable apartment.

Horticulture is domesticating the birch, the elm, the acacia, and the poplar, and beautifying our gardens with the magnolia, the holly, the almond, and the Catalpa, and many others, whose existence was almost unknown to us ten years ago.

Some of the most luscious fruits we now prize and cultivate, are strangers to our soil. Modern horticulture, within the last two centuries, has domesticated them. The fig was brought from Syria, the citron from Medea, the peach from Persia, the pomegranate from Africa, apricots from Epirus, apples, pears, and plums from Armenia, and cherries from Pontus—to Rome they first passed, then to Europe; and with our progenitors many of them became the pilgrims of freedom in America.

Public gardens of any note and extent, owe also their establishment to modern times. The first known in Europe, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, in Florence: afterwards the celebrated botanic garden of Padua was planted, and flourished in 1533. That of Bologna was also founded by the liberality of Pope Pius the VI; then followed that of Florence, erected by the Grand Duke; since which period they have steadily increased, and there is now one to be found in almost every city of Italy. The botanic garden of Leyden was established in 1577, forty-four years after that of Padua, which it surpassed in number and variety of plants—in 1663 the catalogue of this garden numbered 1,104 species. And in Boerhaave's time, who, when professor of botany there, neglected nothing to augment its riches, it contained 6,000 plants. Nearly all the beautiful flowers from the Cape of Good Hope, which now adorn our gardens, were first cultivated there. The first botanic garden in France, was established at Montpellier, in 1597; but the Garden of Plants at Paris was afterwards founded, in 1620, by Louis XIII—this noble institution has been greatly enlarged by successive monarchs and is now regarded as the most scientific garden and the best botanic school in Europe.

A taste for flowers is said to have been introduced into England, by the Flemish emigrants, who fled (as did those of St. Domingo to our state,) to that country, to escape the cruelties of the Duke of Alva, in 1567. The first botanic garden in England was afterwards founded at Oxford; and the royal gardens at Kew, were begun about the middle of the eighteenth century, by Frederic, Prince of Wales, father of George the Third, and now contain a rich and extensive collection of exotics, equalled, however, if not surpassed by those in the botanic garden at Liverpool; an institution founded by the influence and efforts of Mr. Roscoe, who established it in 1800.

In our country we know of no extensive establishment of this description. That commenced by Dr. David Hosack, of New York, has been suffered to go to decay by the government of the state, who purchased it from the learned and enterprising proprietor. Here, in Maryland, there is as yet no public garden of the kind—

but our society is we trust awakening public attention to the subject.

A taste is now springing up amongst us—and many private gardens, beautifully represented here to-night, attest the success of individual efforts. The field is before us—laborers are wanted—its limits are the confines of our republic. Look to the south, clothed at this time in a garb of rural splendor, to which its tropical flowers and brilliant evergreens, give a surpassing lustre. There alone flourishes the live oak, that tree, which upon the ocean is the bulwark of our land and the boast of our prowess. How irresistible and magical is the march of improvement, and the triumph of culture and art! Let the rover or naturalist seek some cool sequestered spot by the sources of the Missouri or the Mississippi, and pleased with the bright and lively rill which dances from rock to rock, to the murmuring cadence of its own music, watch and follow it as it steals under the osier and the vine, with gentle wing, till he finds it the majestic river upon whose bank Wealth builds his palace, Science his temple, and Religion her sacred fane; could his wonder be greater or his joy more intense than ours, at the triumphs of art and refinement over the rudeness of uncultured nature? Methinks the progenitors of many who hear me, once sought the fresh breeze of the evening, and plucked the scented wild flower on *this very spot*, now covered and adorned by edifices of taste and splendor, and crowded with monuments of civilization. So rapid and imperceptible, therefore, are the improvements of the great age, that if we would preserve around us at all the pristine charms of hill and dale, of wild flowers and native forests, it must be by horticulture, and in our gardens,—for the hammer and the noise of the busy multitude, and the axe of the emigrant, and the sweep of commerce, and the sister arts, are onward, with the velocity of our rail roads, clearing the way and settling the waste places, for more enduring power and extended wealth than the woods and wilds of our native soil can afford.

Our national resources, too, physical and political, and the giant strides of our people, already proclaim, even beyond the Mississippi, the sway of civil institutions and the glories of freedom. Hurried before their resistless march, the red man, and his once countless tribes, is flying from his hunting grounds and council fires—and his lion heart and eagle eye has cowered before the victorious arm of the white man.

Scarce two hundred years have rolled away, since the rock of Plymouth and the heights of Jamestown were pressed by pilgrims' feet, and consecrated to human rights. Now, twenty-six commonwealths, bounded by the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, are before us, united by a common bond, and flourishing under the same bright banner, and crowded with upwards of fifteen millions of freemen. What a spectacle for the world to admire! what a cause of self-gratulation to us?

The 'May Flower,' laden with the seeds of liberty, touched *then* with drooping sails a savage and inhospitable shore—*now*, from the same strand, the moving palaces of steam and the countless ships of commerce, depart and arrive between cities of astonishing wealth and population. I repeat it, that now is the time for our most active exertions in the noble cause of Agriculture, and its patron, Horticulture, if we desire to

keep pace with the wide-spreading manufactures and commerce of our union.

To the farmer and agriculturist is offered a climate and soil more fertile, varied and healthy, than any under the sun—combining the heat of the tropics with the temperatures of the north and west, and inviting him to cultivate every variety of produce: while the growth of distinct and inexhaustible staples, presents what is no where to be found under the same government, agricultural resources of priceless value, which can in no event compete with and oppose each other in the same foreign or domestic market.

The south, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton and the golden harvests of the rice fields, binds the planter to his soil by the strong tie of *interest*, and makes his staple the very life's blood of exchange and commerce; while the northern, western and middle states, by their grain and the culture of tobacco, form a vast store-house and granary for domestic and exporting uses, unlike the granaries of Rome, inexhaustable, and not filled from plundered provinces.

I might dilate upon these animating motives to exertion, which our favored position and resources so strongly urge—but I forbear—pausing only to add, that if the cause of agriculture and the claims of this society have no recommendation from considerations like these, there is yet *one precious and irresistible motive* to be found in the opinions and practice of him, the mention of whose name raises a throb of gratitude in every heart that loves liberty. Among the letters preserved and published of the immortal Washington, is one addressed by him in 1782, to Mr. Young, an English horticulturist, in which the father of his country uses the following language:

'Agriculture in the field and garden has ever been among the most favorite of my amusements, though I never have possessed much skill in the art, and nine years total inattention to it, has added nothing to a knowledge which is best understood from practice.' He then desires his correspondent to send him the following horticultural items:

'A little of the best kind of cabbage seed for the field culture—twenty pounds of the best turnip seed—ten bushels of sanfoin seed—eight bushels of winter vetches—two bushels of rye grass seed, and fifty pounds of best clover seed.' What a touching illustration of the simple habits and practical sense of this illustrious man. At the time this letter was penned, he had just returned victorious from the revolutionary struggle to the shades of Mount Vernon;—we there find him turning from the voice of praise and the blaze of military glory, to his *farm and garden*, with the same fondness with which the infant seeks the maternal bosom—and in the unostentatious amusements and healthful exercises of his fields, becoming the first American farmer, as he had proved himself the greatest hero and general on the tented plain.

What a lesson and rebuke should this incident convey to the noisy pride and bustling littleness of some of the miscalled great men of our day. To the *place-man* and demagogue, even the garden of Mount Vernon, blooming under the eye and hand of Washington, could afford no charm or solace for the loss of power or emolument—*these* serve their country but to *serve themselves*. Marius, in his defeated hour, sighed amid the

ruins of Carthage, and the imperial exile wept upon a barren rock. Washington, whether at the head of armies or guiding the destinies of his country, was the same exalted character; simple in his tastes, manly and noble in all the relations of life. In him education found a patron, religion and virtue a model and support, and agriculture its most distinguished benefactor. So happily combined were his sentiments, taste and principles, that in private as in public life, his example will descend to unnumbered generations, as the brightest ever bequeathed by man to man.

Imagination might carry those of us who have visited the hero's tomb, to that sequestered and beautiful garden, with its nursery of rare exotics and tropical fruits, the classic arrangement of its box-wood and hawthorn hedge, and the simple but chaste display of every flower and plant which wealth or fancy could procure. There, upon *this* seat, sat Washington, when the storm of battle was over, and refreshed his spirit and elevated his thoughts by the culture and contemplation of his garden—beside him was her, the chosen and beloved consort and companion of his life—like him in the noble but gentler attributes of her mind, fitted to be the sharer of his glory and repose. Around them bloomed the gifts of every clime, from the rose and fragrant coffee shrub of Java, to the night-budding *Cereus* of Mexico.

The seat still remains, but the patriot sleeps at the foot of that garden by the side of his fond associate and exalted partner—wild flowers and the evergreen are blooming over them, in token of the renewal and immortality of the glorious dead. And when summer comes, there the birds sing sweetly, and like angels' voices, do they tell of happiness, harmony and peace.

The sculptured column and proud mausoleum might (and should) adorn that spot—but in the scene, as Nature's hand has left it—in the murmurs of the breeze, the majestic flow of the Potomac, and the solemn stillness of the grove, broken only by the wild bird's note—above all, in the yet unfaded and unaltered walks of that garden of Washington, there is a memorial, which the 'storied urn or animated bust could never give.' It is the *pathos* and *truth* of nature. This theme is carrying me beyond my purpose—you will pardon the digression—I must pause.

Before us this evening is spread out a rich banquet—the strawberry and cherry,—the more substantial offerings for the kitchen are here, also, presenting a rotundity and condition which an alderman might envy; among them there doubtless is that talisman of fortune, the golden fleece of the vegetable world—I allude to the *moris multicaulis*, for the culture of which, it is feared, all things else may be abandoned. So warm is the fever which its prosperous fortunes have excited, that it is said, "a loving swain in one of the fertile counties on the Eastern Shore, was breathing to his lady-love the most impassioned vows, and had put the solemn and interesting question, upon a favorable answer to which his happiness depended, when she, with much enthusiasm, replied by asking him another question, 'Do you grow the *moris multicaulis*?' 'Oh! no,' he exclaimed, 'only beautiful flowers and roses for you.' Alas! simple youth, this answer was fatal to his hopes, and the *moris multicaulis* prevailed over love. Horticulture, in addition to this, is colonizing trees and

shrubs, for the purposes of shade and ornament for the bowers of love. Should it not then command the affections and aid of the fair?

There are finally to be drawn from the reflections of this anniversary, many lessons and benefits, calculated to warm the heart with gratitude to Him, who is the giver of all things; and above all, there are opened, by the study of this volume of nature, sources of unfailing joy and contentment. So ordered is the economy and wisdom of Heaven, that this lovely season of the year, the precursor of Ceres, and the prophet of abundant harvest, by its *regular return*, teaches 'desultory man, studious as he is of change,' that there is an invariable and immutable law, stamped upon every plant that grows, and every bud that opens, alike incapable of change and deterioration, and instructs the child of adversity, who has been left alone, seathed like the pine upon the mountain's top, by the lightning and the tempest—that there is a recuperative principle in the mind, shadowed forth most beautifully by the reviving tree and the budding flower, which the breath of Heaven shall awaken to *life, beauty and immortality*,—emblems of the christian's hope, which burn brighter as the clouds gather, and his spirit is departing, and his heart becoming cold.

By assiduous efforts and gentle care do we not, when this lovely season is gone, behold how culture and the artificial warmth of the conservatory and the greenhouse keep a perennial spring about us amid the snows of winter, and the window and boudoir of woman become the home of the dahlia and the rose, living and giving out their incense to her tender mercies, when all around is death; or, blooming in unwonted splendor among her soft tresses, telling of the kind, gay girl, the fond and loving mother, whose hand has watered them, and beneath whose smile their buds have expanded into life.

The sentiment and morality of flowers are among the most attractive of their charms. Who does not feel full often the pure power of the teachings which these little moralists declare? The rose is a legend of romance, and its history, whether in the bower of love, or embroidered on the banners of civil war, is a history of the heart. The rose of Sharon, and the lilies of Damascus, were sung by the waters of Israel, while poetry and religion have associated and embalmed it with all the most sacred of their rights.

In the festive hall, where the dance, and song, and music prevail, it is the companion and emblem of the young and joyous. The bridal wreath and the nuptial altar find its purity and fragrance, though but 'the perfume and suppliance of an hour,' a sentiment congenial with the brightness and brevity of the passing scene.

And, oh, with what unsearchable and deep love does the youthful mother place it in the garland of her first born; and should the nursing be too early snatched from her bosom, with what fond but melancholy pleasure will she oft times turn with moistened eye from the memory of the cherished one, to the rose bud or the flower, as the remembrancer of its loveliness and beauty. Think you there is then no truth in all this? To the pensive and uncorrupted mind can there be a pleasure more refined than the culture of these sweet earth-born innocents, amid the shades and serenity of the garden and the groves?

The Prince de Ligné, who was the companion of monarchs, and surrounded by the splendor of courts, derived his chief enjoyment from the cultivation of his garden, and with enthusiasm has said, 'would that I could warm the whole world with my taste for gardening; it appears to me impossible that a *bad man* can possess it; there is no virtue that I do not imagine in him who loves to speak of, and to make gardens; fathers of families, inspire your children with a love of gardening and flowers.' This is the language of a prince, and the testimony of a generous and exalted spirit.

There is, besides, in the culture of the garden, a religion silently but truly taught, to which meditation gives the most consoling tone; the conflict of exclusive and intolerant opinions are there unfelt and unheard; but we hold converse with Nature, and from her flowery lap raise our eyes and hearts in adoration to Him, who,

'Not content with every food of life
To nourish man: by kind illusions
Of the wondering sense, hath made all nature
Beauty to his eye and music to his ear.'

How cooling to the chafed brow and the careworn spirit is the copse-wood shade and the rural walk! What memories of happy days and well-beloved companions crowd upon the garden's contemplative hour, bringing back to age its golden morn, its blithesome boyhood. If a father or a mother hath departed from us, the haunts they loved, the flowers they nursed, the paths they trod, summon us back to all we owe them; and all we have lost in them,

'Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure as the prayer that childhood wafts above,'

come back to us from these interviews with nature, our best days and our most cherished affections.

The stars have been called the poetry of Heaven; but may we not with equal truth turn to these flowers as the poetry of earth, speaking as they do to us of peace and good will among men?

Rank, power, and wealth, the arm of the warrior, and the tongue of the sage, have seldom blessed their possessors; and we are called too often to deplore in this and other lands, the evils which have resulted from the 'fears of the brave and the follies of the wise.'

How touchingly beautiful and sublime are the pictures of those primitive days, when, under their own vines and fig trees, the babbling brook at their feet, and the bleating and spotless flock around them, the shepherds of Israel poured forth their morning song of praise to Him who made the meadows to nourish and the trees to shade them. With what fervor did they exclaim, 'The Lord is our shepherd; we shall not want; he maketh us to lie down in green pastures and leadeth us beside the still waters.' The altars of christianity never burned with a purer incense than this: and are we not then invoked now to realize from the pursuits of this society the primitive charms and excellence which they impart?

Peace and abundance cover our land—in others, less happy and exalted, some flower or shrub is the household and tutelary emblem and watchword of national honor. The lily of France and the rose of Burgundy, have encountered the thistle and the shamrock on the bloody field, or, interwoven in peace, become the olive branch and pledge of union and friendship—with us as

yet, not one of the many beautiful productions of our soil is the badge of American freedom. And why should it not be, like the song which animates in the fight? Let us also point to some ever present and blooming token of our land, which will meet us in the field, cheer us in absence, and delight us every where, and which to the dying patriot's eye shall revive the recollection of his home and country—

'Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere; cœlumque
Aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.'

To fix then upon this emblem, is a task I commend to our fair countrywomen, who should indeed present it, as a gift from the beautiful to the brave, with which to return victorious, or return no more.

These are the refined charms of horticulture, and thus is your society recommended. At this celebration it invites men of all conditions in life to come forward here, in Maryland, and devote not their gold and silver, but their leisure and taste to the most interesting cause and the most delightful recreation. The motives, the land we inhabit, the resources of our people, and the innate value and purity of the pursuit itself, have been alluded to, and all call on us to lend our influence to its promotion. The tired and worn down citizen shall be refreshed by it; for to green fields and healthful exercises we introduce him while living; and there is a spot preparing for him, when dead, almost within sight of this hall—a place of repose, a city of silence, which, by the enterprise of many connected with this society, shall ere long realize the prophet's vision that made paradise the home of the dead.

Beneath the fragrant birch and the refreshing evergreen shall there repose the departed, with birds to sing over their graves, and the sweetest wild flowers to bloom in earnest of the spirit's destiny. Horticulture is doing this. Then, by all its pleasures, by its usefulness and innocency, we do again invoke you to become its patrons and friends.

The studies of the closet and the feverish pursuits of life, wear down the body and corrode the spirit; but here is a pursuit full of beauty and freshness—peaceful and lovely are its ways—pure and uncontaminated is the cup of its joys; its study and culture will assuage anger, moderate ambition and sanctify love, and raising the heart from objects of temporary interest, place it on those of eternal hope, keep with us and about us the bloom and fragrance of life's weary journey, and make us wiser and better in our day and generation.

RETROSPECTION.

Selected.

I love—when all the world is still,
At midnight's solemn, silent hour,
When retrospection's magic thrill
Steals o'er the soul with matchless power—
I love to linger o'er the days
Of halcyon childhood, swiftly gone!
When to my heart this "thorny maze"
Seemed but a world of joy alone.

PAULINE BLENLIS;

OR, THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDEGROOM.

Pauline Blenlis—the young and high spirited heroine of my little tale—was a beauty of twenty summers, a brunette with a glowing cheek and a sparkling eye; rich, pouting lips that revealed, when parted, pearly teeth of a marvellous whiteness, and a smile that would make your heart leap, bright, joyous and beautiful as herself—but Pauline's smile was not always radiant, nor was her heart always joyous; for one enemy to her peace, in the shape of an antiquated little lover, made his appearance regularly every afternoon at six o'clock. Monsieur Hericourt, comte de V—, was old, ugly and extremely disagreeable—with a mouth which seemed made for the express purpose of dispatching madame Blenlis' delicious fruit, which hung in tempting clusters above the summer-house, in which he was sure to meet a cordial welcome from madame, and a very reluctant one from mademoiselle. Monsieur was evidently a gentleman of the old school, as might have been observed from the very profound manner in which he replied to madame Blenlis' salutations, and the delicate deference which marked his attention to her daughter. He generally wore a velvet coat of no small dimensions—long, white hose, which displayed his sinewy limbs to advantage, and shoes of the most approved fashion of the time of the sixteenth Louis—large silver buckles ornamented his knees, which slightly inclined outward; and a little cocked hat, doubtless a relic of the last century, covered his well powdered wig, and both together most effectually concealed his shrivelled face.

The age and ludicrous figure of the old count, was sufficient to have created aversion and disgust in the mind of a young, admired, and romantic girl, like Pauline—but there were more powerful arguments against him than those enumerated.

There was, at this time, sojourning in the little village of N., a young American of very prepossessing appearance, who, having made the tour of Europe, was waiting quietly at N., previous to taking his departure for his native land. But opportunities had occurred repeatedly—vessels bearing the star spangled banner had arrived and departed from the neighboring port—still the young republican lingered—charmed with the bright and beautiful scenery around, and the brighter and more beautiful eyes of Pauline Blenlis. Hervey Leslie, was no ordinary youth, with a taste attuned only to the gay frivolities of the metropolis, which he had quitted after a short visit, for the fresh air and simpler manners of the village of N. Light-hearted, bold and reckless of danger, he sought enjoyment in following the chase, wandering among the wild and unfrequented passes of the mountains, or plunging fearlessly in the rushing waters of the noble river that flowed past the little town. But now, there was for him a sweeter, rarer pleasure in holding sweet converse with the bright creature that passed before him like a wood-nymph, in guiding her little skiff over the blue, glad waters, or curbing his mettled charger, to keep pace with the gentle animal she rode. Her voice came over him like a spell, and he started with new and undefinable emotions when her joyous laugh, clear and musical in its merriment, thrilled on his delighted ear.

He, too, was a daily visitor at madame Blenlis' little cottage; but as he never called at the house, which was set apart for the reception of the count, she little dreamt of the progress he was making in her daughter's heart; therefore she had never thought of his being in the way of her darling project, the union of the old noble with the young and delicate Pauline. To be sure, Pauline always declared that she hated the count, that she would not marry him for the world, and invariably preferred the company of the younger beaux of the place; but madame Blenlis was sure she would, some day, prefer the titled and wealthy Hericourt de V—, to all the handsome and penniless lovers who were at her feet. And so the wedding day was named, and grand preparation made for the young bride.

Evening shades were stealing over the gay town of N. By degrees the din of busy life gave way to the hum of cheerful voices, and the careless laugh of the pleasure-loving Frenchman, as he sought a respite from his daily toil; one dim, uncertain light, showed itself from a cottage window; another, and another, bright and cheerful, sprang up, and the whole place soon wore an air of gaiety and happiness, that but little accorded with the feelings of Pauline Blenlis, who wept in bitterness of spirit in the retirement of her chamber. But Lucile, a pretty little soubrette, spent no time in vain lamentations—for two long hours had she waited, with a patience and fortitude worthy of a martyr, at the door of madame Blenlis' boudoir. That a conference was held within, which related to mademoiselle Pauline, she did not doubt, for she had herself shown monsieur le comte into the presence of her lady. Now monsieur le comte was no favorite with Lucile, and she watched his motions with the earnestness peculiar to her sex and country. If the count de V— paid madame Blenlis a morning visit, and Pauline was not sent for, she knew it; and if his cross-eyed little valet presumed to bring a note from him, Lucile always peeped into the open ends, before she delivered it to her mistress, and then flew to acquaint mademoiselle with its contents.

For a long time had the soubrette maintained the attitude of an anxious listener—her body inclined forward, until one knee and one hand rested on the floor; her ear applied to the key-hole, and her face expressive of the most eager curiosity. Suddenly she started to her feet, and retreating into the recess of a window, was concealed from sight,—a step was heard within the room, the door was opened, and the count de V—, in his cocked hat and shining knee buckles, passed through the saloon; soon his carriage rattled from the door, and the next moment Lucile emerged from her hiding place, and gliding through an opposite door passed swiftly down the street. It was quite dark when she entered mademoiselle Blenlis' room with candles. Pauline was sitting with her back to the door, and observed not her entrance,—the maid deposited the lights on the dressing-table, and passing noiselessly around the room, until she came in front of her young lady, stood perfectly still, (a wonderful thing for Lucile,) and contemplated the beautiful picture before her in silence.

Pauline was sitting in a large arm-chair, with her finely-formed head thrown back against it, revealing a full, swelling throat, that vied with the purest marble—one hand, delicate and symmetrical in its form,

lay over the arm of the chair, while its beautiful fellow lay in her lap clasping an ornament of brilliants, that seemed to have been taken from a box which stood near her. It was the bridal present of the count de V—. Lucile observed that her eyes were closed and her cheek extremely pale. The chain of brilliants, disengaged by their own weight, fell, from the slight fingers that held them so carelessly, to the floor. The *soubrette* sprang forward and caught them. "Mon Dieu! mademoiselle, she exclaimed, "you have broken your beautiful necklace; such superb jewels too; but you do not care for these things. You would rather have one pearl, one little pearl from monsieur Leslie, than all of old cocked-hat's jewelry, himself into the bargain."

The delicate lids of the languid beauty suddenly unclosed, and a pair of dark lustrous orbs flashed indignantly on the speaker.

"Silence, Lucile! you are impertinent. What is Hervey Leslie to me?"

"I do not know, mademoiselle," replied the girl meekly, "what he is to you; but you are a great deal to him—for Antoine, his valet, says that your name is on his lips every night, and he has pined away ever since it was rumored that you were going to marry the Count de V—."

"Peace, pratter," returned the blushing Pauline; then starting from her seat, she paced the floor distractedly. Her arms were now clasped tightly over her breast—now flung wildly from her—the rich blood rushed tumultuously to her face, and as quickly receded, leaving the paleness of despair upon her cheek and brow. Suddenly she stopped.

"I will not marry this old dotard. Now hear me swear it, Lucile—I will not marry him. If they drag me to the altar, I will not pronounce the vows!"—and clasping her face with both hands, she sank into a chair.

"Mademoiselle," said the girl tenderly, "here is a billet for you from monsieur Leslie."

Pauline snatched the note from the attendant, and glanced her eyes eagerly over its contents; then followed a sudden transition from a blushing crimson, to a deathly paleness; and then the beautiful rich color came rushing again over neck and brow—and then a smile—one of her own radiant and peculiar smiles, lit up her exquisite features, and Pauline Blenlis was herself again.

That night a long and absorbing conversation was held in a subdued tone, between mademoiselle Blenlis and her humble attendant—and once or twice Lucile was seen passing to and from Pauline's apartment, during the week that followed, with billets in her hand—and Francois, one of madame Blenlis' own servants, was heard to declare, that he saw monsieur Leslie's valet pass him one evening about night-fall, with a couple of travelling trunks in a wheelbarrow—that he went in the direction of his master's residence, and had doubtless come from the cottage. But Francois did not tell this until after an important change took place, which you will learn, gentle reader, in the sequel.

The bridal morning of Pauline Blenlis broke brightly and beautifully, and the sun shone as gloriously as if his presence were to light up the altar of youth and loveliness, instead of witnessing the sacrifice of a delicate and shrinking victim to the demon of riches.

Every one in the village loved Pauline; and more than one shrewdly suspected that mademoiselle would rather give her hand to the handsome American, than sell it to monsieur le compte and his cocked hat—but all knew that she entered into the engagement reluctantly, therefore they prudently forebore any remarks on the occasion.

The chapel was fancifully decorated with flowers; the bells rang a merry peal, and the villagers, in their holiday attire, were gathering around the doors. At length the bridal cavalcade appeared. The count's chariot rattled up to the open portal, and he dismounted as quickly as his rheumatic affections would permit, and turned to assist his bride who followed in a carriage with her mother. Pauline could scarcely repress an expression of loathing as she gave him her hand, while the other was clasped by the elegant and graceful American, who walked by her, in ridiculous contrast to the ancient knight on the other side, until they reached the church door, when dropping it, he fell into the rear, and followed the party slowly up the aisle of the building. And now they were all to witness the celebration of nuptials, which all regarded with horror and some with contempt, as they thought of the youth and beauty on one side, and the age and infirmity on the other.

Pale and trembling, from excessive emotion, the bride leant on the arm of the palsied-stricken count, like a lily-bud reposing its delicate cheek against the gnarled trunk of a decaying tree. The priest, in deep and solemn tones, began the marriage service, when suddenly, a convulsive shudder shook the frame of the lady, and she fell fainting into the arms of the person who stood next her—who happened to be, (accidentally, perhaps,) Hervey Leslie. Then there was confusion and astonishment, and the buzz of many tongues; and amidst all this Leslie made his way through the crowd, and bore the senseless form of the bride to the carriage. Lucile remained behind, considerably urging madame Blenlis to return in the count's carriage, as they were both too much agitated to render any assistance; she would herself run forward, she said, and assist the gentleman who was trying to recover her young lady. Then passing rapidly through the crowd, which made way for her, she sprang into the carriage with Hervey and Pauline. The footman quickly put up the steps; the coachman applied his whip, and before the infirmities of the count would allow him to mount into his vehicle, they had turned the corner and were out of sight. Never travelled horses so fast before. Pauline had recovered from her apparent fainting fit, and in a few hours from their hasty departure from the church, they were on board a gallant merchantman, with her sails spread, and rapidly leaving the blue shores of "la belle France" in the distance.

When monsieur le compte discovered that his lady-love had decamped, he was inconsolable for his loss, and at the end of the week offered himself to the mother of his former attachment, and was accepted.

Six months had flown by on gossamer wings, when one cold autumnal evening a chaise and pair drew up before the city hotel, followed by a coach and four noble prancing grays; from the former establishment, alighted a female, with a lap-dog, a ban-box, and sundry small articles in her arms; and a gentleman of

starched and powdered dignity. In the latter, came monsieur and madame *compte et compresse de V—*. In a few hours after their arrival, madame de V— had the pleasure of clasping her daughter in her arms; and the count, reverently laying aside the identical cocked hat, in which we introduced him to you, reader, declared that monsieur Leslie had stolen the bud from him, but he had received in recompense, the beauty of the full blown rose.

Pardon me, gentle reader, I had nearly forgotten one part of my story. Lucile stood by to offer her congratulations, accompanied by her spouse. She had become mistress Antoine Ruet.

J. H. M.

THE SUBTILTY OF LOVE.

A very old song modernized.

You cannot bar Love out,
 Father, mother, and you all!
 For, mark me! he's a crafty boy
 And his limbs are very small;
 He's lighter than the thistle's down,
 He's fleetier than the dove,
 His voice is like the nightingale's;
 And oh! beware of Love!

For Love can masquerade
 When the wisest do not see;
 He has gone to many a blessed saint
 Like a virgin devotee;
 He has stolen through the convent grate,
 A painted butterfly,
 And I've seen in many a mantle's fold
 His twinkling roguish eye.

He'll come—do what you will;
 The Pope can't keep him out;
 And of late he's learned such evil ways,
 You must hold his oath in doubt:
 From the lawyers he has learned,
 Like Judas, to betray;
 From the monks, to live like martyr'd saints,
 Yet cast their souls away.

He has been at court so long
 That he wears the courtier's smile;
 For every maid he has a lure,
 For every man a wile.
 Philosophers and alchemists,
 Your idle toil give o'er;
 Young Love is wiser than you all,
 And teaches ten times more.

Strong bars and bolts are vain
 To keep the urchin in,
 For while the goaler turned the key
 He'd trap him in his gin.
 You need not hope by mail of proof
 To shun his cruel dart;
 For he'd change himself to a shirt of mail
 And lie next to your heart.

More scatheful than an evil eye,
 Than ghost or gramercy,
 Not seventy times seven holy priests
 Could lay him in the sea.
 Then, father, mother, cease to chide—
 I'll do the best I may,
 And when I see young Love coming
 I'll up and run away!

PETER.

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

LECTURE VI.

Constructiveness.—This organ is situated at that part of the frontal bone which lies behind and above the superior and outer angle of the eye, immediately above the spheno-temporal suture, and before Acquisitiveness. In the brain it occupies the posterior part of the anterior lobe. Dr. Gall discovered this organ by noticing that in this region men distinguished for mechanical genius are very wide. Some time after becoming satisfied of the function of this organ, some gentlemen of Vienna presented to him a person concerning whose talents they solicited his opinion. He told them that he ought to have a great tendency toward mechanics. They then told Gall that he had been examining the famous painter, Unterbergen, and expressed dissatisfaction at the decision; but the painter acknowledged that Gall was quite correct—that he had always had a passion for mechanics, and painted only for a livelihood. He also took the party to his house, where he showed them many machines and instruments, some of which he had invented and others improved. Besides, Constructiveness is an element in the art of painting.

Dr. Barclay used to exhibit to his pupils the skulls of the lion and other carnivorous animals, and ridiculed the Phrenologists for explaining the narrowness of this region in those animals by their deficiency in Constructiveness. "The lion, gentlemen," he would say, "has very strong temporal muscles, for the purpose of empowering its jaws to masticate flesh and bones: now it is evident that the play of these muscles compresses the head in this region, and causes this remarkable narrowness." This seems plausible, but the Professor did not carry his observations far enough. Had he extended his inquiries, he would have found that the form of head alluded to occurs in the skulls of carnivorous animals, and cannot, therefore, be the effect of the action of their jaws on hard substances. Further, the beaver eats through pretty strong logs of timber with its teeth, and its temporal muscles are strong, yet the head is broad in this region, and the animal is highly constructive. Again, in the human race some have narrow heads and weak constructive talents, though they live on slops; and others broad heads and great mechanical skill, though they live on hard viands. This is the skull of a beaver; you may see the development of this region very distinctly, and on putting my finger within, I find a distinct hollow corresponding with the external protuberance.

I must here repeat the caution I gave when treating of the organ of Acquisitiveness. The temporal muscle differs in different persons. It is therefore necessary to estimate its thickness in the living head, by feeling at the muscle while the individual moves the lower jaw.

To construct, means to put detached materials together so as to make a single object. Thus, we construct a house or a ship. This faculty, however, goes farther than this; it seems to be a tendency to fashion in general, and this may be done by putting materials together, or by chipping off fragments, or by moulding, or by drawing lines and laying on colors. This faculty does not invent: that is the act of the understanding; it merely fashions or configures. Though when large it stimulates the understanding to invent what will employ it agreeably in constructing.

Constructiveness takes its direction from the other faculties. Combined with large Weight, it leads to machine-making; with Ideality and Form, to statuary; with these and Color, to painting. Compare these heads; in this, of Franklin, it is small; in this, of Canova, very large. The development is greater in the European than in the Malay or Negro, and he is well known to have more constructive talent than either. It is very small, as you see, in the New-Hollander, and of all mankind they are the least constructive. When visited by Capt. Cook, they were naked; built no houses, and had no implements of agriculture, fishing or hunting. They were destitute, in short, of every art which can add comfort or decency to life, depending for subsistence on spontaneous vegetation, and the fishes which are left by the tide among the rocks. Compare this skull with that of an Italian; how enormous the difference in favor of the latter! This Italian skull, known to be at least two hundred years old, was supposed to be that of Raphael, and was preserved as such in St. Luke's academy at Rome; but as Raphael's skull has been recently discovered, objectors say that this mistake refutes Phrenology. All that they can make of the case, however, is, that it did not belong to Raphael, but to somebody else remarkable for Constructiveness, Ideality, Form, Comparison and Causality; and that Raphael's skull, remarkable also for these, is in conformity with his well known character. Compare this, the head of Napoleon, in whom Constructiveness was small, with this, the head of Brunel, the celebrated engineer of the Thames Tunnel, and the inventor of machinery for making blocks for the rigging of ships by means of steam. Here the organ is very large, and this is in other respects a very superior head. The organ is very large, too, in Haydon, the great historical painter of England. Contrast the development in his head to the east of Hogg, the Eurick Shepherd. Contrast it again in Wilkie and Wm. Pitt. Here is the head of Sir Wm. Herschell, in whom it is very large, and the construction of a superior telescope was the principal foundation of his fame.

This organ is of great service to operative surgeons, to engravers, to cabinet makers, to tailors and dress-makers. We find some men who for want of it cannot mend a pen nor sharpen a razor. This was the case with a friend of mine in Edinburgh. You perceive it small in the Rev. Mr. Martin, who was bred a watch-maker, but finding no interest in the employment, he gave it up and turned preacher. Lucian and Socrates renounced sculpture. On the other hand, we often find men whom circumstances have prevented from following their natural inclination, and whose occupations do not lead them to its exercise, occupying themselves with mechanics as a pastime and amusement. An eminent Scotch barrister told me that in the very act of composing a pleading on the most abstruse question of law, vivid conceptions of mechanical improvements would dart into his mind, and that he often had to leave his employment to embody them in a diagram in order to get rid of the intruders. Leopold I, Peter the Great, and Louis XVI constructed locks. The late Lord President Blair had this organ large, and he had a private workshop in which he constructed pieces of mechanism.

This organ is very differently developed in different nations. I before showed you the skull of a New-Hollander. This is the skull of an ancient Greek, in which it is very large; and this is the case with almost all I have seen. The organ is larger in the Italians and the French than in the Scotch and English, and they manifest greater constructive ingenuity.

Constructiveness is sometimes large when Intellect is deficient. Thus, some of the cretins of Switzerland are employed in making watches. Dr. Rush mentions two cases in which a talent for design had unfolded itself during a fit of insanity. And he adds, that there is no insane hospital in which examples are not found of constructive talent suddenly developing itself during their insane condition.

The natural language of Constructiveness is to turn the head sidewise, in the direction of the organ. Dr. Spurzheim remarked that women in whom it is large, when entering a milliner's shop turn their heads on one side toward the article they are examining. I have observed that children with it large, in learning to write, move their heads with their pens, and delight in flourishes; while those with it small will hold their heads still and upright, and write stiff, plain hands. This is a hint to writing-masters to let the heads of their pupils alone, for their instinctive movement or position will best aid the mind and the hand.

Sentiments.—We now come to that genus of the faculties called Sentiments. Some of these are common to man and the

lower animals; others are peculiar to man. The former are styled the Inferior Sentiments; of them I shall treat first. I shall begin with

Self-Esteem.—This organ lies at the crown of the head just above the sagittal angle of the parietal bones. When large, the head runs upward and backward from the ear in this direction. It can be readily found by noticing that it lies on the middle line, and in the superior part of the back of the head, and never occupies any portion of the head which looks directly upward.

But for this organ, man, placed as he is in a universe of worlds, surrounded by objects vast and magnificent, would be apt to have an overwhelming idea of his own insignificance, and exclaim, despondingly, 'What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him?' This organ was necessary to give him due importance in his own eyes, to impart that degree of satisfaction with self which leaves the mind open to the enjoyment of the bounties of Providence and the amenities of life; it inspires us with that confidence in our own powers which is essential to every great achievement, and even to the proper application of our faculties in the every-day business of life. Some have expressed their surprise that there should be an organ for esteeming one's self, seeing that humility is a virtue; but they forget that humility is the opposite of arrogance, not of proper self-esteem.

Gall discovered this organ by noticing the head of a beggar of extraordinary manners. This beggar was the son of a rich merchant from whom he had inherited a considerable fortune, but was so proud that he thought it beneath him to apply to business, either for the preservation of his paternal fortune or the acquisition of a new one. Gall moulded his head, and on examining it with attention found the organ of Cautiousness small, with a small head in general, but this part much developed. He pursued his inquiries and finally established the organ.

The organ is very large in this cast, which was given to me at Boston. The head, you perceive, is very long upward and backward from the ear. I was told that the gentleman whose head it represents manifests the feeling to a most ridiculous extent. Love of Approbation lies on the sides of Self-Esteem. When large it gives remarkable fullness and breadth to the upper and back part of the head. I will present some heads to you in which these two organs are in various states of development. This is the Boston head, in which Self-Esteem is large and Love of Approbation small. This is the head of Mrs. Aldin, in which Self-Esteem is small and Love of Approbation large. This is the head of the Rev. Mr. Martin, in which both organs are large. Here are three others: this is the head of an Irish soldier who shot three men; in it Self-Esteem is very large and Love of Approbation very small. This is the head of Francois Gordonnier, the French poet, in which Self-Esteem is small and Love of Approbation very large. This is the head of Sheridan, in which both organs are large. This is the head of Pope Alexander VI, in which Self-Esteem is very large: contrast it with the development in this, the head of Melancthon, in which it is small; here you perceive, too, splendid moral and intellectual regions.

The proper development of Self-Esteem is an essential element in a great character; but when too large it produces arrogance, superciliousness and selfishness, and in children petulances and wilfulness of temper. The man of inordinate Self-Esteem sees every thing through the medium of self. He is a world unto himself, to which all things must concentrate. He is a standard to which the manners, morals and opinions of others ought, he thinks, to conform. This feeling in predominance leads to a great extent the fountain of that intolerant zeal so frequently manifested by professing Christians on behalf of their sectarian views. "There is no grace," says Cowper, "that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skilfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own, and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace, that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task, he wonders that they are not converted: he has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble, and confess that God is in him of a truth, he gives them up as reprobate, incorrigible, and lost forever." This is a fine description of a minister who depresses his hearers that he may himself be exalted.

There is at this time a great war going on in my own country between two religious parties, one of which has certain endowments which the other thinks it ought not to have. A minister of the established church, making a speech at one of their meetings, maintained that the true religion should be endowed; "But," said he, "it is asked, which is the true religion? I answer, ours is the true religion." This assertion, which was merely an amusing manifestation of Self-Esteem, was received with loud applause.

The person in whom this organ is too small, lacks proper self-confidence. He is often unable to pursue even a virtuous course, through diffidence of his own judgment. Inferior talents, combined with a strong endowment of Self-Esteem, are often crowned with far higher success than more splendid abilities joined with this sentiment feebly developed. Dr. Adam Smith remarks that it is better to have too much than too little of this feeling; because, if we pretend to more than we are entitled to, the world will give us credit for at least what we possess; whereas, if we pretend to less, we shall be taken at our word, and mankind will rarely have the justice to raise us to our true merit.

Self-Esteem is an essential element in *conscientiousness*. Persons in whom it is large are often found discussing the characters of others, and degrading them. It is the fancied superiority of self which produces the enjoyment of detraction. They take their neighbors down a peg that themselves may appear a peg higher. Envy is the result of Self-Esteem and Destructiveness. The one is offended at the superior happiness, excellence, wealth or station of others, and Destructiveness hates them for it. It is this organ which renders true the saying, 'that we always find something to console us for the misfortunes of our neighbors.' This organ is extremely active in society. In my own country the learned professions look down upon and despise the merchants as a plodding set, and the merchants look down upon the doctors and despise them for their poverty. The wholesale dealers look down upon the retail dealers, and these look down upon the handicrafts—and the men of title look down upon and despise all. These are strange fantastic tricks, from the spirit of which this country is by no means free.

Predominant Self-Esteem is a foe to advancement, rendering men quite satisfied with themselves, and with whatever belongs to them. An eminent phrenologist called as a passenger from the Clyde to a foreign port. In the captain of the vessel Self-Esteem was very large, and Reflection and Conscientiousness deficient. He said that when he first saw this vessel he estimated her very lightly, but that after commanding her a while he thought her the best ship belonging to the Clyde. This was evidently because she had become his vessel. Madame de Staël describes the effect of inordinate Self-Esteem on even a powerful mind. 'He spent his time,' she remarks, 'in admiring the astonishing magnificence of his own abilities and attainments.' This organ and Benevolence large, give a solemn, good-natured, patronizing air. Men possessing this combination are apt to address others with the epithets, 'My good sir,' 'My good fellow,' and the like.

Self-Esteem is large in the North American Indians, who are remarkable for pride and personal dignity. It is large in the English and Americans, and is the foundation of that love of liberty which characterizes this arrogant and turbulent race. It is large in the Hindoos, who think themselves the wisest people in the world, but have no other quality that inspires love of liberty. It produces that egotism, that proneness to use the emphatic *I*—'*I* did this; *I* said that'—which characterizes the discourse of some people. During the wars of the French revolution, when the British nation were struggling for existence against all Europe, excluded from the continent, and mostly confined to their island, their patriotism was invoked in all modes, and their Self-Esteem continually stimulated. They thus learned to consider themselves the only civilized people in the world, and were greatly astonished on visiting the continent after the peace, to find any great, good and amiable quality as abundant elsewhere as at home.

Self-Esteem often restrains men from forming improper connections; it inspires with the dislike of every thing mean and contemptible in behavior. Combined with Acquisitiveness and small Benevolence, it produces a disposition to acquire and keep property, and make misers; with Acquisitiveness, Love of Approbation, Ideality and Form, it leads people to collect and exhibit statues; with these and Color, to collections of paintings; with Acquisitiveness, Love of Approbation, and Eventuality,

with a passion for unities. It has been said that but three farthings were coined during Queen Ann's reign. This combination would prompt its possessor to give one hundred pounds for one of these farthings, and one thousand if the other two were destroyed.

Self-Esteem is the foundation of that love of distinction and of titles which is so common in my own country, and from which this country is by no means free.

When diseased, the organ leads the patients to consider themselves great personages, as kings, queens, generals, great poets, or even as God himself. It is larger in men than women; and the former are more liable than the latter to insanity from pride. Its natural language is a strut in the gait, a lofty carriage of the head, and a repulsive manner and tone of voice. When much excited, it draws the head back. You see the natural language expressed in the most striking manner in this caricature of Louis XVIII. It was printed at the time that there was a contention between this king and the people about a charter. The French, very reasonably in my opinion, thought that France belonged to them, and that they had a right to form their own charter. Louis thought that France belonged to him, and he out of the plenitude of his condescension would bestow a charter upon them. They revenged themselves by drawing him in this attitude with about as much contempt in his face and manner as if he were giving to a dog a bone. I mentioned, that before the Rev. Edward Irving became distinguished, in fact while he was yet a student, I examined his head and found very large Self-Esteem and Wonder. This represents him in the pulpit: you see he is drawn back in the attitude of self-importance. It is easy to perceive that he is winding up a period in which he tells his hearers that he has done his duty, and that if they will go to perdition, their blood will be on their own head. Here is the full-length portrait of a lady: her erect and composed attitude indicates the presence of this organ. At the close of a battle between two cocks, you see the abasement and exaltation of this organ. The one slinks away with his head down, and the other stretches up his head and proudly struts while issuing a victorious crow. Self-abasement bows the head into a direction contrary to that of Self-Esteem, as in this beautiful representation of our Saviour, who is supposed to be saying: 'Thy will be done.'

Love of Approbation.—I have pointed out the direction of this organ, and presented to you a number of specimens. Dr. Gall met with a woman in a lunatic asylum who fancied herself the Queen of France. He expected to find the region of Self-Esteem largely developed, but instead there was a distinct hollow and a large round protuberance on each side. This at first caused him much embarrassment. But he soon perceived that this woman's insanity differed much from that of men alienated through pride. The latter affected a masculine majesty, and were grave, calm, imperious, elevated, arrogant. This woman, on the contrary, manifested a restless frivolity, an inexhaustible talkativeness, affected forwardness, eagerness to announce high birth and boundless riches, promises of favor and honor. She solicited attention, and strove by every means to obtain admiration. From that time he perceived the difference between Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation.

Love of Approbation is the drill-sergeant of society, and admonishes us when we depart too widely from the line of march of our fellows. It is the butt, too, on which wit strikes, and which enables ridicule to shame us out of faults and improprieties. When excessive, it craves for compliments, and is the enemy to Independence. It is led by fashion, and ever asks, before adopting a course of conduct, what will the world think of it? A person in whom it is excessive, gives openly, that he may receive praise. He feels rebuffs keenly, and a thousand things occasion excessive pain which pass over one in whom Self-Esteem is large without exciting attention. In the French, Love of Approbation is predominant, and they think the English cold, haughty and arrogant. In the English, Self-Esteem is predominant, and they think the French low-spirited, savoring and trifling.

Love of Approbation combined with Benevolence, produces politeness and desire to please; with Self-Esteem, love of fame; with Alimentiveness, it leads men to boast of feats in eating and drinking, producing the *four-bottle* men, whom Lord Chesterfield in *charity* calls *liars*, because, if he believed them, he should call them beasts. Combined with Ideality without large intellect, it produces love of dress and ornament, and ambition to lead the fashions; with Ideality and Constructiveness, love of

works of art. Combined with Language, it produces a fondness for composition, for love of fame as an author; with Acquisitiveness, it produces admiration of wealth; with Combativeness, and an otherwise low organization, it forms the *bully*, who loves to be considered the best fighter in his neighborhood. The organ is very large in the American Indians; and the love of decorations and ornaments, whether these consist of stars, garters and medals, or of tattooed faces, bored noses and eagles' feathers, springs from it. We find some men who are apt to captivate us very quickly by their attentive and respectful manner, but we often find in a while that all is not gold that glitters. We learn that all their attentions are bestowed for the purpose of obtaining approbation and praise for themselves.

Dr. Gall draws with great accuracy the distinction between Pride, which is an abuse of Self-Esteem, and Vanity, which is an abuse of the organ of which we are now treating. "The *proud* man," says he, "is imbued with a sentiment of his own superior merit, and from the summit of his grandeur, treats with contempt or indifference all other mortals; the *vain* man attaches the utmost importance to the opinions entertained of him by others, and seeks with eagerness to gain their approbation. The *proud* man expects the world will come to him and acknowledge his merit; the *vain* man knocks at every door to draw attention toward him, and supplicates for the smallest portion of honor. The *proud* man despises those marks of distinction which on the *vain* confer the most perfect delight. The *proud* man is disgusted by indiscreet eulogiums; the *vain* man inhales with ecstasy the incense of flattery, although profusely offered, and with no very skilful hand."

The diversified forms in which its activity appears are well exposed in the following lines of Young's 'Love of Fame:'

'The love of praise, however concealed by art,
Reigns more or less in every human heart;
The proud, to gain it, toil on toil endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells—
Now trims the midnight lamp in college-cells;
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads;
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades;
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head—
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead—
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flutters on our tombs.'

This passage is imbued with the very soul and spirit of the faculty.

This faculty is too much cultivated in education, by being almost universally appealed to as the chief stimulus to exertion and good behavior. It is only where improper subjects are taught, or proper ones are taught improperly, that such an appeal is required. In excessive activity it prompts to the equivocation, 'not at home,' when the person is otherwise engaged. It, as well as Self-Esteem, prompts to the use of the first person; but its tone is that of courteous solicitation, while that of Self-Esteem is arrogant and presumptuous.

When this organ is deficient, the individual cares little for the opinion of others; and if the selfish propensities predominate, the combination produces what are called 'impracticable' men, whose whole feelings are concentrated on self. Rebuffs and indignities never affect them. Free from restraints of delicacy, they practise upon the benevolence, the friendship, the interest of others, and often achieve their ends in spite of obstacles which to a sensitive mind would have been insurmountable.

We have in our country an interesting class, called dandies, which I perceive you are not without. In these, Love of Approbation is, in general, predominant; and I have almost always found them, at bottom, to be polite, obliging, and good-natured. This faculty is, however, more active in women than in men, and a greater number of them become insane from this feeling.

The *natural language* of this feeling is to carry the head backward, and a little to the side; it imparts to the voice a soft, soliciting tone, clothes the countenance in smiles, and produces in the lips that elegant line of beauty which resembles Apollo's bow. You see the natural language well manifested in this drawing. A lady, after I had delivered this lecture on one occasion, told me that she was surprised at my considering women more vain than men, when the latter might be seen with long, curled hair, their heads turned to one side, and a little cocked upward, walking about in the most affected manner. I mention this, that both sides may be heard.

A young lady, a relative of my own, went to a boarding-school, the governess of which was very particular about the manners of her pupils; and among other things, she taught the young ladies that they were to lean their heads over the left shoulder. In my young relative, Self-Esteem and Firmness were rather large, and consequently it was natural for her to hold her head erect. She did her best, however, to follow directions; but after sitting for some time with her head on one side, she took a kink in her neck, and had to resume her natural position. She would then get a scolding, would again try to hold her head in the required position, but the kink would again come; and finally the governess gave up the attempt, remarking that she got on very well in every thing else, but that she was excessively awkward and incorrigibly vulgar. I subsequently saw this lady, and remarked that in her head Love of Approbation was enormous, and that she naturally threw her head in this position; and because it was natural to her, she conceived it to be the beau idéal of graceful position.

Cautiousness.—This organ is situated near the middle of the parietal bone, where ossification generally commences, beneath what are called the parietal protuberances. Compare these skulls: This was picked up on the plain of Waterloo; you see that it seems truncated. This is a common Scotch female skull, in which it is very large. In this, the skull of a Cingalese boy, the size is immense.

This organ is the fountain of fear, or the instinct of self-preservation. Gall was struck by the extreme irresolution of a clergyman of Vienna, who could never decide upon any thing. A few days afterward, at an examination of a public school, this clergyman sat beside a Counsellor of State, of the same irresolute character, and so proverbial for his indecision as to have received the nick-name of *Cocadubio*. Dr. Gall sat immediately behind them, and observed the great projection of their heads in this region. Conceiving that Indecision and Circumspection might be connected with this particular part of the brain, he pursued his investigations, and soon verified his conjecture.

Fear appears to me to be the primitive feeling of this organ. Fear cannot be the absence of courage, as it is a positive emotion, which the negation of a quality cannot produce. The tendency of this sentiment is to make the individual apprehend danger, to make him keep a constant look-out, to hesitate before he acts, and to look to consequences, that he may be assured of safety. A full development is essential to a prudent character.

When the organ is too large, it produces a wavering, doubting, undecided disposition, and may occasion an absolute incapacity for vigorous and decided conduct. A great and involuntary activity of it constitutes *panic*, in which the mind is hurried away by an irresistible emotion of fear. I have noticed that it is almost invariably large in children, and we must all admire this providential arrangement. It is a guardian better than fifty nurses, and the place of which no external care can supply. A boy of six years of age, in whom it was very small, took off his clothes, and was about to jump into an old quarry full of water after his cap, which had been blown into it, when he was stopped by a passer-by. His mother was continually in alarm about him; danger he seemed incapable of comprehending. The boy subsequently died; and the mother, after the first emotions of grief were over, expressed her thankfulness that he had passed away.

When this organ is small, and Hope large, the future seems full of joy and gladness; there is a confident looking forward for brilliant success, with, too often, a neglect of the means of success. A person so organized seems to think that all desirable things will come unsought. He is subject, however, to keen visitations of disappointment; Hope does not fulfil her promises, and a pang follows. Elasticity is, however, soon regained, another alluring object presents itself, which, in its turn, eludes the grasp.

When Cautiousness is large and Hope small, the present cannot be enjoyed, on account of fearful forebodings. The future seems dark and cheerless, and evils are suffered by anticipation which are never realized in fact.

It may be diseased; in fact, in the old country it is more often diseased than any other organ. When it is so, it gives most fearful apprehensions. A lady, in whom it was morbidly affected, rose thirteen times in one night to see if her children were alive. In this case, Philoprogenitiveness also was large. When the

organ is in this diseased condition, people often try to laugh the patient out of the notion. They might as well try to laugh them out of the tooth-ache. The rational way is to subject him to a course of moral and physical treatment adapted to the peculiarities of his case.

In Dr. Dodd, who was executed for forgery, this organ, as you perceive, is very small. Compare it with this of the Rev. Mr. Martin, or this of King Robert Bruce. Dr. Dodd committed forgery on the Earl of Chesterfield. He was brought up for examination privately, and his case excited very painful sensations. All the persons got up and went out of the room, in which there was a fire, leaving Dr. Dodd with the papers by which alone he could be convicted, hoping that he would destroy them; but on their return they found, with horror and surprise, that he had not done so.

In many animals, this region is found in a state of high activity, and is always larger in the female than in the male. This was noticed by Gall, and is corroborated by Captain Franklin and others. This organ is large in the Hindoos, who, with Combativeness small, are remarkably timid; and in the North American Indians, who, with large Destructiveness and small Combativeness, make war by stratagem. It was small in the skull of the soldier in New Holland who killed and ate seven men. When combined with large Vitaliveness, it produces habitual fear of death. Combined with large Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem, it produces general caution and slowness in business; the individual saves, and is content with small and secure profits. If Cautiousness be small and Acquisitiveness large, the consequence is rash speculation. When large in children, it is, as I before remarked, better than fifty keepers. A lady was very apprehensive for her little son, who had a disposition to climb and perform other feats of activity. Perceiving his Love of Approbation and Cautiousness large, I told her that the boy performed his feats to gratify the first, and would not undertake them unless observed. Therefore her remedy was to let him alone, for his Cautiousness would guard him from danger.

This organ is larger in the English than the Turkish head. Mr. Forster, who was travelling in disguise through Turkey, was detected by a Georgian merchant, by the superior development of this part in Mr. Forster's head to that of the Turkish. Dr. Brown speaks of *Melancholy* as a primitive emotion. This is an abuse of the faculty.

Suicides have generally this organ and Destructiveness large, and Hope small. Cautiousness, when stimulated to excess, gives rise to intense melancholy, anguish and anxiety; and by thus rendering life extremely miserable, it indirectly prompts to this result. Let no one suppose suicide to result from mere error of judgment. It proceeds from internal and involuntary feelings of a diseased nature, the misery and torment of which, he who has never felt them cannot accurately conceive. I once knew a case from this combination: large Self-Esteem, Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Firmness. The suicide was a boy of thirteen years of age, whose brother, after trying various other modes of reclaiming him from vicious conduct, had severely beaten him. The boy, seeing no other mode of revenge, hanged himself; and so firm was his resolve, that he kept his legs drawn up to the body, lest they might touch the floor.

This faculty gives a tendency to open the eyes wide, to roll the eye-balls sideways, and to turn the head from side to side. From this arises the term *Circumspection*. A hare surprised in the field, setting on its hind legs, its eyes open, and its head moving to and fro, is a fine emblem of this expression. The language of Destructiveness, Secretiveness and Cautiousness, is well expressed by Sir Walter Scott, in his *Lord of the Isles*:

"For evil seemed that old man's eye—
Dark and designing, fierce, yet shy;
Still, he avoided forward look,
But slow and circumspectly took
A circling, never-ceasing glance,
By doubt and cunning marked at once,
Which shot a mischief-boding ray
From under eye-brows shagged and gray."

HINTS.

Study ease of accent, attitude, gesture; and it will at length become what is called second nature.

Politeness is the shadow of kindness, but the shadow is worth nothing without the substance. C.

NATIONAL MELODIES OF AMERICA;

The poetry by George P. Morris, Esq., adapted and arranged by

Chas. E. Horn. Part I. New York, Davis & Horn: 1839.

Men whose energies have been successfully directed to the development of our mental or physical resources, to bring into action the elements of prosperity, and in advancing their country in the scale of nations,—seldom fail to receive their reward. Fame and emolument are the certain fruit of exertions, the results of which are seen in national greatness and individual wealth. But labors, the tendency of which is to elevate and refine, to add to our domestic enjoyments and cheer our solitude, are often treated with contempt while they awaken our sympathies, and held up as frivolous while they excite our admiration. The accumulation of wealth and its attendant honors, hold out the greatest incentive to the exertion of our powers. The quiet and unobtrusive student glides unnoticed through the crowd, and the satisfaction which arises from his success is too often the only reward for years of great exertion and weary solicitude. The influence which he exercises is unseen in its operation and silent and slow in its progress. He rears no imposing monument to perpetuate his fame, his only road to distinction lies through the intricate mazes of popular favor, and he often passes through life unrewarded and neglected, leaving to his heirs the fruits of his labors, and to posterity the vindication of his name.

When we consider how little we know of the origin of many of the sublimest productions which the genius of the past has bequeathed us, and of those gifted minds whose inspiration has opened for us a path into the regions of fancy, it is natural to inquire how far we are indebted to contemporary writers for those sources of pure and elevated enjoyment, and to award to them the full measure of our admiration and homage. Many productions, the result of humorous whim or fitful inspiration, have served their purpose when they have been read, laughed at or admired, and then are numbered with "the things that were." But the works of true genius bear within themselves the elements of perpetuity, they become incorporated with the national mind, and give a tone to its exercise, whether for utility or amusement.

It is such works as address themselves to our finer feelings, like the songs before us, that possess this distinguished preëminence. They are touching and pathetic, and strike the chord of our dearest sympathies. Possessed of no exotic grandeur or dazzling brilliancy, they are simple flowers scattered by the waysides of life, whose modest and unassuming beauty charm and variegate the paths of our existence. On that account they are, as they ought to be, treasured and admired. Some of them are already familiar to the lovers of sweet poetry; the airs to which they are adapted, are purely national. It is as a national work that they appear before us, and in that light they demand an extended notice.

In his preface to these melodies, Mr. Horn has so happily illustrated their origin and progress, that we cannot do better than lay it before our readers. He says:

"In the spring of 1837, my professional engagements induced me to visit the enterprising and hospitable city of Natchez on the Mississippi, where first I heard the melodies of the South, sung, danced and accompanied on the banjo and violin by the negroes of the different plantations; and in this section of the country alone, can they be heard with their own peculiar expression of joyousness and melancholy, unaffected by the amalgamation of what is termed science and taste, which, if too lavishly introduced, destroys all national music; *feeling* being its only requisite. Simple national feeling constitutes its sole charm."

"Here first I heard *'As I was go'en down Shinbone Alley,'* sung by one of the negro boys with its native simplicity. He was called in to give a specimen of this kind of song; he had an interesting voice, was about nine years of age, and when the line occurred *'He took his gun and shot de nigger,'* he gave such a melancholy turn, in place of the comic humor I had usually heard thrown into it, that I felt assured, a pathetic and mournful song might not only be made of *this*, but also of many other airs I had heard in the course of my journey. I had often set to music, words selected from the newspapers, but without any knowledge of their authors; amongst these were some written by General Morris, with whom, circumstances at a more recent period made me acquainted, and established a friendship between us of which I am proud, and which has given me more pleasure than it is proper for me here to express; suffice it to say, I described to him the impression these songs had made upon me, and also stated that my esteemed friend, Dr. Robinson, of Petersburg, Virginia, (a true lover of native melody) coincided with me on this subject, namely, as to the effect which might be produced by adapting pathetic words to these melodies. I requested General Morris to assist me in redeeming these beautiful refrains from neglect, particularly the one entitled *'Long time ago.'* The proposition to transform *this* into a plaintive song and still retain the burthen, at first startled him; he had little confidence in his subject, fearing it would never command a serious listener after Mr. Rice's *'Shinbone Alley,'* but, with his usual kindness and good nature, he cheerfully commenced his task—with what success, the thousands of copies sold, and the number of editions it has gone through, can best testify. His predictions to a certain extent were true; for some time after its introduction to the public by Mrs. Horn, (for whom it was written and adapted,) when she arrived at the line *'Long time ago,'* it elicited a general smile, but at the conclusion of her song, she left her auditors with tears in their eyes, and a universal demand for a repetition, arising purely from the expression of the words and music. This was the result of the first experiment, *The Southern Refrain.*

"*The Northern Refrain,* (the second number of the series) has nothing national in it except the words and burthen. It is the wild and singular cry, or carol, of the sweeps about the city of New York. The national anthem of "God save the King," had its origin from as humble a source, and although it has now as many claimants as *Junius*, it was originally sung about the streets of London in a similar way. *'De Tanti Palpiti,'* it is said, was suggested to Rossini, by hearing a fisher-woman in the market carol the subject, or refrain, while attending her stall.

"With these examples before me, I shall offer no apology for introducing the untutored strains of the lowly, into the drawing-rooms of the accomplished and fashionable. It is a curious fact, that the airs of the South partake greatly of the Scotch character, particularly one called *'Natchez under the Hill.'* This is not to be wondered at, however, when it is remembered that every second or third planter in that section of the United States, is either a *Mac* or a *Dunbar*. I cannot here omit to remark, that from these gentlemen generally, I received much hospitality, and derived a great deal of information.

"My present object is to bring into notice these melodies, which have long been neglected by others more capable perhaps, than myself, of doing them justice. In publishing this part of the series I look forward with confidence to that degree of encouragement which may enable me to continue them. I have endeavored to add something of value to the lyrical stores of this country; if I have succeeded (with the assistance of General Morris, who has so obligingly aided me in the cause) I have attained my object.

"Should the rigid critic complain that I have, in one or two instances, taken liberties with the originality of the melody, a little

examination will convince him that I have done so with scrupulous care, and in no case where it could possibly be avoided.

"With these remarks this *First Part* of the series of *'National Melodies of America,'* is respectfully submitted to the public, by theirs, obediently,

CHARLES EDWARD HORN."

"*Long time ago,*" the first of the series, has been some time before the public. Its popularity has ceased to be a matter of question, if any doubt of its excellence ever existed. As a poetical gem, it is the purest and most perfect that we have ever read, if we except *"Woodman, spare that tree!"* by the same author. Its pathos and tenderness are in exquisite keeping with its plaintive burthen, and the sensibilities awakened by the melody, chime harmoniously with the tale of sorrow which the words unfold.

Near the lake where droop'd the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd,
By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perish'd,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd,
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts forever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her?—Never!—
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,
Long time ago!

The characteristics of General Morris's poetry are chastened fervor and natural pathos, without the meretricious sweetness which surfeits and sickens. He lays the lowliest and loveliest feelings of our nature open before us in unadorned beauty, and therein lies the charm of his writings. His muse delights to portray the silent and unseen workings of the heart, and those emotions "that lie too deep for tears."

Of the *"Northern Refrain,"* we are told that "Mrs. Horn, on her arrival in this country, was delighted with the originality and touching simplicity of the morning carol of the New York sweeps. This she committed to memory, when it occurred to her that a new melody might be so arranged as to terminate each verse with that curious musical gem. To her husband she committed the task, and the result is a production of exquisite delicacy and sweetness. General Morris furnished the words, which were written in strict accordance with the lady's wishes; and the composer and writer have done their utmost to embody *her thought*. This little *bijou* is sung by Mrs. Horn in a manner peculiarly her own. On one occasion it elicited a *triple* encore, and produced a sensation seldom witnessed in a concert-room. The song has since become fashionable, and the carol that we had been accustomed to disregard when sung from the chimney-tops by the poor sweeps, is now warbled to admiring listeners, by fair

and gentle ladies in the drawing-room! None but a man of genius like Horn could have wrought this change, or have so managed his subject as not to render it nonsensical, considering that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. In the present instance, Mr. Horn has produced a musical novelty that cannot fail to be universally popular, at least among the good inhabitants of Gotham, whose fancy he certainly has hit."

We subjoin the words of this song; but it would be impossible for us by any combination or arrangement of letters to convey any adequate idea of the carol. We request such of our readers as have not heard a New York sweep, to draw upon their imagination for the melody.

Through the streets of New York city,
Blithely every morn,
I carol'd o'er my artless ditty;
Cheerily though forlorn!
Before the rosy light, my lay
Was to the maids begun,
Ere winter snows had pass'd away,
Or smiled the summer sun.
In summer months, I'd fondly woo
Those merry, dark-eyed girls
With faces of the ebon hue,
And teeth like eastern pearls!
One vow'd my love she would repay—
Her heart my song had won—
When winter snows had pass'd away,
And smiled the summer sun.
A year, alas! had scarcely flown—
Hope beam'd but to deceive—
Ere I was left to weep alone
From morn till dewy eve.
She died one dreary break of day!—
Grief weighs my heart upon!—
In vain the snows may pass away,
Or smile the summer sun.

We now come to "MEETA," one of the most exquisite gems that has ever graced the tiara of the muse. Independent of the thrilling music to which it is adapted, it is a beautiful poem, rich in appropriate imagery, graceful, flowing and melodious. Nothing can be finer than the sentiment, or more chaste and delicate than the manner in which it is conveyed.

Where the ivy-vine is creeping
Green and strong;
In a cot sat Meeta weeping
All night long!
False the vows her lover plighted
As the changing moon;
And that fair one mourn'd—a blighted
Rose of June!
Heaven crush the wretch inhuman
Could betray
Faithful, fond, confiding woman,
Lured away
By the star of her affection,
By love's winning tone;
Leaving her without protection,
Lost and lone!
Swift the lightnings flash above her!
Thunders roll!
In the tempest flies her lover,
Light of soul!
Like the fern in frosty weather
Droop'd that faded fern!—
Her heart and morning broke together
In the storm!

The "*Western Refrain*" is a song of altogether a different character from those already noticed. The writer has described a band of emigrants travelling over the Alleghany mountains to the "far west," in pursuit of happiness and independence. He had a difficult task to perform, trammelled as he was by the imperative requisites of the composer, but he has acquitted himself ingenuously and with his accustomed ability. The music to the following words is spirited and life-inspiring. It has been sung at the principal theatres of the north with marked success.

Droop not, brothers!
As we go
O'er the mountains,
Westward, ho!
Under boughs of mistletoe,
Log-huts we'll rear,
While herds of deer and buffalo
Furnish the cheer!
Fife o'er the mountains—steady, boys!
For game afar
We have our rifles ready, boys!
Aha!
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys!—ha!
And join in the laugh, boys!
Hah—hah—hah!
Cheer up, brothers!
As we go
O'er the mountains,
Westward, ho!
When we've wood and prairie-land,
Won by our toil,
We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,
Lords of the soil!
Then westward, ho! in legions, boys!
Fair freedom's star
Points to her sunset regions, boys!
Aha!
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys!—ha!
And join in the laugh, boys!
Hah—hah—hah!

"*Love, honor and obey*," is in the General's best vein. This song is of the same class as "*Rosabel*," "*O would that she were here*," and the numerous other sentimental effusions to which his prolific muse has already given birth. We do not know of any thing that would come with greater sweetness from the rosy lips of a lovely maiden than the words of this song.

When Love in myrtle shades reposed—
His bow and darts behind him slung—
As dewy twilight round him closed,
Lisette these numbers sung:
"Oh, Love! thy sylvan bower
"I'll fly, while I've the power;
"Thy primrose way leads maids where they
"Love, honor and obey!"
"Escape," the boy-god said, "is vain!"
And shook the diamonds from his wings:
"I'll bind thee captive in my train,
"Fairest of earthly things!"
"Oo, lovely archer, go!
"I freedom's value know:
"Thou hence away, to none I'll say
"Love, honor and obey!"
"Speed, arrow, to thy mark!" he cried—
Swift as a ray of light it flew!—
Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from her view!

Joy filled that maiden's eyes—
Twin load-stars from the skies!—
And one bright day, her lips did say
"Love, honor and obey!"

The last song of the series is a tale of every day occurrence in fashionable life, beautifully told! We shall not anticipate the effect of its perusal by any further remark, but lay it before our readers, leaving its intrinsic merits to speak its praise.

The moon and all her starry train,
Were fading from the morning sky,
When home the ball-room belle again
Return'd, with throbbing pulse and brain,
Flush'd cheek and tearful eye.

The plumes that danced above her brow,
The gems that sparkled in her zone,
The scarf of gold-wove myrtle bough,
Were laid aside—they mock'd her now,
When desolate and lone.

That night, how many hearts she won,—
The reigning belle, she could not stir,
But, like the planets round the sun,
Her lovers followed—all but one—
One all the world to her!

And she had lost him—marvel not
That lady's eyes with tears were wet:
Tho' love by man is soon forgot,
It never yet was woman's lot
To love and to forget!

We sat down to review these melodies, fully impressed with their importance as a national work, and with every disposition to judge impartially, how far the poet and composer had accomplished their task. Both these gentlemen are well known. We were justified from the popularity they enjoy, to expect much from their united labors, and we have not been disappointed. The neglect from which these melodies have been rescued, could not have been greater, than the discrimination, judgment and taste necessary to strip them of their crudity and grossness, and render them fitted for the exalted station in which they have been placed. But the task of the poet was of a still more difficult nature. Some, indeed the most, of our original airs, have been sung in words of an absurd character, and we all know how difficult it is to retain any influence on the mind divested of its original association, and still more to replace that association by another of a higher and altogether different description. With these remarks, we close this notice of the first part of the national melodies, trusting, that public patronage will be so far extended, as to induce the authors to persevere in their good work.

PERE LACHAISE.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.—*Richard II.*

Curatio funeris, conditio sepulturæ, pompa exequiarum, magis vivorum solatia quam subsidia mortuorum.—*St. Augustine.*

It is not my intention to present the reader with a description of this famous cemetery. It has been already the too hackneyed theme of the tourist. I would as soon think of describing Cheltenham or Saratoga. The subject has been exhausted, and there is nothing left to refresh interest or reward curiosity. Besides, the French model has already found copyists at home, and both Boston and Philadelphia can now boast of their transatlantic imitations of the celebrated spot which bears the name of the confessor of Louis the Fourteenth. The cities of the puritan and the quaker have entered the lists with the carnival metropolis of France. With the prejudices of our English stock,

heightened by the national self-complacency for which we are proverbial, we are yet an imitative people, and ransack the earth for fashions and inventions which we sometimes exaggerate with the zeal of the neophyte.

That familiarity breeds contempt, is a saying as true as it is trite. Daily use is a sad foe to sentiment and romance; and custom soon strips off those beautiful illusions which invest certain objects with a poetical charm. Such things will not bear close or frequent inspection, much less to be handled or analysed. The experience of every one must have taught him, that time, distance, novelty, rarity, contribute more than intrinsic qualities to that mysterious interest which captivates the imagination. Who has not felt his enthusiasm for a favorite author, impaired by the admiration, real or affected, of the indiscriminating crowd, which sullies his beauties, as the delicate bloom of flowers is soiled by coarse and clumsy familiarity? What were beauty itself without the protecting veil of a chaste reserve?

The modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part.

It is stated that an omnibus now plies between Athens and the Piræus. Doubtless, this utilitarian innovation contributes much to the public convenience, and it would be hard to deprive the subjects of Bavarian Otho, whom the Bæotians themselves would have styled a barbarian, whatever his personal qualities may be: it would be cruel, I repeat, to deny the worthy denizens of the city of Minerva the hourly convenience of this popular vehicle, even *Minervâ invitâ*. Yet no scholar can think, without repugnance, of the intrusion upon such classic ground of the cockney locomotive, which must contrast so strangely with the recollections and monuments of the place; the shade of Pericles and shadow of the Parthenon. Through a dreary summer's day did I toil, on foot, along the weary road, which, traversing the *campagna di Roma*, leads from the mouth of the Tiber to the city of the Cæsars. Yet I confess, it was not without a feeling of repugnance, I afterwards learned from an enterprising American that he had corresponded with the late Cardinal Gonzalvi on the subject of establishing steamboats on the Tiber. Certainly *la route vaut bien les souvenirs*, as the Frenchman observed in a similar case, yet the feeling described is natural to every refined or cultivated mind. I should not then have selected so hackneyed a topic, had I not an object in view, which may be gathered from the following discursive remarks.

I repeat, then, I am not about to describe Père Lachaise, but to set down the impressions which it has left on the mind, after a lapse of some years. And first, I shall observe, that it is not a place which I admire, or rather, which corresponds with my taste and sentiments. It has not the soothing, contemplative tranquillity, which should hallow a spot sacred to the repose of the dead. It is not far enough removed from life; it touches the very confines of tumultuous existence; it echoes the voice of the great city, and vibrates with the pulsations of its mighty heart. It speaks too much of the world and its vanities. It savors more of the region on this side the grave, than of the awful realm, the shadowy kingdom beyond. Dust and ashes it clothes in purple and fine linen; and builds palaces

for corruption and the worm. It is a spacious necropolis—a wide city of the dead—gay, gorgeous, and glaring. With the same pomp of worldly ostentation, it has not the solemn grandeur, the dread magnificence, of the pyramid and the catacomb—gloomy memorials of “kings and counsellors of the earth, who built desolate places for themselves.”* The soothing lines of Gray, suppressed, or rather excluded from his inimitable elegy, cannot be applied to Père Lachaise:

Lo, how the solemn calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

It is crowded with columns, obelisks, pyramids, vases, monuments of every form and design, from the splendid mausoleum to the humble cross. Ranged in successive ranks, and constructed generally of white marble, or light-colored stone, and adorned with gay flowers and gaudy chaplets, the tombs of Père Lachaise seem rather tricked out for show, than cherished from affectionate reverence. Not that I would imply, while disapproving of the taste displayed, that its mourners are not sincere, for in spite of the common prejudice, the French are a people of strong and enduring affections. We are told that the ancients were in the habit of adorning their sepulchral monuments with gay devices and festal processions, in order to take from death that horror which their religion could neither dispel nor soothe. Pictures of beauty and images of grace withdrew the contemplation from the melancholy realities within and beneath. The French have been compared to the Greeks in temperament, and hence, perhaps, their recourse to expedients, which, if less graceful and refined, are still designed to cheat the heart with fond illusion:—vain effort to strip the grave of its terrors; for still

Keeps Death his court; and here the antle sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.

With some exceptions, the most conspicuous monuments in Père Lachaise are those of the marshals and other dignitaries of a glorious but fleeting empire. The heroes of a hundred fields have here pitched their marble tents for an enduring sleep; the relics of uncounted conflicts are gathered in this common receptacle. The champions of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Waterloo; of the Pyramids, the Alps, and the Moskova, repose side by side, in that profound slumber, which a voice louder than that of the clarion or the battlefield shall break on the last day. The most costly, if not magnificent monument, is that of a Russian lady of quality, and bespeaks the “love or pride” of her surviving lord, whom I saw in Florence, the impotent possessor of untold riches. He has since been deposited at her side.

Hoc quod premis **** habeto
De tot agris torrie.

There are but few memorials of the *ancien régime* in Père Lachaise. It speaks more of the Chaussee d'Antin,† than of the Faubourg St. Germain.‡ Its splendor is that of the *parvenu*, the *novus homo*. It has usurped the aristocratic domain of the high priest of Louis the Grand, the monarch who built the Louvre and planted Versailles. Your banker is now lord if not noble; and the sceptre has passed from the Thuilleries to the

* Job.

† The new quarter where the principal bankers reside.

‡ The quarter of the old noblesse.

Bourse. Among the anti-revolutionary relics are the tombs of Molière and Lafontaine—the latter appropriately surmounted by the image of a fox, sly reynard having been from time immemorial, the principal personage and hero of the apologue.

But the monument which the eye of the stranger visits with the greatest interest is the old tomb, where side by side, beneath a gothic canopy of stone, repose upon a mouldered sarcophagus, the sculptured images of Abolard and Eloisa. Rigid in attitude, in the uncouth but solemn style of the middle ages, like the mailed knights stretched at full length in the venerable church of the Templars in London, they contrast as strangely with the objects which surround them as though they were to rise from their graves, and in the habiliments of ancient days, stalk sternly through the streets of Paris. The tomb was removed from the church of the Paraclete, where their relics had reposed undisturbed for centuries, and deposited within the precincts of Père Lachaise. If not indispensable to its preservation, this was a violation of their time-honored sanctuary, which neither the heart can approve nor the taste justify. Their spirits must have been saddened by the spectacle, even though a voice came not forth from their ashes, uttering with plaintive deprecation, “Leave us, ah! leave us to repose!” Distinguished as one of the ablest polemical disputants and writers of his day, Abolard is now remembered only as the unhappy lover of the repentant though still fond Eloisa. So strong is the sympathy of human affections, that love has preserved the fame which genius could not embalm. It is consoling to know that their errors were redeemed by long years of contrition, and that breathing their last sighs in the bosom of the church, they died in the “odor of sanctity.”

But while I commemorate the great, the rich, and the famous, let me not forget the humble poor. A solitary *corbillard* approaches, with no attendant, save the sullen driver, in dark, dingy livery, and perhaps a half-famished dog, which follows with stealthy pace, the very picture of destitute fidelity. The covering is removed from a vault, or rather pit, the common receptacle of all who are interred during the day, without the means of purchasing a separate grave. Into this dreary dungeon of the dead, the miserable shell is unceremoniously cast, there to mingle and moulder with its fellows. Though sad and desolate such doom appear to the spectator, yet of how little moment to the disenthralled spirit! Death, it has been truly said, is a sad leveller, and there is no aristocracy in the grave, whatever pyramid and obelisk, storied urn or animated bust, may proclaim. “The rich and the poor meet together—the Lord is the maker of them all.”

Père Lachaise is a favorite resort of the lively population of Paris. It is without the walls, what the Thuilleries and the Luxembourg are within. It is not uncommonly the rendezvous of lovers, of some I fear who “love not wisely but too well,” an association which calls to my mind the continuous records of Cupid and Death in the newspapers. Married—Died. I have sometimes inclined to the belief, that by stripping the grave of its visible terrors and clothing it with an almost winning aspect, suicide is rendered less formidable to the mind. In no capital is this crime so common as it is in Paris, notwithstanding the popular sarcasm

upon the climate of England. If indifference to death constitute courage, then are the French the bravest of civilized people. Not to speak of the philosophy and sang froid with which they meet dissolution, in bed, in battle, or on the scaffold; nor of the fortitude or indifference displayed by the numerous victims of every age, sex and condition, in their sanguinary revolution; the frequency and mode of their suicides, show that they part lightly and readily with existence, for which they have, nevertheless, a keen relish. The dreadful act is often performed with a sort of dramatic preparation or romantic incident, which can only be intended for effect. Sentimental epistles are carefully prepared for posthumous publication, and some mode of exit selected which is considered distinguished or picturesque. The most approved and fashionable, is to obtain the company of a lady for the last journey, who must, by no means, however, be the wife of the gentleman, as that would be considered in very bad taste. The party then cast themselves down from an upper story, or take prussic acid, or inhale carbonic gas, or perhaps stab themselves or each other with a poniard, borrowed for the occasion from the theatre. I have now a Paris paper before me, which states, that on the day before, a well dressed gentleman threw himself headlong from the lofty *Arc de l'Etoile*, and his body was taken up and carried to the Morgue. The son of an eminent French *savant* shut himself up in his chamber and inhaled the fumes of charcoal, recording his sensations until the pen dropped from his hand, leaving the last word unfinished. A story is told of two genteel looking young men, who called at a fashionable restaurateur's in Paris, and very deliberately ordered a sumptuous repast, to be served up in a private apartment. After they had eaten and drunk of the best, with great appetite and apparent glee, they requested to be left alone. Curiosity was at last excited by their long silence, when upon entering the room they were both found dying or dead, having taken poison. The bill was settled by paying the debt of nature.

These are a few examples out of many which might be cited. A curious book, would be a history of modern French suicides. Morbid vanity, a spurious philosophy, disappointed or criminal love, thwarted ambition, losses at play—these are among the principal inducements to self-immolation in France. In England, both the motive and manner are widely different. There, melancholy, *tædium vitæ*, reverses of fortune, &c., are the chief inducements. The Englishman too, selects a less poetical mode of destroying himself. He is intent upon the act alone, and not upon the impression which it is to make upon the public. He takes ratapane, or fires a pistol into his mouth, or hangs himself to the bedpost, or drowns himself in a horsepond. He dies because he is tired of life, or has not the means of living, or because it is his humor, but not for effect—to get into the newspapers.

There is one day in the year, called from that circumstance *le jour des morts*, when crowds visit Père Lachaise, for the ostensible purpose of doing honor to the departed, whose tombs are then freshly adorned with chaplets of flowers and wreaths of *immortelles*. There is something in such a custom too public, artificial and dramatic, for a purpose so sacred and solemn. Genuine grief does not obtrude itself upon the public

gaze, but covets solitude, or, at most, the sympathy of tried friendship. It does not, as has, I think, been observed, bargain at the public gate, for a garland of artificial flowers, and then hang it perhaps, by proxy, upon the tomb of parent, wife or child. On such occasions, however, I suppose, the real mourners are not found among the crowd, or at least form but a small number. Hundreds are attracted to the place by curiosity, custom, or the thirst for pleasure or excitement. The day is regarded as a fête, and is celebrated by many with the thoughtless gaiety which characterizes that of Versailles or St. Cloud. All is motion, bustle and glare. Groups of gaily dressed people, chiefly of the middle classes, *les badauds de Paris*, throng the vast cemetery, which does not present an aspect either mournful or solemn. Venders of refreshments and other trifling objects, line the outside of the wall and the narrow street inhabited by the lapidary artists, vexing the air with their shrill, discordant cries. There is a harsh, grating sound of the world, and its vulgarest vanities, which harmonizes ill with the valley of the shadow of death. The scene may be fair to the eye, but it is not soothing to the heart. It brings to mind Holbein's Dance of Death, or the cholera *galoppades*. "*Carpe diem!*" "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seems to be the prevailing sentiment. It is a hollow, thoughtless, aching gaiety.* It recalls the last carouse of the suicide, the sardonic grin of death, the Egyptian banquet in the presence of a skeleton. The apparent absence, too, of religious feeling, is chilling to a mind not trained in the schools of a skeptical philosophy. You feel, as though, for the gay, thoughtless multitude assembled here, life and immortality had not been brought to light. Notwithstanding the chapel which crowns the hill, the *ora pro nobis* and *requiem* often inscribed upon the humbler monuments, the hope of a future life, is not the sentiment which predominates in Père Lachaise. "This is the place of eternal sleep," though no longer written upon its portals, is still, it is to be feared, inscribed upon the hearts of many who enter its gates. Turn we from the gorgeous trappings and gay masquerade of this carnival of death, to the consoling faith expressed in these simple lines of a religious poet:

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning sons of men,
From one oblivious winter called,
Shall rise and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
Our threescore years and ten.

From such a scene the heart reverts with melancholy pleasure to the holy calm, the soothing tranquillity of the village churchyard, where the yew, the cypress and the holly, planted by the hand of nature or well-initiating art, overshadow the humble dwellings of mortality, moistened by the tears and decked by the care of silent, unobtrusive affection; where stillness abides as in a sanctuary, and the air is fragrant with the pure breath of the rose, the violet, and the eglantine. Such a one is now pictured to me by memory, where, a visionary boy, I often sauntered with pensive meditation. It is seated upon the brow of a gentle eminence, gra-

*These remarks are not intended to apply to the French generally, for whom the writer entertains a high respect; but are simply expressive of the impressions left by Père Lachaise.

dually declining on one side, while on the other it descends abruptly to a wood-fringed rivulet, whose presence is revealed by one unvaried sound of plaintive murmur, that seems the natural voice of solitude—where sleep the forefathers, simple but not rude, of the hamlet,—their modest tombs almost hid by tufted grass and creeping wild-flower, are scattered in graceful disorder to the edge of a dense grove of cedars, whose solemn foliage harmonizes well with the scene and the emotions which it awakens.

A pillar'd shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially, beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs ***** ghostly shapes
Might meet at noontide; Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight—Death the skeleton
And Time the shadow—there to celebrate
As in a natural temple, scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship.

As an interesting incident illustrative of French enthusiasm, connected with my recollections of Père Lachaise, it may not be inappropriate to introduce a short account of the obsequies of the celebrated Talma, which I witnessed. The great tragedian had refused, during his last illness, to receive the visits of the archbishop of Paris, who was anxious that he should die reconciled with the church—and, with that view, made the most strenuous and persevering efforts. In explanation, however, it must be observed, that it was necessary Talma should make a solemn renunciation of a profession which is without the pale of catholic communion. Talma refused, as he declared, to stigmatize, by the last act of his life, his professional brethren and the art which had bestowed upon him fortune and renown. This courageous resolution, at a moment when fortitude is most difficult, endeared him the more to a people who were at that time animated against the church with all the fervor of political zeal. The rites of religion being withheld from his obsequies, it was accordingly determined to indemnify his memory, by a splendid popular pageant. Thousands followed, with uncovered heads and in solemn silence, the nodding plumes of the magnificent hearse, as it wended slowly along the extended line of the boulevards. The coffin was covered by a rich pall, upon which were placed, as emblems of his art and fame, the toga, the poniard and the laurel crown. Never did I witness in a crowd such solemnity and reverence. Had the air been rent by thousand acclamations, they could not have equalled the enthusiasm of the profound stillness which prevailed. It was like the march of an army without banner, trumpet or drum. As the procession advanced, its numbers constantly augmented, until, far as the eye could reach, stretched one dense, moving mass. Upon reaching the gate of the cemetery, the coffin was taken from the car, and borne, as in triumph, to the spot prepared for its reception. The spectacle resembled an apotheosis rather than a funeral. The contiguous ground was occupied by a multitude anxious to do reverence to the remains of the great tragedian, the pride of France, who was mourned as a national loss. Talma had been the friend and the favorite of Napoleon, and the recollections of the glories of the empire were associated with the scene. Orations were delivered at the grave by

several authors and professional brethren, who all bore high and touching testimony to his genius and merits. The spectacle was truly French, yet it was imposing, and I confess that I caught no small portion of the common enthusiasm. It was, indeed, a solemn scenic representation, and was an appropriate termination of the career of this unrivalled master of the tragic art.

I must now exercise my rambling privilege, by taking the reader, if he will accompany me, to Rome, where I witnessed a funeral ceremony equally curious, though very different from the one which has just been described. Strolling one afternoon through the streets of the ancient capital of the world, without any object save the gratification of a vague curiosity, the shades of evening began to fall while I was yet distant from the quarter where I lodged. Just as I was about to turn my steps homeward, my ear was saluted by a strange, wailing sound, which seemed to proceed from afar. It approached, however, rapidly, and I had not waited long before a singular procession emerged from an adjoining street. A coffin, borne on the shoulders of men who had advanced with a rapid step, was followed by a long train of monks, cowed to the chin, with apertures for breath and sight. Each held aloft a torch, which flared wildly as they went, uttering a muffled, melancholy chant. Their dark livery, masked visages, hurried gait, glaring torches, and wailing, lugubrious tones, combined to impress me with a feeling bordering on fear. It was a scene worthy of the pen of Gæthe, or the pencil of Reitsch. The witches in Macbeth could not have presented a more fiendish aspect upon their barren heath, or dancing around their cauldron of hell-broth. I almost imagined, that a troop of howling demons were dragging some miserable victim to the black abyss. Impelled, however, by a feeling stronger than mere curiosity, I followed the ghostly procession until we entered together an old church in the neighborhood of the *Parts del Popolo*. Here the monks performed a brief service, in the same hurried manner and muttering tones. They then retired, leaving the coffin in the hands of the officers of the church, who, carrying it into an adjoining apartment, lifted a stone trap from the floor, and plunged it headlong into the yawning vault. A loud crash, followed by a hollow, rumbling sound, was scarcely heard when the stone was replaced, and I came away with feelings which I shall not attempt to describe.

The summit of Père Lachaise affords, perhaps, the finest prospect of Paris, and the surrounding country. Far as the eye can reach, it wanders over a spacious plain, covered with towns and villages, crowned by the towers of St. Denis, and the battlements of Vincennes, and presenting a distant view of the ancient castle and forest of St. Germain, with other objects almost equally striking. At intervals, the winding Seine is beheld, like a silver band stretched loosely across the landscape. The prospect is pregnant with life, beauty and interest, yet calm and subdued. Immediately below spreads the mighty city, with its lofty domes, crowning towers, piercing spires, splendid palaces, dense streets and spacious gardens. Its discordant sounds and multitudinous voices are all lost in one low muffled cadence, heard remote like the murmur of a distant ocean. There stands the living, here the dead city. What an epitome of human fortune is comprised within those ample walls! What a mass of being,

what a current of life, what a stream of passion, is ever pouring through those populous streets! What a fever of existence, what a ferment of vitality! Opulence and misery, splendor and deformity, virtue and crime, innocence and corruption, age and infancy, strength and weakness, all mingle in discordant harmony.⁴ There the loud laugh drowns the aching sigh; here imprecations mingle with the voice of benediction; there the rich man riots in superfluous wealth; here the squalid child of poverty perishes with hunger. The monarch sits enthroned in his palace; the magistrate takes his place on the judgment seat; the criminal, crouching in his dungeon, awaits the hour of his doom; the bride arrays herself for the altar; the poverty-stricken mother sheds bitter tears over her pining little ones; vice spreads lures for the destruction of innocence; the gamester stakes his life upon a cast of the die. Love glows, avarice watches, ambition fires, revenge burns, labor toils, luxury riots. Soon the fever will subside, the tumult be hushed, the eventful drama be brought to a close. The myriads that crowd those thronged streets shall, one by one, be brought hither and laid in the dust, whose every particle will, ere long, be a fragment of mortality. The river of life which flows through those countless channels, is slowly and silently uniting its agitated currents, to lose itself forever in this vast reservoir of death! Such were the solemn reflections which stirred my spirit while gazing upon the magnificent prospect that stretches beneath and around Père Lachaise—

Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

Washington, D. C.

J. L. M.

TO ———.

Being lines written in her Album, the title page of which was inscribed "A book of Flowers and Poetry."

And such thy graceful idleness!—Since last
We met, this book of varied flowers hath grown
Beneath thy magic pencil. Nature's gems,
In many a tasteful wreath, are imaged forth
With all their brilliant loveliness;—I gaze
Upon the rare and bright conceptions which
Have vied in doing justice to their types,
And see in all the beauties glowing there
Fit emblems of thy gentleness and truth.
I seek no strained analogies;—I take
No definitions from the hackneyed books
That youthful misses dream on dotingly,
And say, that this means Hope—the other, Love—
A third bud Constancy—Beauty a fourth—
And so, till all the floral jewelry
Of nature be exhausted. Such task for those
Who deal in trite, unmeaning common-places!—
Yet if you wish to have an emblem here,
Be it of thee;—and view in all the rare
Similitudes of beauty pictured forth—
Grace unadorned, and native modesty—
That as by spring showers and the sunbeams bright,

* *Discors Concordia.*—Ovid.

These denizens of nature have had birth,
In fragrance and in simple elegance,
So have the virtues of thy guileless mind
Been trained in grace by gentle influences;—
See in their purity and sweet adornment
A proper emblem of thy beauteous self!—
Ever as this thy recreations be!
Let the bland lessons from the natural world
Be teachers of your heart! Let music's spell
Waken the tender chords of sympathy,
And elevate the mind to noble thoughts!
And when you thus transcribe the living flowers,
Making them glow in freshness on your page,
Forget not Him, who gave the Lily grace,
The Violet perfume, and the Rose its charms;
Forget not Him who formed thy gentle heart
To understand—to feel—to love—to praise;—
And should, amid the throng of holier thoughts,
Some earthly memories steal upon your sense,
I would you think of him who penned these simple lines.

NEW WORKS.

Viator; or a Peep into my Note Book. By the author of *A Grumbler's 'Miscellaneous Thoughts,'* &c. New York; S. Colman—1839.

It is with extreme pleasure that we notice another literary work, from the pen of the gifted author of Hoffman's "Legal Outlines," and "Course of Legal Study."

It is already well known, that this gentleman has made his bow to the literary public, by the issue of "*A Grumbler's Miscellaneous Thoughts*;" a work which it is not our present purpose to speak of; but which, it may be said in passing, has made morality lovely—drawn knowledge from her hiding place, and reduced wisdom to apophthegms.

Viator, or a Peep into my Note Book, is a volume which is vastly more meritorious in its pages, than pretending in its title. It consists of notes on miscellaneous subjects, and deals sometimes in fact, sometimes in fiction—sometimes in didactic reflection, sometimes in fanciful conceit—has here a touching incident, and there a reminiscence of *verfu*—a graceful description in this chapter, and a metaphysical disquisition in that. It is one of the few books which, touching on many subjects, is successful in all. For in the hands of Mr. Hoffman, whatever the theme,

"Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,"

the interest is undivided, and the charm unbroken; and so much are we delighted with its perusal, that not until it is laid aside, do we discover how greatly we have been instructed. The inexhaustible fullness of Mr. Hoffman's mind, his stores of knowledge, and "wisdom hived with many a studious year"—are here familiarly and beautifully seen, and gem his teeming page, with sparkling thoughts, instructive allusions, and felicitous illustrations.

The world is becoming more liberal, as it becomes more enlightened, and is manifesting every day, a greater willingness to admit, what hitherto has with jealousy and reluctance been conceded—that to possess rare qualities of one kind, is no bar to the possession of qualities equally rare, of a different kind.

To the meed of this praise, no one can lay higher

claim than the distinguished subject of the present notice. For almost in the midst of his legal lucubrations, and at a time when the reputation of the jurist seems at its height, the public is presented with the present, and former volume, from which it appears that, whilst learning is still faithful to her favorite, the muses also have wooed his acquaintance. The mantle of the poet is cast gracefully upon the shoulders of the sage; and erudition, relieved of its nakedness, is warmed into new and glowing life, by the soul-giving fervor of imagination. Who to read the following highly wrought and poetical passage, would ever suppose that its author had been as devotedly affianced to the "Lady Common Law," as was ever Sir Edward Coke himself, the solemn godfather, and apostolical propounder of her doctrines! p. 168.

"How many latent and refined beauties—discoverable alone to the eye of taste—are spread over this land [Italy] of the clear blue empyrean; over this land of mountain snows and flowery vales; this land of the vine, the orange, the fig, and the olive! How much is the soul excited in this dominion of lavas and of subterranean fires, in this land of ancient ruins and of modern luxury, of priestly superstitions, and of classical and moral associations—the land of painters, of poets, of musicians, of architects, and of sculptors; the land of the witcheries of fancy, and the sublimities of varied genius; a land full of cascades, of grottoes, of the reminiscences of sybils, of dryads, and of nymphs; the region of the 'fell Charybdis and the howling Scylla'; a land where the sunbeams repose on the distant hills, reflecting their varied and gorgeous lights from the windows of a thousand habitations, fantastically perched on almost inaccessible cliffs, and where the twilight lingers on among the green valleys, as if reluctant to part with so much beauty, or to cloud them in the shades of night!

'Fair Italy,

Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art-yields, and Nature can decree,
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other clime's fertility;
Thy wreck of glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.'"

Or the following upon the same subject, to which the author clings with all the affectionate admiration and sorrowing sympathy of a poet. p. 41.

"All who have visited that country must, I think, have experienced the like alternations of feeling—for beauty and deformity; wealth and poverty; magnificence and meanness; adoration and profanity; piety and superstition; ignorance and learning; cleanliness and beastiality; genial sunny skies and gloomy chilling blasts; lovely women and loathsome hags, are all more strangely blended, and more frequently witnessed there, than, perhaps, in any other land!

"Italy is truly a country greatly blessed of God, and cursed of man; one to be loved and hated; sought and avoided; praised and blamed; a country that all must desire to visit, few to live and die in; a land of numerous reminiscences, quite as full of pain, as of pleasure; a land where civilized man was never greater, and yet where civilized man was never more debased; a land, in fine, where may be culled all that ennobles, and all that dishonors our species!"

But to the fine taste, and graceful fancy, thus beautifully disclosed, is superadded, whenever the subject admits of it, a fullness, a faithfulness, and a warmth, in his descriptions of material nature, which make it plainly apparent that only the attempt is wanting, to enable him to rival with his own, the productions of even the immortal Sir Walter himself.

Where one is disposed to quote a great deal, it is a hard thing to select a little; but we will not refuse our readers a partial gratification, because the space allot-

ted to us interferes with our kind wishes in his behalf to make it complete. The description and reflections which follow, are taken from the note entitled "Public Cemeteries," the result of a visit by the author to Laurel Hill Cemetery, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. p. 184.

"Not all the marble magnificence of the proud city in whose environs it is situate—her Banks and her Exchanges, nor yet the splendor of her ornate Churches, nor yet those monuments of her benevolence, her Colleges, and her Hospitals, nor her far-famed Water-works, could fill my mind with half the admiration, or enlarge my soul with a tythe of the salutary train of thoughts, as the moral beauty, the classic embellishments, and the sacred purposes of this delightful Repository of the Dead! This spot is forever dedicated to the uses of a public Cemetery, in which are to repose the wise, the good and the powerful—and possibly the simple-headed, the mere worldling, the recluse, and the half-forgotten, who are living—to be born; and to die in this now powerful and growing metropolis. It consists of an enclosed space of about thirty acres, comprising every variety of scenery, elevated in situation, and, in all respects of a proper soil. It is distant some three miles from the city, upon a wide avenue, known as the Ridge road; and in approaching it the visitor passes the Girard College, and, by a slight deflection may stop at Fairmount, the Prison, &c. &c.

"The entrance to the cemetery is by an arched portal, passing through a building of great architectural beauty, and which at once strikes the beholder as peculiarly appropriate in style and embellishment. In the front it presents an imposing colonnade of eight columns of the Roman Doric order, surmounted by a correspondent entablature; this, again, supports a balustrade, and the whole is finished by placing immediately over the gateway a funeral urn, appropriate in its design, and beautiful as an ornament. In the portico, upon each side of the gateway, is a niche for the reception of emblematic statuary, and the whole effect of the entrance-building is made still more grand and imposing, by a continuation upon each flank of a series of lesser columns, forming a colonnade in the same general style as the building itself, and which apparently much magnifies its extent. Once inducted through this chaste and imposing portal, and pursuing his walk but a few steps, the visitor finds himself in the midst of a scene of surpassing natural beauty. Lawns of velvet turf, gravel walks stretching off every where, seemingly into the entanglements of a labyrinth; deep and impenetrable shades from lofty oaks; the tristful grace of bending willows; the perfumes of many flowers; and the melody of birds, all unite in forming a scene as truly delightful to the senses, as it is genial to those sweet tempers of the mind, which are so apt to manifest themselves in these abodes of the lamented and honored dead.

"Upon the west side of the enclosure the scene becomes indescribably beautiful. The spectator approaches over grounds nearly level, until he stands upon a bank whose precipitous sides are covered with massive rocks, time worn and moss-grown; whilst, here and there, are seen some hardy evergreens which have thrust their roots within the clefts, and drawing thence their slender sustenance, expand above in shady trees, or in more humble shrubs. Here the kalmia delights to expand its showy blossoms, and the hemlocks, pines and spruces blend their foliages with the broader leaves of numerous other trees—whilst every little tuft of earth hanging loosely on the rocks, is garnished with flowers of various hues.

"At the foot of the precipice glides the placid Schuylkill, here widened to the dimensions of a lake, whose unruffled bosom sends back to the eye of the beholder, the reflected image of the beauties which encompass him. The whole is expressive of deep repose, rather heightened than dispoiled, by the distant view of commercial activity on the opposite banks, where the passage to and fro of the canal boats gives animation to the landscapes, whilst intervening distance lends enchantment to the view, by taking from the busy stir its noise and grossness. It is this rocky hill side with its trees, its shubbery, its numerous flowers, vines and tendrils—all of nature's own planting, that to me was the most enchanting—there, on a tiny peninsula, jutting somewhat into the river, I mused for a while, and thought that even a grave, nestled in so recluse a spot, had many charms: this, of all the rest, seemed to me the most attractive for a burial place; and indeed the whole hill-side seems

destined, at no remote day, to be the favorite spot—and, like the banks of the Nile, will spread its monuments and tombs from the water's edge to the very summits of these rocks."

But it is the rare and peculiar merit of the observant and philosophical author of *Viator*, to have adapted his writings with singular felicity to the taste of the reading public; for, the rage for novelty, so characteristic of the age, has affected the reading world in common with others. And with this trait Mr. Hoffman shows himself to be well aware. For whilst it is plain that he is determined to instruct, it is at the same time equally apparent that, he is constantly and carefully conscious, how important, and even necessary, it is that he should please. The result is that his volume abounds with such a judicious and wholesome variety, that the interest is maintained even about subtle points of criticism, or cunning speculation; and the reader pursues his employment with pleasure, and is made wiser without being weary.

Commending *Viator* once more to the reader, and hoping that the present brief introduction may induce him to prosecute further the acquaintance of its author, we respectfully give him good bye.

The Poets of America, illustrated by one of her Painters. New York: S. Colman. 1839.

We commend the custom, which is prevailing to some extent, of republishing productions of merit in the form of gift-books or annuals. It is a splendid mode of enshrining the works of genius and of giving them a circulation which, in many instances perhaps, despite their intrinsic excellence, they never would have obtained. There should be something beside tinsel and beauty and articles "got up" for the occasion, to recommend the Tokens and Souvenirs of the season. The *utile* should be blended with the "*dulci*;" at least, the elegance of binding, and the splendor of paper, print and engraving, should be combined with productions really meritorious and worthy of preservation. While we are willing to acknowledge that our annuals probably contain many pieces of this kind, and while we have no particular objection to seeing them, from year to year, issuing from the press, yet we think that standard and well-known works will afford a more ample and suitable opportunity for the display of taste and talent in the style, binding, illustrations, &c., than any that can be framed and moulded expressly for that purpose.

We have before us a combination of this kind—a union of taste and genius—a cluster of rich *intellectual* gems set in a splendid *material* casket. "*The Poets of America*," is a book beautiful and unique enough to be an importation from fairy land. Nay, were it not for its name, we should be uncertain now, whether it has not come to cheer an idle hour of dark November days, or amid the bleak winter, from the realm of bright winged genii, where the dreams of poesy are embodied, where the waters gush out beneath blue skies from fountains of crystal, and the trees drop pearls entwined with "dark and glossy leaves." But it is enstamped with our country's own proud armorial bearings, and is lettered with a title which thrills a peculiar nerve of the heart. "*The Poets of America*!" She has her poets. There blooms many a flower in her green free woodlands, and many a gem sparkles by her rushing waters. And what land is there, on all this broad earth, where

the spirit of poetry should kindle so naturally as in our own

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river"?

The lyre hangs shattered amid the desolate temples of Greece, and gray ruin has defaced column, shaft and architrave, in Rome; and where now, we ask, should poetry so naturally flow forth and become classic, as in this land where *mind is free*—where the shrines of her inspiration are the unpolluted and majestic monuments of nature, the streams that mirror heaven and its stars, the sweet, fair vallies, the eternal mountains and the rainbow-girdled cataracts? And we have produced poetry, if not of the highest order, yet of so much excellence in a brief lapse of time, that we are proud of it, and will if we go on thus, anon, have green trophies won in the fields of literature, to hang beside "the bruised arms" and the memorial marbles that are piled above the bones of our ancestors.

But we have touched upon a lofty theme, and have thus been led to indulge in a strain of remark upon which we cannot dwell, and to which, perhaps, we should not in this place have diverged. We commend the book before us to the patronage of our countrymen. In point of elegance it is well fitted to adorn a centre table, or grace a boudoir; while, containing specimens of the productions of Drake, Halleck, Sprague, Bryant, Percival, Benjamin, Sigourney, Gould, and a host of others, each in himself a host, it will form a noble addition to the library of taste and intellect. It, by no means, contains all the flowers of American poesy. We assure the reader, in the words of the editor, that "ample materials, untouched in the present work, are at hand," and we sincerely hope, with him, that "an opportunity of presenting specimens from the pens of many writers not represented in the present collection," will soon occur. He promises us, "should the reception of this volume be such as may reasonably be anticipated," "to issue another similar in character and style." We trust that his reasonable anticipations will not be disappointed.

It would be superfluous for us to enter into special criticisms here. At least whether it would be so or not, we do not intend to do so. The poems are generally, we presume, well known and well liked. Well known and well liked as they are, however, we must transfer one or two to our columns, and we wish that we could transfer, with those we select, the beautiful etchings with which they are intermingled and surrounded in the work from which we copy them.

Here is Willis's Annoyer; or Love's "*jottings*" up and down in ocean, earth and air.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart,
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears and the many men
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream;

And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.
He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs, in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood and the sheen of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.
The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thoughts has he.
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.
He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer:
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright day-light,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of the human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh.

Here is one by Pierpont, sweet, indeed, as "the silvery tones of a fairy's shell."

PASSING AWAY—A DREAM.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beech, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time,
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung,
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing,)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

O, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed:—in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush

Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed,—as when evening steals
Upon Noon's hot face. Yet one could but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay,
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;—
And she seemed, in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan:
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet, just as busily, swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust.
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone,—
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay,—)
"Passing away! passing away!"

The Literary Souvenir—A Christmas and New Year's Present
for 1840—Philadelphia; E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

This annual is, we believe, composed entirely of articles from the pens of W. E. Burton and Charles West Thompson, Esq's. We have read a portion of its contents and glanced at the engravings. Some of the latter are old acquaintances. "The Water Nymph," by Forrest, from Sully, forms the beautiful vignette of the work. The poetical department is supplied by Mr. Thompson, the prose by the editor. "The old Dutchman and his Long Box," is a humorous description of the adventures of an old Hollander in this new world in search of "Aamsdertaam," which he finally discovers on the banks of the Erie Canal.

"A Rummage in my Old Bureau," is an interesting article, containing the reminiscences of a Nonogeanian.

"The Canal Boat," gives a ludicrous representation of the varied scenes and manifold miseries incident to one of those almost obsolete modes of conveyance.

"A Peep at Midnight from a College Window," presents us with a group of the ghosts of some of earth's illustrious, who "revisit the glimpses of the moon," and meet, in a curious medley, in their old retreats on the banks of the classic Cam.

The longest tale in the book—"The Aeronaut's Revenge"—we have not read; and, indeed, this is intended and will be received as a hurried and passing notice, not entitled to the name or consideration of a critique.

Phantasmion—two vols. New York—S. Colman--1839.

We have received a copy of this work. It is a tale of *faery*, said to have been written by Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, only daughter of the poet. The introduction to the American edition, is by Grenville Mellen. We have read but a portion of *Phantasmion*, and are not prepared to criticise; but we presume that those who like, occasionally, to leave the dusty and beaten track of every-day life and to forget, for a while, the evils of "pressure" and "suspension," by roaming through the dominions of Oberon and Titania and communing with bright and airy fancies, will be gratified by a perusal.

It comes from the press in a neat style, and forms a part of Colman's Library of Romance.

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NO. XII.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

'Tis said that marriage is a lottery—
And if the simile be true as wise,
My friend, how happy must that lover be,
Who, ere the drawing, knows he'll win a prize!

A prize indeed! richer than Ophir's gold!
A virtuous woman of more real worth
Than rubies—or the hidden wealth untold
In ocean caverns or deep mines of Earth.

Oh, guard the treasure with a miser's care,
And lock it safely in your inmost heart;
Then will it keep its present lustre fair,
And of your very soul become a part.

Like vine and tree, may you together grow,
Close intertwined—unheeding of the blast,
While your affections unestranged shall glow,
And Truth, and Faith, and Constancy shall last!

A LEGEND OF THE MOUNTAIN OF THE BURNING STONE;

A STORY OF THE FIRST MONTEZUMA.

By the author of "Lafue," "Captain Kid," &c.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the centre of the present empire of Mexico, and within the borders of the beautiful country once inhabited by the ancestors of those wild and splendid savages, the Comanches, lies a chain of elevated mountains whose snowy peaks pierce the skies, leaving the vast fields of clouds floating midway between them and the plains. Towards the south, they make a majestic curve and enclose within their embrace a circle twelve leagues in diameter, in the midst of which sleeps like a fair garden the valley of Alcolo (itself enclosed by a lake) and the loveliest gem on the breast of earth. One of these mountains is loftier than the rest, and on its summit burns a star-like blaze, which is said to be a single diamond, but inaccessible to human reach. This peak is hence called the 'Mountain of the Burning Stone.' By day, the shining apex glows with all the dyes of the rainbow; at night its light is like pale moonshine.

At the time of our story this valley was the centre of an empire now no more. Here was the palace and throne of the emperors, and the centre of wealth, power and magnificence. In its midst rose a proud city, gorgeous with swelling domes, needle-like pinnacles and

majestic towers, through which, dividing it into two parts, flowed a stately river which, for more than a league, reflected from either shore, on its silver bosom, two continuous lines of temples, palaces and edifices of costly grandeur.

On the throne of this glorious empire sat ULYD, the last monarch of his race. He was haughty, imperious and cruel. His foot rested upon the necks of his subjects, and his sceptre was converted into a sword, which hourly drank human blood. But Eylla, the only daughter of Ulyd, was gentle as the dove in spirit; as beautiful as Lyn, the Angel of the Flowers, and graceful as the antelope that runs upon the mountains. The tyrant loved his daughter, and that love was all that humanized his nature.

II.

In one of the lesser streets of this gorgeous capital lived a poor net-maker, whose sole merit was his honesty, and whose only income was the daily pittance earned by the toil of his hands. He was a widower; but Heaven had tempered its judgments with mercy, and left him a son to share his labors and solace his old age. Montezuma, the name of this youth, was now twenty years of age. His stature was lofty and his port noble; while grace and beauty were stamped upon his face and person. His dignity was that of virtue; his beauty that of a gentle temper and cheerful heart. He was beloved and idolised by all of his rank, doated on by his father, and despised, so closely had nature allied him to them, by the nobles. Such was Montezuma, at the period of our story.

III.

"Stand aside, serf!" were the stern tones of an officer, addressed to a youth who, with a thousand others was watching the procession of the emperor, his nobles and the priests of the Sun on their way to offer sacrifices at each gate of the city, to propitiate the wrath of their deity—for, rain had not fallen on the earth in the space of four months, and the fierce sun had burned up the harvests. The eyes of this youth seemed to be fixed more particularly on the princess Eylla, than on the spectacle.

"Stand aside, serf!" and a glittering spear-point at the same instant pricked the breast of the youth, who caught it in his hand, and ere it could penetrate, wrested it from the noble's grasp, broke it in twain, and cast the pieces disdainfully at his feet.

"Ha! 'tis the slave Montezuma!" cried the infuriated officer. "He has mocked us full long. Cut him down!"

But ere the guard which were about the emperor and his daughter, and which the officer commanded, could obey this command, the crowd opened to the right and left and received the destined victim into their bosom.

"How your way to him!" cried the noble. "Cut the slaves in pieces!"

"Nay, my sire, will you let blood be spilled on this sacred time?" plead the sweet and earnest voice of the

princess Eylla, who, riding in the chariot beside the emperor, had witnessed this scene.

"They are my slaves, and 'tis in their blood that I float above their heads," was the stern reply of the tyrant.

"Nay, father!"

"Let them die! saw you not that the serf rebelled?"

"Nay, he did but protect his life."

"And wherefore should he dare save his life, when my officer of the guard was pleased to take it?"

"Nay—father! see how the poor people fall before the weapons of the fierce guards. And look! they press up to fill the gap, and with their hearts place a barrier between thy vengeance and its victim!"

"Therefore should they die!"

"Spare him—spare them—father, for my sake bid them hold! Shall Eylla plead in vain?"

"Azcala, call off your guards. Their insolence is enough punished."

The lovely princess fell upon his neck and gratefully kissed him, and with strange affection he returned it, and then sternly bade the procession move on. But Eylla—for, curiosity to gaze on a man for whom so many had given their lives, had led her to seek him out in the crowd—did not pass on, ere she received from the dark eyes of the handsome youth a look of grateful homage and acknowledgment—for, the gentleness of the princess drew her as near to the hearts of her subjects as the sternness of her father removed him from them—so Montezuma felt it was no insult for his gaze, low as he was, to meet that of the princess, and to thank her for her interposition. But the mischief that glance did is incalculable. The princess rode on, but from that moment forgot the procession—her father—every thing but the face of the youth for whom she had interposed. Her bosom at first was filled with curiosity to know who he could be for whom men cast away their lives; and then her thoughts ran upon his lofty aspect and noble bearing—dwelt upon his fine eyes and beautiful features. But the more she thought, the more bewildered she grew, till at length recalled to herself by the approach of the procession at the temple, she hung her head in confusion, and concealed the blush of shame that crimsoned her cheek within the silken folds of her vesture.

IV.

That night the lovely princess Eylla sat in her gorgeous chamber. Her slaves, in rich dresses, kneeled at a distance with their folded hands laid across their bosoms, silently watching the least sign of her will or gesture of command. It was moonlight, and the silvery flood poured in at the open lattice by which she sat, and falling upon her fair forehead gave it the whiteness of Parian marble, with the soft lustre of the pearl. One snowy hand, half in the moonlight, half in shade, sustained her cheek. She was buried in deep thought, and ever and anon, her snowy bosom would heave and fall, and from her just parted lips a low sigh escape. All at once, she rose to her feet, and at the same instant her slaves flew and prostrated themselves around her.

"Ophiël, remain with me; the rest of you retire to your couches. I need your attendance no longer, till the dawn."

Slowly, with their faces turned towards her, the sub-

missive slaves retired—and the princess was left alone with her confidante.

"Ophiël!"

"Your highness," answered the lovely Peruvian slave, still kneeling at the feet of her mistress.

"You have heard that several men were slain to day, as we passed through the city towards the temple?"

"Nay, your highness, I did not. But as scarce a day goes by without bloodshed, I doubt not this day has had its share," replied the slave, with a mixture of irony and sorrow in her manner.

"Hist, minion. It is my father's unhappy disposition. Yet he loves me."

"So does the lion of Peru; yes, the tiger of the Yucatan loves his whelp."

"Have done, Ophiël," said the princess, with some sternness. She then added with kindness, "I have detained thee to serve me with thy ready wits and well-tried faithfulness. Listen!"

The slave bent her head reverently and gratefully upon her bosom, and silently awaited the communication of the will of her mistress.

"There was some commotion to-day among the populace, caused by an attempt of the officer of the emperor's guard to seize a youth who inadvertently, and from too eager curiosity to witness the procession, thrust himself forward before the others. I heard him called Montezuma. Know you such a one by name in the city, and his degree?"

"Was he tall and kingly in his port, your highness?"

"He looked majesty himself. Such, methinks, as a prince of the sun should appear!"

"Was he youthful withal?"

"Scarce the dawn had darkened his lip, and the scissors had never yet touched his flowing locks of jet."

"Did he smile like the sun in May; and was his eye like a diamond set in jet upon a ground of pearl, flashing fire and speaking intelligence?"

"The same, Ophiël. Thou hast seen him, maiden!"

"Was he haughty, yet his haughtiness blent with the modesty, lessening his degree, and while he looked, if he looked on thee, did his eyes, while they gazed, seem to plead thy forgiveness for the deed as they committed it?"

"Thou hast painted him to the very semblance, chit," said the princess, laughing and blushing, as she detected a smile lurking in the dimpled mouth of her confidante.

After taking one or two turns through the apartment, she stopped and turned to the fair Peruvian, in whose cast down, yet knowing look, she detected the knowledge of what she had not yet dared to confess to herself. "Ophiël," said she, "be faithful and secret. Seek out this Montezuma. I would see a youth for whom men so freely cast away their lives, as I have this day seen them do."

"Your highness, he is a net-maker's son."

"The better still. If he be not princely born, it were better he were at the other end of the degree. Go—I would see him. Use what other instruments thou wilt to aid thee. But be speedy, discreet, and both cunning and wise as the fabled Anaconda of thy own land!"

The slave prostrated herself at the feet of her mistress; then rising, reverently kissed her hand and glided from the chamber; while the lovely Eylla, her virgin bosom

tortured and bewildered by a thousand new and strange thoughts, yet all pleasing, re-seated herself in the window and gazed vacantly upon a range of gardens, villas, fountains, towers and domes, all mingled in gorgeous confusion, and lying like a magic scene beneath the radiance of the moon, which flooded all with a light so mellow that the whole seemed to be seen through a sea of transparent silver.

V.

In the door of a lowly hut of reeds and mats, in a remote quarter of the capital, sat an aged man mending nets by the light of the moon; the beams of which rested like snow-flakes on his white head. Suddenly a shadow passed between him and his light, and he looked up.

"Welcome, Montezuma, my child. I have beguiled the hours waiting thy coming, by putting a stitch, as well as my old eyes will let me, here and there in the net. You are pale."

"I have need to be pale, sir," said the youth, casting himself upon a settle beside the door. "He who carries the ruddy cheek of a careless heart, at this time, loves not his country, and has no manhood. We are a nation of slaves, father—but light has broke in upon us. The tyrant shall die, and man's blood shall no longer be counted water!"

"Hush, boy," said the old man, lifting his shaking finger.

"There has blood been spilled this day, and were it not that the tyrant was the father of the fair princess Eylla, I would slay the slayer with my own hand."

"Hush, son—my child, silence! Speak not such words! speak not so loud! Ere this thy words have been caught up, and swift wings are bearing them to the emperor's ears. What aileth thee?"

"I have whispered rebellion," continued the young man, heedless of his father's words, "in the willing ears of thirty thousand of my fellow slaves—"

"Son, son—see, we are not alone—He wears the emperor's livery. Thou art lost—lost—lost! Did I not bid thee keep silence?" And the parent flung himself distractedly on the neck of his son.

The young man rose quickly, as he saw a stranger approach the hovel, and placed his hand in his bosom. But without making further demonstrations of preparation for a hostile meeting, he proudly and calmly awaited him.

"Is this the abode of Melef, the net-maker?" demanded the stranger, haughtily addressing the old man.

"It is; what would you with my father?" replied the young man.

"Then thou art Montezuma, his son. I have an order to guide thee to the palace."

"Lead on. I am ready to die—for my blood will turn to fire and kindle a flame that the tyrant's blood can alone extinguish!"

"Ha, this is language!"

"Plain enough for a courtier's ear. Farewell, father."

"Nay, thou shalt not die—stay—stay—oh, my son—my—my son!"

"Farewell, old man!" he said feelingly as he laid the fainting form of his parent on the settle he had himself just occupied. "Now sir, lead on to the emperor!"

VI.

The moon rode high towards midnight, scarce touching with its nearly vertical beams the outer verge of the window in the apartment of the princess, when the door opened, and the slave Ophiël softly entered and stole to the feet of her mistress.

"Well, Ophiël!"

"He is without."

"Who went for him?"

"Ical."

"Thy lover."

The slave blushed and hung her head.

"What said he when bidden?"

"That he would obey the emperor's commands, and spoke some other words of fearful import."

"Tis well. I would that he, as well as the messenger, should think 'tis by my father's commands. Admit him."

The princess arranged her robes in more graceful folds, and with an air of mingled majesty and condescension, prepared to receive the young man, as the slave ushered him into her presence. As he entered, his port was haughty, and his eye flashed round defiance, as he seemed to seek out the person of the emperor. But the lovely form of the princess meeting, instead, his glance, his whole bearing changed; the eye lost its fire, and assumed a softer light; the lip its curl; and the aspect and port of defiance was converted into one of devotion and gentleness; and he kneeled reverently before her, with his hands on his breast. The princess marked the instant change, and a blush of pleasure increased her loveliness.

"Thou art called Montezuma, the son of Melef the net-maker?"

"I am the low-born slave thou hast named, lovely princess," he answered, with as much of proud scorn as the presence of his royal mistress would permit him to assume. This expression of feeling did not escape her notice.

"Methinks, thou wert the cause of a certain tumult in the streets to day?"

"Noble princess, in as much as you judge me to have done wrong, I confess my error. But neither I, nor they who died to protect my poor life, have done wrong against the tyrant. Forgive me, lady—I had forgotten, looking on thy gentle face, thou wert his daughter. But if I offend, thou hast only to order me to the block—and death from thy hand were better than life, with thy father's foot upon my neck."

"You are over-hasty, Montezuma. I would ask thee, how thou, so young, and of your degree, hast gained such influence over the souls of men? Who would die thus for the emperor? None."

"It is because I am a man."

"Ha! this to the daughter."

"Pardon. It should have been said to the sire."

"Thy spirit is too quick. It becomes not thy station. If my father has injured thee, let me atone. What can I do for thee?"

"Nay, speak not to me so gently—I cannot bear it;" and burying his face in his hands, he was for a moment overcome with emotion. The princess was affected and was also silent.

"Forgive my weakness, your highness—but it is past now. Your gentleness to me, has saved your father's kingdom, and perhaps his life."

"Speak, quickly—what mean you?"

"I will confess all, and then die, knowing that I have not struck the blow that should make you wretched."

He looked inquiringly at the slave, and then at the princess, and was silent.

"Ophiël, wait in the ante-room." The princess and the young conspirator were left alone. He then unfolded to her the whole conspiracy, which has been hinted at, and explained minutely its past progress and present state, and its ultimate aim. She listened with mingled surprise, terror and admiration.

The moon began to pour its fading light into the western window of the room, ere the princess called the wondering Ophiël, and bade her see that the young man was reconducted in safety and secrecy to his abode.

In this interview, the princess detected her love for the youth, and to her pleased surprise discovered his for herself. Cupid is a true democrat. He knows no rank. The youth encouraged by the princess, and ready to stake all upon a cast, at length did boldly confess his daring passion, and then prepared his mind for death. But to his surprise and joy, the gentle and lovely woman, not only listened to him, but in her turn confessed her love. Here was a singular and wonderful spectacle to human eyes! a princess and a peasant vowing to each other, love undying, love unchanging, love eternal. Here had Love fully established the axiom, that "two extremes meet." He had magically brought together two noble spirits that Nature and Fortune had sundered widely. Well hath Maria del Occidente sung,

"Nature never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate."

PART THE SECOND.

I.

Three months passed away, and in the interim the lovers met frequently, and as the violets that grow in couples are sweetest scented, so sweeter and deeper grew their love by frequent mingling of their young hearts. In a politic female it would have been policy to have cherished the love of a handsome youth, whose word could arm fifty thousand men within the capital's walls; and in case of her coming to the throne, the most refined diplomacy, to have secured the safety of her empire by permitting so dangerous a person to share it. But Eylla was no politician, and knew nothing of diplomacy but that of the heart. At length a rumor reached the ears of the emperor, that at night the princess received stolen visits from a man in disguise, who seemed to have free ingress and egress from the palace at all hours between twilight and dawn. Montezuma was watched, and followed, and seen to enter the wing containing the apartments of the princess. Word was conveyed to the emperor, who soon after attended by his guards, unannounced, entered suddenly her room. The lovers were discovered—Montezuma, seated at the feet of his lovely mistress, attentively listening with upward gaze, while she was relating some interesting tale, her snowy fingers the while half hidden among his raven locks.

"Seize the traitorous slave!"

Eylla shrieked at the sound of his terrible voice, which gave the first intimation of his presence, and the

next instant, true to her love and her womanhood, threw herself between the soldiers and her lover.

"Back! Touch him not!"

"Seize him!" shouted the monarch, with vehemence.

"No—no—hold, I command!"

"Spear the hound!"

"Through my heart, then seek his."

The guards hesitated. She caught this moment to address the enraged emperor. "Father! listen. Bid the guards wait without the door. He cannot escape them, and hear me one word!"

The emperor gazed on her penetratingly a moment, and then waved his hand for the soldiers to withdraw. The three were left together. The monarch, restless as a caged tiger, pacing near the door—the young man standing silent, proud and calm before him.

"Now, traitress!"

"Nay, I am wanting nothing in my love or loyalty to my king and sire," she said, approaching and kneeling before him;—"Hear me, my father! You have once loved your Eylla! Have you forgotten how in infancy I sat upon your knee—and how, as I grew older, each morning I laid upon your pillow the sweetest flowers, nor left your couch until you had kissed me. And when I got to be a maiden grown, and thou wert sick, nigh unto death, how I watched thy couch and cooled thy brow, and did you not say I was a blessing to thee, and that you owed your life to my tender nursing?"

"My child—Eylla!"

"Thou art moved. I see returning love for thy only daughter in the gentler beaming of thy eye. Father, I know you love your own Eylla." As she spoke she softly rose, and like a child climbing its parent's knee, slid upwards into his arms, and laid her head confidently upon his breast.

"What would you, Eylla?" and his voice was affectionate, and he looked tenderly down upon her, and for the moment forgot the presence of the object of his late wrath.

"His life, father, and thy forgiveness!"

Her words recalled the emperor to himself. He flung her from him, yet still she clung to him as he strode up to the young man.

"Ha! methinks I have seen that face!"

"Thou hast, emperor."

"Who art thou?"

"Montezuma, the net-maker's son."

"Eylla, is it so? This slave—this serf, thy paramour?"

"My betrothed husband!"

"Princess Eylla, thou liest with thy false tongue!"

"I have spoken truth, father."

"Then your fates are linked. The deepest dungeon of the prison shall be your abode, till you get the better of this madness. But, by the bright sun, if I had a doubt, (yet I see not why I should not) of thy honor, I would slay thee, with my own hand, ere thy bosom heaved twice more."

"Father, for my life I care not—the dungeon does not terrify me. It is thy displeasure I feel. I am innocent!"

"I believe thee, for mine own honor's sake; for after this thy word hath little weight with me. Yet thou shalt not go unpunished. Ho! without there. Soldiers, two of you guard this woman to the keeper of my

palace prison. Entreat her gently, mind you, and bid the jailer on his life see that she suffer no roughness: for, if she be a prisoner, she is no less the daughter of your emperor. For you, sir, for whose crime I cannot find a name—I will invent for thee a death that shall in some degree measure it. Bear him off to the farthest-most dungeon beneath the river. If he escape, the lives of every soldier of my guard shall pay for his."

Without a word, calmly and dignified, with only sorrow at the princess' fate shading his countenance, the young man was led from the apartment to become the occupant of the dungeon.

II.

The imprisonment of the princess lasted but a few hours. The emperor, after the first excitement was past, felt the father return to his bosom, and sent for her to his presence. The result of this interview—to judge from the expression of the face of the princess when she met Ophiël—did not leave her quite destitute of hope.

"You are pardoned!" exclaimed the joyful slave, flying and throwing herself at her feet.

"He has forgiven me. I have told him all—the conspiracy and all."

"And what said he?"

"It made him more thoughtful than angry, and he asked many questions about him, then shook his head, walked the room and muttered. I could only hear by piece-meal, '*Of policy—no heir myself—the security of the empire—a noble bearing—better for my successor than a noble—I will think of it—she loves him too—his influence among the people—consolidate the empire.*' I could hear nothing consecutively."

"Mark me, my noble mistress—you will yet be happy!"

"I cannot tell you, Ophiël. He kissed me—"

"Who?"

"My father, minion—when I left him—but I trembled when I looked in his face and saw how dark his eyes were. He dares not slay him, for he knows he will slay his daughter with the same blow."

"What do you think will be done with him—that is, provided the emperor does not give him to you for a husband?"

"Silence, Ophiël, child! He *shall not die.*"

"And if they keep him in prison, woman's wits can get him out."

"As I left him, my father bade me meet him in council early on the morrow."

"I augur something from this."

"May it be of good," was the foreboding reply.

Thus speaking, the unhappy princess, accompanied by her attendants, retired to her apartment for the night.

III.

The ensuing day, in the imperial hall of justice, sat the emperor, sole judge and arbiter of every cause brought before this fearful tribunal. His word was the law—with him lay the power of life and death. He was enthroned in grandeur, commensurate with his high station, surrounded by his stately nobles and glittering court. A jewel of great size, of mingled hues, and dazzling as the sun, blazed on his crown. Before him, on a marble slab, elevated above the floor, stood his executioner, holding in his hand and resting upon it, a

gigantic sword, gleaming in every beam. On the right of the emperor and a step below him, on a throne of pearl inlaid with gold, sat the princess Eylla, pale and drooping, yet observant of all that passed. She was attended by a brilliant galaxy of the ladies of her court. The emperor was stern and silent, and though from time to time his daughter cast a glance furtively upwards to read his face, its expression foiled her interpretation. It afforded neither hope nor despair. The emperor now waved his hand—a trumpet sounded—and, loaded to the earth with chains, the youthful prisoner was brought into the presence of his judge. Without trial—without even naming the offence with which he was charged—the emperor, after gazing on him a moment, gave a parchment to one who stood at the foot of the throne, and bade him read it aloud. Instantly the trumpets sounded thrice—thrice a herald cried "Long live the emperor, the brother of the sun and governor of the universe!"—and thrice again the trumpets resounded.

"It is known to all the world that the present dazzling stone which adorns the imperial crown, was found more than one thousand years ago in the throat of a condor, which fell dead in the court of the palace. From the variety of its hues and its brilliancy, there remains no doubt that it was brought from the glittering peak of the Mountain of the Burning Stone. Every diamond having its mate, it has been the ambition of numerous emperors to obtain the mate to this; and it is estimated that more than a million of states' prisoners have perished in the course of ages, in endeavoring to purchase their forfeited lives, by reaching the summit. As yet no human foot has trod it, and the diamond is yet unobtained.

"Now, inasmuch as Montezuma, son of Melef the net-maker, has been adjudged a traitor, he is hereby condemned to be conveyed from hence, closely guarded and in chains, to the foot of the Mountain of the Burning Stone, and there released. If he ascend the mountain and return with the mate to this stone or a stone of its like, he shall not only be pardoned for his treason, but shall receive in marriage the princess Eylla, and succeed the emperor in the empire. If he refuse to go up or fail in the attempt, he shall die an ignominious death, by the axe of the executioner. Long live the emperor, just and wise."

Thrice the trumpets sounded, and amid the acclamations, murmurs of surprise and adulating shouts of the enslaved people, high above which rose the wild shriek of the princess, the emperor dissolved the assembled court and retired within the inner chambers of the palace.

IV.

Night had scarcely begun to veil the streets of the capital in gloom, ere the private postern that gave access to the quarter of the palace occupied by the princess Eylla was cautiously opened, and a female figure came forth with her mantilla closely drawn about her form and covering all her face, save one lively eye. But with all her care, each passer-by knew her to be Ophiël, the favorite slave of the princess. After surveying the ground about her, to see that she was unobserved, she hastily darted across the street into the shadow of a temple, and swiftly pursued her way through many windings and across many squares, until

she came to a dilapidated building, which had formerly been the abode of a minister of state, who, with his whole family, had been beheaded within its chambers for treason. It was now the abode of a sorceress, who, to many other marvellous sciences, added the knowledge of the secret virtues of all herbs, so that by her art and skill she could both convey death through the eye and restore life by a breath.

At the sunken portal of this dread abode, the female paused to look about her, and then with a hesitating, yet onward step, she entered beneath the arch, and crossed the deserted hall. At its extremity she came to a low door, at which, after hesitating an instant, she knocked. A stern voice bade her enter. Before her sat the woman she sought. In a few words Ophiël told her of the loves of the princess and of Montezuma, and of his sentence.

"Why do ye come hither, maiden?" demanded the sorceress sternly, after the slave had ended.

"For the aid of your art and wonderful knowledge. For, the princess Eylla, who has sent me hither, has heard that thou wert skilled in all the mysteries of creation, and that to thee are unfolded the hidden springs of life. She now asks the exercise of this power in her favor and that of the poor youth who will assuredly perish else. Canst thou do nothing for him, mother?"

"The princess Eylla is gentle, fair, and virtuous. She shall be obeyed. Wait my return."

The sorceress left the room by a door hitherto unseen, and Ophiël remained with her heart throbbing between hope and fear. In a few minutes the woman returned and placed in her hand a small sealed package, with these words:

"Place this in his hands, and leave the rest for his manhood and his lofty love to accomplish. Depart speedily as thou earnest."

Ere Ophiël could thank her or question her of the contents of the package, she was gone.

V.

The succeeding morning a band of a thousand soldiers marched out of the northern gate of the city; their numbers serving rather to add dignity to their mission, than as necessary to guard the chained prisoner, who moved with a proud step and unbroken bearing in their centre. The first night they encamped within a league of the mountain. The youth slept in his guarded tent, and his dreams were of love and ambition: for a stout heart like his and one that loved so truly did not despair of success, even where his path was over the footsteps of a million who had gone before him, and left their bones bleaching on the mountain side. At midnight his dreams of Eylla were disturbed by a slight touch on his shoulder. He started, opened his eyes, and beheld an indistinct figure gliding from the tent, without waking the tired and sleeping guards, who, doubtless, thought their prisoner's safety sufficiently secured by his heavy chains—he at the same moment discovered that something had been left in his hand. Instinctively he hastily concealed it in his bosom, and turning over with clanking chains, which roused his guardians, once more sank to slumber.

With the rising sun the camp was in motion, and under a select guard of one hundred men, the prisoner

was led to the foot of the mountain and divested of his chains. The captain of the guard then embraced him, for he had compassion on his youth and gentleness, and wishing him success, accompanied him a few paces on his way, and bade him farewell.

For the first two miles the ascent was comparatively easy. But at length the young man, of whom the soldiers never lost sight, reached the region of eternal snow, against which his dark form was but just relieved, appearing like a speck, which, save that they had continued to keep it in their eye, could not have been detected.

When the young Montezuma, after great hardship gained the region of eternal winter, the verge of which, far down the mountain, was artificially whitened with myriads of bleaching bones of those who had perished before him, but which made him no fainter hearted, he paused to survey the icy pyramid that pierced nearly a league higher into the skies, presenting to the eyes of those below one polished cone of glittering snow, crowned by the starry gem that had burned on its crest from the first day of creation. Notwithstanding the probable fatal end of the attempt, Montezuma, after gazing upward awhile and seeing many fissures in the sides of the glacier invisible to those below, resolved to make it. Lying down on the last spot of verdure to rest his weary limbs, he reposed for an hour, and then with a bold spirit and inspiring himself with the thought of Eylla he began to scale the icy steep. He had toiled two hours and won but a twentieth part of his way, when, as overcome by the cold and exertion, he was about to admit into his mind despairing doubts of success, a small package fell from his bosom, and after sliding down a hundred feet, lodged in a deep cleft of the glacier. It recalled to his recollection the mysterious visit of the preceding night, which, until now, had not entered his mind; and he rapidly descended to recover it. On opening it he found a transparent substance like gum, of a delightful fragrance, enclosed in parchment, on which was written these words:

"The gum of the herb that containeth the principle of life. Eat sparingly at morning, noon and eve, and thy strength shall be as the sun, and neither the four elements nor the two great principles of heat and cold shall have power over thee. Child of the sun, run thy race, and rejoice in thy strength."

The weary young man, ready to sink under fatigue and cold, and hitherto just about to give up the further ascent in despair, placed a small particle of the gum between his lips. It instantly dissolved, and suddenly he felt a new principle of life. The stagnant blood warmed and glowed in his stiffening veins; his heart leaped; his sinews became strong; his spirits cheerful and full of elasticity; and hope and anticipated victory once more filled his soul. He was a new being. He felt the strength of an immortal, and the enduring power of the tireless sun. His first impulse was to spread his hands in gratitude to this visible dispenser of life and heat, who was at that moment descending the western horizon to light unknown realms beyond its verge. Then carefully placing the remainder of the gum in his vesture, he sprang up the icy cone with the strength and fleetness of a chamois. Upward and onward, and still upward, unwearied and unceasing, he kept his skyward way,

till the astonished troops below, who had followed him until he appeared like a minute speck on a snow-white spire, could scarcely see him, and soon the mountain mists and twilight veiled him from their view.

Three days and nights they remained encamped at the foot of the mountain, and he did not re-appear. His death was then considered certain. The camp was ordered to be struck, and the soldiers returned to the capital. The emperor received the news of the failure and death of the bold aspirant for his crown, with undisguised delight. For, in sending him thither, he had only sent him to a more lingering species of death than he could have received from the axe of the headsman. The princess, though struck with deep grief, gave not away to despair, for there was an anchor of hope in her soul to which she secretly clung.

VI.

The day following the return of the troops, an embassy from the Inca of Peru arrived at the court of the emperor, to negotiate a marriage between the heir apparent to his throne and the princess Eylla. This proposition at once met with the approbation of the emperor, who was desirous to secure his daughter against farther attachments of a like nature with that from which he had just rescued her. The princess Eylla, therefore, was commanded to prepare herself for the nuptials, by proxy, to take place on the third day after the arrival of the embassy. The limits of a story will not permit us to enter into the feelings of the princess on this announcement. She consented and obeyed, because she looked for a diversion in her favor ere the fatal hour arrived—for she had not yet given up Montezuma.

The bridal hour arrived; and the proudest hall of the imperial palace was gorgeously decked with banners, hangings of gold and crimson, and innumerable suns composed of diamonds and precious stones. The pride and pomp and magnificence of the nobles was displayed in a degree hitherto unapproached. The emperor, arrayed in his imperial robes, was surrounded by his court—the princess Eylla, in robes of snowy white, shining with pearls, and her bright hair glittering with jewels, stood on his right, her hand in his—while the proxy of the prince of Peru stood on his left. The first words of the ceremony had begun to be spoken by the high priest of the sun, when a sudden commotion at the entrance of the hall drew all eyes and interrupted the rites. The color came like a flash of sun-light to the pale cheek of the princess, as she looked up at the sound. The next moment a noble youth, magnificently attired in cloth of gold, silk and velvet, with a dazzling coronet on his brows, in which blazed a crescent of diamonds, each of which rivalled in size and splendor that on the imperial crown, strode through the throng of courtiers, who made way for him as he advanced, and coming within the circle about the monarch, knelt before him, holding extended in his right hand a single diamond of wonderful size and beauty. Instantly every eye acknowledged it to be the counterpart of that on the imperial diadem.

"MONTEZUMA! It is Montezuma!" cried a hundred voices.

"I am Montezuma," was the reply of the young

man, rising from his knee and looking proudly around; but his eye softened as his glance fell on the lovely princess, who, between surprise and joy, was near fainting in the arms of her attendants. "I am Montezuma, and have come, emperor, to claim the reward of my success. Behold the twin-diamond to that in the regal crown!"

As he spoke, he elevated it aloft, in juxtaposition with that on the crown, and placed it to every eye in full comparison. A loud shout acknowledged the likeness, and then Montezuma placed it in the hands of the surprised monarch.

Without speaking, the emperor took the hand of the trembling, joyful Eylla, and placed it in that of the proud youth; and as thus together the beauteous pair stood before the throne, the heart of every one present, not excepting that of the imperial parent himself, confessed that Nature had formed them for each other, though, hitherto, fortune had placed them widely apart. The loud acclamations that hailed them ceased with a wave of the emperor's hand, and he thus addressed the bridegroom:

"Take her, MONTEZUMA THE FIRST. The word of an emperor was pledged and is redeemed. The great Sun hath destined thee to become the progenitor of a new race of emperors. Long may thy race live and peacefully reign. But the spirit of prophecy tells me that a thousand years will be the end of thy empire, and that the last of thy name shall become the slave of a chief, whose coming shall be from the rising of the sun, and from a world unknown to ours."

The emperor then removed the crown from his head, and placed it upon the brow of the happy princess. The rites were once more renewed, and the voice of the high priest, once more lifted up, made the noble Montezuma and lovely Eylla one. The hand of the emperor then placed them on the throne, which their descendants filled for many centuries, until the last bearer of the proud name of Montezuma lost his empire, his power and his life, by the hands of invaders, whose coming was from the rising of the sun, and whose pathway was deluged with blood.

IMPROMPTU TO A LADY BLUSHING.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

The lilies faintly to the roses yield,

As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,
(Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
To win the mastery?)

And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes revealed,
Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unsealed.

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught

Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,
Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought—
As flowers when shaken

Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,
Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

December, 1839.

THE HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

Dedicated to Mrs. M. B. C. of S., Charles City County, Virginia.

The history of our own Commonwealth merits our peculiar study. We are, however, so accustomed from our childhood to admire the grandeur of ancient kingdoms and republics, looming to a false magnitude through the mists of time and distance, that our own country has come to be looked upon as rather tame and common-place. We have been so occupied with that series of stupendous events that agitated Europe during the last age, whose echoes have hardly yet died away on the ear, that we have wanted leisure to bestow on our own more simple and homely annals, and thus, amid these 'towering gogs and magogs,' the history of this old Commonwealth appears to be forgotten. As no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, so it would seem as if it were impossible for our own country to look heroic to us. Added to this, the lava of party continually vomited up from a thousand volcanic craters, pours incessantly over the land, withering in its track the lovely flowers of taste and patriotism; and in the excitements of the present, we forget the lessons of the past. Let us retire from the din of this party warfare, which is the stigma and threatens to be the ruin of the republic; let us quit the arena of strife and repair to the sequestered haunt of the muses; let us fly the poisoned chalice of rancor and animosity and hatred, and taste that purer banquet of nectar and ambrosia that lies neglected around us.

It has been supposed by some of our philosophers, that the population of the world before the flood was more numerous than at the present day; and from the extraordinary longevity of the antediluvians, it has been inferred that they were advanced to a far higher pitch of perfection in science and the arts, in agriculture, commerce, architecture, navigation, and the like, than has ever been attained since the abridgment of the period of human life. Will geology allow us to suppose that this Virginia of 1839, which we inhabit, was peopled before the flood? Perhaps the colossal mammoth once trod her soil. Primeval giants may have feasted on Back River oysters and canvass-backed ducks of the Potomac—here some 'Jubal may have struck his chorded shell,' and some patriarchal Methusaleh, with a snowy beard of centuries, may have pastured his flocks and herds on the verdant declivities of the Blue Ridge.

The beds of marine shells found deposited on the highest ranges of the Alleghanies, confirm the Mosaic account of a universal deluge, and indicate that this portion of the globe has been buried a thousand fathoms under water. The antediluvian Virginians (if there were any such,) who dwelt within reach of the mountains, doubtless at that appalling conjuncture, betook themselves to their summits for safety; where, mingling their shrieks with the cries of wild beasts, and the roar of waters, and the wailings of the tempest, and the last thunders of a dissolving universe, they perished of starvation, or were at length overtaken by the inevitable surges of destruction.

It is now well established, that the Indians of the present day are either degenerated from some more civilized race, or were preceded by a distinct and superior peo-

ple. This fact is attested by numerous monumental evidences—such as cromlechs, altar-stones, circles of memorial, rocking-stones, and *tumuli*, (a) or barrows. Whether the antecedent race were Celts, or Jews, or Egyptians, or Huns, or Canaanites, or Hindoos, or Japanese, (as has been variously contended by our philosophers) is a question, the solution of which, like that of the Gordian knot, is more mysterious than important. However that may be, the dark hair and eyes universal among the natives of the cis-atlantic hemisphere indicate an Asiatic origin. The first pioneers of America, probably passed over from Asia, at Bhering's straits—where, perhaps, the two continents were once connected together by an isthmus, as Virgil supposes was the case with Italy and Sicily at the straits of Messina. Like a herd of buffalo, by chance straying among the flowers and verdure of some sequestered prairie, they snuff with rapture the fragrant and unaccustomed gales, and speedily darken the entire plain with their forms. The current of migration, then setting from west to east, the tawny Asiatic advanced to the barriers of the Atlantic; while now the fair-haired, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon is moving onward from the east to the west, like a steady conflagration, destined to be checked only by the waves of the Pacific.

An ancient chronicle of Wales records, "that a civil war having occurred in that kingdom, upon the death of the king Owen Gwinneth, between his two sons, respecting the succession to the crown, the unsuccessful one, in a fit of disgust and chagrin, put to sea on new discoveries, and sailing from some port in Spain, he discovered a new world of singular beauty and fertility, and uninhabited. Upon his return, he transported from his native mountains a large number of people thither with him in three several voyages. The name of this adventurous young prince was Madoc-ap-Owen-Gwinneth, and among the places he discovered was Virginia." Modern travellers are said to have met with British words in North America, and an old author informs us that the people of Virginia and Guatemala were accustomed to celebrate the memory of one Madoc, an illustrious and ancient hero.

In the year 1727, Colonel William Byrd, a man of note in the colony of Virginia, visited the Tuscarora (he calls them Tuskeruda) Indians of Carolina, and among them he heard this tradition concerning Madoc. He records in his journal, with apparent confidence in its truth, the account of one Morgan Jones, a Welch minister, who, at New York, in the year 1685, certifies, that in the year 1660, he accompanied in capacity of chaplain, Major General Bennet of Nandsemund county, Virginia, in an expedition to Carolina, where by chance he fell prisoner into the hands of a tribe of Indians called the Doegs, who, he avers, spoke the Welch language, and he had the satisfaction to preach to them three times a week for four months, in the same tongue. They were seated on the Pontigo (now Pamlico) river, not far from Cape Hatteras. This deponent further offers to conduct any person who might doubt his statement to the place, and there convince his incredulity by ocular or rather auricular demonstration. (Burk's Hist. of Virginia, vol 3, p. 84.)

Such is the testimony. We may be permitted to de-

(a) An extensive and remarkable mound has lately been excavated in the vicinity of the town of Wheeling in this State.

cline yielding it implicit credit; because, first, there was a tribe of these Dogs in Virginia proper, and it doth not appear that they spoke the Welch tongue—a fact so extraordinary, that (had it existed) it could hardly have escaped notice; and, secondly, because no vestiges of these Cambrian savages have since been detected.

Virginia was discovered in the golden reign of queen Elizabeth, the age of Sidney, Spenser, Bacon, and Shakspeare; when England, like Amphitrite in her car of pearl, armed with a trident, rode over the seas, unfolding the red-cross of St. George in distant climes, and laying the foundations of her extensive empire. The early colonial adventures to Virginia were patronized by Sir Walter Raleigh, in spite of repeated failures and disappointments, and at a serious sacrifice of his private fortune. His life was a series of illustrious achievements, and his death has left a stain on the memory of Lord Coke, his vindictive prosecutor, and James the first, his heartless monarch, which the stream of time can never efface. The life of Smith, the father of the colony, is like some fabulous story of romance; the child of fortune, he is at one time, like the prophet of Nineveh, cast into the sea to propitiate the winds of Heaven; at another, he is thrice victorious over the chosen champions of the crescent, Turbishaw, Crualgro, and Bonnymulgro; the distinguished protégé of “the beauteous Tragabigzanda, the charitable lady Callumata, and the blessed Pocahontas, the great king’s daughter of Virginia, who so oft saved his life.” He encounters the ferocious Indian in his native haunts; in an open boat with a handful of men, explores the Apamatuck, Powhatan, Pamunkee, Rappahannock, and Patawomeke; endures privation, toil, peril and persecution; sustains the colony by his discipline, guides it by his wisdom, and protects it by his valor.

Captain Smith has been reproached for not marrying Pocahontas, who had rescued him from impending death, fulfilling for him the words of the familiar song:

“Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps I’ll pursue,
And shield thee and save thee or perish there too.”

But it ought to be observed, that at the time when that dramatic incident took place, Pocahontas was a girl of only about twelve years of age, and Smith about twenty-eight; accordingly, she herself seems rather to have regarded him in the light of a father, and it was by that appellation, that she was in the habit of addressing him. In fine, her passionate attachment to Rolfe, proves that at the period of her union with him, she was ‘in maiden meditation fancy-free.’

Captain Smith’s ‘Generall Historie,’ vol. 1, p. 120, gives an account of a prodigious giant tribe of Indians, the Sasquesahanocks, whom he met with at the head of Chesapeake bay. This relation has been rejected as incredible, and considered as on a footing with the stories of Baron Munchausen or Sinbad the Sailor. Monumental evidences have, however, within the last age, come to light, which would seem to confirm the existence of such a race of giants. Human bones of extraordinary size, thigh bones three feet in length, and skeletons seven feet in length, have been discovered on Flint run in the county of Shenandoah, on Hawkbill creek, Tuscarora creek, and on the South Branch of the Potomac. (Kercheval’s Hist. of the Valley, pp. 55 and 59.)

“There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.”

On the rivers of lower Virginia, Captain Smith found thirty tribes of Indians, twenty-five hundred warriors, and an aggregate population of about twelve thousand—not more than are now contained within the limits of a single county. It is supposed that Virginia was inhabited by three nations, each speaking a distinct language—these were the Mannahoacks, the Monacans, and the Powhatans—the two former being allied against the latter, as in the present day. The Tuckahoes and Cohees are somewhat antagonistical. The Powhatans extended from the sea-shore to the falls of the rivers, and were a powerful nation, consisting of twelve tribes, seven on the western and five on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake bay; each of these tribes was subdivided into towns, families, and clans. (Jefferson’s Notes in App. p. 214.) Some of the Powhatan tribes refused allegiance to Powhatan. They appear to have been a species of Nullifiers.

These all ‘groped in the dim twilight of nature,’ their souls ‘cabin’d, cribb’d, confined’ within a narrow circle of animal instincts, and the necessities of a precarious subsistence; strangers to that Arcadian paradise, those Elysian scenes, of which youthful poets have fondly dreamed. Yet here and there a solitary gleam of light shoots across the surrounding gloom. In Opechancanough we perceive perfidy blended with heroism; in Powhatan the cruelty of a savage despot, and the tenderness of a doating father; and in Pocahontas the graces of some guardian angel descended from the heavens. Opechancanough was brother of Powhatan, and king of Pamunkee. His place of habitation was on the angle of land included between the Pamunkee and Mattaponi rivers at their junction, now West Point. He was the author of the great massacre of 1622, the ‘Sicilian Vespers’ of the colony. When very old and infirm, and nearly blind, he headed his people in battle, borne on a litter; he was at length captured by Governor Berkeley with a party of horse, and finally assassinated by a private hand while a prisoner at Jamestown, displaying to the last moment the fortitude of a ‘stoic of the woods,’ unimpaired by age, and unshaken by calamity.

“Powhatan caused certain male-factors to be bound hand and foot, then gathering the live coals from a great many fires, and raking them together in the form of a cockpit, they were thrown in the midst to be burnt to death.” (Smith’s Hist. of Virginia, book 2, p. p. 144-5.)

Master Ralph Hamor, in an interview with Powhatan, at Matchot, on the Pamunkee, told him that Sir Thomas Dale, the governor, ‘hearing of the fame of his youngest daughter, desired in any case, he would send her by me unto him, in testimony of his love, as well for that he intended to marry her, as the desire her sister (Pocahontas) had to see her.’ He answered, ‘for my daughter, I have sold her within this few days, to a great Werowance, (b) for two bushels of Rawrenoke, (c) three days journey from me. * * That he loved his daughter as his life, and though he had many children, he delighted in none so much as she, whom if he should not often behold he could not possibly live; * * and he held it not a brotherly part to desire to

(b) Captain.

(c) Indian shell-money.

bereave him of his two children at once.' (Smith, book 4, pp. 19 and 20.)

The private name of the celebrated princess was Matoaca; Pocahontas was her titular name, in the same way as Powhatan was the title of her father, and his individual name Wahunsonacock. Pocahontas, after her capture and conversion to christianity, was christened Rebecca, and was commonly styled the lady Rebecca. She had a brother, Nautiquaus or Nautiquoud, who showed Captain Smith 'exceeding great courtesy,' strenuously interceding with his father in behalf of the captive, and was the 'manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw in a savage.' Pocahontas had a sister named Cleopatre, and another named Matachanno, whose husband, Tomocomo, or Uttamacco-mack, accompanied Rolfe to England. Being charged by Powhatan to inquire and ascertain how many people there were in England, on his arrival at Plymouth, he began to take the census by keeping tally on a stick, cutting a notch for every one he saw in the streets. On his return to Virginia, when Powhatan interrogated him as to the number of the English, he replied, 'count the stars in the heavens, the leaves on the trees, and the sand on the sea-shore.' 'Pocahontas with her wild train, visited Jamestown as freely as her father's habitation,' and 'was of a great spirit however her stature.' She was chaperoned to court (by lady De-la-warre, (d) attended by Rolfe her husband, lord De-la-warre, and other distinguished persons) in an English dress, and with her raven hair in curls, if we may rely upon the old portrait at Cobbs'. The lady De-la-warre, and other persons of quality, also waited on her to the masquerades, balls, and other public entertainments, with which she was wonderfully pleased. She was also eagerly sought, and kindly entertained every where, many courtiers and others daily flocking to Captain Smith to be introduced to her. She died at Gravesend, England, on the eve of her return to Virginia, aged twenty-two, 'causing not more sorrow for her unexpected death, than joy to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end.' Her infant son, Thomas, was left for a time at Plymouth, under the care of Sir Lewis Stenkley, and afterwards educated by his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. He left an only daughter, who married Colonel Robert Bolling, by whom she left an only son, Major John Bolling, father to Colonel John Bolling, and several daughters, who married Colonel Richard Randolph, Colonel John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, Mr. Thomas Eldridge, and Mr. James Murray.—(Stith's Hist. of Virginia, book 3, pp. 144 and 146.)

The Indian summer, that lovely portion of the year when nature is veiled in dreamy, poetic mists, was to our early ancestors a period of apprehension and alarm; it was then that the savage, taking advantage of the smoky haze that enshrouded the earth,

'Came down like a wolf on the fold,'

stealing like a panther through the shade of the forest, with the noiseless tread of his mockasin, hardly stirring a leaf in his insidious approach; he comes, 'and the darkness of midnight glitters with the blaze of their dwellings, and the warwhoop awakes the sleep of the cradle.'

(d) Delaware.

The Indian is gone; the howl of his dog no longer echoes in the woods, nor is the dip of his paddle heard on the water. He is gone—the wave of extermination urges him onward—onward to the setting sun; and as we behold their tribes fading one after another forever from the map of existence, in the contemplation of the injuries they have suffered, we are almost constrained to justify the cruelties they have perpetrated.

Lord Bacon says, "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people, and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant." This maxim seems not to have been regarded in the early colony at Jamestown, which appears to have been considerably encumbered with 'decayed tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and long peace,' 'starveling gallants, poor gentlemen, younger sons of younger brothers,' 'tuffassety humorists,' mere drones, '*fruges consumere nati*.' When the colony, however, had weathered the vicissitudes of infancy, and began to lift its head from the storm, Virginia received continual accessions from the honest yeomanry, and the gentle blood of the mother country. A curious feature of the commerce of that day, was the importation of wives. The price of a wife was one hundred pounds of tobacco, worth then (when but little was made) perhaps sixty dollars; but now in 1839, worth, if they would take lugs, eight dollars; if they insisted on leaf, say twelve. Single gentlemen in this day, oppressed with the difficulties of effecting a matrimonial arrangement, will sigh to think how much better they managed this thing in the good old times; and that although the 'schoolmaster is abroad,' and steam power reduced to such perfection, that it will not be long before every man may ride to market on his own tea-kettle, and the old women in the country go to meeting on their coffee-pots, yet the world has decidedly retrograded in several important particulars. However that may be, an importation of an assorted cargo of young ladies, is an affair now quite out of the question, for it is certain Mr. Clay would put 'em in the tariff, and tax 'em under the head of superfluities.

In the settlement of the Atlantic coast, we see the puritan stand on the rock of Plymouth,

'With his bosom bare,

Nor heeds the storm that howls along the sky.'

On the banks of the Delaware, the broad-brimmed Penn pitches the 'tents of peace,' and smokes with the red man the calumet of friendship, and sounds the city of fraternal love. Baltimore, and his Roman Catholics, come to seek repose on the borders of the Chesapeake. To the sunny clime of Carolina, the Huguenot comes flying from the frowns of Louis the Fourteenth; and to Virginia, the English cavalier, banished from his native kingdom by the tempest of civil war. To all these, America expanded her arms; to the child of adversity, the victim of oppression, the pilgrim of every garb, and the exile of every name.

In Virginia the law of primogeniture gave rise to a landed aristocracy, the centre of which was the colonial court—the miniature image of royalty, around which moved the beauty, wit, fashion, and wealth of the province. With the decline of this *caste*, have disappeared in a measure, ease, grace, repose and finish of manner—plants which flourish better in the hot-bed of a

court, than in the open air of a republic. As the colony extended her confines, the people of the frontier, the turbid foam of the wave, with the hardy virtues of a pastoral state, contracted much of its grossness and ferocity. The Virginians regarded with filial affection, England, the ancient seat of arts and arms, and they still styled her their home. Their loyalty survived, (with slight interruptions,) down to the era of the American revolution. During this period, the education of the common people was neglected. In 1671, Sir William Berkeley "thanks God there are no free schools nor printing—and hopes we shall not have these hundred years to come." The first printing-press erected in Virginia, in 1682, was shortly after put down. This occurred under Charles the second. The first newspaper, *Purdie's Gazette*, was published in 1736, under George the second—and it remained many years "solitary and alone." Trade was hampered by monopolizing acts, and the crown did not scruple to lavish vast bodies of land on court favorites, "refused its assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good," and too often committed the reins of government to hands incompetent or corrupt. Virginia is hardly once mentioned in Hume's History of England, and neither the Stuarts nor the Guelfs seem to have bestowed much of their royal care upon their "ancient dominion of Virginia." Yet of her forty colonial governors, many were able and virtuous men, and from the accession of William the third, the administration of government seems to have been in general, just and tolerant.

The earliest account of Virginia, was written by George Heriot, a learned mathematician, sent out for that purpose, by Sir Walter Raleigh, at the bidding of queen Elizabeth. This work is preserved in the "Voyages of Hackluyt." An extract therefrom may be found in Smith's History of Virginia, book 1, page 94. For an account of Heriot and his voyage, see Oldy's "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," prefixed to "Raleigh's History of the World." At the same time with Heriot, was sent out John Wythe, a painter, to sketch the new country, and its inhabitants; and his drawings are the originals whence Beverley's illustrations have been deduced. Captain Smith's History is composed from accounts of the country by thirty of the first settlers beside himself. Among these thirty writers, the name of John Rolfe who married Pocahontas, appears several times.(c) An account of the state of the colony written by him has been recently published in the *Messenger*. After Smith, come Stith, Beverley, Keith and Burk, with his continuators, Jones and Girardin. In 1632, George Sandys, son of the archbishop of York, one of the council of Virginia, translated Ovid's "Art of Love." He was pronounced by Dryden the best versifier of the age. In 1639, governor Berkeley published the "Lost Lady," a tragi-comedy, and in 1663, his "Discourse and View of Virginia." A curious manuscript account of Bacon's Rebellion, was purchased at the sale of a bookseller's stock in London, by Rufus King, minister at that court, and by him, in 1803, sent to Mr. Jefferson. The original is preserved in the library at Washington, and it has been several times published. It was written thirty years after the event it describes, at the desire of Harley, Lord Oxford. The author describes himself as a planter of Northumber-

land county, Virginia, who represented the county of Stafford, in the year 1676, and subscribes his initials, T. M.

There is said to be still extant a manuscript history of Virginia, by Edmund Randolph, and there is a tradition that a similar work was composed by John Page, of Rosewell. General Washington mentions in a letter, that Richard Bland, of Jordan's, in the county of Prince George, was at one time collecting materials for the same purpose, which, however, he did not live to effect. There is in existence a considerable number of letters and other writings, found among the surviving manuscripts of Theodorick Bland, of Cawson's, in the county of Prince George, which, if published, cannot fail to throw a considerable light on the history of the State. The Byrd manuscript of Brandon, is said to contain much valuable information, of which only a part has yet been published. The Virginia Historical Society has published a "Memoir of Indian Wars" by Colonel Stuart, of Greenbrier county, and the trial of Grace Sherwood, in the county of Princess Anne, for witchcraft, in the year 1705. The court after a long debate, ordered her to be searched by a jury of women, whereof Eliza Barnes was forewoman. They also ordered her house to be searched, to see if she had "images and such like things." At the July term, the court directed the sheriff to take men and boats, and meet "at John Harper's plantation," and "then put the said Grace into water, above man's depth, and try her, how she swims therein, always having care of her life to preserve her from drowning;" and he was further to request "as many antient and knowing women as possible he can," "to search her carefully for all spots and marks;" and "five antient women" who searched her, declared "she was not like them or other women;" whereupon the court ordered the sheriff to secure her in the common jail, "by irons or otherwise," to await a future trial.

The history of this Commonwealth has been illustrated by the luminous intellect of Jefferson, the vigor of Marshall, the graphic diction of Lee, and the splendid imagery of Wirt. Of "Hening's Statutes of Virginia at Large," the learned Mr. Bancroft says, "no other state in the Union possesses so excellent a work on its legislative history." Sparks' magnificent work, "The Writings of Washington," may be ranked in American literature, as the federal capitol in American architecture. Of the minor works connected with the revolutionary history of Virginia, may be mentioned the "Travels of Anburey," those of the Marquis de Chastellux, and the "Campaigns of Lieutenant General Tarleton."

The old histories of Virginia are out of print, obsolete, seldom seen, more seldom read. While the press teems with myriads of ephemeral fictions, continually emerging on the face of the ocean, bubbles born only to expire, how long shall the old chronicles of Virginia, be doomed to slumber in oblivion? When shall another Hening arise to explore the buried Herculaneum of the past, and unfold to the light of day, the precious memorials which time and chance have spared? How many curious and important documents are now mouldering in old drawers and garrets, covered with the dust of neglect?

The history of Virginia comprehends a wide and un-

(c) Smith, book 4, pages 21, 33 and 36.

cultivated field—her settlement, constitution, laws, and statistics, with all that train of events, which the wheel of time has turned up in the colonial era, or during the revolution, or since its happy consummation. An acquaintance with this history, as it is one of the first duties of patriotism, so it cannot fail to multiply our associations, add a new charm to many a dismantled seat, dilapidated church, (f) and moss-grown tombstone. It will inspire us to treasure with religious care, the recollections of a former day, floating as they are on the bosom of a precarious tradition. Is there a young Virginian who cares not to inquire, what were those propitious influences that developed the energies of Patrick Henry, who in the woods of Hanover, tuned his untutored voice to a note of eloquence, which, from a little spark, kindled up the flames of revolution; an eloquence which blended the tints of the rainbow with the thunders of the cataract? Is there a young Virginian who does not care to trace the story of Washington, from his venturous mission in the snowy wilderness, amid the carnage of Braddock's defeat, or like an eagle above the clouds of revolution, towering aloft, and "beholding with serenity the tempest and the storm forming beneath his feet?"

This history of Virginia is worthy of study, when we consider her extensive territory; the variety of her soil, climate and productions; her pilgrim sons scattered from the Alleghanies to the banks of the Colorado, who, wherever destiny may cast their lot, like the fire-worshipper, still with pious devotion turn their eyes back to their father-land in the east. This history is worthy of attention, when we consider her advancing agriculture; her vallies carpeted in flowery verdure; "her hoary mountains covered with a thousand mists;" her rivers murmuring down from the highlands and pouring their tributary waters into the bosom of a superb bay;

"Her dark caves, where hidden crystals shine,
And wild arch across the blue sky thrown;"

above all, when we consider the fame of her distinguished sons, and the charms of her lovely daughters.

Petersburg, Va.

C. C.

(f) For an exquisite picture of a number of the decayed churches in Virginia, see Bishop Meade's address to the Episcopal convention of 1839.

CHANSONETTE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

They are mockery all, those skies! those skies!
Their untroubled depths of blue;
They are mockery all, these eyes! these eyes!
Which seem so warm and true;
Each quiet star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through.

They are mockery all, these flowers of Spring,
Which her airs so softly woo;
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay! it is mockery too.

For the winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the lips deceive to which we sue,
And love but leads to the sepulchre,
Which flowers spring to strew.

THE STREAM AND THE FLOWER.

I.
A stream was rushing on
With music in its tone:—
And around the leaves were falling fast,
As the withering breath of the autumn blast,
Swept moaning thro' the bower;
And many a one, on the waves, was strewn,
Of that laughing tide;
While upon each side,
Of the pride of their glorious raiment shorn,
Lay blighted many a flower.

II.
But still that stream flew by
With that same melody:
And tho' 'twas the scene of the dying year,—
Tho' the flowers that were lately blooming near,
Their beauty and perfume fled,
On the shores of that streamlet withering lay;—
Yet changeless and free,
That same voice of glee
It poured, as upon its joyous way,
To its Ocean-home it sped!

III.
On—on, 'mid flash and spray,
It held its joyous way!
What reck'd it for change in the things around?
The flowers and the leaves that strew'd the ground,
Or the breeze's wailing tone!
The stream knew no change in the voice of its glee:
But, high on the air,
Rose joyous and clear,
The song of its triumph, as on to the sea,
Wildly its waves swept on!

"The glory of the summer-time
Is fading fast away,
The beauty and the bloom of earth
Are hast'ning to decay:
"The wailing of the Autumn-wind
Swells wildly on the air,
Murmuring, as it sweeps along,
The requiem of the year:
"The forest leaves are falling thick,
In sadness and in gloom,
And the gentle flowers are dying
In the freshness of their bloom;—
"But tho' all else around decay,
The same from fount to sea,
I leap upon my path of joy,
Unchangeable and free!
"A cloud is on the sky above,—
A gloom on earth below,—
A voice is on the breezes borne,
A voice of death and woe;—

"The glory of the parting year
Is gone forevermore,
Its beauty and its melody
Have faded from my shore ;—

"But there comes for me no change or gloom,
No sadness or decay,
From year to year, for aye the same,
I hold my gladsome way ;

"Whate'er betide the world beside,
My waters still sweep on,
With beauty in their wild-waves' play,
And music in their tone !"

The lovelier for its loneliness,
One flower still decked the wilderness !
Of all that "starry multitude,"
That lately crowned the smiling year
But now lay scattered, scentless, sere,
The loveliest and the last it stood,
With hue still bright—still sweet its breath—
A gem upon the brow of death !
The autumn blast that stripped the bowers,
And withered all its sister-flowers,
Paused, as it viewed this lovely one,
And, by its glorious beauty won,
Passed by, upon its mournful way,
And bade it bloom another day.
Thus loveliness a charm doth wear—
The bolt the boy-god used to bear,—*
That checks the strong man in his wrath,
And turns him from his bloody path ;—
That shameth Vice's shameless brow,
Bidding the blush e'en there to grow ;—
And, hearts that own no other right,
Bow down to modest beauty's might !

Yet, still, its doom was but delayed,—
The tyrant hand was only stayed :
And sadly now the gentle flower
Begins to feel the deadly power.
Its fading leaves are curling up—
The dew is frozen in its cup,—
The gloss is gone from its silken fringe,—
Its hues have taken a paler tinge,
And the last, lone flower of the dying year
Is hast'ning its sister's doom to share.
But ere it bowed its head in death,
Thus to that stream it sighed its parting breath :—

"Proud torrent ! thou art sweeping by,
With triumph on thy course,
For thee there comes no time to die,
No failing to thy source !

"From year to year,—by day and night,—
Thy waters pour along,
With nought to stay their onward flight,
Or check their gushing song !

"Yet tho', proud stream ! mine hour is come
To fade and pass away,
I envy not thy changeless doom,
Nor longer wish to stay !

* Alcibiades wore a shield, upon which Cupid was painted bearing a thunderbolt.

"To be immortal here below
Amid the things of clay,—
No change, or fear of change to know,
Where all else feel its sway ;—

"Better like us, to fade and die,
In the blushing of our bloom,
Than share so dark a destiny,
So desolate a doom !

The flower's sad song was hushed ;—and far around,
Its withered leaves were scattered on the ground !

ELIA.

Frederick, Oct. 10, 1839.

OLD HOUSES.

I love an old house. Even though its walls, battered and decayed, speak of nothing but poverty and toil, still there is something touching in the thought of the tide of human passions and human affections which have flowed through it ; of the happy marriages, the joyous childhood, the cheerful age which it has sheltered ; of the many spirits which it has beheld beginning the strife of being, which, after enduring the labor and heat of the longest of life's days, have gone to their eternal home, of whose existence not a single trace remains in any mind on earth. It is not necessary that the many centuries which are required in older countries to invest the habitations of man with the venerable dignity of old age, should have swept over its threshold and its hearth-stone to sanctify to my heart one of those quaint constructions which I love to people anew with the beings of a vanquished generation. All I ask, is, that it should speak to me of the past—of the forgotten.

It is my delight to take my solitary walk through those streets of our city which have suffered least from the levelling hand of modern improvement. I eschew, as I would an infected district, that mushroom growth of human habitations which has climbed the airy heights of west Boston, and filled up its pleasant valleys, where in my boyhood I used to play, with a profane load of brick and mortar. But where Washington street extends its tortuous length, and where the North End displays her labyrinthine maze of narrow lanes and alleys—now, alas ! with a pitiful ambition all erected into streets, as every petty prince must now-a-days forsooth be a king—there, to the mind of a true lover of by-gone days, the spirit of the past broods as sensibly as over the most ancient metropolis of Europe. What matters it to him that the din of busy life is in his ears, that he is jostled at every turn by eager traffickers, and that his escape with life from the thundering throng of drays and stage-coaches, is a standing miracle ! He hears not the uproar ; the bustle disturbs not him ; his eyes are with his heart in the good old days when school-boys played unmolested in what are now the busiest thoroughfares. Visions of fine old men, in a costume worthy of the dignity of men, and gorgeous dames worthy of the men they loved, float before his mental sight. He walks in the midst of a generation which now lives on earth only on the canvass of Copley ;

where their brocades and satins still rustle, and their faces still beam with the bloom of immortality. The old walls around him are still vocal with the mirth and gladness of households which many a sorrow has chastised; with the frolic laugh of children who have long since reached, faint pilgrims! the utmost boundary of human existence, and gladly laid down the load of life in the still chambers of the tomb. Friendly faces look kindly upon him from the casements; sweet, though solemn voices tell him of the days gone by; and remind him that the century that will comprise the lives of all his contemporaries is hastening on rapid wings to join the ages before the flood, and that the hour will soon be here when the memory of him and his will be swallowed up in the advancing tide of coming ages, as a drop of rain melts into the ocean. The roofs under which our fathers lived and died are full of instruction; they teach us a lesson, mournful, yet pleasant to the soul, of the brevity of human life and the uncertainty of human hopes.

This edifice before us is but of yesterday as it were; and yet who laid the corner-stone? Who counted the cost, and thought he was undertaking a work of mighty moment? Where are the hands that reared the pile, and brought daily bread to their children from their daily toil? Where is she who first established within its boundaries the gentle sway of domestic government? Perhaps she passed over its threshold a smiling, tearful bride, casting a lingering look behind at the happy home she had left, yet regarding the one before her with the hopeful confidence of a woman's heart. Where are the troops of friends which flocked to its portals with cheerful looks and hearty congratulations? Where are the children, in whose promise and success hearts were garnered up? They have all departed from the earth. To us they are as if they had never been. One after another their funeral processions have blackened the streets. For each in succession have human hearts refused to be comforted, and for a season thought that the sun would never shine on them again as it used to do, until time, and care, and fresh griefs plucked from the bosom the sorrow which seemed to be rooted there for ever. One by one the actors who played their parts on this little stage have withdrawn from the scene, and the curtain long since dropped when the last lagging veteran retired, and the drama was ended.

But although I love an old house in itself, for its own sake, and independently of any specific associations, yet in a special manner do I delight in the dwellings of my old familiar friends, whose faces are familiar to my eye, whose characters are dear to my heart, whose various fates are as present to me as my own personal history. Mistake me not. I do not mean any of the round-hatted, frock-coated, breeches-less generation which now encumber the streets. I care but little for this stereotyped edition of humanity—all bound alike, and not differing much in the nature and value of their contents—like the washy concoctions of some knowledge-diffusing society. No! no! I refer to times when "Nature's Copy" wore a dress which spoke to you of the meaning it contained; as in some solemn library the tomes,

"Which Alders printed or Du Luell has bound,"

tell you, even before you open them, of the classic mind within.

Too few, alas! of these abodes, consecrated by the memory of departed worth, have escaped the ruthless hands of the money lovers of this age; who regard one of my dear old houses as only so much improvable real estate; and who think of nothing when they gaze on its time-honored walls but how much the old materials will bring. The good old class of "garden houses," in which it is recorded that Milton always chose to live, is now almost as entirely extinct here as in London itself.

How well do I remember one of these in which some of my happiest days and merriest nights were spent! It stood with its end to the street, overshadowed by a magnificent elm of aboriginal growth, which made strange and solemn music in my boyish ears when the autumn winds called forth its hidden harmonies at midnight. Entering the gate, you proceeded on a flagged walk, having the house close to you on your left, and on your right the courtyard filled with "flowers of all hues," and fragrant shrubs—each forming the mathematical centre of an exact circle cut in the velvet green sward. When within the front door, you had on your left hand the best parlor, opened only on high solemnities, and which used to excite in my young mind a mysterious feeling of mingled curiosity and awe whenever I stole a glance at its darkened interior, with its curiously covered mahogany chairs, black as ebony with age—its blue damask curtains, the rare piece of tapestry which served as a carpet—all reflected in the tall mirror, with its crown and sceptred top between the windows. I remember it used to put me in mind of the fatal blue chamber in Bluebeard. I am not sure now that there was not something supernatural about it.

But it was the parlor opposite, that was the very quintessence of snugness and comfort, worth half a hundred fantastic boudoirs and modern drawing rooms bedizzened with French finery. On your right hand, as you entered, were two windows opening upon the court yard above commemorated, with their convenient window seats—an accommodation which I sadly miss—with their appropriate green velvet cushions, a little the worse for wear. On the opposite side of the room to the windows, was a glass door opening into the garden, a pleasant sight to see, with its rectangular box-lined gravel walks, its abundant vegetables, its luxuriant fruit trees, its vine trained over the stable wall! As you returned to the house through the garden door, you had on your right the door of a closet with a window looking into the garden, which was entitled the study, having been appropriated to that purpose by the deceased master of the house. This recess possessed substantial charms to my infant imagination; as the perennial fountain of cakes and apples, which my good aunt, (of whom presently,) conducted in a never failing stream to the never satisfied mouth of an urchin of six years old. I thought they grew there by some spontaneous process of reproduction.

A little further on, nearer to the study door than the one by which we entered, was the fireplace—fit shrine for the Penates of such a household. Its ample circumference, adorned with Dutch tiles—where stout shepherdesses, in hoops and high-heeled shoes, gave sidelong looks of love to kneeling swains in cocked hats and trunk hose; while their dogs and sheep had

grown so much alike from long intimacy as to be scarcely distinguishable. How I loved those little glimpses into pastoral life! I have one of them now which I rescued from the wreck of matter when the house came down. Within the ample jaws of the chimney, which might have swallowed up at a mouthful a century of patent grates, crackled and roared the merry wood-fire—fed with massy logs which it would take two men to lift as men are now—casting its cheerful light as evening drew in on the pannelled walls, bringing out the curious “egg-and-anchor” carvings, which were my special pride and wonder; and flashing back from the mirror globe, which depended from the beam which divided the comfortable low ceiling into two unequal parts. And let me not forget the mantelpiece, adorned with grotesque heads in wood, and clusters of fruit and flowers, of which Grinling Gibbons himself need not have been ashamed. And then the Turkey carpet, covering the breadth but not the length of the room; and the books—the *Spectator’s* short face in his title-page—the original *Tatler*; the first editions of *Pope*; but time would fail me were I to record all the well-remembered contents of that dear old room; the sofa or settee, of narrow capacity, looking as if three single chairs had been rolled into one—the card-table, with its corners for candles, and its pools for fish scooped out of the verdant champaign of green broad cloth. But enough; let us now approach the divinity whose penetralia we have entered, and who well befits such a shrine.

In an elbow chair, at the right of the fireplace, sat my excellent aunt Mrs. Margaret Champion, widow of the Hon. John Champion, long one of His Majesty’s council for this province. When I first remember her, she had passed her seventieth year, and she lived in a green old age till near a hundred winters had passed over her head. What a picture of serene and beautiful old age! Her placid countenance, which a cheerful piety and constitutional philosophy had kept almost unwrinkled; her large black eyes, in which the fires of youth were not yet wholly extinguished; the benevolent smile which was seldom absent from her lips, spoke of a frame on which Time had laid a gentle hand, and of a mind at ease. When I knew her, the profane importunities of the fairer part of her relatives had obtained a reluctant consent to abandon the gently-swell-ing hoop and lowering crape cushion in which she once rejoiced. But you could never have seen how she became her decent white lace cap, her flowing black lace shade, her rich silks for common wear, and her stiff brocades for high solemnities, and not have known that she was a gentlewoman born.

I attribute a good deal of my love of other days to the short winter afternoons and long winter evenings which I sometimes spent along with her. I say *sometimes*, for she was not one of the instances of neglected old age, but her society was courted by young as well as old.

“The general favorite as the general friend.”

My aunt Champion was born not long after the commencement of the last century, and remembered Governor Dudley. The succeeding inhabitants of the old Province House were familiar to her recollection, from Colonel Shute, down to Sir Francis Bernard. She was a staunch Tory, God bless her! and loved the king to her dying day; and thought that no greater men ever lived, at least on this continent, than his Majesty’s re-

presentatives in the province. How well would she touch off the characters of the successive excellencies who in turn did penance in the unthankful office of provincial governor! With what skill (though all unconscious of any) would she individualize them, and bring them body and soul before your eyes. Shute, with his military bluntness and frank sincerity, relieved by a little of the sub-acidity of temper which distinguished Mr. Shandy, and rather too much aptitude to go off at half-cock; Burnet, mild and gentleman-like, fond of pleasure and of elegant letters, and intended by nature and education for a wider and more brilliant sphere, and whose gentle nature was not made of stubborn stuff enough to bear up against the perpetual dropping of the petty vexations which he encountered in his official duties, and the dislike with which his genial propensities were regarded by the sterner religionists of the day. I think that he was my aunt’s favorite; but then his reign was contemporary with her own, and she looked upon him and his court with the eyes of eighteen. Then came Belcher, plain, serious, dignified, whose appearance and conversation indicated a sound judgment and a cultivated mind; but whose character, though acceptable to the colonists as one of themselves, and of interests identical with their own, did not find equal favor with his predecessor in the eyes of a lively young woman, who loved to hear of the court of Anne and George, and of the brilliant constellation of wits which shed its selectest influences in that period of Burnet’s life when he was the chosen companion of Addison, Pope, Steele, and Congreve. Next appeared the elegant, versatile Shirley—intelligent, graceful, full of nice tact, which stood him in good stead in his public as well as private life. He was the only one of the colonial governors who so laid the course of the ship of state as to avail himself both of the tide of royal favor and of the shifting gales of the popular breath, and to keep the helm for nearly eighteen years. His was a glorious reign too.

During his supremacy Louisburg fell: an event ever memorable in New England history. With what interest would my good aunt describe the intense anxiety which filled every heart while the fate of the expedition was uncertain; and then the transports of joy with which the news of its complete and almost unhoped for success was received; the sermons—the illuminations; the oxen roasted whole—the oceans of punch—the broached hogsheads of wine;—for in those days temperance societies were not. Mrs. Champion looked upon this victory as totally eclipsing all the military glories of the revolutionary war—and, indeed, it was not surpassed by any single action of that great struggle; as for Sir William Pepperell, why General Washington was a fool to him.

Then came Pownall, gay, hearty, jovial: whose brilliant balls and gay dinners almost made my dear aunt forgive his leaning to the popular side. His festivity of temper, and the gay coterie with which he had surrounded himself, made her sorry, I am sure, though she would never admit it, when he was removed to make way for the less accommodating nature of Sir Francis Bernard, whose saturnine temperament and impracticable temper made him a suitable lever in the hands of an infatuated ministry to detach, entirely and forever, the American continent from the British empire.

Then how many tales she had to tell of pre-revolutionary festivities—of the old aristocratic families, too many of which are now extinct, or scattered by the revolutionary storm, over foreign lands! And again, there were sadder stories of later days. The bitter scenes which preceded the flight of the tories from their native land; when they stood, a small phalanx, surrounded by a host of the bitterest foes, filled with a jealousy and hatred even surpassing that of warring brothers; and when, the cruellest of all, the flame of discord raged in almost every family, destroying all the charities of domestic life, and alienating fathers from sons and daughters from mothers. And then, when the confident hope which they had entertained of the power of the British government to protect them, at last failed them; when the report, at first disbelieved, and more dreadful than the rebel cannon, was confirmed—that the town was to be evacuated; what consternation filled all their hearts? To stay, would be to encounter the rage of the rebels flushed with victory; to fly, perhaps forever, from all the scenes they loved best, would be to leave their estates to certain confiscation, and to reduce themselves to a miserable dependence on the precarious bounty of the British king. What agonies of indecision! what years of suffering were crowded into those few hours! what heart-breakings, when the most obnoxious resolved on flight! what leave-takings of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, of husbands and wives! what partings—

“Such as press
The life from out young hearts”

of the beloved and the betrothed! Some, alas! never to meet again, and others not till years of sorrow and of hope deferred had changed their countenances and perhaps chilled their hearts.

Then she would tell melancholy tales of how the condition of the refugees was changed from that palmy state which their better days had known; of the neglect they encountered; of the poverty they endured. Some of them, long lingering out a sordid existence in obscure parts of London on the pittance which their royal master allowed them, buried in the utter solitude of a great city. Some ending their days in the king's bench. The most fortunate passing the rest of their lives in an honorable exile, in some petty official station in the pestilential climate of a sugar island.

I do not know whether it is from the sympathy which naturally springs from the contemplation of great reverses in private life, when we are far enough removed from the distorting passions of contemporaries, or whether it is that I caught the infection of my good aunt's enthusiasm, still, though I reverence the fathers of our liberty, and am on principle of the revolutionary side, I must confess that I do love the tories. I am glad that I was not old enough at that time to take an active part on either side of the divisions that then rent society asunder—for I am afraid that I should have been a whig.

Mrs. Champion herself was bound to the soil by too many ties of offspring and kindred to be able to break away. And happy for her it was, or perhaps she would have died of a broken, home-sick heart, like her sister, or perished beneath the sun of Jamaica, like her two brothers, instead of attaining a happy old age,

attended with all that should accompany it, honored even by those who abhorred her loyalty.

The mention of my dear old aunt has led me far away from my theme, but it is hard to check the procession of images which her name conjures up to my imagination. Let us return to the present day, and contemplate one or two of the yet surviving localities of her happier hours, and mourn over those that have vanished.

The old Province House—for about a century the centre of that world which was comprehended within the bounds of Massachusetts Bay—still stands; but how shorn of its beams! After passing through a variety of evil fortunes, it is now an eating-house; and those apartments which, a century ago, beheld the assembled wisdom, wit, and beauty of the province, and witnessed the elegant hospitality of the foremost man of all that little world, now sees nothing but greasy citizens, impatient for their dinner or clamorous for their grog. It still bears some traces of its better days in the iron railings, the freestone steps, and some of the ornaments of its front. It has the air of some ancient gentleman, who, after spending his youth and manhood in a sphere suited to his rank, is reduced in his old age to some unworthy—perhaps menial—condition; whatever may be his employment, and however dilapidated his dress, you feel that he is not in his right place. The old Indian, too, still bends his bow above its roof, and not without his legend which used to tell my wondering boyhood, that at midnight, just as the clock struck twelve, the bow-string twanged, and the shaft sped away into unknown worlds; whither, I neither asked nor cared. I troubled not my head with skeptical inquiries into mysteries which are the province of unseen powers. Its ample courtyard, which had beheld many a military and many a civil pomp, has been long since filled up with a staring row of vulgar modern brick houses; presuming, like some upstarts newly rich, to turn their backs upon their betters. ‘An envious screen! And yet I do not know that it is now more pleasing to the genius of the place to have its wreck of former greatness thus shielded from the common gaze. I think it may save the stout old walls some blushes.

Reader, be pleased to exercise at my bidding that wonder-working power which we all possess, and sweep away that mass of brick and mortar; replant the noble trees; and restore the fine old pile to its pristine splendor. Conjure up the men and boys of a hundred years ago; and, as you love me, forget not the women. It is a lovely day in June. All the world is abroad. The country seems to be superinduced upon the town. It must be some special holiday. It is, indeed, the greatest of the year—always saving and excepting Commencement. It is the feast of the *Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company*, the most ancient military institution in the United States; and which was regarded at its creation with a jealous eye by our prudent ancestors, forewarned by the example “of the Prætorian Band among the Romans and the Knights Templars in Europe.” There they are, drawn up martially before the gate, ready to take up the escort. Their presence has just been intimated to the governor. The door opens, and, surrounded by a splendid cortège, his excellency appears. Observe his collarless scarlet coat richly laced with gold, his embroidered

white satin waistcoat, his scarlet breeches, white silk stockings, high quartered shoes and gold buckles, and neglect not to remark the cut steel handle of his dress sword. Mark with what an old school grace he takes up his cocked hat, and advances bowingly forwards in acknowledgment of the lowered pikes, presented fire-locks, and rolling drums of the citizen soldiers, and the hearty shouts of the gazing crowd. Would that time would serve us to follow the procession to the Old Brick, and listen to a sermon containing matter enough to furnish forth a century of the delicate discourses of our times! Thence we might repair to the well-spread board; and when those rites have been duly solemnized, we might accompany them to the Common, and witness, with a generation long vanished, the ceremonies, of the pomp and circumstance of which we have now but a type. And then, the brilliant evening when His Excellency threw open his doors to a polished and elegant circle unsurpassed at any subsequent period! But something too much of this.

It is about four years since I took a melancholy walk to the North End, to take a last farewell of one of the few historical houses which then survived. I mean the mansion of Governor Hutchinson; a man, whose name will by degrees lose much of the odium with which the unfortunate view which he took of the interests of his country has invested it; and whose faults will be thought, perhaps, by posterity, to have been expiated by his misfortunes. When I arrived, the hand of destruction was already there. The house was disembowelled, the windows gone, and the whole scene presented an air of desolation which would have transported a less vivid imagination than mine to the morning—seventy years since—which succeeded the night disgraceful in our annals, when a brutal and inebriated mob made a ruin of the finest house in the province; and, what was worse, destroyed collections, for the loss of which our history must ever mourn. The political magicians of that day, who foresaw the tempest which was brewing, and thought that they could so direct the storm as to produce only the good effects of a wholesome agitation of the political atmosphere, found too late, that in fostering the mob spirit they had evoked a devil which they could neither control nor lay; and which, once raised, seems like to become the master of their descendants. It will be many years before we shall see another house at all comparable to this one of the last age, either in its architectural excellence or the substantial elegance of its internal economy.

From the ruins of this edifice, and those of one other adjoining house of one of the old tory families—which well deserves a separate essay for its description—have sprung a crop of sixteen fine new brick houses, all stark alike, as if they had been run in the same mould—meaningless, soulless masses of matter. How heavily must their weight lie upon his soul who effected the change! I would not have such a load on my conscience for the world.

Another venerable monument of a former generation has since bowed its head in the dust, and given place also to a crowd of upstart heirs, who perk their common-place, vulgar visages in your face, as if they were of better worth than the noble ancestral stock from which they sprung. It was the residence of Sir

William Phips. That “fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston,” which, before the tide of his affairs had turned, he prophetically boasted to his unbelieving spouse that he would one day possess, is for ever gone; and the fine old height, from which it once proudly surveyed the country round, is the abode of a brick-and-mortar monster, compared with which the gerrymander was grace and proportion itself. This stately house, to which the adventurous boy had looked forward as the summit of human hopes when he was keeping sheep at Casco Bay, or wielding the adze and the hammer in one of the shipyards of Boston, was completed after his extraordinary enterprise had been crowned with remarkable success, when the hand of majesty had laid the honor of knighthood on his shoulder, and the poor journeyman mechanic had returned to his native land invested with its highest dignity. It is well that corporations have no souls, or I fear that the one which delivered up this last stronghold of the past into the hands of the Philistines would stand in fearful peril of utter perdition.

There is, however, still standing, an abode of less aristocratic pretensions, but of more illustrious associations, than those just celebrated. It is the house in which Benjamin Franklin spent his early years. It makes the corner of Hanover and Union streets on your right-hand as you go towards the North End from Court street and may be distinguished by a ball protruding as a sign, with the date 1698. I have somewhere seen a letter from Doctor Franklin, in which he says that he was born in this house; but accurate antiquarians, who have carefully investigated the subject, are of opinion that his father did not remove to this house till after the Doctor's birth; which they assert took place in a house (now, of course, demolished,) which stood on the site of Barker's furniture warehouse in Milk-street, a little lower down than the Old South Church on the other side. However this may be, whether Milk-street or Hanover-street may boast of having witnessed the entrance of the great philosopher on the scene which he so long adorned, still we may be sure that those unpretending walls beheld the first dawning of his infant intellect, and were associated with his earliest recollections. It was from that door that the self-complacent urchin issued with his pocket full of coppers on that famous holiday morning when he exchanged all his treasure for the ever-memorable whistle, and with it bought the experience which, comprised within the compass of a proverb, he has added to the stock of the world's wisdom. It was in that cellar that, in his early economy of time, he shocked his worthy progenitor by proposing to have grace said in the lump over the whole barrel of beef which he was putting down, instead of over each piece in detail as it came to the table. Here, too, it was that his father, patriarch-like, sat at his table surrounded by thirteen grown-up children, of which numerous race I believe there is not a single descendant extant—certainly not of the name. It was to this home, too, that young Franklin returned after his successful elopement to Philadelphia, with a fine coat upon his back and money in his pocket—the admiration of his parents and the envy of his brethren. If walls had tongues as well as ears, what histories might not these unfold! Reader, if you are worthy to look upon this hallowed scene, make haste—delay not

your pilgrimage till to-morrow, nor even till after dinner—for, even while I write, its fate may be sealed and its destruction begun. In other countries the roofs which have sheltered less eminent men than Benjamin Franklin, are preserved with filial reverence, and visited with pilgrim devotion. It should be so here.

Both time and patience would fail me, if I were to recount at large the other deeds of destruction which have been worked out within a few years past. The mansion-house of the Faneuils, with its princely courtyard and old French palace-like front, with the grotesque heads grinning from the tops of the windows; the house of the Vassalls, the head-quarters of Lord Percy during the siege, and afterwards the abode of Mrs. Hayley, the sister of John Wilkes, with its hanging gardens terraced to the summit of one of the original peaks of old Trimountain; the hospitable home of the Bowdoin, eloquent of the past—they are all vanished! The very soil on which they stood is removed and cast into the sea.

I have lived long, and seen many changes. The friends of my early years are mostly cold either in death or in estrangement. The grand-daughters of my early loves now reign in their stead. The world is governed by a generation, yet unborn, when my career of active life began. I have seen heresies in politics and in religion usurp the rightful supremacy of the good old orthodox platform. I have witnessed the decline of hoops, the desuetude of powder, the almost total extinction of breeches. The last of the cocked-hats, too, has set forever, and is, like the lost Pleiad, "seen no more below!" I have beheld divinest punch driven forth from the society of polite man, and forced to take refuge in the grogshops! Even Madeira's generous juice have I seen elbowed aside by pretending coxcombs from the south of France and the Rhine! But stay! I take back the disparaging epithet. One is too apt to undervalue the merits of newer friends, when they interfere with the modest claims of long-tried and well-known worth. I will not be unjust to the newer excellence of

"The gay, serene, good-natured Burgundy,
And the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine;"

but surely, surely for the solid, serious drinking, that man came into the world to do, Maderia is the only satisfying good.

All these changes, however, have stolen so gradually upon me, that my natural and acquired disinclination to change has not been rudely shocked. The times have changed, and I have changed with them. But the violence that is done to my steadfast nature by the sudden and total demolition of my old companion-walls, the very scenes of my youthful pleasures, is mitigated by no gradual and stealthy approach. The pick-axe enters into my soul. The difficult tug, which in the death grapple can hardly bring the sturdy old walls to the ground, too roughly tears the web of remembered joys. I rejoice to think, that I shall not remain long enough behind to behold the utter extinction of all of my old familiar friends. This roof, at least, under which I write, and which has sheltered more than four generations of my ancestors, will remain to be the abode of my age. It cannot yield to Vandal force, until I have exchanged its friendly shelter for the house appointed for all living.

Boston.

THE PREDICTION AND THE FULFILMENT.*

The dew falls not more gently on the rose,
The moonlight sleeps not sweeter on the wave;
The voice of music and the breath of flowers,
The glorious morn, the purple light of eve,
Come not with more of beauty to the heart,
Than the first thoughts of love. There is a scene
That haunts me daily, and I see therein
A sunny landscape, and three human forms—
—An aged woman gazing on the palm
Of a most lovely maiden, and a youth
Standing apart, and watching the sweet face
Of that fair girl, with fixed and thoughtful eye,
That tells how he has ventured all the wealth
Of his young heart upon the sea of love!
What do they there? That withered crone hath power
To read the lines that fate hath dimly traced
In that soft hand—and thus she weaves her lay:—

"Sweet Maiden! Life hath been to thee, in all thy happy years,

A summer morn upon whose sky no threatening cloud appears;

And not more gently breathe the winds of summer o'er the flowers,

Than o'er thy youthful heart have passed the bright and blessed hours.

A change has come upon thy soul—a thought of deeper bliss,

Than that which haunted thy young dreams of childish happiness;

I know it by thy changing cheek, and by thy faltering tone.

Alas! for thee, fair lady!—that thy heart is not thine own!

For thou hast thrown that pearl away! Alas! proud girl, for thee!

The barque of all thy hopes is launched upon love's stormy sea;

Ah! wo is me! that one so young and beautiful as thou,
Should'st trust so frail and false a thing—a lover's faithless vow.

Forgive me, gentle lady! that my thoughts go thronging back,

Gazing upon thy face, o'er all my life's deserted track.
This sunken cheek was once as fair, this eye as bright as thine,

And O! the love that thrills thy heart were cold compared to mine.

And he was false! I saw him stand beside his chosen bride
And yet my proud heart bore it all, with woman's deathless pride.

I wept not then—I weep not now, but gazing on those eyes,

I cannot choose but sigh to think how love decays and dies.

* Suggested by two pictures, one of which entitled "The Prediction," represents an aged woman reading the fortunes of a beautiful girl in the palm of her hand, while her lover stands listening apart, and in the other, called "The Fulfilment," the truth of the prediction is shown by the union of the lovers at the altar.

But lady! God be praised! I see within thy lovely hand,
A hidden mark that points the way to love's own promised-land.
A brighter fate is thine, for he to whom thy heart is given,
The worship offers at thy shrine, his spirit owes to Heaven.

The future opens to my eyes. I see thee stand beside
The chosen of thy youthful heart, a loved and happy bride;
And far adown thy vale of life I mark thee on thy way,
As beautiful and light of heart as on thy bridal day.

And he whose love thy charms have won, O! cherish like a pearl,
The heart he lavishes on thee, thou proud and glorious girl!
For love in souls like his—though ne'er by time or trial changed,
By one cold look or word, may be forevermore estranged."

She dropped the maiden's hand and went her way,
With wan pale cheek, and weak and trembling step:
I know not if her soul had power to look
Beyond the mists of time, but in my eye
There is another scene, and I behold
The maiden and her lover standing both
Beside the altar, with the man of God,
And they are wed. * *

A JERSEYMAN

IN THE OLD DOMINION.

CHAPTER I.

Who. What. How. Why.

Advanced as the world is at the present day in the knowledge of disease and its remedies—skilled as men have become in the detection and classification of the ailments to which flesh is heir, and in the use of the weapons to be had recourse to in doing battle with them, yet we are led to think that there is one malady, one too of a marked and definite nature, which has altogether escaped notice. It is true that it must often have been observed in its consequent uneasiness, as well as in divers other results; but from some strange lack of attention and research, these have never been traced back to their source, and attributed to a distinct and *sui generis* disorder.

The reader then will pardon us, if, before we enter upon the main subject matter of what we purpose to offer him, we call his attention to the disease in question, since an attack of it, under which we are now suffering, is the efficient cause of our obtruding ourselves upon his notice. Possibly, on hearing the description, a slight effort at recollection may convince him that he has himself labored under like attacks, and thus, from experience, he will be rendered willing to

acknowledge the propriety of another entry on the list of human maladies.

The disease under consideration, is altogether peculiar to travellers, and they are liable to it, in some cases while still journeying, but chiefly, when recently returned from abroad. Some of the distinguished symptoms of the disorder are an universal pruriency and sense of oppression, a peculiar plethora and rubefaction of the cheeks, an unnatural brilliancy of the eye, a strange lingual excitement, together with a decided febrile tendency. All this in some extreme cases is accompanied by a slight delirium, manifesting itself in a neglect of the proprieties of time and place, and in an obtuseness of perception, preventing the discovery of the wishes and feelings of others, though expressed so plainly as to be evident to those free from any such affection. The complaint cannot be said to be a dangerous one, for we have never heard an instance of a fatal termination. It is, however, in many instances extremely disagreeable to the friends of the patient, since, by a singular species of contagious influence, it induces in others a distinct and more unpleasant set of symptoms than those peculiarly its own. For example, it causes a sense of stupor and lassitude, begets nausea and sickness of stomach, and frequently acts as a soporific. Sometimes it has a different effect, occasioning restlessness and eliciting oscitancy and pandiculatory action. These influences, as is evidently natural, render the company of the patient rather a burden. He is liable to be shunned and slighted by his best friends; to be met with indifference and coldness, where he had expected the most lively interest and sympathy. This treatment, strange to say, has a wonderful effect in subduing the disease; indeed, no better remedy can be applied. The quickened pulse soon sinks to its natural sober gait, the blood vesicles of the cheeks become gradually less obstructed, the eyes lose their unwonted fire, and the excitement of the lingual muscles is abated. The patient becomes a well man from a system of practice, which perhaps would curtail the bills of mortality, if oftener applied in other diseases. I mean the withdrawal of all attention, the neglect and desertion of the doctors, the prescription and administering of nothing. This notion will doubtless not comport with the views of the faculty generally, nor, more especially with those of such young practitioners, as may depend for the exercise necessary to skill in their profession, upon the opportunities that may turn up of trying the precise effect of their drugs upon less important patients. But, without cheating the reader of what our title promises him, by delaying, in order to moot the claim of the medical profession to unlimited right, to put sufferers out of their misery, *secundum artem*, we will merely state, that the disease, with which we have now to do, requires nothing for its complete removal but quiet and solitude.

Let us, however, break this net of medical illustration, into which we have fallen, and express the feelings of the returned traveller by a more natural method. They may, we think, be classed under that general tribe of sensation to which the term *L'embarras des richesses* has been happily applied. They are rather a commendable set of feelings, since they bespeak an interest in others, an unwillingness to hoard and monopolize, a peculiar sensitiveness to the idea of remaining

wiser than one's fellows, and an anxiety to add to the common stock of general information. If the compound be dashed with a slight admixture of egotism and desire of admiration, why surely these may be overlooked, neutralized, as they are, by the other excellent ingredients. One very great inconvenience, however, of this sense of responsibility, with which the traveller oppresses himself, leading him to conceive himself bound to empty upon his friends all the stores of description and incident he may have amassed in his journeyings, is, that he is disposed to rate too high the value of his news—to consider the details of his narration several fold more precious than they really are—to claim the premium of attention for that which is many per cent. below par,—in a word, to count that as *capital*, which is productive of no interest. In consequence of this disposition, the whole stock on hand of the returned traveller, without let or reservation, is offered to the luckless wight he may chance to make his auditor, and, if he have no method of escaping the bargain, the whole is forced upon him, without the privilege of choosing or eschewing.

A practical warning deducible from all this is;—beware of the man who is just from abroad,—beware of the man, who, having engaged in travel from no motives of business, but merely for travel's sake, is fresh from the road, with a smile on his lips and a flush on his cheek, indicative of inward fever working to the surface; premonitory, like the rattle of the snake, both of the intention and danger of attack. You may make use of intercourse with such a man to exercise and foster the gift of patience—or to learn the art, sometimes recommended, of skimming the cream of information from the milk and water of dullness; or, again, you may use it for the purpose of self-denial, as the Hindoo does the hook by which he is swung. But if you have no ends like these to answer, avoid such a man—avoid him, though he be your best friend, and, if others follow your example, he will be the sooner a safe companion; avoid him, till repose has given nature time to recover herself, till the trash collected in his cerebellum, has been absorbed and carried off by the intellectual circulation.

The reader may consider this as rather a singular preface and recommendation, for what appears to be the opening of a traveller's budget. And truly, when you look at it in the abstract, it has rather an unprepossessing tendency. However, we can console ourselves, in view of this, by remembering the honesty with which we have forewarned the reader of the traveller's, and of our being slightly smitten with it. We may obviate too, to some extent, the prejudicial effect of the confession, by mentioning the fact, that what we offer to the reader, has undergone a long quarantine in our memory, during which, much worthless and offensive matter, that might have had most to do in exerting the above named contagious influences, has escaped. Nothing, it is evident, has a better effect in purifying a traveller's cargo of news, and in rendering it at all tolerable as an article of trade, than its being anchored out of port for a while. And if, while thus exposed, the waves of oblivion wash over it once and again, no injury will be sustained. Their action does not endanger, at least for a long time, anything weighty or valuable, but merely carries away the lighter and more worthless

trumpery. Without doubt, such would be the tendency of things, if the vessel be at all sea worthy, and the cargo stored with any care, when received on board. What we stored away in our voyage, has been fully submitted to this expurgating process, though perhaps a little note book, that we made supercargo, has, in some degree, exerted an influence in curtailing the operation; in saving things that might well have been left to float off. Indeed, we have at times suspected, and mayhap the reader will ere long suspect, that, if this little officious functionary had thrown up his commission and jumped overboard with all his trust, the literary market would not suffer materially from the loss.

But we may make another remark in our own justification. A traveller is a much less disagreeable personage in print than at your elbow, in *propria persona*. The traveller in print is perfectly at your disposal: you can admit him to audience, or keep him at bay as you please. You can try his powers of interesting you, and if they fail, shut him up in an instant. In a word, you can, with perfect liberty of choice, hear him, or hush him, skim him, or skip him, shelf him, or shave with him, as you see fit. But your *viva voce* traveller is an entirely different affair. There is no such range of choice with him. If you encounter the storm of his talk, you must make up your mind stoically to ride it out—to be as patient as a man of war, when he “heaves to and lets the weather take him” in a gale of wind.

But, without farther preface or exordium, let us introduce to the reader the “*Jerseyman in the Old Dominion*.” A Jerseyman is preëminently calculated to make a good traveller—to observe and be taken with whatever is striking; whether in scenery, resources or character. For, note the peculiarities of his case. No blind attachment to the region of his birth can lead him to believe that Jersey is the richest, the most productive or the most beautiful part of the union. Were he at all disposed to this, the reiterated assertions of his neighbors of the Key-stone and Empire states, that his country is “only fit to be travelled over,” would long ago have driven such disposition from him. To be sure, some few remaining sparks of offended pride and an indisposition to submit too coolly to ridicule, sometimes lead him to rebel against this self-complacent decision; but a recollection of the labor with which each morsel of his nourishment has to be wrung from an unwilling soil,—of the perseverance with which his neighbor farmer has to woo his fields for the faintest smile of recognition,—the least expression of generosity,—soon represses the rising feeling, and leads him to confess:—

A sorry land was made my home,
A sorry land, I ween.

The bearing of all this upon a Jerseyman's character, as a traveller, is manifest. He goes, as we have seen, from a state unquestionably below par, as far as the vegetative principle is concerned; and hence, prepossessed of humble notions, is disposed to do ample justice in this respect. But, moreover, as the state of the vegetative principle of a soil, as a general rule, determines the circumstances of those upon it, he may be expected to be sensitive to every thing splendid or luxurious in life, or to any thing refined or cultivated in character. He goes too from a land where every man lives upon the fruit of his own or his father's labor, and

hence, is well fitted to observe with all the liveliness and clearness of recent impression, the benefits and evils of slavery,—its effect upon the general tone of society, and its influence on the well being of a people;—to trace too the disastrous results of foreign interference, in rivetting the chains of the slave and in adding to the evils of the relation. Furthermore, the Jerseyman goes from a country for the most part* low and level, destitute of bold or magnificent scenery and characterised by sameness, tameness and insipidity. Hence he carries with him an eye fitted to drink in with keen appetite the beauties of nature; to gaze with awe at the frowning grandeur of the mountains, and to look down with rapture at the smiling beauty of the valley.

Let the reader bear all this in mind, and, if in the course of the ensuing random sketches, narration of incidents and slight descriptions, for we intend nothing more serious, he should find us making a mountain of a mole-hill, calling his attention, as a matter of novelty and importance to what he heard when a child, or dwelling in rapture on sights and sounds, which a negro would not look up from a tobacco-hill to pay attention to, his compassion will doubtless lead him to think of us *in situ*, endeavoring to suck a precarious existence from the sand, or straining the eye to reach some terminus of repose on the desert vastness of the Jersey flats.

CHAPTER II.

Array; Equipment; A Horse; From Philadelphia to Washington; Alexandria; Female Ascendancy; Mount Vernon; The Tomb; The House; The Garden; Astray; Occoquan; Dumfries; Acquia; Friends in Need; Fredericksburg.

On the —— of May, 1839, two horsemen were on the road leading south-west from the little village of ———. Their horses had taken that slow, steady trot which indicates patience, and plenty of time and distance ahead in which to exercise that virtue. The faces of the riders doubtless wore a stern determined go-ahead kind of air, and the volubility of their conversation was, it may be, somewhat checked by the anticipation of future satiety and exhaustion in the interchange of ideas. It was a fine spring morning, and a hot sun then beating on their heads warned them of what might be expected at a more advanced season, under a more southern sky. These worthy knights were the reader's most humble servants, the Jerseyman and his *compagnon de voyage*, a gentleman from the west.

Now, according to all the rules of modern narrative, it is absolutely necessary that the entire outfit and appearance of the party should be minutely described—that the exact contour and arrangement of the whole, should be in the mind's eye of whoever chooses to travel over the journey with us. It is true, I do not exactly see the advantage of this,—I do not altogether understand what earthly use it can be to the reader to know whether or not my nag was a piebald horse, or my friend's a dappled mare—whether the encouragement of progression originated with our hands or heels, or in which of Shakspeare's Seven Ages, we ourselves were to be classed. But still, I suppose that Locke's *argumentum ad verecundiam*, may be used to prove that such infor-

mation is highly essential and satisfactory, and, bowing to the authority of custom, private ideas of utility must often submit, and at least a partial account of our equipment must be prepared. I will give the preference in this *exposé* to my companion. The part of his establishment calculated first to arrest the attention of a passer by was his horse, as ugly a little skinny raw-boned scrawny brute of a bay hackney, as a traveller would be apt to admit into his service. He was one of those subdued, woebegone specimens of the horse kind, that look as if it were only their want of mind that bound them to life,—as if a spark of reason would teach them the secret of suicide. His head and neck, poor fellow, were remarkable for a great proportionable redundancy of bone and skin in their composition; his system seeming to have reserved all the fleshy material that it had been able to amass, to supply a scanty distribution of muscle for his lower extremities, where it was chiefly needed for the production and support of motion. Hence, his neck appeared not like a natural and well turned appendage, handsomely joining, or, as it were, merging in his body, but entering abruptly like the prow of a man of war—seeming not to grow out from the beast, in the natural way, but to have been driven in to its place by external percussion. His channelled and angular head was surmounted by a pair of ears, which, being considerably longer, and hence, of necessity, heavier than ordinary, the poor animal seemed not to have nerve and vigor to hold steady; they lolled about at every motion. In addition to all these peculiarities he lacked an eye, and what made the loss more distressing was, that at the point on the eyeless cheek, where we might naturally look for ocular development, was one of the most awful looking cavities that ever dis——, but I will drop this description at the outset, lest it should excite in the reader some of those sensations that the original was calculated to occasion. Surely, no one could have seen that desolate valley, without deeply regretting that its occupant had been, with such evident violence, driven out of it.

It may excite surprise that my companion was willing to ride, or I even to accompany such an animal; there were, however, many things in his favor. His owner recommended him as an unusually safe and hardy traveller, who was so inured to labor that he would grow fat on the service that he would undergo with us; and my comrade was so pleased with this description, which, by the by, I would remark, was afterward fully verified, that he willingly submitted to the evils resulting from ugliness and deformity. However, he was rather sensitive as to the matter of the eye, or rather as to its absence, and used all honest means to make the surviving one answer a double purpose. He was somewhat anxious that I should ride on the deformed side, that he might expose a good ocular arrangement to the right, while I intercepted the view on the left. I was amused with his happy management on one occasion. We were standing, holding our horses by the bridle, talking with a party of friends we had chanced to meet when I observed him carefully presenting the sound eye to the group, in the vain hope of eluding the jokes which had already by others been pretty unsparingly administered. The company discovered the ruse, and made use of it in mixing doses of wit of twofold pungency.

* As is doubtless known, the northern part of Jersey is mountainous and tolerably productive; it grows level and barren, as you approach the sea.

As for my own horse, he rather profited by his comrade's company. The contrast gave him quite a spirited and handsome appearance. He became, strange to say, wonderfully attached to his ugly companion. Whether this was from an inherent respect for age, or a sympathy for the other's distresses, I could not determine; but I had often hard work, when wishing to take a different road for a time, to induce him to leave the old brute. He was evidently rendered uneasy by a moment's separation.

So much then for the *footing on which we stood* in undertaking the journey. Our saddle-bags, pads, &c., which, from the fact that travelling on horseback is hardly ever undertaken in Jersey, are seldom or never seen there, excited a good degree of wonderment, sometimes having the effect, agreeable to some persons but the reverse to others, of filling the doors and windows of the houses with faces, as we rode by. Perhaps as good a method as a traveller can adopt, who is anxious to judge of the populousness of the country through which he passes, or who is fond of seeing faces, or of looking for beauty or deformity of feature or carriage, is to give a *bizarre* or *outré* appearance to some part of his equipage. On this principle, a man without a nose, with a wooden leg, or with any untoward unravelment of body, is apt to see more of the world than his neighbors, who, without any peculiarity of personal arrangement, attract no attention,—are taken for granted, without inspection. However, be this as it may, the style of our equipment, which, at the south, passed unnoticed, had a marked effect upon the Jersey people, often causing an ugly enlargement of the eye, and occasionally eliciting a laugh at our expense. The northern people, as is well known, are proverbial for their eagerness to get to the bottom of every thing,—to know the meaning of any thing singular or out of the way with which they meet. How far this feature of character belongs to the latitude of Jersey, as well as what general impression our outfit made, was in part shown by a young lad, who, among a group of his playmates, had stopped to examine my fixtures, as they remained upon my horse after I had dismounted in a town on our route. "Sir," said he, as I approached, "is that ere the mail?"

As what is to be laid before the reader is *ex professo* an account of the "*Jerseyman in the Old Dominion*," any incidents of travel occurring in states passed through in reaching Virginia, may perhaps be out of place; and indeed all that early part of our journey was very barren of interest or adventure. We may, however, mention the route taken. We rode first to Philadelphia; here as our time was limited and we were anxious to see as much as possible of Virginia, we put our horses on board a steamboat and went down the Delaware to New Castle. From this place we passed on the railroad across the Peninsula, through a part of Delaware and Maryland to Frenchtown. Our horses, strange to say, were carried with the train in a large car partly filled with the baggage crates. This to me was a new leaf turned over in the history of steam. I could give up my horse, without hesitation to be led on board the steamboat; that is comparatively an old fashioned way of doing business. But the idea of shutting him up in a railroad car and whisking him off at the rate of twenty miles the hour struck me as some-

thing rather peculiar. I have repeatedly wondered since, what his feelings must have been when his stable first began to move, how the swiftness of the motion, the thunder of the train and the jar of the floor, on which he stood, affected his nerves and those of his poor old comrade. Surely an animal that would scare at a log or a rock at the road-side, must in such circumstances have had very singular sensations. I really was not a little anxious, when we neared Frenchtown, to see them safe out of their novel quarters, not knowing to what desperate extremities fright and motion might have driven them. Perhaps, however, the ubiquity of the sources of fear held them in equilibrium, and thus kept them quiet. At any rate, the distance was made without harm. Whatever may have been their state at first, time and distance must have pacified them. When the door of their car was opened, they walked out, to all appearance, with nearly as much composure and self-possession, as when led to water from their stable at home.

Arrived at Frenchtown, we took the steamboat again and reached Baltimore by the usual route. In passing, I might mention a little incident that occurred in this city at a livery-stable, where we quartered our horses for a night. My companion in talking a few moments with the owner of the stables, chanced to mention that we were on an equestrian tour. The man, having doubtless never formed any acquaintance with the word *equestrian*, except as used in juxtaposition with the technicalities of the ring, turned aside to a friend of ours, who was in company with us, and asked, if we were *circus riders*. This, when considered in the abstract, was by no means a very flattering query, but still, when our friend afterwards told us of the question, we managed to sustain our pride at about its usual point of elevation, by imputations of ignorance to the livery man.

The day after we reached Baltimore, found us on our way to Washington. The fact that much of the travel between these two cities has been withdrawn from its old channel by the railroad that connects them, as well as the circumstance that the road passes through a section of country whose soil has been worn out, and whose population has, in consequence, been rendered sparse by a wretched system of cultivation, tend to make the ride a very dreary and uninteresting one. It was very evident, that the desolation and barrenness of the country was not its natural condition, but had succeeded a state of fertility and profitable cultivation. Hedges, which long unvisited by the pruning knife, had grown rough and irregular, told of the degeneration of the waste and sterile tracts which they partially enclosed. In one place I remember seeing, at the side of the road, an old iron gate fronting a barren plain, and once probably the entrance to a rich and productive farm. It was really distressing to look at the ruin of land bearing such strong marks of former value, and to feel at the same time that all its desolation was owing to an improvident, reckless system of cultivation. The dreariness of this ride was a good preparative for the interest and beauty of Washington, and we were still farther prepared for the architectural magnificence of the place by a gentleman with whom we met on the road, who told us, with a very *savant* air, that the Capitol was the finest building in the world. Of course,

as Congress was not in session, we saw but few of the human "lions" of the place, and hence were obliged to limit our curiosity to the inspection of the buildings and other things worthy of notice. I will be shrewd enough, however, not to do violence to the reader's love of novelty, by any information drawn from this quarter. Suffice it to say, that no one can look from the dome of the rotundo, without being led to agree heartily with the Portuguese minister, that Washington is "a city of magnificent distances."

Our next stage was Alexandria, a place bearing strong marks of decay and stagnation. Its want of prosperity is, I believe, ascribed to its neighborhood to Washington. The latter, I was told, has almost entirely swallowed up its trade, and, as a consequence, greatly affected its population, which was represented to me as amounting at present to about eight thousand. Its inhabitants however say, that the city is now, to some extent, improving. One effect of its depressed circumstances is worth noting; to some of its citizens it is doubtless a matter of consolation,—a green spot in the general sterility of business and enterprise. I refer to the redundancy of ladies in its population. The fair sex, I am told, have greatly the majority, and, as of course we may infer, they have vastly the upper hand in the city. This, by the by, however, need not necessarily result from superior number, for it is notorious that the ladies often get possession of the mace without such superiority. Be this as it may; the fact in regard to Alexandria is certain, and the mode of its explanation easy. On account of the narrow limits of business in the city, the young men, as they become old enough to take care of themselves, are obliged to seek their fortunes where more room is afforded for profitable employment than at home. Hence the male members of families, are, in great numbers, subtracted from the population; while the females, poor things, not being endowed by custom with equal right to locomotion and enterprise, are obliged to remain behind. This surplus of ladies is an agreeable, though evident feature of decline. It makes a city, like the foliage of an autumn tree, bright and beautiful in its decay.

A few minutes ride south from Alexandria brought us into Virginia, within the limits of obligation by contract to the reader. After some few miles on the Fredericksburg road, we turned off to the left into a by-way to visit Mount Vernon. Some fraction of an hour, perhaps more than this, was passed in reaching an old gateway opening upon the road, which first gave us notice of our vicinity to Washington's seat. Two dilapidated cabins stood at its sides, which originally were probably intended as porters' lodges, but were now sadly out of repair, and appeared to be tenanted by the ordinary negroes of the plantation. We opened the gate, and entered upon a narrow road winding through a wild, untrimmed, unbroken wood. It is not a difficult task for any one of ordinary sensibility to fill with interesting thought and feeling, the minutes occupied in threading that winding avenue in the romantic woods of Mount Vernon. By this path, doubtless, Washington, after bidding adieu to the quiet and endearments and pleasures of home, passed out, when he went to fight his country's battles, to take part in her councils and to execute her laws. And, when worn out

by the toils of war and crowned with the laurels of victory—when wearied with debate, or oppressed with the duties of office, or but just released from place and power, laden with the blessings of a grateful people, this was his path to honorable repose. However there was but little necessity for dulling the edge of impatience by dwelling on such associations as these; a short ride brought us within sight of the old family residence.

I will not undertake a regular and minute description of the place, as this perhaps would be trite and burdensome, but will merely note such matters as interested us most. After tying our horses in front of a low range of cabins occupied by the gardener and other of the negroes, we entered, under the guidance of the wife of the former, a lawn fronting the dwelling. This is an old fashioned frame building, which now would be thought very plain and simple in its architecture, but which in olden time was considered a house for anie laird, I ween. South of the lawn and house were a number of small buildings, whose several destinations were detailed by our negro guide. The fish-house, salt-house, bath-house, carriage-house, &c., I remember among the list she enumerated;—a list, which sufficiently evidenced that the father of his country stood prepared to make such provision for those of his daughter's children who might choose to visit him, as would render such a visit any thing but an act of self-denied devotion to their grandfather. All the out-door arrangements, however, are exceedingly plain, and, in some instances, even exhibit traces of the pinched frugality of the olden time. The bath-house is really a *bijou* of simplicity. Diogenes could scarcely have found fault with it; a mere beehive shed boarded in, a little hencoop of a place, which stands in striking contrast with the airy *lavacra* of a younger date. And yet this humble box, (if indeed it be of no more recent construction than I am led to suppose,) often sheltered one, who has no fellow now. Doubtless he often left it the legacy of the dust and smoke and other circumstances of honorable war.

Before entering the dwelling, we went with the negro woman, who had undertaken to act as our guide, to visit the tomb. The vault, where the remains of the Washington family now lie, is within a small square enclosure, surrounded by a high brick wall. The entrance to this enclosure is by an iron gate fronting and parallel to the door of the vault. On the ground, in the open air, on one side of the short path connecting this door with the outer gate, lies the sarcophagus of Washington, and corresponding to it in situation on the other side, that of Mrs. Washington. In order to afford them some protection from the weather, they are both now covered round with rough board work. Hence all that we saw of the sarcophagi, as we looked through the bars of the gate, was a small part of the white marble appearing through the openings between the boards. This is of course only a temporary arrangement. Small brick arches, meeting the vault on each side of the door and open in front, are to be thrown over each coffin, so that the action of the weather may be guarded against, and yet they may be exposed to view in front.

It will doubtless be remembered that the sarcophagus, which contains the remains of Washington, was

presented by Mr. Strothers, a Philadelphia marble cutter. The lid is a slab of fine marble, ornamented with a most exquisitely sculptured device in relief on its surface, executed by an artist in Mr. Strothers' employ. The reader will perhaps recollect too a legend, doubtless the offspring of some creative imagination, which went the rounds of the public prints, detailing certain strange circumstances connected with the removal of the body. It was said that Mr. Strothers, when the old covering was taken from the coffin containing the remains, was permitted to unscrew the lid of this inmost receptacle and to look upon the dead. The body, we were told, was in perfect preservation, the face, untouched by corruption or decay, was lighted up with a benignant smile, as if, unagitated by any pang or uneasiness of death, the soul had but a moment since plumed it for its distant flight and the body but just settled to its long repose. This was no doubt a delicious morsel for the lovers of romance and sentiment, and, indeed, would be interesting to any one, if it possessed the interest of truth. But unfortunately here it is most essentially deficient. The coffin was opened in presence of a number of the members of the Washington family, and probably by their direction. An old family servant, who was allowed to be with them, assured me that the body was completely decayed. The hair and dust had fallen from the head, exposing the naked skull. It was a singular story; perhaps the figment of a mind revolting at the idea, that a frame, which courage had led to so many battle-fields and crowned after so many victories, which wisdom had seated in supremacy over the councils of a nation of freemen, and wreathed with the laurels of civic honor, should be forced to bow to the vulgar doom and dismembering tyranny of death. But the worm acknowledges no forbidden prey;—decay knows no distinctions, the patriot and the traitor are alike her children.

But before leaving the tomb of Washington, which, with all its associations, ought to render every American, who visits it, at least temporarily, a nobleman in thought and feeling, we might notice a mark, that has been left at this sacred spot, of one of those mean and contemptible traits with which the American character is we fear justly stigmatized,—the distorted and deformed, though perhaps legitimate offspring, of our valued liberty. The outer gate was locked, as of course is proper and necessary, where, in order to gratify the wishes of visitors, the coffin is so exposed. Behind the enclosure, however, rails had been fixed, reaching from a bank to a lower part of the wall. Some one, betraying his disregard of the feelings of the living and his want of reverence for the dead, had by these assistances attempted an *escalade*, in order to attain by this piece of reckless coarseness a nearer approach to the hallowed tomb, and an opportunity of more familiar scrutiny of the sacred resting-place of the dead. I hope I am guilty of no want of patriotic feeling, when I say, that the spirit, of which this act is a result, is one eminently, if not peculiarly American; one too, that in a country, whence the boast has gone abroad that all who live under its laws are noblemen, ought to be scorned by private feeling and frowned down by public opinion. This disposition inquisitively to pry into what is not intended for the eye of strangers; wantonly to set at nought all rules of decency in going and gazing, where

those, who have the right to resent the impertinence, will, it is known, be pained by it without being present, or feeling disposed to confront the rudeness of the intruder, is unworthy of the other noble traits of the American character.

Akin to this is the disposition, that has been evidenced in another part of the union, in the conduct of the people toward a distinguished foreigner,* who, an exile from his country, has taken refuge in ours. His generosity and amenity of disposition have made him the friend of every one, that can appreciate worth and nobility of character. Wealth and taste enabled him to erect in the neighborhood of a pleasant village a fine country seat, and to render the grounds around inviting and ornamental. These he threw open to the visits of all who might care to see them. In return for the favor, the vandal spirit of his adopted countrymen has been abundantly manifested in defacing and injuring whatever could be reached with the knife, or the pencil. During his temporary absences, the fine statues and other ornaments of his walks and lawns, were so battered and spoiled, that he was obliged to take them within doors out of the reach of his worthy guests. At a late visit to his place, I saw a door of an observatory, one of the few things left at a convenient distance from the house, that afforded a proper color and surface for the pencil, completely bespattered with names, low ribaldry, tap-room jests, and (*O mores*) mockery at fallen greatness. So much for the honor, decency and most glorious liberty of the noblest nation that the sun in his circuit smiles upon!

But, perhaps, the reader would be quite as well satisfied, were we to drop the censor and attend to our more legitimate duty. A few rods from the place where the family remains are now deposited, is the old vault. Its site was selected by General Washington himself; at his death he was buried within it, and it remained his grave until his body was removed by Mr. Strothers to its present resting place. This old tomb is situated in a grove of fine trees, a short distance from the house. It is an exceedingly simple, even a rude piece of architecture, consisting merely of a small excavation in the earth, built around with stone and covered with a mound, in which several small trees are rooted. The entrance is by a door in the side. The whole structure is a monument of republican simplicity, and is calculated to affect the visitor with a strong desire that it might remain proof against the ravages of time, that future generations, advanced still farther in refinement and luxury than we, might see how distinct splendor is from worth,—how narrow and rude a bed greatness could spread for its long repose. But alas! its very simplicity will make it but a short-lived monument. The hand of time, unrepelled by the care and attention of the living, is even now upon it, sapping the supports of the mound, mouldering the wall and filling the empty cell. A future day will not know the place made sacred by the choice and burial of Washington.

On returning from the tombs, we entered the house under the guidance of an old family servant. We were told, that all the furniture belonging to General Washington had been long since removed; there

* Joseph Buonaparte, ex-king of Spain, resident at Bordentown, New-Jersey.

were however a few moveable relics of his original establishment remaining. The first thing to which our attention was directed on entering the hall, was a large and singularly formed iron key, hanging against the wall, enclosed in a small glass case. When La Fayette, at the head of the National Guards of France, took and destroyed the Bastille, he retained its key in his possession—and afterwards, when in America, gave it to Washington. Here it was hanging in the case. The sight of it less than a century ago would have made a Frenchman shudder, would have scared him with visions of darkness and chains and torture and death. At Mount Vernon, it serves as a striking memorial of the value of those republican institutions, which its owner gave us; an American should look upon it with feelings only of exultation and gratitude.

We were shown into all the rooms on the lower floor of the house. In one, which we entered, was a beautifully carved mantle of fine variegated marble, a present from La Fayette. Several of the rooms were hung with pictures, among which I noticed a portrait of Washington on china, which is said to have been cut, or broken out of the side of a pitcher. It was mounted in a handsome frame, and I believe is considered an excellent likeness. The study, which we last visited, contains the library, which was considerably increased by Judge Bushrod Washington, the General's nephew and his successor at Mount Vernon. Against the wall is a portrait of an elder brother, by whom the house was first occupied, and with whom Washington lived before his marriage.

On leaving the house, which is so far divested of its original furniture, and so far altered in its internal arrangement by subsequent occupants, as to excite little interest, except as regards the general association, we entered the garden under the guidance of the ebony functionary, who presided over that department. It is surprising that this part of the establishment, which one would suppose would retain fewer traces of its original plan than the others, should have preserved so far its first arrangement. This is in a great measure owing to some edgings of box, that border and define the beds, and which the negro man told us were planted in Washington's time, by a Dutch gardener in his employ. By the by, this same Dutch gardener must have been quite a character. The old man, who was with us and who had been very careful to tell us that he had learnt his trade of his foreign predecessor, showed us a recommendation, which this personage had brought with him from Germany, and which had been the means of securing him a place at Mount Vernon. It really was a curious old document, drawn on parchment, now soiled and greasy with age and repeated inspection, written in German, with German text,—bedazzled and besprinkled, in the usual Dutch taste, with all kinds of flowers and flourishes, indicative, I reckon, of the efflorescence and luxuriousness always attending the efforts of this said knight of the spade and rake. It carried with it *prima facie* evidence of respectability, was attended with the affidavits of sundry great names,—perhaps of the lords and ladies of some one of the petty German principalities, and had doubtless an inevitable tendency to set its owner at work after his immigration, as any bit of sheep-skin of equal size, that he could bring from abroad.

His successor seemed to take peculiar pleasure in exhibiting this, to him, hieroglyphic testimonial of his teacher's ability. Perhaps he flattered himself with the idea, that what is a recommendation of a master, must, of necessity, answer equally well for his apprentice,—that his color had occasioned no impediment to his full and satisfactory acquisition of as perfect a system of German horticulture, as the parchment instrument in question proved his teacher to possess. This at least I must do him the credit to say, that he seemed throughout, in the performance of his office, to have "walked in the steps of his illustrious predecessor." Indeed, a different course was scarcely practicable, without serious injury to the beds, since the above mentioned box-edgings, winding, at the sides of the paths, through the garden, necessarily restricted him to such procedure.

I must confess, however, that one part of the old gentleman's polity was rather grating to the feelings. He told us that he made it a practice to sell flowers and shrubs to such visitors who might choose to buy of him. This really struck me as rather unseemly, to drive a petty trade in the produce of the beds, in some cases, of the very plants that General Washington had cultivated, and that too for the very reason of their having been his beds and plants. Relics from such a source are surely invested with too much dignity and value to be bartered for a few shillings. The gardener told us that such were his orders, and that the money was devoted to the support of the place. This, however, I cannot but surmise to be a yarn of the old man's special fabrication, to incite us to supply him with tobacco and pipe money. It surely can't be done with consent and by authority; for every one must see the revulsion it must cause in a visitor's feelings. What would a foreigner think of us, if, on going to Mount Vernon, he were offered for some paltry sum a flower to dry in his note book to the memory of Washington, and were told that the heirs and assigns of this great man eked out their living by the sale of such relics. This is the only fault I have to find with the old gardener's *menage*, and really I would suggest it as a matter worthy of restraint and limitation.

At the side of the garden and forming part of its enclosure, are the ruins of the green-house, which was burnt down a year or more ago. Many of the plants were saved from the fire, and no other green-house having been provided him, the old negro had been nursing them through the winter in another old building, which he had fitted up temporarily for the purpose. They were now standing out in the sun in front of their winter quarters. Some of them looked exceedingly old and weather-beaten, as if they had been alive in the war time and had borne the common trouble and hardship of the revolution. The gardener pointed out to me an old orange tree and another plant, I think an *eloe*, which had been in the green-house in General Washington's time. The latter bore the marks of extreme age. Though it had been much injured by the fire, it was sprouting strongly again, and as it belongs to a very long-lived family of plants, it may doubtless be looked on as a representative of revolutionary times some twenty or thirty years to come. I was also indebted to the same worthy representative of the colored race for showing me an old decayed barkless trunk of a cherry tree, for which he claimed an exceedingly

remote antiquity. He placed the youth of the tree I forget how far back. It may, for aught I know, have been a twig when the elder Washington was a boy. It had an exceedingly venerable appearance, and, though sapless and branchless, it seemed to have been spared as a kind of family memorial.

The old negro, in giving me the history of divers matters and events connected with the establishment, once or twice chronologized his narration by referring to the time, when the "Ginnerl took place." This, at least, was the way in which I understood his expression. I concluded that he referred to the era, which, in common parlance, we would call, General Washington's time; though to be sure this was rather an indefinite specification. Yet still, I thought that the poor fellow had perhaps heard of wars and marriages taking place, and thought that, as a consequence, he might speak of Ginnerl Washington's taking place, not only with perfect propriety, but with rather rare elegance. However, unfortunately for my self-gratulation in having thus encountered something to laugh at, I found that I had not heard an interposed article, which the negro had, though slurringly, supplied. His epoch was much more specific,—“the time the Ginnerl took de place,” i. e. Mount Vernon.

The old cherry trunk aforementioned, was about the *ultimum visum* of our visit. We mounted our horses and turned their heads to rethread the path winding through the woods to the outer gate of the plantation. One of the few unpleasant feelings that came over me, as we rode away, resulted from the air of decay, I will not be so uncharitable as to say, of neglect, which was visible throughout the place. It really is a matter greatly to be deplored, that a spot so sacred—around which cluster so many associations connected with the suffering and sorrow, success and glory of our country, should ever be blighted and desolated by the hand of Time,—that objects which, by reviving the memory of greatness, are calculated to encourage the patriot's heart and to palsy the traitor's arm, should ever be given over from neglect or by necessity to the ravages of decay, to moulder and be forgotten. I have often been impressed with the idea, whether reasonable or no may perhaps be doubted, that this subject is worthy the attention of the country. A few years ago, it will be remembered, the government applied for permission to remove the remains of Washington to the capital. This proposal was declined by the family. They preferred that the honored dead should lie entombed with his kindred. Now, in order to attain the same end then desired,—in order to cherish the memory of Washington, would it be impracticable for government to purchase Mount Vernon? They might then restore as far as possible all its old arrangements, prop up its mouldering honors,—call back its waning beauty, and thus make it a worthy memorial of the dead, whose life it nourished and delighted, and whose sepulchre it embosoms. The Russians, among their innumerable palaces of splendor and magnificence, take pride in defending against the attacks of time the little wood cottage that was the home of Peter, their best and greatest Czar. And, though Russia is no source for us to have recourse to for example or suggestion, yet here, I think, is a precedent both interesting and worthy of imitation. I would be no advocate for a sickly sentimentality, that

would weep over a relic, or brood with yellow melancholy over the conquests of decay. Yet I would advocate honor to the great,—I do approve of cherishing, by association, as well as by recollection, the memory of departed worth. I would rejoice in any effort, whether public or private, to hold back the ebbing tide at Mount Vernon, and to continue it an interesting and hallowed shrine for the pilgrimages of a grateful people. I might add too that the frequency of visits, makes it more properly an object of governmental care, since it is thereby rendered an unpleasant place of private residence, and I imagine that it is chiefly on this account that it is used as such, but about two months of the year. The constant intrusion of strangers, though expected and doubtless considered an honor by the family, is nevertheless a great evil, as it regards domestic privacy and comfort. This should serve in a great measure to do away any reluctance that may exist to entrust to public care that which must necessarily be so far sacrificed to public feeling.

However, I have lately met somewhere with the sentiment that digression is a piece of immorality. Whether we are to consider it is as equivalent to deception, or the fruit of malice prepense, I will not attempt to determine; but will acknowledge the addition to my ethical code and hasten back to the path of duty. It is much easier however to get back into this path, than from Mount Vernon to regain the main Fredericksburg road. The rough, winding, illegible way that was to lead us to it, was so hard to thread, on account of its irregularity and numerous branches, that no dint of inquiry of the few we met and no depth of study of likelihoods and probabilities could prevent us from twice losing our way. The last time we met with this mishap, our error was so serious, and, from lack of opportunity to gain information, so long continued, that we became completely mazed in the paths of a rough wood, and were glad to purchase the services of a negro boy from a house we met with, to be our pilot to the road. One at all familiar with the peculiar sensations of discomfort resulting from such bewilderments, or the least aware of the anxieties and irritations of travel through a thinly settled region, where the path is wild and green, has a hundred brothers forking from it and no houses by its side to give opportunity of learning where you are going, will sympathize with us in our feelings of complacency, when once more enjoying the carelessness and confidence of a dusty, grassless and *bevoelkert* road. A few miles of such enjoyment brought us to the little village of Occoquan, as pretty a place as I saw in all Eastern Virginia. It is situated on the Occoquan, just at the mouth of a beautiful gorge, which this river forms, in cutting its way through a range of mountains, which range across it at this point. The scenery can hardly be called grand, at least in comparison with what we afterwards saw in other parts of the state; but in a region so flat and sterile, so barren of magnificence and of fine prospect, you are prepared to overrate the beauty of the place by the want of interest in your previous ride. And, when you continue your journey and encounter the desolation of the road beyond, the eye of your imagination goes back and stations itself on the bridge opposite the town, looks up the gorge, rests upon the stream checkered with rocks and miniature islands and whitened with

the foam of its narrows and its rapids,—sees the cliffs on either side, here mantled in green and there looking over into the current with dark and sullen frown, and you are confirmed in the belief of the beauty of the scenery of Occoquan.

The main artificial attraction and probably the nucleus of the place is a fine mill, which, from its size and the hum and whiz of its interior arrangements, induced me to believe that very abundant advantage was taken within it of the divisibility of matter. The miller has the finest house, and is doubtless the most conspicuous man, the leader of the *ton* in the place. Peradventure the younger boys, from constant ocular experience of the dignity conferred by milling, and from a view of the relative standing of the citizens, look upon a miller as the *finisterre* of civilization,—the *ne plus ultra* of gentility, upon mealy clothes as the *sine quâ non* of a gentleman.

After passing a noon at the tavern of the village, we mounted our horses and began again to lessen the distance to Fredericksburg. I might stop here to remark upon the sterility of the country through which we passed, upon its worn out soil and the consequent dullness and dreariness of our ride. But, if I were to attempt to chronicle all that we saw of barrenness and desolation, of ruin and decay along our route through Eastern Virginia, much of my narration would be occupied with descriptions of sombre hue and doleful coloring,—with legends of laziness and short-sightedness and reckless imposition upon the soil,—with philippics against the driving of shallow ploughs and the culture of tobacco. I will therefore be sagacious enough to avoid souring my whole relation with notices of every wretched farm and worthless common that we passed, thus spicing all I might say with the acrimony of complaint and the discordancy of reproach. For it is a fact that cannot be denied or modified, that the Eastern Virginians, whatever honor or commendation they may deserve in other matters, have converted a country which in olden time was fertile as a garden and capable of supporting in comfort and plenty a dense population, into a home of dearth and barrenness,—a soil, which, worn out and weary with unrequited and rude demands on its liberality, now refuses the applications of a lazy and misguided husbandry, and is recalled to its original generosity by no importunity of man and by no genial influences from the cloud or sun. Unwilling at each advance in our ride, to excite in the reader, as were excited in us, feelings of sorrow for the wreck of a once luxuriant country and a disposition to vituperate the improvident system of culture, which originated and still perpetuates the evil, we will perform this part of our journey without calling attention to the tame scenery or the barren fields. At some convenient season I will bring together and utter in one category all that I have to say in regard to the agriculture of the Old Dominion,—in regard to the cause, remedy, shame, sin, and folly of the metamorphosis of rich and fertile plains into desolate and desert wastes.

Meanwhile our horses, with their steady trot, have worn away the few miles that separated us from our night's lodging at Dumfries. This little town, though now exhibiting all the marks of extreme poverty and decay, was once, we heard, thriving and prosperous. Indeed we were told, I know not with how much truth,

though it is a very probable story, that there was a time in the early history of the state, when this little town did more business than Baltimore. The tradition proves, at least, the antiquity of the place, if nothing else. But, while the rival has proved herself a genuine child of America, by her healthy and rapid and still continued growth, this her reputed elder sister enjoyed but the health of infancy; her subsequent life has been marked by the feebleness and dwarfishness and emaciation of premature old age.

The tavern at which we lodged, afforded abundant evidence that the place had seen better days. It is large and arranged on an extensive scale, and exhibits every mark of having been built to supply a demand for far more accommodation, than is now ever needed at Dumfries. It no doubt has often been the home of wassail and of wine, when the neighboring yeomen could find material for dreams of wealth and prosperity. Its large empty rooms, whose smoky walls and broken windows now tell of meager revenue, no doubt once rang with laugh and song, when the hopes of the honest burghers were young and they knew whence the silver was to come to pay mine host for the liquor that warmed their brains. The number of its patrons in the palmy days of Dumfries is evinced by its high stone steps, which, as I observed, were worn and furrowed by the constant tread of visitors. The causes of all this degeneration and decay, are doubtless the withdrawal of trade to more eligible towns, the unhealthiness of the country and the increasing poverty and worthlessness of the soil for miles around.

As may be supposed, we felt no disposition to while away at Dumfries more time than was positively necessary for the purposes of supper and lodging; and if I remember correctly, ample means were afforded us of attending to both these duties very satisfactorily. I can find no fault with Dumfries tavern as a lodging place; its whole air and arrangement favor repose. There is so much stagnation and want of life in the town, that no neighboring noises, indicative of thrift and activity disturb the traveller's rest; and, alas! for the blue nose and solemn countenance of mine host, no money-producing bustle, within doors, rose from the bar or hall to interrupt our slumbers. It was a fine opportunity to study the nature and intrinsic essence of silence, its physical effects upon the frame and the consequences of the presence of no reverberation in the ear,—the temporary death and torpor of one of the senses. But, though Dumfries has hardly strength and power of lungs remaining to make much noise in the world, yet still it has many things in common with other towns and villages. For example, the sun rises upon it about in the same way that it does elsewhere. This fact came to our knowledge in the regular course of events, when we had finished our offerings at the shrine of Morpheus; and soon after the discovery we made use of the phenomenon, to mount our horses and seek an appetite for breakfast in cutting off, by a fresh *inroad*, a slice of the distance to Fredericksburg.

After nine miles, we stopped to breakfast at Aquia, a place still more wretchedly ruinous and dilapidated than Dumfries. It bore every mark of extreme and increasing decay. I was surprised at this, for it struck me that so small a village, even if possessed of no manu-

facturing advantage, or facilities for trade, could still support itself in better condition than it exhibited merely as a residence for laborers, or on so public and important a road, by means of its store and tavern, each of which it contained in an impoverished condition. A keg of epsom salts on the counter of the store might, however, have served to suggest a solution of the mystery. Struck with the portentous size of the keg and with the amount of material for this interesting beverage, I was led to ask the shop-boy how they came to provide such a quantity and whether it would not be apt to lay long on hand. He assured me that it was by no means an ill-advised purchase, and that, judging of the future by the past, it would all be sold within a few—I forget the precise number of months. I found upon inquiry that the cause of the decay of the place is its extreme sickness,—that at one season of the year it is visited by very prevalent and most fatal fever,—that in the month of August the town is almost depopulated. It seems that a removal to the distance of half a mile, in some directions from the village, is enough to place an inhabitant out of the reach of the morbid miasmata. Hence the white people of the place leave it at the sickly season, and the blacks, some of them, remain alone. I was astonished at finding that the negroes were by no means so much exposed to danger from the fever,—that they stayed there during the most pestilential state of the air, very generally with impunity. My feelings of surprise now underwent a complete revolution. Before, I had wondered at the ruin of the town; now, my wonder was still more excited that it was not a heap of ruins. What, on earth, I thought, could induce a man possessed at all of the power of locomotion, to remain in such a wretched little kennel, without any visible attraction or facility of living, and with the yearly returning necessity of a troublesome change of quarters, or of running a gauntlet with a most virulent form of bilious fever. The *éclaircissement* of this new shade of the mystery was not so easy as of its first phase. However, the villagers told me in self defence that there they had houses ready built,—built I suppose either before the spot became so unhealthy, or, at least, before the danger was known,—whereas a removal would involve the necessity of sacrificing these dwellings and providing themselves with others. But really a man must be very far gone in poverty and very far gone too in doubt of his ability to maintain himself, to live in such a hole, with the usual walking facilities, and the wide world before him.

Poor Acquia had at the time we passed through it, a new evil to contend with in addition to the prospect of the sickly season. Corn was selling at one dollar and a half a bushel, which by no means quadrated with the peculiar situation of its exchequer. We learnt that one important means of supply was by an exchange for grain of fish caught in the Potomac, within a few miles of the village. Corn had been so scarce that but about twenty bushels had been brought down the river to be given in this exchange. This had worked wrong for the poor Acquiars.

In the hands of the kind landlady who gave us our breakfast I left my umbrella through an unfortunate though happily time forgetfulness, and, when afterwards, in clear weather, I congratulated myself on relief from its weight, and in the rain, regretted its absent

shelter, I was glad that my memory had selected so proper an occasion to betray its trust, so that the article forgotten had become a trifling comfort to the poor old landlady of Acquia, in the pertinacious integrity of her viands and the imperturbed composure of her beds. However there are times, as the sequel will show, when such a loss makes itself felt,—when a man is driven by mere stress of weather to feel the vital efficacy of umbrellas,—the great convenience of having some extent of silk to interpose between skin and sky.

Again in the saddle, we rode on through the same tame, uninteresting country, which, with little interruption, we had seen round us ever since entering the state at Alexandria, and which afforded nothing of scenery or incident worth laying before the reader. However, there is a little story of Virginia hospitality connected with this stage of our journey, which it may not be amiss to chronicle, were it but to confirm the fact, that, if the Eastern Virginians have not the best soil, or the best idea of agriculture in the world, they go far toward making it up by the goodness of their hearts. Our stopping place at noon was to have been a *private entertainment*, as the Virginians call a small country tavern, not much overrun with business, and, as I concluded, not licensed to sell liquor. This last characteristic is I suppose, the specific distinction in the case; for we met afterward with many public houses thus designated, and found no difference from the ordinary country tavern, as far as regards universal reception of travellers and the provision of the usual accommodation. Be this as it may, we were to stop at noon at a certain *private entertainment*, to which we had been recommended. When we reached it, however, and were about to dismount at the door, with the expectation of rest and refreshment, the landlady made her appearance, and told us, to our no small chagrin, that her husband had gone from home and had inadvertently taken the barn key with him in his pocket. I suppose the poor fellow had so few demands on his services, that he had almost lost sight of the necessity of making provision for a chance visitor in his absence. However, here we were; we could have *ad libitum* all that was necessary for ourselves, but as what our horses were interested in was all within the logs of the barn, and, furthermore, as they had seen nothing in the way of hay or grain since we left Dumfries, it was evident we must go elsewhere. But then unfortunately there was no tavern beyond short of the Rappahannock, and that was too far both for ourselves and horses. Here was ample material for a quandary. The landlady proposed this method of extrication. She told us that about a mile ahead, near the road, a family lived named C—, who, if we stated our case to them, she had no doubt would gladly afford us the requisite entertainment. Well this was rather disagreeable, but still, as it seemed our only resource, we determined to put their hospitality to the proof. We accordingly turned our horses again into the road and fell to work to despatch the intervening mile. We soon were in sight of the house, rode up, presented our petition, were most kindly received, our horses were fed and we ourselves invited to dine with the family.

Our hosts were plain farmers, simply clad, of the sturdy yeomanry of the Old Dominion. With three young men, the sons of the kind old lady, who receiv-

ed us, I was exceedingly pleased. If they may serve as a model of their class in that section of the state, I must commend the good breeding, intelligence, manliness, and kind feeling of the young farmers of Eastern Virginia; I must do honor to their freedom from boorish sheepishness, as well as from the contrary still more disagreeable trait so common in our New England states,—impudent inquisitiveness and a hungry eagerness to reap from questions and scrutiny a stranger's circumstances and purposes. On conversing with them, I found them much interested and quite at home in the subject of Virginia politics. I discovered that they were strongly prejudiced in favor of the present administration, and that they had been much interested, though displeased, with the recent course of Mr. Rives. They spoke of him as a man of great ability, and as once possessed of so much influence with his former party, that, had he remained within their ranks, he would in their opinion, have been some day a candidate for the Presidency. Now, they held him to be entirely ruined as a statesman, and one of them, who had seen him recently, insisted that a dejected and haggard air, betrayed his consciousness of his own political undoing.* These sentiments, which, by the by, we will not infringe upon the necessary and proper neutral character of a literary journal, by either endorsing or condemning, were expressed with much intelligence, frankness and manifest interest.

Notwithstanding all the mischiefs resulting from the strifes and agitation of party, notwithstanding all the temptations to corruption and political chicanery, which they necessarily involve, I am by no means convinced that well defined and wide distinctions of party are not all important to the strength and well being of a country. They agitate and preserve from impurity and stagnation the popular sen, they foster public intelligence and keep alive a spirit of eager inquiry and of free discussion, they tend to feed the patriotism of all not personally interested in political questions, they create and foster among the people an interest in the government and a consequent disposition to regulate and hold in restraint, by a wholesome censorship, the actions of their public servants.

But, alackaday! for our supplementary principle of ethics! Where were we, when we fell into this dull disquisition? Let us get hold of the thread of our story.

With all the benevolent feeling that rest and refreshment and hospitable treatment naturally occasion, we prepared to pursue our journey. It is perhaps unnecessary to say, that the family, though apparently by no means overburdened with wealth, would receive no manner of compensation. Thanks and kind wishes

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Having shown the proof sheet of the foregoing passage to a friend at our elbow—he remarked somewhat jocosely, that the young farmers referred to, might possess very “good breeding, intelligence and manliness,”—and yet entertain very crude notions of either the duties or probable fortunes of a statesman—and that, so far from the honorable ex-senator referred to, having “a haggard and dejected air”—he, our friend, had lately the pleasure of seeing and conversing with him, and that no one could have exhibited a countenance of more undisturbed tranquillity.

were all we could return, and upon tendering these with a good degree of earnestness and with no manner of let or reservation, we found ourselves again in the saddle and on the road. After an hour or thereabout of steady trotting, now made very supportable by the requisite personal and animal reflection, we crossed the Rappahannock and were in Fredericksburg,—the city of the Unfinished Monument.

And now, as our first week of travel is nearly spent,—as we are sheltered from Saturday's western sun by a comfortable hotel, in a pleasant city, here will be a point of repose grateful to ourselves and peradventure more grateful to the reader.

ITALY.

I saw a maiden stand one summer eve,
Gazing in silence on the golden clouds
That floated in the sky, till, one by one,
The first bright stars came forth, and the soft light
Of evening faded like a dream away.
—She gazed—but yet she heeded not the clouds,
Nor the sweet sunset, nor the coming stars.
Her heart was far away, and as her thoughts
Spoke through her eyes in tears, her spirit sang :—

“In thy sweet land, O! Italy! I dwell in all my dreams,
Thy sun upon my heart hath poured the radiance of its beams;
I see the beauty that thy skies, at morn and evening wear,
And hear the soft and melting strains that float upon thy air;
The wind steals o'er me, laden with the incense of thy flowers,
And I gaze upon thy lofty domes and on thy marble towers.

“They say our skies are beautiful—and that our sun is bright,
That sweetly from the blue of Heaven, the moon looks down
at night;
They say that all our vailles smile with gaily blooming flowers,
And that the trees of Italy are not more green than ours.
But since, O bright and blessed land! my heart hath dreamed
of thee,
Our sun, and moon, and gentle flowers are sad and dark to me.

“’Tis not that fairer, lovelier forms and brighter eyes are thine,
For beautiful forms are 'round us here, and bright eyes softly
shine;
’Tis not that love more constant there, doth mock the flight of
time,
For the boundless love of the human heart is the joy of our own
proud clime;
And I know that I should sigh to leave the friends of my happy
home,
Amid thy groves and fragrant bowers forever more to roam.

“But Italy! sweet Italy!—thou bearest on thy breast
The footprints of a mighty race, whose hearts are now at rest.
Thy noble dead are with us, as we gaze upon thy sky,
And though we see them not, we feel their memory cannot die;
And our spirits burn within us, and our eyes are dimmed with
tears,
As back are wafted to our thoughts the scenes of buried years.

“For these I love thee, Italy!—but not alone for these;
Thy balmy air—thy summer sun—thy darkly heaving seas,
Thy deep unfathomed sky—thy clouds, that spread their wings
above,
Have haunted me in visions, till they won my spirit's love,—
And now I seem in all my dreams to sail along thy shore,
And I hear the breaking waters and the lightly dipping oar.”

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

LECTURE VII.

SUPERIOR SENTIMENTS.

I now come to what are called the *Superior Sentiments*, or such as constitute the peculiarly human character. Of these, however, Benevolence and Imitation are found also in the inferior animals. The best rule for ascertaining the size of the coronal region, the seat of these sentiments, is the following: The centre of Causality corresponds to the point of ossification in the frontal bone, and the centre of Cautiousness to the point of ossification in the parietal bone, and all that part of the head which lies above these points belongs to the Moral Sentiments, allowing a little for Causality and a little for Cautiousness. Pass a string, therefore, round the head over these points, and if that part of the head which lies above a plane, of which this string is the boundary, be low and flat, you may rest assured that the Moral Sentiments are small; if it be high and broad, you may be certain that they are large. I shall now treat of the individual organs, and first of

BENEVOLENCE.

This organ is situated at the fore part of the top of the head, on each side of the middle line, and anterior to the fontanel. This is a representation of the brain and skull of Gottfried, the murderer, and this of Eustache, a most benevolent Negro; you perceive the great difference of development in this region. A friend of Gall, knowing that he sought external manifestations of mental qualities, requested him to examine the head of a servant remarkable for his amiable disposition and goodness of heart, as it is called. "It is impossible," said he, "to find a greater degree of goodness than that young man possesses." Gall complied with the request, and perceived a prominence of the frontal bone. He recollected a school-mate who had the like amiable temper: and he was requested by a lady to examine the head of her son, also very amiable. He found all their heads most developed in this region, though different every where else; and by examination of others, he was convinced that the disposition to do good was innate, and that here was its organ.

St. Paul beautifully describes this sentiment under the name of Charity: "Charity," says he, "suffereth long and is kind; Charity envieth not; Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up." This organ prompts to acts like that of the Good Samaritan. It is distinct from Love of Approbation; for those who have it large do good without regard to fame, and do not complain of ingratitude; they manifest a warmth and simplicity of manners, and a directness of purpose which touch the heart at once: while those who do good from love of approbation seek witnesses, boast of their goodness, and evince a coldness and restraint which betray their true feelings. See how large it is in Henry IV. of France, and beautifully did he manifest it in his character. When urged to injure an officer who had taken part against him, he replied, "I will do him so much good that he will be forced to love me." When urged to destroy a town which he had conquered, he replied, "The pleasure which results from gratified revenge lasts but for a moment; that which flows from mercy is eternal." Fenelon exhibited a most beautiful manifestation of it when he said, "I am a true Frenchman, and love my country; but I love mankind better than my country." Hobbes denies there is such a sentiment, and resolves its manifestation into selfishness. Pleasure indeed is, by a beautiful arrangement of the Creator, made a concomitant of benevolent acts, but it is not for the pleasure that the acts are performed. The man who sees another fall into the water and leaps in to save him, must feel great delight in preserving his fellow from drowning; but not for this delight did he risk his own life.

The organ is very distinctly developed in the head of Jacob Jarvis, of Cork, who could never resist any solicitation. This was soon discovered by his acquaintances, and they obtained from him any thing for which they chose to ask; till at length his wife, when she saw any one coming whom she supposed

about to request something, had to lock the door, or he had to hide himself. The organ is extremely developed in this, the head of the negro Eustache, whose merits were publicly acknowledged by the Institute of France, when in 1832, he received the Prize of Virtue. During the insurrection of the Blacks at St. Domingo, the disinterested exertions of Eustache in behalf of his master, Mr. Belin, were unbounded. By his address, courage, and devotion, this gentleman, with upwards of four hundred other Whites, were saved from the general massacre, and the fortune of Mr. Belin several times preserved. At Paris he was always doing good: the profits of his industry and the rewards which he obtained were all employed in relieving the miserable. At Port au Prince, Eustache often heard his master, who was an old man, deplore the gradual weakening of his eyes. Eustache could not read, but inspired with the hope of pleasing his master he applied himself secretly to study, took lessons at four o'clock in the morning, that he might not encroach on the time required for his regular duties, and speedily acquired the wished for knowledge. Approaching the old man with a book in his hand, he proved to him that if nothing seems easy to ignorance, nothing is impossible to devotion. I again show you the cast, as it is one of the most beautiful demonstrations of this organ which we possess.

That this faculty can only manifest itself by giving alms or money, is a vulgar error. It may be exerted in a thousand other ways. It is benevolence toward those with whom we live, to order our arrangements with a due regard to their comfort, and not to deny them proper gratifications; it is benevolent to suppress our own humors and impulses, when these would occasion unnecessary pain to others; it is benevolent, in giving orders, to restrain Self-Esteem, and, in censuring, to be mild and merciful; it is benevolent to be courteous and considerate to those in humble station. Benevolence, too, is an essential element in true politeness. I knew a gentleman in whom this organ was large, but combined with large Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem. He had much leisure time, and he would devote whole days to the promotion of benevolent purposes, but very seldom gave pecuniary aid.

Deficient Benevolence does not produce cruelty or any positive sentiment, but it leads to regardlessness of the welfare of others. When it is small, a powerful restraint is removed from the propensities. The organ ought to be large in those who attend on sickness. Let Benevolence be absent, and there is no ever-gushing well spring of goodness. One who has large Conscientiousness may attend the sick faithfully as a matter of duty, but will not manifest that uniform kindness and gentleness, that softness and sympathy, which is so gratifying, soothing and important. I have never known a small in a regular stewardess, which may be accounted for from the fact that one in whom the organ was small would soon become disgusted with the duties and find other employment, or be discharged for neglect. Benevolent men are often very irascible and passionate; this arises from the combination of large Benevolence and Destructiveness. Burns possessed this combination. Compare the height of the forehead above Causality in him and in Bellingham, the murderer, or take the distance above the eyebrows even; in the latter you almost immediately reach the top of the head; in the former you have to travel a considerable distance. This is the head of Wm. Hare, in which you perceive it to be very deficient. This cast was taken during life. Now suppose the thickness of the skull and integuments removed, and how small would be the development of the brain. Compare it with the head of Itammohum Ray. We have more than a hundred skulls of murderers, and in almost all we find Benevolence very small. Persons in whom the organ is small, and Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem large, cannot conceive the feeling of pure Benevolence: they attribute every thing to selfishness; and if Destructiveness be large, they cannot realize that even the Deity himself can take pleasure in doing good. If urged to some act of kindness and charity toward others, they say they have enough to do with themselves, and that nobody manifests benevolence toward them.

The deficiency of this organ exposes the mind to the influence of the lower feelings, and the temper is then apt to become cold, harsh, sour and unhappy. There is little sympathy with enjoyment; the face of creation appears not to smile; and moral and physical objects are viewed on their darkest sides. And if Destructiveness be large, the mind steels itself with malignity.

Destructiveness and Benevolence do not neutralize, but mutually aid each other. In operative surgeons this combination is generally found. An army going to battle is emblematic of the activity of these two faculties. The enemy marches forward equipped for the work of destruction, yet surgeons attend on it for the purpose of succoring those on whom the calamities of war may fall. Without Combativeness and Destructiveness there would be no war; and without Benevolence, neither mercy nor compassion. Burns was an instance of this combination, and Dr. Currie says of him: "By nature kind, brave, sincere, and in a singular degree compassionate, he was on the other hand proud, irascible and vindictive."

This organ is found developed in the lower animals, and its development may be judged of by the external form of the forehead. In the horse the organ is placed in the middle of the forehead just above the eyes. When this region is hollow and narrow, a horse is invariably vicious, and disposed to bite and kick. In mild and good-natured horses, the contrary form is always present. In dogs the same rule holds good; and in the cat the development of this organ may be estimated. That great differences exist in these animals all know. Some cats will allow themselves to be played with and handled by children without ever striking them, except with their sheathed claws; some scratch at all who incommoded them in the slightest degree. Some dogs will precipitate themselves into water to save persons who have fallen in.

Benevolence may, however, be abused. Conscientiousness is required to stay the hand till justice be satisfied, and firmness to resist impulses in general till reason has decided upon the propriety and mode of going. By indiscriminate alms-giving, profligacy and idleness may be encouraged, and reckless dissipation fostered.

In disease this organ may be preternaturally active. It is often active, too, in idiots. "I once knew a man," says Dr. Rush, "who discovered no one mark of reason, who possessed the moral sense or faculty in so high a degree that he spent his whole life in acts of Benevolence. He was not only inoffensive, (which is not always the case with idiots,) but he was kind and affectionate to every body."

This organ generally gives great sweetness to the voice and kindness and tenderness to the manner.

VENERATION.

This organ is situated exactly in the centre of the coronal region at the fontanel, behind Benevolence. Dr. Gall's father had ten children, one of whom was devout from childhood and wished to become a priest, but was made a merchant by his father. Unhappy in this business, he abandoned it at the age of twenty-three, took orders, and became a very pious, useful man. Dr. Gall was intended for the church, but having no partiality for it, left it for the study of medicine. He also observed a variety of dispositions among children at the schools, for which nobody could account, some being pious, others quite the reverse. This led him to believe religious sentiment to be innate. He then examined the heads of religious people, and finally found a prominence in this region. This was remarkable in his brother, in the portraits of eminent saints, and in antique statues of high priests. He entered the Catholic churches, always open in Europe, and saw the same marks in the greatest devotees—and finally established the organ.

This organ produces the sentiment of Veneration in general, and the tendency to worship. It is a mere impulse, however, liable to go astray; and if the understanding be limited, and no revelation have reached the individual, the unfortunate being may worship the genius of the storm, the source of light and heat, or even brutes, stocks and stones.

It has been said that with this organ man should have no need of a revelation. But this organ, on the contrary, was absolutely necessary to fit man for the reception of revelation; and if Veneration be of itself blind, nothing is more reasonable than that it should receive guidance. From this organ Dr. Gall draws an argument for the existence of God. Destructiveness is implanted in the mind, and animals exist around us to be killed for our sustenance. Adhesiveness and Philoprogenitiveness are given, and friends and children are provided as objects on which they may be exercised. Benevolence exists, and the unhappy and unfortunate are everywhere around us, on whom its benign

radiance may be shed. So man has the instinctive tendency to adore, and we may reasonably infer that a God exists as its object. This argument has, of course, only the force of an apology.

You perceive this region very much developed in King Robert Bruce, who manifested the faculty strongly. Benevolence was rather small in him, and he stained his name by many acts of cruelty and unnecessary executions. But he was always devout. He made a vow that he would visit Jerusalem, but being unable to do so, he made one of his bravest Knights swear to cut out his heart after death and carry it thither. The heart was cut out, but the Knight was killed on the journey. The body of Bruce was, in part, recognized by the ribs having been sawn away on the left side. Compare the head of Bruce with this of Thurtell, in which it is very small. Recollect that you measure the elevation of an organ above a plane passing through the frontal and parietal protuberances; because, if Firmness and Benevolence be very large, it may seem depressed, when it is in fact considerable.

This organ is represented large in the portraits of eminently religious persons. In this portrait of St. John, by Leonardo da Vinci, it is represented as very large; and also in this head of Christ by Raphael. In these the parts behind the ear, or the organs common to man and the lower animals, are small; whereas the organs situated in the forehead and coronal region are very large, indicating great intellect and exalted Benevolence and Veneration. Dr. Gall puts this question: Has this divine form been invented, or may we presume that it is a faithful copy of the original? It is possible, he continues, that artists may have imitated the heads of the most virtuous, just and benevolent men, and thence drawn the head of Christ. But it is more probable that the general figure of the head of Christ has been transmitted to us. St. Luke was a painter, and how should he fail to preserve the features of his Master? It is certain that this form of the head of Christ is of very high antiquity: we find it in mosaics, and in the most ancient paintings. The curiosities of the second century possessed images of Jesus and of St. Paul. He concludes, therefore, that neither Raphael nor any other artist invented this admirable configuration.

Metaphysicians in general do not admit an original tendency to worship. We perceive order, beauty, harmony, power, wisdom and goodness, say they, in the works of creation, and infer the existence of a Supreme Creator and Director, whom we thus feel constrained to admire and adore. We admit that the understanding of man sees through Nature up to Nature's God. But there it stops. It perceives facts and draws inferences, but does not feel emotions. Phrenology therefore goes further and proves the existence of a sentiment the tendency of which is to adore. And that our view is correct, the universal prevalence of this tendency fully proves. Where the understanding is fullest the emotion is often the strongest. Men cut down branches from the trees and worship them; they hew out a rude figure and adore it; they prostrate themselves before reptiles and monsters—facts utterly incompatible with the notion that man worships as the result of a process of reasoning.

This organ gives respect for age and deference toward superiors in rank. In children it is a chief ingredient in filial piety, and produces that soft and almost holy reverence with which a child looks up to its parent. If this organ be small, but Benevolence and Adhesiveness large, children may live with their parents as friends and be to them very kind and attentive; but there will be little of that deferential regard—that submitting of their will to that of their parents—which we witness as the result of the former combination.

Veneration is conspicuous in the heads of those who have great reverence for whatever is ancient and venerable, and who continually talk about "the wisdom of their ancestors." You in this country seem to have little respect for the wisdom of your ancestors; perhaps there is no country in which this direction of the feeling is less prevalent. Servants in whom this organ is large are the most obedient and deferential.

This faculty inspires the beholder with profound awe when gazing on ancient temples, cathedrals or sepulchres. A person in whom it is small would experience little emotion even while gazing on Westminster Abbey, with all its monuments of departed genius. Veneration is one ingredient in the tendency to antiquarianism.

You have often heard that Phrenology is hostile to Religion. This has often amused me when I think that it is the first system of mental philosophy which has recognized an innate facul-

ty giving a tendency to adore. But we must distinguish between Religion and Creeds. The latter are merely the representations of men or the standard of belief which they have adopted. The Scotch Confession of Faith, for example, contains the established creed of the National Church. Now the articles of this creed were adopted by a majority of votes; thus they determined, perhaps by two or three of a majority, what was and what was not the will of God. The sentiment of Veneration gives us a tendency to love God and submit ourselves to His will: but it does not direct us to any particular creed. To say that Phrenology is hostile to Religion, however, is as absurd as to affirm that the discoveries of Newton put out the light of the sun.

This organ is larger in women than in men—and they are more obedient and prone to devotion. In misfortune, too, they submit with a better grace.

When large in a preacher, it is manifested in prayer by the soft breathing fervor of his tones; when small in a preacher, his prayers are cold and formal. This faculty gives respect for every human being.

Some seem to tremble for the stability of Religion; but as Nature has implanted the organs of Veneration and Wonder in the brain, and the corresponding sentiments in the mind, it is a groundless terror to apprehend that Religion can ever be extinguished, or even endangered, by the arguments or ridicule of the profane. Forms of worship may change, and particular religious tenets may now be fashionable and subsequently fall into decay, but while the human heart continues to beat, awe and veneration for the Divine Being will animate the soul; not until the race of man becomes extinct will the worshipper cease to kneel and the hymn of adoration to rise.

The natural language of Veneration is to carry the head and hands upward. In the East it is usual to prostrate the body or bow very low before superiors. This is not the language of Veneration, but the abasement of Self-Esteem. This drawing of Christ represents the attitude of which I speak. He is supposed to be saying, "Not my will but Thine be done."

Sometimes this organ becomes diseased, and the source of the most beatific emotions. In Mr. Drury's establishment near Glasgow, I saw, in 1830, a patient whose tendency to prayer, when laboring under a fit of insanity, was irresistible. In his head I found Veneration small; yet he was on his knees all day. This was thought to be an opposing fact; but this patient enjoyed a lucid interval, when I conversed with him, and asked him whether he enjoyed his devotional exercises when excited. "No," said he, "I do not; I feel very unhappy—as though I was going to be visited by Divine wrath." Cautiousness and Destructiveness were very large in him; and my belief is that he felt overpowering terror, and that in his prayers he was deprecating punishment. Mr. Drury himself became satisfied that this was the true explanation.

FIRMNESS.

This organ is situated at the posterior part of the coronal region, close upon the middle line. You can readily distinguish the middle of Cautiousness; this organ lies directly over it. I shall exhibit specimens of this organ in very different degrees of development. In this head of Mrs. H., Conscientiousness is large and Firmness very deficient. In Haggart you see Conscientiousness very deficient and Firmness very large. In the Rev. Mr. Martin both organs are much developed; and you perceive this part of the coronal region constitutes a large and full arch. Contrast these two heads. In this of Captain Parry the head gradually rises from before backward. In this of Dr. Dodd, in whom both these organs are very deficient, the head is higher in front than behind. This head of Judas Iscariot shows a large development of this organ. In this head of Oberlin it is very large. This is an extraordinary head; and his history exhibits a most delightful example of undaunted perseverance in a course of high and practical benevolence. This organ you see very large in Stubbs; and he was remarkable for his firmness. It is always large in stubborn and refractory children.

Dr. Gall noticed that persons of a firm and constant character have this part of the brain much developed. Lavater had before made the same remark. He who is deficient in this organ is the sport of external circumstances and communicated impressions. When large, it gives fortitude, constancy, perseverance, determination; and, when too energetic, produces obstinacy, stubbornness, infatuation.

Firmness has no relation to external objects; it only adds a quality to the manifestations of other organs. Thus with Combativeness it produces determined bravery—with Conscientiousness inflexible integrity. Firmness, however, cannot supply the deficiency of other organs. One with very small Tune might persevere in striking the keys of a piano seven years without making melody. We must distinguish between the manifestation of Firmness and the gratification of the large organs. An individual in whom Acquisitiveness is large may persevere unceasingly in the pursuit of wealth, but in the means employed he will be vacillating and unsteady. This organ is larger in the British than in the French; and the latter are astonished at the stubborn perseverance of the former. Napoleon complained of the weakness of the French character in this respect. Under the influence of large Combativeness and small Cautiousness, they make the most cheering and vigorous attacks; but, if steadily resisted, their ardor abates and they give way. The British, on the contrary, advance with cool determination, and, although repulsed, are not discomfited, but preserve presence of mind to execute whatever may appear most advisable. This quality is of great service in contention, as he who is able to maintain his faculties in a state of vigorous application for the greatest length of time wearies out his opponent.

This organ is large, as you see, in King Robert Bruce; and he was distinguished for unshaken firmness and vivid hope. His army was sometimes reduced to twenty men; but still he pursued his course with unwavering confidence. The lady whose head this represents was so deficient in Firmness that Dr. Bell remarked that she needed a second mind. She was ever vacillating, and might be turned in any way. She at last bound herself to follow the guidance of a true and judicious friend; in short, she took to herself a second mind. A man in Ohio received a blow upon the head, in the region of Firmness, followed by a tumor upon the skull, of slow growth, projecting hemispherically, to the size of a turkey's egg. On removing it, the surgeon found it spherical, the other half projected into the brain, which was indented. After its removal, the indented brain gradually rose and filled the space occupied by the portion of the tumor covered by the skull. No change in the character had been produced. This is explained by the slow growth of the tumor, the brain accommodating itself to the change.

This organ, when prominent, gives an extremely firm upright gait, as though an iron rod went from Firmness to the spine—a peculiar hardness to the manner, and a forcible, emphatic tone to the voice. Those in whom Firmness and Self-Esteem are large, and Veneration small, find it difficult to bow—they are 'stiff-necked.' Those in whom Love of Approbation and Veneration are large, and Firmness small, are ever bowing—they seem to find it difficult to keep straight.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

The skull which I hold in my hand represents the marking of the head in 1839. In it there is no organ of Conscientiousness. This organ, in fact, was not discovered by Gall, but by Spurzheim. It is situated on the posterior and lateral parts of the coronal region, upward from Cautiousness and backward from Hope.

Metaphysicians have disputed whether a sense of moral obligation is a natural instinct: Hobbes ascribes it to Self-Love; Mandeville, the author of the celebrated "Fable of the Bees," to Love of Praise: "The moral virtues," said he, "are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride." Dr. Clarke ascribed it to perception of Fitness of Things: he is supposed to have been the object of Fielding's satire in the character of "Square." Hume ascribed this sentiment to a perception of Utility—thus placing man on a level with a chest of drawers; Paley to Hope of Eternal Reward; Cudworth, Hutcheson, Stewart, Brown and Reid insisted on a moral sense; McIntosh denied it, and Adam Smith ascribed the sentiment of justice to sympathy between the approver and the action and object approved. Phrenology, by fixing this single point, has conferred a great boon upon moral science. It proves that a faculty exists which is to produce the feeling of duty or obligation, independently of fear of punishment, hope of reward, or any other extrinsic motive. This sense of moral obligation must not be confounded with Justice, for Justice is one of its results. Justice is a compound idea, or conclusion resulting from the operation of the intellect upon human actions. The latter investigate the motives and consequences of actions, but there they stop—no

feeling of duty or obligation is the result. But as soon as the intellect has thoroughly examined a subject and penetrated into the springs from which it proceeds, a feeling of decided approval or condemnation arises spontaneously in the mind. Suppose you were sitting on a jury; when you had heard the evidence, a feeling arises in the mind that this is right or that is wrong. The intellect sifts testimony and draws inferences. Conscientiousness decides upon the right. I know this to be true, because I have been acquainted with men of great intellectual talents, who, after hearing testimony, could not tell where justice lay.

This faculty controls and regulates all the others. If Combativeness and Destructiveness be too active, Conscientiousness prescribes a limit to their indulgence; it permits defence, but no malicious aggression. If Acquisitiveness urge too keenly, it reminds us of the rights of others. If Benevolence tends toward profusion, it issues the admonition Be Just before Generous. If idealism aspire to its high delights when duty requires laborious exertions in another sphere, Conscientiousness supplies the curb, and bids the soaring spirit stoop its wing. It brings all the faculties to the standard of duty, and gives an earnestness of manner—a directness of purpose—a prompt fulfilment of obligations—which constitute that daily beauty in the life which renders the individual in the highest degree useful and respectable.

This faculty acts also as a spur to the other faculties and may lead us to acts as duties which the other faculties, if active, would have prompted us to perform from inclination. If Benevolence be deficient, duty is not only rigidly performed but rigidly exacted. There is little or no consideration for the errors or follies of men. Such men do not, as they ought, temper justice with mercy.

When deficient, the grand regulator is seen to rule with a weak hand, and the feelings come by turns into too energetic play. An individual in whom this faculty is weak generally acts and judges of the conduct of others according to the predominating feeling of the time. He is amiable, stern, harsh, courteous, or repulsive, according as Benevolence or Destructiveness or Love of Approbation or Self-Esteem bears rule. Such men are never to be relied on. As judges they are unsound, as friends unreasonable, as sellers apt to misrepresent and extort, as buyers to depreciate and evade payment.

So far from the Laws of Honor, as they are called, being prompted by Conscientiousness, they can only exist where it is weak. They are the offspring of Love of Approbation and Self-Esteem. The conscientious man, if conscious of being right, would remain inflexible; but if aware that he is wrong, so far from deeming it a degradation to acknowledge his fault, he rises in his own esteem by doing so. But when Conscientiousness is weak, Self-Esteem refuses to admit its fallibility, and Love of Approbation feels as though the world's esteem would be lost by such an acknowledgment, and the wretched victim, rather than acknowledge that to be wrong which is utterly indefensible, will go to the field and die.

To those in whom this faculty is small, no feeling is more incomprehensible. According to Madame de Staël, Napoleon was never so completely at fault as when he met with opposition from a man who acted under the influence of pure integrity. To obtain the aid of such a person, he offered him money—no, that would not do. He offered him title—no, that would not decide him. He then asked him what he did want. The man said he wanted nothing, but that he could not consent to do what he considered wrong. Napoleon could not understand this and considered him essentially mad without knowing it. It is a favorite maxim with some that "Every man has his price"—a maxim which those in whom Acquisitiveness or Love of Approbation is large and Conscientiousness small consider as profoundly discriminative; but there are minds whose deviation from rectitude no price can purchase, no honors procure.

Veneration, Conscientiousness and Benevolence may exist independently. Their union forms the religion of the Bible, as expressed in the command to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with God. Those in whom this combination exists are, to use the language of St. Paul, "a law unto themselves."

It is deficient in savages, being small in the Indians of North America, and least of all in the negroes of New Holland. It is very small in the Esquimaux Indians; and they are greatly addicted to lying and theft. It is much better developed in the Afri-

can Negroes. When it is large in children, they evince great honesty of character; when small, and with large Secretiveness, they are disposed to falsehood.

When diseased, this organ produces excess of remorse. A clergyman believed himself the cause of all the bloodshed in the wars of the French Revolution; and a man who owed nothing believed that he was indebted to every body and deserved to be devoured by rats.

When treating of the last organ, I showed a number of examples of this in different states of development. In this head of Rammohun Ray, the organ, as you see, is greatly developed. In Haggart small.

This faculty and Benevolence produce Gratitude. It is a mistake to suppose that great criminals necessarily feel remorse. I talked to Hare when in prison; and notwithstanding his atrocious deeds, he did not feel remorse in the slightest degree. Bellingham did not feel remorse, nor was the woman Goufried troubled in the slightest degree till disturbed by the law. In Haggart, Benevolence was rather large, and he felt great regret for having murdered the jailor at Dumfries; but, Conscientiousness being small, he felt no remorse on account of the thefts which he had committed.

When this organ is deficient, individuals are totally unfit to be a law unto themselves. This shows the absolute necessity of written laws by which to direct their conduct.

This organ communicates a pleasing simplicity to the manners, and gives an uprightness to the gait.

DELPHIAN AMUSEMENTS.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not!
 That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hack it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties:
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies!
 When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here—
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let the old oak stand!
 My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

G. P. MORRIS.

ΞΥΛΟΚΟΠΗ ΦΕΙΔΟΥ

Ξυλοκόπε φαιδου
 Δρυς! μή κλωνίζης,
 Παρασκευάζε μου
 Πάρος; αμύν' αὐτά;
 Ἐγγυς στήθεος πατρός
 Περυτεύεσθαι αὐτά;
 Αὐτοῦδ' ἰσθὰ δειδώς,
 Μ' ἑταίρῳ ἀξύνει!
 Δένδρον κινουμένον
 Μυρμύκας ζεύγεις,
 Ἐμὸν ἑταίριον,
 Οὐκ αὖ ἐπιταμιεύεις;
 Πάλῃγε ξυλοκόπε
 Ἐχέ; καὶ τὸν κορμὸν
 Πάλακιν μὴ κοπτεῖ,
 Πρὸς τοῖα ἡμῶν;
 Πάρος ζῆται' ἐν οὐρανῷ,
 Αὐτοῦ ψυχρὴν σκάνη;
 Ἀδίδακτα, τῷ τόπῳ
 Ἠχασθ' ἑμῶν;
 Μήτηρ ἀνικ' ἰδὼσα,
 Πάτερ τίθεται με—
 Σφραζέσθαι δάκρυα,
 Δρυς παλαιὴ ἰσθὰ!
 Φρίκας ζῆντος, μου,
 Σ' ἑταίρῳ, ὡς φίλος;
 Πρὸς πάλας ἀφ' ὅζου
 Μελισσὴν αἰετός;
 Δρυ, ζάλας ἀμύμων,
 Ξυλοκόπε ἰσθὰ!
 Ἀξίτη μὴ βλάψαι
 Εἰς αὖ χερσὶν αἰσῶ.

N. C. BROOKS.

FORSTMANN, SCHONE DIESEN BAUM.

Forstmann, schone diesen Baum,
 Ruchre keinen Zweig mir an!
 Wie er mich im Tugendtraum,
 Will ich schuetzen ihn, als Mann.
 'Swar mein Ahno, der zur Seite
 Dieser Huette ihn gesetzt.
 Lass ihn hier, den Frevel meide,
 Dass dein Eisen ihn verletzt!

Diesen alten trauten Baum,
 Weitgepriesen neber land
 Und der Meere weiten Raum,
 Will vertilgen deine Hand?
 Loesen mit dem Todesstreich
 Seine Wurzeln, tiefvergweigt?
 Forstmann, schone diese Eiche,
 Die stolz in die Lueste steigt!

Als ich noch ein Knabe war,
 Suchte ich sein Schattendach,
 Spielte in der Schwestern Schaar,
 Kannte noch kein Ungemach.

Wenn die Mutter mich gekuesset,
 Hat er's oft mit angeschn—
 Laechle, weil die Thraene fliesset,
 Aber lass den Baum mir stehn!

Tren schmiegt dir mein Herz sich an
 Wie die Rinde dich umschlingt.
 Hebe kuehn den Zweig hinan,
 Wo der Vogel froehlich singt!
 Steh im Sturme, sonder Beben!—
 Aber fort nun, harter Mann!
 Keiner soll die Axt erheben,
 Weil ich ihn noch schuetzen kann.

REV. H. SCHEID.

PERDONA EL ARBOL.

Perdona el arbol, lenador amigo,
 No injurias de su todo ni una rama;
 Su sombra ha sido en mi ninez testigo,
 Ya protegerlo la gratitud me llama.
 Mis remotos abuelos lo han plantado
 De su cabana cerca, que adornaba;
 Respeta, lenador, su antiguo estado,
 Que no asi tanto bien de un golpe acaba.

Es arbol venerado en la familia
 Cuya gloria y blason esclarecido;
 Por mar y tierra provoco' la envidia;
 Y, temerario, lo veras rendido?
 No cortes, lenador con mano airada,
 Los lazos que lo unen a este suelo;
 Perdona aquea encina tan amada,
 Que se eleva cual torre hasta el cielo.

Me acuerdo cuando era un tierno infante,
 Goce feliz sus sombras agraciadas,
 Cual mariposa alegre e inconstante,
 Con mis hermanas en horas regaladas.
 Bajo della mi madre me ha besado,
 Mi padre me abrazaba carinoso;
 Mi amargo llanto sea de ti estimado
 Deja existir la encina, jeneroso.

Del corazon sus cuerdas a ti atadas,
 Amiga, estan cual tu corteza dura;
 Las aves aun veras en ti anidadas,
 Y moveras tus ramas con blandura.
 Mofate aun del huracan potente,
 Y deja el puesto lenador insano;
 No, no le heriras; tu hacha es impotente,
 De ella le salvara mi fuerte mano.

PROF. J. A. PIZARRO.

TU PARCE ILLI ARBORI.

Tu parce illi arbori,
 Nec noce ramulo!
 Profuit juveni
 Mi; ac illam defendo.
 Proavus posuit
 Juxta illius casam;
 Lignator manebit,
 Ne molire asciam.

Truncum veterrimum
Amavi; ac umbram
Ceu consanguineum
Succiderese illam?
Nec ice lignator
Nec cæde stipitem;
Quercum illam patitor
Florere, veterem.

Dum puer, otio,
Petivi umbraculum;
Hic sorores gaudio
Luserunt ver novum
Hic mater fovit me
Hic pater amavit—
Huic lachrymæ ignosce,
Ac sine ut arbor stet!

Præcordia tenent
Te, ut liber, amice!
Hinc volucres canent
Ad auras amoenæ:
Sperne arbor procellam
Lignator hinc abi!
Non tendes asciam
Dum manus erit mi.

N. C. BROOKS.

XULOKOPE PHEIDOU.

Xulokope pheidou
Druos! me klonize
Periskiake mou
Paidos; amun' aute.
Eggus steges pappos
Pephuteuke auten;
Autoth' iste dendros
M' epaire axinen!

Dendron kinoumenon
Muriois zephurois,
Emon etaurion,
Ouk an epiternois?
Plegen, xulokope,
Eche! kai ton kormon
Palaion me kopte
Pros nephe emmenon!

Pais zetek' en okno,
Autou psuchran skian;
Adelphai, to topo,
Echasin emeran:
Meter kekuk' entha
Pater tethalpe me—
Sebazou dakrua
Drus palaia iste!

Phrenes zonnusi mou
S' etaire, os phloios;
Os palai aph' ozou
Melisei oionos:
Dru zales amelei,
Xulokope, ito;
Axine me blapsei
Eos an cheir' airo.

N. C. BROOKS.

LETTERS FROM OUT THE OLD OAK.

NO. III.

Dear Messenger,—Time speeds apace, and again the period is at hand when it becomes necessary, that Nugatrite should resume his pen, and renew his correspondence with his quondam friend Mr. White. Many and varied have been the changes, which have transpired around, and about him, even within the compass of a month,—some effected by human agencies; others, in obedience to the laws, which govern nature in her usual operations. Already, the forests admonished by the chilling frosts of October, have doffed their liveries of green, and the rich, and royal dahlia, which bloomed the majestic queen of Flora's most favored parterre has faded, and left its stem deserted, and alone. The fields no longer present the eye with the picture upon which it most delights to gaze, assuming in place of their vestures of velvet-green, robes of less brilliant hue, preparatory to the coming of cold and cheerless winter. His messengers, the winds, are even now announcing his approach, and the family groups are assembling about the fireside to avoid his cold and comfortless embrace. Yet change truly

"The spirit of beauty, lighting like the sun
The order of this glorious Universe"—

though mutable is still eternal, and from her spring all those beauteous images,

"Which flash like morning sunbeams o'er the stream
Through the bright medium of the poet's soul."

Typical, indeed, may the seasons be said to be of the life of man. The innocence and joy of young childhood, are well depicted in the spring tide, when young May, blushing in her roseate hues, comes forward to fill the abdicated throne of her sister. The heart, then fresh from the hands of nature, is filled with emotions as chaste and beautiful as the early flowers which spring up to beautify and adorn the extended and smiling landscape. Each dream, when recent from the work-shop of Fancy, and bright with the carnation streaks and golden edgings of Hope, how like the summer's morn, when each shrub and budding flower is wet with tears of gladness, which beneath Aurora's smile become as diamonds

"Glueing in some Pearl's coral cell."

As the russet leaf, when stirred by the breeze, deserts its stem—the throne upon which it has sported its short holyday of existence, and returns to the soil from whence it came; even so, do the monuments of man, and man's grandeur, yielding to the influence of time and neglect, moulder in ruin and decay. Mark the dilapidated condition of that old mansion. The finished neatness of the exterior, and grand scale upon which its offices, its pleasure grounds, &c. were arranged, once announced it to the traveller as the residence of some wealthy lord of the day. Where now are its grandeur, and those who were its once familiar inmates? The one lost amid its ruin; whilst its former inmates, and owners, without a vestige of heraldic pomp, are sleeping beneath their tomb-stones, with scarce a descendant left, to revisit the desolate halls in which his ancestors feasted, and high wail and wassel, were wont to be held. No more is the light and elastic tread of beauty, clothed in smiles and begirt with graces, re-

echoed by its lonely and seemingly deserted walls. The harp has long since ceased to breathe its plaintive notes, and the merry-toned violin is no longer heard summoning the gay revellers—guests of its hospitality—to participate in the giddy and exhilarating dance. The days of its greatness are fast fading from the memories of men; and full soon they shall be, as though they had never been. The grey mists of oblivion are gathering over the story of its early splendor; few tongues remain to narrate scenes which the eye once witnessed within its stately and capacious chambers. No bard of Morven, from the land of his fathers, is heard to sing the fame of its glory. It sinks from sight, and darkness prevails. “Shalt thou then remain, thou aged hall, when the tale of thy splendor failed? No; the palaces of other days shall pass away: another race shall arise. The people are like the waves of the ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.”

Such, Mr. Editor, as presented in the above lines, is the present condition of many old family mansions, erected in the early part of the last century, and scattered throughout my section of country. The most remarkable among them, are Nominy Hall, and Stratford. The one situated on Nominy Creek, a beautiful inland stream. The other near the cliffs, on the banks of Potomac. Counsellor Carter erected the former; the latter was the home of our Lees. Each has suffered from the march of time; though neither yet proclaim utter desertion and decay. In the wane of their days, their glory is passing away; and in reference to them I might use the beautiful language of Hutchinson: ‘I saw them when their pride was brought low, when their magnificence was sinking in the dust, when tribulation had taken the seat of hospitality,—and solitude reigned where the jocund guest had laughed over the sparkling bowl, whilst the owls sung nightly their strains of melancholy to the moonshine that slept upon their mouldering battlements.’ Around and about each yet remain many traces of the taste and beauty of the original design. Even these may soon pass away. Yet what of this? What, though the ploughshare should be burnished by the soil, upon which once stood the family altar of our Lee: green and fresh as the shamrock of Ireland will ever be the page upon which his story is recorded. No castle wall points the traveller to the spot which cradled the infancy of Washington. The ruins of no splendid mansion, lie mouldering over the hearth stones, around which the gleesome days of his childhood were spent. Not a vestige of his humble home can now be traced. It has gone to decay. We raise no monument to blazon forth the birth-spot of our hero; for why—

“Should the marble bestow
That splendor of woe
Which we children of vanity rear?”—

on him whose name has been borne on the winged messengers of Heaven to the ultima thule of the modern world. The gratitude which we feel is graven on the heart, and its manifestation is best evidenced by the tenacity with which we adhere to the institutions he gave us. In emulation of his virtues, long may we appreciate his worth, and thus pay his memory that noblest of tributes, which man is capable of offering at the shrine of his benefactor. Many of the old churches, cotempo-

raries with our colonial governments, are razed to the ground. For their destruction we are indebted in part to the consuming voracity of Time; in part to British invasion and spoliation. One only, Yeocomico, remains in my vicinity, to remind us of the religion of the olden time. A few of the native forest trees, are still standing round about it; and we might almost imagine each the favored abode of some golden-haired Hamadryad, who delighted to protect and watch over this relict of antiquity. The wall enclosing a small area about the building—the bricks of which are said to have been imported from England,—has thus long resisted decay, and is almost perfect, save only where the hands of man have been engaged in its demolition. Within this, and adjoining the eastern end of the church, was a second wall enclosing the cemetery. The materials of this latter wall being less durable, it is demolished; and small fragments of marble slabs, broken by the school-boy, as he sported in thoughtless levity above the resting place of the dead, lie scattered over the mounds. The grey walls, and mouldering roof, in connexion with its singular structure, give to it an appearance truly antique and independent of the date of its erection, which is recorded in figures distinctly legible above the front door; we should readily suppose it built in the early part of the last century.

There is yet one spot, which may not be forgotten, though it is neither the birth nor the resting place of a native of our land. At Kinsale, and near the head waters of a creek making in from Potomac, beneath some pines, about the branches of which the native grape has gracefully twined its tendrils, lies a marble slab, dedicated to the memory of a young naval officer, who fell in an engagement with the British during our last war. Engraven on the slab, is a short and neatly written epitaph, from which we learn that it is the tomb of captain James M. Sigourney, of Massachusetts! Hallowed be the tomb which enshrines the dust of a naval officer; and long may that generous vine spread its branches over the evergreen boughs of the pine, to protect it from the burning sunbeam, and the winter's storm.

The scenery of the lower section of the Northern Neck, though in many places exceedingly soft and beautiful, possesses none of that wild grandeur so characteristic of the more northern parts of Virginia. No mountain cliff here rears its high head to the clouds. No rivulet fretted into foam from the rapidity of its course, is here seen dashing through the broken pass, and rushing hurriedly along its narrow and confined channel. A beautiful tract of table land, it presents to the eye but an extended plain, occasionally interrupted by hills, just sufficiently elevated to overlook the surrounding scenery; whilst the waters of our inland streams—placid and unruffled as those of some highland lake, glide sluggishly away, reflecting from their mirror-like, and glassy surface, the dark foliage of the tall forest trees, which skirt their shores. But go with me, Mr. Editor, in the sunny month of June, to the summit of yonder hill, upon which stands that neat and pretty little cottage, and bid the eye for a moment glance over the extended landscape. The hill, carpeted with the most delicate and beautiful green, slopes gradually away to the banks of the creek, which winds around its base; the gentle breathings of spring are on the waters, and the pigmy ripples are chasing each other in spor-

tive playfulness to the shore, whilst ever and anon is heard the stroke of the oar, as the merry fisherman skims along the surface in his light canoe. Beyond it, and along the opposite banks, lay's an open plain, stretching away for some miles, through which runs the public highway. To the right and left, the lands are divided by cross fences, into extensive fields; in some the rich harvest—now ripe for the sickle, presents a miniature picture of the undulations of the ocean; whilst in others, are seen herds of cattle and sheep, grazing at leisure, or reposing under the shade of some solitary tree. Several dwelling houses are situated within the plain. The groups of trees, artificially arranged, about these—their gardens, their orchards and farm yards, lend an air of rural life to the prospect, which renders it doubly joyous and interesting. On the outer side, this open tract is girded by forests, which apparently extend continuously as far as the eye can reach. Changing our position, and looking in another direction, we behold the creek, after tracing it through all its meanderings, disembogue into the Potomac. Upon her bosom we see hundreds of vessels, and a faint outline of the blue misty coasts of Maryland is the last feature which we distinctly recognize. This may convey a general idea of the face of our country.

And now, Mr. Editor, the period is at hand when your correspondent's series should end. Wayward has been his life; from it his scribblings receive their impress. Widely has he diverged from the course originally planned. Writing simply for amusement, he has acted but from the impulses of inclination, and ably sustained the very dignified signature assumed. The dread of approaching winter congeals both ink and blood, and ere the blasts of old Boreas are rocking to and fro the time-worn branches of his oaken cell, he proposes to vacate his home, and doff his cognomen. We may, perchance, meet again, though with the desertion of the oak, be announced the death, of your friend

Westmoreland, Nov. 3d.

NUGATRITE.

EARLY LAYS,

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

I DEFY THEE TO FORGET.

1.

They have torn us apart; but by those angel eyes,
By the sweet glance they gave when first we met,
By our first vow, so warm yet so unwise,
That still must cheer me when all hope has set;
By my fond murmurs, by thy faint replies,
By each dear memory truly cherished yet,
Thy failing accents and thy speaking sighs,
I dare thee, I defy thee to forget.

2.

By all we both must cherish of the past,
When thy dark eyes beneath my glance were wet;
That passionate kiss, the dearest as the last,
Whose sweetness on my lips is ling'ring yet;—
Thy solemn vow to share with me the blast,
Nor in the world's scorn suffer one regret;

By all the love thou gav'st me and still hast,
My heart defies thine ever to forget.

3.

Thou still must love me on through weal and wo,
Howe'er the wall between us hath been set;
They cannot teach thy bosom not to know,
'Tis now, with parting only, comes regret.
Thou knowest I love thee, and thine eyes will flow,
To think how mine must ever more be wet;
By these I triumph—these defeat their blow,
These dare thee, these defy thee to forget.

II.

EYES, EYES, YE HAVE LED ME TO RUIN.

1.

Eyes, eyes, ye have led me to ruin,
Yet still ye are lovely, and still I adore;
Lips, lips, ye have been my undoing,
Yet still I must love ye, and love ever more;
Ye are fatal to fame and I give up endeavor,
'I seek but to bask in the smile ye bestow;
Ye bid me despair of my hope, and O! never,
My spirit may dream of enjoyment below.

2.

Wherefore, young heart, so cruelly sinning,
So sadly 'gainst nature, and beauty and youth,
With eyes so bright, and with lips so winning,
Why so forbidding to feeling and truth?
Can'st thou not love, while evermore lavishing,
Each charming feature of feeling and faith,
Nor let eyes so bright, nor let lips so ravishing,
Doom me forever to sorrow and seath.

III.

WELL, IF THAT DREAM OF BLISS.

1.

Well, if that dream of bliss be over,
That moved so deeply heart and brain,
I am not that insensate lover,
To lose and then to love again:
The hour that tells me hope has vanished,
An hour of freedom cannot be;
As well assure the wretch that's banish'd
From home and country, he is free.

2.

'Tis true that gallant barques may bear him,
To other shores as bright as this,
And eyes may warm and lips may cheer him,
With gleams and promises of bliss;
But, were he blind to every aspect
Of stormy sorrow in his gaze,
He could not lose that lovelier prospect,
That charmed him in his earlier days.

3.

The exiled heart may never cherish—
Since from its hope forever gone,—
One lingering dream that will not perish,
With that, the first-beloved one.
Far on the seas of memory roving,
Destined to watch, yet still deplore;
His passions, like its tempests proving,
His hopes, the wrecks that strew its shore.

4.

If thine's the heart, whose bitter anguish
The flight of days may soothe or still,
'Tis well, perchance, that mine should languish
'Neath broken vow and fickle will ;—
The heart which thou discard'st so cheaply,
Thy spirit shall not hear repine ;
It loves thee still, too dearly, deeply,
And gladly bears the doom of thine.

IV.

THERE'S A LIGHT.

1.

There's a light that is seen in our loneliest hours,
It awakens the soul from the sleep of despair ;
It comes to the heart, like the dew to the flow'rs,
And leaves it the freshness it met not with there :
'Tis seen after moments of bitterest anguish,
When wo, like the storm-cloud, hangs over the breast,
Which cheered by its presence, soon ceases to languish,
And rises to rapture, and sinks into rest.

2.

It sheds not its ray for the tyrant, awaking
That hope in his soul which he knew not before,
It charms not the warrior, from blandishments breaking,
To bathe to the hilt his sharp falchion in gore :
But it comes when the first gush of joy has departed,
It soothes the wild pulse and it softens the pain,
And brings to the breast of the lone and sad hearted,
That balm which the mourner had hoped not again.

3.

It comes, like the moon shining through the dark hours,
And it tinges life's sky with its tenderest glow,
And gives to the forest, and flings o'er the flowers,
Those delicate hues that embellish them so.
It comes, and the desolate heart long forsaken,
Arising in ardor, with sorrow may cope—
It comes with a power of magic, to waken
Every fancy of youth, every vision of hope.

V.

OH ! WEEP NOT.

1.

Oh, weep not, I pray thee, when memory shall waken
The thought of the bard thou hast loved, in thy
breast ;
Could he deem that thy heart in that thought would
be shaken,
His own grief would never, even now, be repress'd :
No ! the song that, to win thee, his lyre has given,
Was pour'd in thine ear in a moment of bliss ;
Let its memory not darken the smiles of that heaven,
Which has mingled the joys of the future with this.

2.

And when in thy bow'r of home thou repeatest
The strain, that, for thine, his fond spirit has wrought,
With the voice that to him is the dearest and sweetest,
Since it rouses the dearest and sweetest of thought ;
Then the minstrel,—perchance in that hour long de-
parted,—

As the song thou awakest in rapture upspring,
Will listen and linger around thee, lighthearted,
If no sad tear of memory from thee touch the strings.

VI.

BE IT FOLLY OR FRENZY.

1.

Be it folly or frenzy, so sweet the delusion,
I would not, for worlds, it should cease to be so ;
And deep were the guilt of that busy intrusion,
Which by truth or by reason that folly would show.
The world is a painful deceit, and the pleasure,
The only true pleasure we find in it here,
Is when we can shut our eyes to the measure,
So full and o'erflowing, we drink of its care.

2.

What better than frenzy, this evil disguising,
If, mentally blinded, we see not our chain,
And the dream which beguiles us, predominant prizing,
Refuse to look down on our fetters of pain ?
We see not the straw in the cell that receives us,
We feel not the scourge which would torture us still ;
We know not the guile in the heart which relieves us,
And life has no evil, and nature, no ill.

3.

Why waken the dreamer, when bright to his vision,
Seems the life that, on waking, his spirit deploras ;
Why torture that spirit, whose hopes are elysian,
With the gloom and reverse that attend upon yours ?
Call it folly or frenzy, but, O ! in my madness,
Forbear to enlighten—my heart is at stake ;
I dream, it is true, but my dreams are all gladness,
All grateful, all glorious, and why should I wake ?

VII.

WHEN THE HOPES OF THE HEART.

1.

When the hopes of the heart thou so dearly hast che-
rished,
Till even in its wreck it has carried thine own,
'Neath the frowns of its kindred and people have
perished,
Denied all their promise, their splendors all gone ;
Thou wilt weep, I am sure, o'er the desolate ruin,
Thou wilt cherish the feeling once sacred and pure,
And muse, with sad thoughts, over fortune's undoing,
Refining the sorrows that still must endure.

2.

Thou wilt not forget, though to this they would bring
thee,
That the exile they hate has reposed in thy arms ;
And the venom'd reproach which they utter will sting
thee,
And rob all the bloom from thy sunniest charms ;
They will teach, thou wilt feel, that the love which
had won him,
'Till, duty forgotten, he ceased to be free,
Was the source of that spell which in truth has undone
him,
And made him forgetful of all things but thee.

3.

And when the sweet hours shall return of our meeting,
The long summer eve, in our moonhallow'd grove,
When thy heart press'd to mine, in its rapture was
beating,

And we had not a thought, not a feeling but love ;
Oh, then thou wilt sigh for the bliss that's departed,
More dear from the sorrow which follow'd it still ;—
Oh, then thou wilt weep for the lone and sad hearted,
That, blessed by thy love, even Hate could not kill.

VIII.

WE ARE ONE.

1.

Tomorrow !—tomorrow !—
The sound, to my heart,
Comes linked with a sorrow ;
Tomorrow we part.
The dream which has made us
Forgetful so long,
At last has betray'd us
To madness and wrong.

2.

And deep for the error
Our hearts must atone,
Thus taught by the terror,
That finds us alone :
With every stay shiver'd,
With every hope fled ;
Our vessels dis sever'd,
And storm overhead.

3.

But vain, the cold hearted,
Our spirits would shake ;
We cannot be parted,
Not e'en at the stake !
That truth still is left us,
Else hopeless, undone,—
Our love's not bereft us,—
We are one (—we are one.

Machiavel's Political Discourses

UPON THE FIRST DECADE OF LIVY.

Qui nous délivrera des Grècs et des Romains ? is a question which has long since become a proverb in France. The history, the heroes and the mythology of the ancients, have for ages been divested of the interest which novelty never fails to impart ; and the taste of the scholar leads him rather to avoid, than to repeat them. Their laws, their constitutions and their polity, however, seem to have escaped the general eye—though when thoroughly examined, they will be found to contain most excellent theories of political philosophy. The president Montesquieu, with his accustomed ability, has chalked out their origin and progress, their cause and their effects. For many of his profoundest ideas and most comprehensive views, upon this, as well as upon many other subjects, he is indebted to an author whose

fate has been as hard with posterity as it certainly was with his contemporaries, and whose example affords another proof that after-ages, are frequently as unjust, as our own is generally neglectful of sterling talent and well-earned fame. In the discourses which MACHIAVEL wrote on the Decades of Livy, he has unfolded with a masterly hand the principles and policy by which the grandeur of the Roman Republic was reared, and thrown out with lavish prodigality some of the profoundest maxims of political wisdom that are recorded in the annals of government or the writings of constitutional lawyers. It is not our purpose at present, to notice all his works, or to rescue his character from the obloquy under which it has for centuries suffered. This generous task has been performed by many wise and eminent men, from the time of Lord Bacon down to the present ; and the day perhaps is not distant, when his character will be as fully understood and his fame as freely acknowledged in other countries, as they are already in his own. We shall confine ourselves in this article to his discourses, and, following its pages, endeavor to trace to its true sources and deep-laid principles, that enormous power which the Roman Republic for so many ages maintained over the nations of the earth.

They who read history merely to know dates and facts, turn a most delightful study into a dry and barren task. A knowledge of past events, can be of little service to those who seek it to pass time, or who desire to impose upon society by making a display of their crude and cumbersome erudition. They become a nuisance in proportion to the progress which they make, and grow in impertinence as they increase in learning. Having few ideas of their own to display, they store their minds with insulated facts and detached sentences, and hope to supply by bare memory the want of imagination and judgment. They do not make themselves wiser or better by study ; and in trying to impose upon ignorance by a gravity which is as false as it is unmeaning, they find that they have stretched the credulity of men too far, and wonder that others do not mistake their dulness for genius and their prolixity for eloquence. But the philosophic student of history will bend his mind to the causes and the effects of things ; to the lives of great men and the customs of great nations. He will inquire by what means and by what arts states have been built, and will follow them in their swift march to wealth and dominion. He will keep his eye on the looseness of morals and discipline brought about by the growth of luxury, and will mark the silent changes produced in the manners and customs of the people by rising commerce and the arts of peace. While he does not overlook the ravages of time, he will closely watch the stealth of power from the many to the few, until vice becomes too universal to be either borne or remedied, and the state at first begins to slide and at last to rush to ruin. Having gazed at the annals of past ages as a venerable monument, he will hold up for our imitation whatever is worthy of being a model, and will warn us to shun that which has already proved base in its design and base in its end. Living in a free state, he cannot but desire to follow the footsteps of the ancient republics, which sprang from small beginnings to be the mistresses of the world, and whose example if it does not point out what to pursue teaches us at least what to avoid. Of all the countries, of

which accounts have come down to us, he will find no state richer in great men or more fruitful of great events than ancient Rome; none in which poverty was so long honored and yoked with virtue; none in which the desires of men were more strictly bounded by their resources; none in which public virtue and private morals were so eminent and useful; and none into which avarice and luxury emigrated so late. Having weighed these things, and living in a time when men speak lightly of what cost so much blood and treasure; fearful that a government which has so long been the theme of praise, will at last be the victim of obloquy, and that the labor of a century will be lost in a day; with a mind full of joy at the past, and of fear and forebodings for the future, he will be frequently led to contemplate for his own instruction and to unfold for the benefit of others, THE POLICY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

It has always been a custom with those who have a high opinion of themselves, or, who wish to exact respect and deference from others, to lay great stress upon the antiquity and fame of their ancestors. Most people are prone to believe that the virtues of the father fall upon his children; and bestow praises upon men for actions which they have never performed. This pride and this advantage of descent belong to nations as well as individuals. The Republic boasted of her origin from the Gods, and claimed Mars as the founder of her city. According to her historians, the cruelty of Amulius was evaded, and the channel of the Tiber changed by the care of the Protecting Deity; and the children thus doomed to death, were rescued from ruin and reared by the Immortal Gods to be the founders of Rome and the first of the conquerors of the earth. She thus imposed upon nations by an innocent artifice, and induced them to bear with more equal mind the yoke which they were sometimes ready to throw off. Her own citizens were fired with an ambition to support their descent by their deeds, and each age burned to surpass the preceding in glory. Reverence for their forefathers and love for their posterity—feelings which above all others hold a sway over the human mind—worked in full force. To rouse a Roman soldier to deeds of chivalry and arms, no other appeal was necessary than that of Galgacus to the Caledonian army—*Think of your fathers, think of your children.* Hence public wealth stood in contrast to private poverty, and military success kept pace with personal bravery. Hence the heat of the combat was fanned by the delights of victory, and their actions were noble as their spirit was elevated. It was thus that enemies chose to be friends, and rivals preferred to be defendants. It was thus that the Republic was rescued so often in times of peril and alarm. It was thus that she gathered courage from despair, and rose more terrible from every defeat.

The Republic, in the meantime, grew by fortifying the places that were fitted for building, more however, in hopes of future numbers than for the accommodation of present inhabitants. That her greatness might not be ideal, and that its importance might not dwindle for the want of numbers, an asylum was opened where crowds of the neighboring people fled in search of novelty and wealth. Buried in the bosom of hostile tribes, who beheld with envy her rising fortunes, it was her policy to hold out every inducement to emigration, and to welcome all classes, with the hope of converting vice into

virtue and guilt into innocence. Men of bad principles frequently change their character, when placed in new situations where temptation is set at naught by industry, and honesty is more profitable than crime. The wants of nature being supplied, and the necessities of their condition removed, they become hardy soldiers in war and useful citizens in peace. The Republic broke the faith of treaties and the rights of hospitality; she defied the enmity of the injured Sabines and braved the resentment of their ravished daughters, to supply their want of women and to give to every man the hopes of marriage and of offspring. She well knew that the affections of the wife and the tender solicitude of the mother, would outlive the pride of the father and the resentment of the virgin. She well knew that kindness often springs from injuries, and that love is a speedy remedy for a woman's distress.

As the elements of national character are as varied and as susceptible of impressions as those of individuals, the events of its early history and the actions of persons in credit and authority must have great influence upon the destinies of a country. So deeply rooted is the principle of imitation in our nature and so ceaseless is our reverence for those who have gone before us, that the habits and opinions of the people are almost moulded after those of their fathers and especially the first founders of the state. Thus, if I mistake not, the hardihood of the Spartans was owing to the example not less than to the laws of their first legislator. And the fond love of liberty which has ever been the birthright and the boast of Englishmen, may be traced to the bold spirit of their Saxon ancestors. It was the good fortune of Rome that her first king was a model in war and her second a model in peace, and that in the first dawn of the Republic men were so hurried on by the fire of their feelings as to overlook domestic ties and private interest in the overthrow of authority, and that their illustrious example had great influence not only upon the conduct of individuals but the character of the nation. Whatever it is that moulds the morals of a people, the manners of one period follow those of the age which precedes it; and nothing but a revolution either gradual or instantaneous can put things into a new track. Courage being a precarious quality, because exercised by few and at distant intervals, was propped in the infant Republic by public opinion; and the soldier had his own stock of bravery increased by the conduct of his rival in the ranks, and by the expected praises and perhaps dreaded scorn of his fellow citizens. The dangers of the combat were lost sight of in the thirst for a triumph; and from a hope of the noblest rewards and a fear of the most degrading punishments, the legions of the Republic became the dread of their enemies and the staff of the state.

No Republic can rise to wealth and dominion that does not hold out sufficient encouragement to virtue. Where riches are more praised than fame, and persons inherit offices which they cannot fill, and honors which they do not deserve, the minds of men are held under an unnatural restraint. In the Roman Republic there was no post, however high, that virtue and talents might not reach. Before the eyes of the commander glared the *opima spolia* and the triumph, and even upon the common soldier rewards were showered equal to the valor which he had shown. The consuls chosen

yearly, never grew lazy, but each one bringing to the helm of affairs newness of mind and freshness of ambition, burned to distinguish his consulate by some memorable event, and fought with a spirit which was whetted and not worn out by domestic dissensions. Nothing is so hurtful to a commonwealth as unbroken peace and repose. Not that a state should forever be plunged in wars and bloodshed; but, as well might we expect the human body to be sound and healthful without exercise, or the rivulets of the meadow to be clear without a current, as to dream of permanence to an inert, sickly and feeble Republic, whose very lifeblood flows from turbulence and commotion. There must be something to rouse the minds and spur the spirit of men—else power is apt to rest where it is already lodged, and people are willing to confer upon descendants what they have already trusted to their ancestors.

Notwithstanding all this, the ingratitude of Republics has long been a theme of declamation with those who are fond of contrasting the patronage and liberality of princes, with the indifference, and perhaps insensibility, of free governments. The people are so fickle, that even envy and suspicion often succeed to favor, and talents are forgotten as soon as they cease to be exerted. The ostracism of Athens, by which her wisest and noblest citizens were driven into exile, was a deep stain upon the constitution of that fierce democracy. Talents and worth were placed at the mercy of the mob, and there was no security for merit and no reward for sterling integrity. But in the Republic, virtue was honored in the living and revered in the dead. The loss of great men was frequently mourned by the whole senate and people, and their funeral expenses paid from the public treasury. She had never lost her liberty by the ambition of her citizens, and hence it was not a part of her policy to overwhelm with envy and suspicion, men who in peace were the ornaments, and in war the props, of the state. Founded then in truth and experience, is this observation upon government: that nations who have preserved, are not so rigid as those who have recovered, their liberties.

The Republic soon reaped a rich reward from the virtue and talents of her citizens. On great occasions, when the state is most in danger, counsel is more useful than strength, and one man of greater service than numbers. The mass of men know not what to do. They have neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear. They are thrown upon a wide sea, without chart or compass; and whoever flies first to the helm, gains the guidance of the ship. It is then that worth rises to its level, and mind becomes lord of the ascendant. People shake off the misletoes, who have hitherto been free to flatter, but who are now unable to advise or defend them. The men who are at the top of the pack are shuffled down to the bottom, and for once in an age the game of life is played with a full deck and unmarked cards. On what page of Roman history is not carved an ennobling love of country? How often was the state saved by the conduct of one man and the wisdom of another? How often were the public wars entrusted to private care and waged by private arms!

But while the Republic was generous in rewarding true patriotism, she did not fail to punish dangerous ambition. She did not balance a man's deserts with his demerits, and because he had saved, allow him to

destroy her liberties. Frail indeed are the foundations of that government, which encourages a citizen to do good only to enable him to do evil. Short must be the life of that nation, which allows favor to be a privilege for mischief, and acknowledged services an apology for treason. The best of men are too apt to be made drunk with power, and giddy with popularity. The spirit of usurpation is too apt to get the mastery of any mind, that is restrained by no fear but that of self-reproach. So prone are we to mistake interest for duty, and love of self for love of country, that no Republic can be safe which does not, like the Roman, liberally reward the virtues and severely punish the vices of her most powerful citizens. And this at least may safely be said—that no nation ever lost its liberties by being too vigilant to preserve them. Well then did they humble the pride of Publicola, and hurl Manlius from the Tarpeian Rock. Well then did they drive Coriolanus into exile, and let him know that the power of a single class is not to be reared on the ruins of a whole city, and that the liberties of a whole people are not to be sacrificed even to the pride of the proudest man in Rome! *Illud notandum videtur ut sciam homines quæ et quanta decora, sæda cupiditas regni non ingrata solum sed etiam invisa reddideret.*

It is this greedy spirit of usurpation that, under a variety of forms but in purpose always the same, has been the perpetual scourge of nations. Sometimes, it displays itself under the form of anarchy, and in opposition to the principles of the social compact. Again, under the name of aristocracy, the happiness and liberties of the people are destroyed by the unfeeling passions of the great. A thirst for power seems to be born with us, and is a rich source of misery to the world and of uneasiness to ourselves. The delight of trespassing upon the rights of others, is a madness which few have the power to withstand. It was not long after the expulsion of the kings, before the senate began to oppress the people. So tight were the reins of authority drawn, that debtors justly complained, that while fighting for their country they were thrown into dungeons by their creditors, and that their liberties were more secure in war than in peace and among their enemies than their fellow citizens. But the senate soon found that its dignity was not respected unless supported by authority, and that the resistance of the people run into actual encroachment. Neither the prayers of the Conscript Fathers, the entreaties of the consuls, nor even the danger of foreign attack, could put a stop to the secessions, tumults and angry factions of the people; until their wishes were gratified and their liberties secured. The tribunes were granted for their defence, and, what was a more important point, which they gained afterwards, were to be chosen by the *comitia tributa*. They procured admission to the consulship, and obtained the privilege of intermarrying with the patrician order. On the whole, whoever attentively considers the causes and the effects of these tumults and seditions, will find that they sprung from a love of liberty and ended in its triumph. They effected the balance of power between the senate and people, and prevented the few from oppressing the many. And if, as various writers assert, and indeed as the Holy Scriptures assure us, men are naturally wicked, and will seek every opportunity to show their depravity, laws only can make them good—for from good laws spring a good education, and from a good

education good citizens and soldiers. Where public spirit, and not selfish ambition prevails, parties are not only useful but necessary to a free government. Blackstone contends (with what degree of truth I will not examine,) that the present liberties of Englishmen are no more than those which were enjoyed by the Saxons, under their old constitution. It is certain, however, that they were recovered, if not originally obtained, by a series of encroachments upon royal prerogative. And yet, who ever censured the mail-covered barons of England for their factious resistance to the Norman kings? Let no one, then, be too hasty to blame the tumults and the seditions of the people, since they secured and increased the threatened liberties of the Republic.

But, if all that we have said be true—if the Republic were really so jealous of her liberty—why did she ever submit to a Dictator, and lodge in one man that power which she had so fearfully fought to keep in herself? Many persons who, in my opinion, do not sift this matter to the bottom, have said that the office of dictator opened the door to tyranny, and that there never would have been kings if there had not first been dictators. But, of all the admirable institutions which raised the Roman commonwealth to such unexampled grandeur, this must be ranked among the foremost. In every aspect in which it can be viewed, it bears the marks of that far-seeing policy which is built on a thorough knowledge of human nature. It was admirable in the mode of appointment, in the term of service, and in the exactness with which it served the purposes for which it was designed. The dictators were nominated by the consuls, who, from commanding, were reduced to obey, that they might feel no sense of disgrace, or have the least excuse to get up an excitement with the people. They could be dangerous to no state that was not already corrupted, and not a single one was duly appointed who did not some service to the state. Indeed, in every well-governed Republic, some extraordinary magistrate has always been needed to preserve it in great and unforeseen emergencies; as may be seen from the constitution of the Venetian Republic, from the conduct of the Dutch when they invaded England, and from the free constitution of England itself. For it is the power which is usurped, and not that which is conferred by the people, that is dangerous to their liberties.

Neither does the creation of the decemvirs prove that the Republic was not jealous of her liberty, or that the people were disposed to recede from the ground for which they had fought nearly half a century. This is proved beyond doubt, by the occasion which brought about the office, and the means by which it was continued. It was an indiscreet surrender rather than a total abandonment of her liberty, and it was continued by the pretended justice and temporary moderation of the decemvirs themselves; by the report which was artfully whispered about, that there were two other tables besides the ten already examined, which would be wanting to the Roman law unless the decemvirs were chosen again; by the odium into which the consular office had fallen; and by the deceit of the decemvirs themselves, whom you would not know whether to rank among the magistrates or the candidates. In fine, it was owing to an extravagant degree of liberty in the people, and an immoderate ambition in the nobility. The one wished to destroy the consuls, and the other

the tribunes, and each courted the decemvirs as his friend, and the only instrument to put down the opposite party.

The Republic was always engaged in long and bloody wars. The temple of Janus (as if in mourning for peace!) was closed only three times in the course of seven hundred years. The state made peace only with the vanquished, and resolved either to fall or to conquer other nations who, sometimes in war and sometimes in peace, were never so ready to attack or so prepared to defend. By the fights of the gladiators the people were accustomed to bloodshed and carnage, and by the exercises of the Campus Martius were enabled to wield stronger weapons than those of any other nation. Their improvement both in civil and military affairs was never at a stop. They learned useful lessons equally from their own defeat and that of their enemies. Regarding the art of war as the spring of national greatness, they devoted every thought to its perfection. It was the soul, or rather, as a French historian has expressed it, the god which inspired the legion. Great generals, in their old age, walked down to the Campus Martius and taught the young men to poise the lance and throw the javelin. It was here that the census was taken and the lustrum performed—*res saluberrima tanto futuro imperio*. It was here that the armies of the Republic often met before the beat of the drum, and finished a war the very night that it was begun. It was here that the consuls, flushed with the budding honors of a conquest or a triumph, kept up the discipline of the camp, without interfering with the duties of citizens. And it was here, that the youths of the Republic entered that school which fitted them for the noblest scenes and most thrilling deeds. Never was there a nation whose military operations were planned with so much prudence and carried on with so much activity. Never was there a people to whom peace was such a labor and war such a recreation.

Whenever hostilities were declared, a *justitium* was proclaimed. The shops were closed and business suspended. The eyes of the people were thus turned from their private concerns to the public danger, and the whole force of the nation brought into successful action. Hence their wars were short and decisive, and peace was restored almost as soon as it was broken. The soldiers received their pay from the plunder, and not from the public treasury. Their eagerness for the spoils, and the ambition of the consuls to gain the honors of a triumph, gave a spirit to their armies which nothing could resist and paved the way to universal empire. And thus war, which in other countries entails national debt and national misery, was at Rome a chief source of wealth and dominion.

We may observe further, in a few words, that the Republic followed these among many other rules of deep and simple policy.

1. As the soldiers were a part of the people, and not of a standing army; and as they received their pay from the plunder, and not from the public treasury; their numbers were greater in proportion to population, and their incentives to action keener, than those of any other nation, either ancient or modern.

2. The equal or nearly equal division of lands, gave each man an equal interest in the country, and made him a citizen and not a slave, a soldier and not a hireling.

3. In times of the greatest prosperity, when public affairs are usually neglected, the senate was more watchful than ever.

4. They gave some of their conquered lands to their allies, and thus weakened their enemies and strengthened their friends.

5. When they were engaged in several wars at the same time, they made a truce with the *weakest* foe, who was generally very glad to put off his fate.

6. The senate dissembled the injuries, of every sort, which they received; and instead of punishing private individuals, reserved their vengeance for the whole nation.

7. They seldom made leagues; and when they wished to wage war, forced their enemy, or rather victim, to commit the first overt act of hostility.

8. Their treaties were only suspensions of war, and they attacked their foe on his *strongest* point; if rich, they exacted a tribute; if powerful at sea, they demanded the destruction of his navy; and more particularly, when they made peace with a king, they exacted his brother, or other near relative, as a hostage—so that they might have it in their power to crush him or sell the liberties of his people.

9. Whenever two nations were at war, they took side either with the one or the other, and, like the knights-errants in the days of chivalry, never refused their assistance to those who implored it.

10. Their constant maxim—which has since become a proverb—was, Divide and Conquer.

11. They never imposed their laws and customs upon conquered countries; but undermined their power gradually, that they could not even fix the date of their destruction.

These conquests would have been of little service to the state, if the vanquished nations had been subdued only by arms and kept in subjection only by force. Situated as these nations frequently were, at great distances from each other, they would seize every opportunity to throw off the yoke which was placed around their necks, and would never submit to slavery while there was the least hope of liberty. There is no bold and brave people that will long submit to dependence and vassalage; and the greater the oppression of the mother country, the stouter will be the resistance of the colonists. It may be concealed or repressed for a time; it may even be lulled asleep by temporary kindness and deceitful promises; but the smart of ruthless wrong will tingle in every vein, and the smoother the surface, and the longer the train is preparing, the more terrible will be the explosion at last. William the Conqueror, treated the Saxons like slaves, and not like subjects. He derided their customs, abolished their language, degraded their nobility, increased their taxes, stripped them of their possessions and turned a deaf ear to grievances of his own infliction. Hence the Normans and Saxons were forever two distinct races of men; nothing could equal the insolence and oppression of the one, or the stout resistance and surly independence of the other. A government which might have been supported by moderation, was made odious by oppression; and contempt on the part of the victors, and deep resentment on the part of the vanquished, were the bitter feelings which widened a breach already too broad, and, for an incredible length of time, made enemies of men who

might have been friends and fellow citizens. Such was not the policy of the Roman Republic. Instead of the harshness of victory, they relieved the anguish of defeat by acts of kindness and esteem. They received vanquished nations into the bosom of the state; conferred upon the common people the rights of citizenship, and enrolled their chief men among the Conscript fathers. Nothing was left undone to make them forget their misfortunes, and to remind them that they were a part of the Republic. If they had any customs better than those which the Republic already possessed, they were immediately adopted; and thus, while increasing the numbers, they improved the civil institutions of the Republic. It was the policy of Athens and Sparta to take away from their citizens the right of marriage and intercourse with foreigners, and hence these states were ever small Republics. But the Romans extended their limits both by soft and gentle means, and by force and violence. *Roma interim crescit alba numero*, expresses much in a few words. If any colony were too unruly to be kept in order, emigrants were sent from the city to hold it in awe; and although these, in their turn, were sometimes rebellious, and became more attached to the place of their abode than that of their birth, yet they were, for the most part, faithful to the trust reposed in them, and contributed much to the grandeur of the Republic. In this country, one administration pulls down what the preceding has erected, and the state sometimes advances, and as often recedes, from the goal of national greatness. But the policy of Rome was permanent and uniform. It seldom changed; it never fluctuated. It was the same in the Republic and the Monarchy; and was pursued, with equal constancy and firmness, by the kings and consuls, from the foundation of the city down to the birth of our Savior.

With conquered countries the Republic never took a middle course. They either cut them off entirely, or else treated them with frankness and kindness; and, as we have said before, granted them the rights of citizenship. This policy Camillus speaks of very forcibly, in a report which he made to the Senate, after a victory over the Latins. "All Latium," said he, "is now in your power. You can secure to yourselves a lasting peace with this country, either by pardoning or destroying it. Do you wish to punish them severely, captives and prisoners as they are?—You are at liberty to lay waste all their lands, and plunder all their towns. Or, had you rather enlarge the empire after the manner of our ancestors, by receiving the vanquished into the state?—You have a noble opportunity of treading in their paths, with great glory and profit to yourselves." *Illorum animos dum expectatione stent, seu pana seu beneficio præoccupari oportet.* A nation that has fallen in defence of its liberties, will expect that treatment which a people ought to receive, who deserve, though they do not enjoy, their freedom. If treated well, they will behave dutifully—if ill, they will seek the very first opportunity to free themselves, and vex their masters. No person—certainly no nation—will lead a life that is grievous to them any longer than they are forced to do so, or faithfully observe the terms of a treaty to which they did not yield of their own free will. The Republic thus prevented the rebellions which are incident to a growing empire; and by a policy deep in its conception and unrivalled in its success, made every

victory a stepping-stone to new and still greater conquests.

Now, with regard to these conquests, there is one thing of moment to observe,—that the colonists were never allowed to defend themselves. And for this, two reasons may be given. 1. It taught the colonists to look to the Republic for support and defence; and 2. It prevented them from acquiring that skill in the art of war, and from feeling their own strength on the field of battle. And as they were often solicited, in secret, to take up arms against the state, information and obedience from them were always rewarded.

When there was any real danger from abroad, the Senate made it a point to conciliate and court the people. Thus, when alarmed by a foreign invasion, the people were freed from taxes, and were kindly told that they paid their tribute to the state by educating their children. This indulgence produced such union in the state, that the lowest classes hated kings as heartily as the highest; and no man, by the meanest arts, was ever so popular as was the whole Senate at these times. So condescending are the great, when it is their interest to be so, and so grateful are the people for kindness, even when done from unworthy motives! Again: As soon as the tribunes had prepared the people for tumult, and were themselves ripe for sedition, the Senate stirred up a war with some neighboring tribe; that private grievances might be drowned in the general danger, and domestic dissensions quelled by foreign alarm. When the consuls could not rely on the valor, or rather the fidelity of their troops; when they dreaded no enemy more than their own soldiers, and no strength more than their own arms; they always kept their forces within the camp, in hopes that time would soften their anger, and restore them to their allegiance. They encouraged the enemy to taunt and insult their troops, until indignation and shame turned their thoughts from home to abroad, and their breasts burned in turn with foreign and domestic animosities. The consuls delay—the soldiers urge—the consuls deliberate—the soldiers beg for battle. At last, their minds are ripe for action, and orders are given to commence the engagement. The general exacts an oath from the soldiers, that they will die or return victorious from the field. And when did a Roman ever take an oath which he did not fulfil?

It is a principle with those who wish to make their power as lasting as possible, to reward their friends and punish their enemies. Most men are too fond, or perhaps too much in need of the favor of the great, to brave their resentment, when by servility they are able to get under their wings. And what is strange, this rule of action, always allied with ambition or revenge, is, in modern times at least, viewed as the offspring of generosity of spirit and nobleness of heart. The Romans were too well acquainted with human nature not to take advantage of this weakness; and while they pursued their enemies with sleepless activity, loaded their friends with unending kindness. The fruits of this policy were immediately seen. Those who dreaded their hatred, courted their favor; and the friends which they already had, were grappled to their bosom with hooks of steel. When the consuls were besieged in their camp, so that not even a messenger could be sent to inform the Senate of their danger, these faithful allies not only gave notice of the disaster, but offered

to assist in retrieving it. And when the capitol was seized by the slaves, and neither the consuls nor the Senate could persuade the people that this servile war was anything but an artifice of the Patricians to postpone the laws then before them, the dictator of Tusculum, thinking this a fine chance to curry favor with so great an ally, immediately marched with an army into the forum, and, by his assistance, the citadel was snatched from the slaves and the Republic perhaps rescued from destruction.

It is the policy of a modern kingdom (we speak of Prussia), to educate the people at the public expense. The rising hopes of the nation are taken from the care of their parents, and placed under that of the government. This provision, apparently humane and useful, has been much extolled by a celebrated report of a celebrated philosopher, and indeed by the press and the friends of learning throughout the world. But I fear that we have been deceived; and have mistaken a crafty design to fetter, as a generous desire to enlighten the minds of men. Young persons are placed, at a very early age, under persons appointed by the king and receiving their pay from the government. Their minds are moulded just as those in power choose to direct; a uniform, universal mode of thinking prevails throughout the country. There is no scope for inquiry—no liberty of discussion—nor that elasticity of thought which springs from difference of opinion. So deep and abiding are the impressions made on the youthful mind, and so much do the permanence and grandeur of Republics rest upon the education of children, that I do not hesitate to say, that Rome was more than once indebted for her safety to the manner in which her young men were reared—not by the government, but by their own parents—not at the public expense, but by private care. For, when Caius Marius having fled to the Volsci, had returned with a hostile army to the very gates of the city, the Senate sent the wisest men in the state to proffer terms of peace. But these were haughtily refused by the proud avenger of his wrongs, and the ambassadors came back only to increase the alarm and consternation of the people. The priests and ministers of religion then formed a long and mournful procession, and, marching to the camp, interposed their prayers and holy offices to soften the heart of this enemy at once, and exile of Rome. But he turned a deaf ear to their sad rites and solemn ceremonies. At last, when hope had given way to despair, the matrons went forth to supplicate the mercy of this inexorable foe. Not the tears of moving beauty, nor the shrieks of affrighted innocence; neither soft affection for an imploring wife, nor tender solicitude for lisping babes; could touch the chords of his hard but not inaccessible heart. Reverence for his parents put to flight every other feeling; and this man, unmoved by all that usually affects the human heart, was induced by filial piety alone, to withdraw his army from the gates of the city; and, after a train of misfortunes rich with moral instruction, closed by a miserable death his splendid but not faultless career.

Lawgivers have, in all ages, found religion of great service in governing Senates, leading armies, and keeping the people in order. The Augurs went with the army, and before a battle was proclaimed, always examined the entrails of birds. If they were favorable,

the joyful news was proclaimed to the soldiers, who, under a fond delusion that heaven was on their side and had already decreed them a victory, fought with hopes that gave strength to the weak and courage to the timid. The Sybilline books were preserved by priests appointed to expound their mysterious contents, and, if any tumults arose in the city, the consuls ordered them to be searched; and the ministers of religion declared that it was there foretold, that the city would be attacked if civil discords prevailed during the year. Some think it savors of atheism, to bring the mistress to serve the handmaid—religion to serve policy. Without doubt, religion unfolds higher views than mere policy aims at. It needs not the support of falsehood, and can gain no strength from lies. But they who declare, that the sentiments which we advance are the opinions of crafty and cunning men, and lead to all that is perverse in politics, depraved in morality, and wicked in religion, are rather to be esteemed for their honest indignation than admired for the excellence of their judgment. For we hold these truths to be undeniable—that no state can prosper which throws religion aside; and that the word of God was intended, and ought to be made use of, to regulate the conduct of men towards their government, as much as their conduct towards one another.

Among the many customs which may be traced up to the early times of the state, we may add the census—by which an account was taken every five years of the numbers and estates of the people, as the best measure of their progress or decline, and the surest test of their policy and conduct as a nation. This custom, which was first brought into England by William the Conqueror, in the compilation of Domesday Book, and which has since become so common, was of great service, not only in ascertaining the power of the Republic, but in subjecting that power to order and discipline. The greatness of a nation depends upon the private morals of its citizens, and these are too apt to become corrupt when the gradations are so easy between success and prosperity, luxury and dissolution. Men, perhaps, are not fonder of vice than a good reputation, and are impelled to crime by no motive stronger than the hope of secrecy. As they rise higher by cunning and deceit than downright honesty, and are never more dangerous than when they have imposed upon the people by false pretensions to virtue or wisdom, nothing is more necessary to a free Republic than that the character of every one be known. And however invidious it may seem to inquire too minutely into the private lives and little failings of men, this ought always to be expected—certainly borne by those who lay claims to the confidence of the people, or aspire to the government of the state. The most powerful incentive is thus given to virtue, and the highest rewards held out to talents. And let any man read the history of Rome, and point, if he can, to a city where the people were so uniformly guided in their elections by the merits of the candidates. How often were the turbulent and ambitious tribunes defeated for offices, which they themselves had the chief agency in creating! How often did the people pass by men of their own rank, and confer the offices in their gift upon proud, but bold and brave Patricians!

There is a principle of government which has been

made so ridiculous by those who practice and admire it, that we cannot allude to it with a sober face;—we speak of *rotation in office*. This principle has been called the essence of every sound Republic. But it is not republican to turn men out of office, merely for the sake of a change. Under pretence of encouraging virtue and talents, it gives birth to a spirit of fawning and flattery that finally ends in despotism. It is destructive of freedom of opinion, and freedom of speech. It is at war with the first principles of liberty, and the plainest notions of common sense. Instead of throwing power from hand to hand, it inevitably draws it into the grasp of one man. It lulls the people to sleep, and puts a blindfold over their eyes while slumbering in fatal security. It never was a part of the Roman constitution—it most assuredly is not of ours. It never was practised by them—it should not be by us. Let us not be misunderstood. No one cherishes more warmly than we do the representative principle of our government. No one more stoutly claims, or would more willingly exercise, the right of instruction at the polls. Thanks be to our fathers, we can show our power often enough, to make those to whom it is entrusted feel and own their responsibility. But we say that this government will be virtually at an end, when talents and honesty are indiscriminately proscribed. What is there worth living for in a Republic, where every thing that is noble must bend before every thing that is mean? At all times, and in all places, palsied be the arm, and speechless be the tongue, that would lift themselves against an honest man fighting in an honest cause!

But there is a principle which was a part of Roman polity, and which is a main bulwark of American liberty—to limit the term of offices to short periods. These periods were sufficiently protracted to enable a magistrate to become familiar with the duties of his station, and yet not long enough for him to form any plans against the public liberty. The great maxim upon which all governments should be built, and which was a prominent feature of the Roman constitution, was that the greater the power the shorter the term—and inversely, the smaller the power, the longer may the duration of office safely be.

As the common law of England is divided into *lex scripta* and *lex non scripta*, so constitutions may be divided into those which are written and those which are unwritten. The Romans never met and adopted a form of government that could not be altered without the formal vote of a large majority of the people. Laws were passed, as occasions demanded—and institutions founded, as emergencies called for. Their political system grew in excellence as it ripened with time. It was not formed all at once or by the same persons in a fixed convention. Its deficiencies could be supplied and its redundancies lopped off, without that excitement and convulsion which always attend a change, or even proposal to change, the settled constitution of a country. Besides, occasions frequently arise which no written instrument could have foreseen, and which, without the passage of some new law, or the election of some new magistrates, frequently bring ruin on the state. It is not an easy matter to write a constitution that shall guard sufficiently against innovation and yet always suit the peculiar exigencies of the times. Between the

different departments of the government, there must always be preserved a balance of power and a balance of interest. Through the want of strong and salutary checks, some one branch may swallow up the power and independence of the rest, and a Republic in theory prove a Monarchy in reality. In the infancy of a society, it is impossible for any man to foresee the various causes that work in the formation of national character and the alteration of national condition. That character and that condition flow from so many circumstances, and are liable to so many changes, that no wisdom can say what laws and what enactments will suit them. *Experience is the best lawgiver, and time the safest innovator.*

It would not be out of place to enter minutely into the Roman constitution, and to show how admirably it was fitted for the purposes it was designed to serve—the aggrandizement of the Republic. We are no great admirers of the civil law, whatever excellences it may contain. Every one must prefer the simpler, freer, noble system of the common law of England. It must not, however, be forgotten, that the civil law was enlarged, but not improved, by the edicts and rescripts of the Emperor. Whoever will weigh that law as it is digested by Cicero, will find little to add and still less to lop off.

We have thus attempted to trace to its proper sources, the grandeur of the Roman Republic. Many of those sources lie in an unknown and undiscovered region. We have pointed out the mighty influence which descent, education, morals, love of liberty, devoted patriotism, encouragement of virtue, and the civil, military and religious institutions of the state had, upon its march to that height of power and fame which it afterwards reached. Much has been laid at the door of fortune, but we are too apt to give to fortune the credit of events, because we do not know, or if we know, because we do not trace the sources from which they spring. He who will peruse the discourses of Machiavel upon the Decades of Livy, will be surprised to find design and art in every part of a machinery so vast and complicated. Scanned by the searching eye of the Florentine secretary and Italian statesman, the grandeur of the Roman Republic is no longer a mystery yet to be unravelled—but its origin and progress may be as distinctly traced as though it were marked on a map.

Lexington, Ken.

R. W., JR.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Remember me! Who would not be remembered?
And yet how vain the hope, that Memory,
In the rich casket of her hoarded gems,
Will store one thought of him, who ne'er again
Must meet the eye! Yet thus to be remembered,
Thus to be cherished in the faithful hearts
Whose love is life's best bliss—this is the hope
That cheers the death-bed, lights the fading eye
With its last ray, and closes it in peace.

How dear the thought! The disembodied spirit,
Freed from the grave, shall hover round the forms
Beloved so long, and mingle with their sighs,
And whisper hopes of that far distant world,
"Where friends, once parted, meet, to part no more."

Fond, foolish thought! For could it be fulfilled;
Should the strong barriers of the ponderous tomb
Betray their trust, and give the prisoner back,
To wander through the scenes of his past joys,
And hold communion with the souls of those
Whose hearts had once been his,—ay, would he find
One thought of him to welcome his return?
Straight to the couch, where lies the beauteous form,
That his last earthly gaze saw pale and weeping,
His viewless pinions speed. The parted lips
Invite his entrance; and a long drawn sigh,
Inhales the spirit to the deep recess
Of the close thoughts and secret fantasies
That people slumber with the images
Of what has been, and what may never be.

What sees he there? Again the altar blazes
With Hymeneal torches, and again,
In bridal vestments decked, before it stands
A form of light:—and now the plighted vow
Again is softly murmured; and he blesses
The constant heart, that, faithful to the dead,
Still holds his image in its inmost thoughts.

Is THAT his image?!! His the hand that clasps
Her slender fingers? His the lips that quaff
The first ambrosial kiss of wedded love?
ANOTHER has his place!!! And the dear dream
Is not of him, nor of the hallowed rite
Which made her his. 'Tis HORN,—not *Memory*.—
Whose magic spell has conjured the scene
That thus foreshadows to her sleeping fancy
A new espousal; while the secret chamber
Of her most cherished thoughts is thronged with forms
New to his eye; and in the midst he stands
A Guest unbidden. Now that downcast eye
Is raised.—It meets his own!! A start! a scream!!
Scared at the phantom, trembling she awakes,
To watch till morn, lest sleep again should haunt
Her couch with dreams so hideous.

Back he flies;—
Back to the tomb: demands admission; calls
For stone on stone to shut him from the world,
And tries to sleep again that dreamless sleep
He now would have eternal.

T.

THE PRUDE.

Venus with Love went roving one day,
Where the dancing waves are seen to play
Around her Cyprean isle;
And Love was in a merry mood—
And swore in accents rather rude—
He'd make a woman just as good
As ever deigned to smile.
He skipp'd away with merry bound,
And soon a Lily stalk he found
To represent her form,
He'd bend it just as much he said,
As when she bowed her lovely head
To meet the coming storm.
The Damask-Rose he mingled then
With Snow-drops gathered from the glen,
To give her cheek its hue;
"This Jasmine bud will make me now
The golden hair, for her fair brow,
Her eye—this drop of dew:

Her heart—I'll seek some sunny spot—
But no—here is a Touch-me-not—
Now breathe, my gentle lady dove,
Be mine the task to teach you love!"

To life the fair creation sprung
But all in vain his bow he strung;
No shaft could reach the lady's heart,
The Touch-me-not had done its part,
And Love now lost his merry mood,
He found too late, he'd formed a Prude!

Medical College, at Richmond, Va.

This institution, which is a branch of Hampden Sidney College, has been in operation but little exceeding a year, and has already realized the sanguine expectations of its friends. We had the pleasure of attending the introductory lectures of the professors at the close of the last month, and believe that we speak the general voice in declaring our high admiration of the eloquence, ability and learning which enchained listening crowds to the lecture room throughout the week. The whole, without exception, consisted of a series of discourses of a cast sufficiently popular to interest the unprofessional hearer, and yet distinguished by profound and philosophical views—a familiar acquaintance with the history and progress of medical science, and of its many illustrious triumphs over human prejudice and error. Nor were the lectures exclusively confined to scientific details or historical research, but wandered occasionally into the pleasant fields of classical lore, where some of the choicest flowers were culled, and some of the richest poetical gems selected to delight the audience. In truth, we do not recollect to have heard the philosophy of life and disease—the startling story of the "many ills which flesh is heir to"—the unwelcome revelation of man's frail yet wonderful structure—the marvellous tie which links his mortality and weakness to an immortal nature,—so attractively and tastefully illustrated. What wonder, that, when admiring the graceful drapery which fancy could throw around the sternest realities, the words of Milton should have flashed on our memory—

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as in Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

When it is recollected that this college has suddenly sprung into existence unaided by public endowment, too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the individual enterprise, perseverance and energy, which have already achieved for it a character of stability and usefulness not surpassed by older institutions. The spacious and elegant building which it occupies, could not have been better adapted to its various uses, if originally designed exclusively for such objects. The general lecture room has been fitted up in a style of superior taste, and is large enough, we should judge, to contain with ease two hundred students. There are, besides, two other lecture rooms for the chemical and anatomical classes, and we confess we were very agreeably surprised at the extent of the anatomical

museum, and, as far as an unprofessional spectator could judge, the completeness and excellence of the chemical apparatus. That however which must give peculiar value to the institution, is the presence of an infirmary within the walls of the building, in which the patients are provided with airy and comfortable rooms, attentive nurses, and constant medical attendance. The opportunity which is thus afforded for instruction at the bed-side of the sick, by an easy and convenient transit from the lecture room, cannot it seems to us be too highly appreciated. The diseases, moreover, which are here daily presented, being many of them peculiar to the South, must unquestionably afford an advantage to southern students which it would be unwise to disregard—and the facilities for obtaining subjects for dissection cannot be surpassed, we apprehend, in any other city in the Union. Upon the whole, if the Medical College at Richmond does not grow up and flourish—if it does not attract a large portion of patronage, and southern patronage especially—it is altogether idle to reason from facts; or, what would be no less extraordinary, it would be in vain to expect enlightened communities to be governed by their own obvious interests. We want a great southern medical school, and such a one cannot more surely prosper than in a city which is rapidly increasing in population and resources—where living is comparatively cheap—where society is intelligent and polished, and the position of which, with respect to climate, is the happy medium between northern and southern extremes.

Although the second course of lectures has but just commenced, we understand that there are already between sixty and seventy matriculates in college. This is a considerable gain over the last year, and if the number should advance in the same ratio of increase hereafter, it will require but little aid from arithmetic to predict the speedy establishment of the school upon a firm and durable foundation. But the question here naturally arises, shall the institution be left to the unaided resources and efforts of a few gentlemen, however distinguished for their zeal, energy and resolution? Is not the public also—we speak not only of the city but of the state at large—deeply interested in its success? We are aware that a tempest has recently passed over the money and commercial affairs of the country, as blighting in its effects as an eastern sirocco—but may we not hope that the hour is fast approaching when reason shall resume its empire over the passions, and the inglorious struggles of party shall be yielded to the common good—when the calm of prosperity and peace will enable our statesmen and patriots to perceive, that the real happiness of a nation consists not in the vindictive squabbles of politicians, but in the diffusion of light and knowledge and virtue among men. When that halcyon period arrives—and may it come speedily—we must carry on in our own Ancient Commonwealth, a noble rivalry with our sister states in the works of benevolence, utility and science. Our own metropolitan city, especially when extricated from her now heavy pecuniary engagements, must put forth her strength in aid of an institution which will greatly redound to her interests—provide a professional education for her rising offspring—elevate the standard of medical science within the range of her influence, and add greatly to her own reputation abroad.

To our numerous friends and subscribers in the southern and south-western states we beg leave to remark, that in the notice which we have here taken of the Medical School in Richmond we have consulted and proclaimed our own thoughts and convictions—unbiased by any feeling or sentiment, either personal or local. We have done it upon our own responsibility, and in the conscientious discharge of our duty, and we do not think it necessary to give pledges either for the sincerity of our motives or the veracity of our statements. If in our desire to advance the general cause of science we can also serve our own city and state, we think ourselves not only authorised but absolutely bound to do so; and we doubt whether the severest censor could reasonably find fault with this simple view of the subject.

We had intended, at the commencement of this article, to present from some of our random notes, a more detailed notice of the several introductory lectures delivered by the professors—but partly from inability to do justice to the subject, and because it was our misfortune not to have heard the first of the series, which the public have unanimously commended for its eloquence and beauty, we think it best to decline the task. Where all were excellent though various in character and style, it would be unnecessary if not invidious to discriminate. We will observe, in conclusion, that three of the faculty have been not undistinguished professors at other institutions—and of the remainder, one has been long physician to state and city institutions, and all enjoy the confidence and patronage of the public. We subjoin a list of the faculty from a pamphlet lying on our table.

JOHN CULLEN, M. D., *Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine.*

THOMAS JOHNSON, M. D., *Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.*

R. L. BOHANNAN, M. D., *Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.*

SOCRATES MAUPIN, M. D., *Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.*

L. W. CHAMBERLAYNE, M. D., *Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.*

AUG. L. WARNER, M. D., *Professor of Surgery and Surgical Anatomy.*

LINES,

Addressed to a young lady by an old gentleman to whom she had given a *Snow-berry*, and who, in return, gave her a *Morning-glory*.

Yes! flowers have a language, and to him
Whose eye, deep read in Nature's mysteries,
Is skilled to trace the grave and awful meaning
That God himself, in most familiar objects,
Hints to the heart of Man, need no interpreter.
He bids the Rose expand her glowing charms,
And wither while we gaze; and when we sigh,
To think that ought so fair should be so frail,
That sigh inhales the imperishable fragrance
That, like the Heaven-born spirit, still survives;
And thus that Rose becomes a leafy volume,
That tells of Death and Immortality.

To Youth and Age alike that lesson speaks:
To you it whispers prudence,—hope to me.

So, when to mine the wintry *Snow-berry*
Thy gentle hand conveys, the gracious smile
That makes the gift so precious, does but point
The grave rebuke of one, whose blossoming head
Has borne no fruit of price. 'Twas kindly meant:
And did this sterile garden yield a gem
Fit emblem of thyself, my hand should place it,
Freshly to bloom above thy radiant brow,
And match its beauties with thy damask cheek,
And its rich fragrance with thy balmy breath.
None such is found. The flower that spreads its bosom
To court the sun's first ray, and fades ere noon
And leaves behind no odor, speaks to those
Who slight the enduring beauties of the mind,
And live forgetful of the immortal part
That mocks at Time, and triumphs o'er the grave. B.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

[The time is rapidly approaching when the Congress of the United States will be compelled, by considerations too strong to be resisted, to give effect to the munificent bequest of Mr. Smithson, by the establishment of an Institute at the Seat of the National Government, for the "diffusion of knowledge among men." In view of this important movement, and feeling a deep interest in the successful accomplishment of a scheme which promises so much benefit to succeeding generations, we have taken the liberty to address various inquiries to an accomplished friend, in relation to Mr. Smithson himself, as well as the proposed Institution at Washington. The answer to the first part of our inquiries, relating to the character and philosophical opinions of the testator, we have now the pleasure of spreading before our readers, and we hope, in the January No. of the Messenger, to furnish our correspondent's views, in detail, of the best system of instruction which can be devised in fulfillment of the testator's intentions, and which shall, at the same time, be best adapted to the wants and genius of the American people. Our obliging correspondent, by his connection with learned institutions in this country, and familiar acquaintance with those in Europe, could have no superior in the accomplishment of the task which we have used the freedom to solicit at his hands.]—*Ed. Lit. Mess.*

LETTER.

MR. TH: W. WHITE,

My Dear Sir,—I received your letter duly, and reply, with much pleasure, at the earliest opportunity.

The character of the late Mr. Smithson, is certainly very much misunderstood among us. That a man of a philosophic turn of mind, of few wants and a retired habit of life, should in process of time acquire a competent fortune, is not at all strange. As to the way in which he thought fit to dispose of his property, the very act itself bears the mark of a most noble generosity, and is a public token of the opinions of a learned sovereign on our institutions and government.

The first duty of an executor, is to perform faithfully the wishes of the testator—as far as he can understand them. *His acceptance of the trust is his own act.* But once having undertaken that task, he is bound by the laws of all societies to proceed to its completion.

The UNITED STATES can do nothing in this matter, except what is dictated by the loftiest principles of honor. There is that sensitiveness among us, originating in a feeling of national pride, which shrinks from any thing having even the remotest appearance of a misappropriation for self-aggrandisement. We are an exceedingly wealthy people,—we need not foreign eleemosynary aid, to equip Exploring expeditions, or erect an Astronomical observatory.

Our General Government has undertaken an important duty. It has received from the hands of an European philosopher a certain sum of money, binding itself to apply it, in conformity to his wishes, for the diffusion of useful knowledge. A spectacle so singular has not perhaps been exhibited before. We have undertaken to perform a great duty for our fellow men and for posterity. The eyes of the learned in all parts of the world are upon us;—it is a point on which national integrity and national honor are concerned,—a point on which party feeling must not bear. We all know, that some doubts have been raised as to the propriety, or even the power of government, to do what it has. But what is done, is irrevocable:—it must not be written in American history, that when this republic was called upon to aid in the cause of the diffusion of knowledge and virtue among mankind, it made the attempt, and failed from incompetency.

With the late Mr. Smithson I was never acquainted. He spent much of his time on the continent, and it is said was a man of reserved habits. You know already that he cultivated with much assiduity Chemical pursuits; but very few are aware, that he wrote to some extent on these topics.* An idea of his feelings and turn of mind may be gathered from these papers.

His passion for chemistry appears to have commenced early in life, and continued to its close. He seems to have been on terms of familiar acquaintance with Dr. Black, and some of the leading members of the old Scottish school. There is extant a letter from the former gentleman to him, dated 1790; its conclusion runs—

"We have no chemical news,—I am employed in examining the Iceland waters, but have often been interrupted,—I never heard before of the quartz-like crystals of barytes aerata, nor of the sand and new earth from New Holland. Indistinct reports of new metals have reached us, but no particulars. Some further account of these things from you, will therefore be very agreeable. Dr. Hutton joins me in compliments to you, and wishing you all good things, and

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your faithful, humble servant,

"JOSEPH BLACK."

The Dr. Hutton here mentioned, was the same philosopher who made so distinguished a figure in Geology, as the antagonist of the celebrated German, Werner.

At the commencement of the present century, there used to be published in London a monthly scientific journal, known under the name of Nicholson's Magazine;—it afterwards gave way to the Annals of Philosophy, commenced about 1813 by Dr. Thomas Thomson. To the pages of both these works, Mr. Smithson was a contributor. I remember formerly to have seen, in a No. of Nicholson for 1803, an account of the analysis of a mineral performed by him,—the signature to it is James Smithson, Esq. P. R. S. Whether this is a

misprint for F. R. S., or not, I have not now the means of knowing. It struck me, at the time, that it must have been an error, for I have never heard that he had been President of the Royal Society. He was however a fellow of it, and very often had communications read before it. Some of your readers who have access to the transactions of the Royal Society, might easily determine this interesting point.

You have asked me, to tell you any particulars in reference to his philosophical or other opinions. That he was a man of much acumen in these matters, a paper read before the Society in 1813 may serve to shew. It is stated, that when he was in Italy in 1794, a substance that had been ejected from Vesuvius was given to him for examination, and he ascertained, after some trials, that it consisted chiefly of sulphate of potash; on re-examining it with more accuracy, he determined it to be a very complex saline compound. By way of introduction to his paper, he gives a view of his ideas about the origin of the earth. In his opinion, it was either a sun or a comet, and was brought into the state in which it now is, by undergoing combustion on its surface. The volcanoes are relics of this original combustion, and the materials were the metallic bases of which the primitive strata are composed. As a proof that these primitive strata have been formed by combustion, he mentions that "garnets, hornblende, and other crystals found in them, contain no water; and that little or no water is to be found in the primitive strata themselves." This paper is in the Transactions for 1813.

So you see, he had come, by chemical reasoning, to a conclusion similar to that which FOURIER was contemporaneously publishing in France, as the result of mathematical investigation, that the earth is nothing more than an encrusted star.

Sometime after this, he commenced an investigation into the nature of the colors of vegetables and insects,—he noticed, that the red color of flowers, is occasionally produced by the union of carbonic acid with a blue substance.

In a letter written at Rome, in 1819, and which was published in the Annals of Philosophy the same year, respecting a remarkable mineral of lead, he makes allusion to one of the ablest of his contemporary chemists: "The first discovery of the composition of this singular substance, belongs however to my illustrious and unfortunate friend, and indeed distant relative, the late Smithson Tennant." This gentleman was professor of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge,—he was the son of a Yorkshire clergyman,—was early in life deprived of his father; his mother was killed by being thrown from her horse, whilst riding beside him. He himself, by a similar accident, had his collar bone broken, many years after; and by a third remarkable coincidence, lost his life. But the story is singular;—I will tell it you.

Mr. Tennant and Baron Bulow, a German officer, after the peace in 1814, had been travelling on the continent, and arrived at Calais, with a view of crossing the channel to Dover; they were, however, detained several days by the inclemency of the weather. They attempted to get to Boulogne, to try the chance of a passage from there, but the vessel in which they embarked was forced to put back. To pass time, they agreed to take horses, look around the country and view a fort

near Bonaparte's pillar. At the entrance of this fort was a deep fosse, which was approached over a fixed bridge, and then over a drawbridge, that turned upon a pivot; the end nearest them was commonly fastened by a bolt, but it happened that this had been stolen a fortnight before, and had not been replaced. They did not discover this:—As the bridge was too narrow for both to ride abreast, the Baron went first, but perceiving that the bridge was sinking, he attempted to gallop over, and called to his friend to go back. It was too late; both were precipitated into the fosse, and though his companion was hardly hurt, Professor Tennant was taken up from under his horse, and died a few hours after.

The following is a list of the different papers published by Mr. Smithson, which are in my library. Beside these, there are many others in English and foreign journals, that I have not seen.

1. A few remarks relative to the coloring matter of some vegetables and insects.
2. Analysis of a saline substance, ejected from Mount Vesuvius.
3. On a substance from the elm tree, called ulmin.
4. On native hydrous aluminate of lead, or plomb. gomme.
5. On a native compound of sulphuret of lead and arsenic.
6. On a fibrous metallic copper.
7. On a native combination of sulphate of barium and fluoride of calcium.
8. On some capillary metallic tin.
9. On the detection of very minute quantities of arsenic and mercury.
10. Some improvements in common lamps.
11. On the crystalline form of ice.
12. On the means of discriminating between the sulphates of barium and strontium.
13. On the discovery of acids in mineral substances.
14. A discovery of chloride of potassium in the earth.
15. On an improved method of making coffee.
16. A method of fixing particles on the sappare.
17. On some compounds of fluorine.
18. An examination of some Egyptian colors.
19. Some observations on Mr. Penn's theory, concerning the formation of the Kirkdale cave.
20. Remarks on a balance.

The paper on Egyptian colors, contains some curious facts in reference to the pigments used by that ancient people for staining glass and painting generally.

His observations on Penn's theory, would be read with some interest,—they shew the author's physico-theological opinions on some contested points. The following are extracts—

"No observer of the earth can doubt that it has undergone very considerable changes. Its strata are everywhere broken and disordered, and in many of them are enclosed the remains of innumerable beings which once had life, and these beings appear to have been strangers to the climates, in which their remains now exist.

"In a book, held by a large portion of mankind to have been written from divine inspiration, an universal deluge is recorded. It was natural for the believers in this deluge, to refer to its action all or many of the phenomena in question, and the more so as they seemed to find in them a corroboration of the event.

"Accordingly, this is what was done as soon as any desire to account for these appearances on the earth became felt. The success however was not such as to obtain the general assent of the learned, and the attempt fell into neglect and oblivion.

"Able hands have lately undertaken the revival of this system. Mr. Penn has endeavored to reconcile it with the facts of the Kirkdale cave, which appeared to be strongly inimical to it.

"Acquainted with Mr. Penn's opinions only from the 'Analysis of the Supplement to the Comparative Estimate,' in the Journal of the Royal Institution, * * I have hesitated long about communicating the present observations, which presented themselves during the perusal of the above mentioned slender abstract.

"I have yielded to a sense of the importance of the subject in more than one respect, and of the uncertainty when I shall acquire ampler information at more voluminous sources—to a conviction that it is in his knowledge, that man has found his greatness and his happiness, the high superiority which he holds over the other animals which inhabit the earth with him, and consequently that no ignorance is probably without loss to him, no error without evil—and that it is therefore preferable to urge unwarranted doubts, which can only occasion additional light to become elicited, than to risk by silence to let a question settle to rest, while any unsupported assumptions are involved in it."

[I have taken the liberty of italicizing here, to call to your attention how deeply impressed was the mind of this man with the importance of the diffusion of **USEFUL PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE**. A few years after, he leaves his whole fortune, to carry out the sentiment he here expresses.]

"The waters of the deluge had not surely either a duration or power to obtain the matter of this supposed layer of mud.

"No shores any longer existing, shells could not be pulverized by the beat of the wave, for it is not under deep water that such destruction is effected; nor, was it so, would the short period of a year have been sufficient to produce the material of all the secondary limestones of the earth.

"To have harrowed up this matter from the depths of the ocean, would have required an agitation of the waters which nothing warrants us in giving to them, which every thing denies their having had.

"No hurricanes, no tempestuous winds, no swollen billows are recorded. To drown mankind they were superfluous. A wind having arisen at the termination of the calamity, tells that none existed before; and this wind must have been a most gentle one, a very zephyr. A vessel bulky beyond all the efforts of imagination to figure—so laden, so manned—could not have lived in any agitated sea, least in one which out-topped the Andes and the Alps, and was able to resist all that curb its fury and could mitigate its violence.

"Had the ark not foundered, which is impossible, what yet had become of the millions which its sides enclosed? Few had survived to repair the effects of divine wrath.

"The waters must have been at rest, when the ark continued stationary for many months on the mountains of Ararat.

"Nor do the agitations of a sea, extend far below its

surface. What navigator has told of the storm, in which the sea became thick with its own sediments?

"But had such a deposit been made on our island, it would not have continued on it. Standing like a little turret in the bosom of the waters, each agitation of them would have precipitated part of it down its sides. Their gigantic tides must alone have washed it away, and on the rush of their final departure, not a vestige of it could possibly have remained behind."

"If the waters of the deluge placed a bed of calcareous matter all over England and Germany, they must have done so over the entire earth. It must have been an universal stratum."

"Yet so total was the deficiency of it at Botany bay, that the first settlers for the very little lime which a few structures of immediate necessity required, were compelled, though spare as were the hands, and much as they were wanted for other purposes, laboriously and tediously to collect shells along the beach. Where a limestone nodule was so anxiously sought, and could not be found, great strata could not be near."

"But the sediment of the deluge waters, would not be mere calcareous matter. It must have consisted of every thing they could receive, suspend and deposit."

"If over the whole earth, were spread such a layer of mire, Noah and the animals could not have landed upon it. Or, had they not sunk into it and been smothered, where yet had the weak found refuge from the voracious? where had the herbivorous found food?"

"What a time must have elapsed before Noah could cultivate the vine! Nor is it from such a soil that the wine would have intoxicated the holy patriarch. Had things so been, Ham had never offended, nor Canaan incurred the fatal curse."

* * * * *

Of the Deluge.

"Should every argument which has been adduced to establish that the animals were not brought from remote regions by water—that they lived and died in the countries in which their remains now lie—have appeared to be insufficient for the purpose; yet that it is not to the Mosaiical flood that their existence where they now are; is to be referred, two great facts appear to place beyond controversy."

"One is, the total absence in the fossil world of all human remains, of every vestige of man himself and of his arts."

"The magnitude of the chastisement, the order of nature subverted to produce it, proclaim the multitudes of the criminal. Human bodies by millions, must have covered the waters; they must have formed a material part, if not the principal one, of every group, and human bones be now consequently met with every where blended with those of animals."

"Objects of human industry and skill, must likewise continually occur among the bones. Of the miserable victims of the disaster, numbers would be clothed and have on their persons articles of the most imperishable materials, and the dog would retain his collar, the horse his bit and harness, the ox his yoke. To men who wrought iron and bronze, who manufactured harps and organs, these things must have been familiar."

"But more embalmed within the substance of the diluvian mud, entire cities with their monuments, with a great part of their inhabitants, with an infinity of

things to their use, would remain. Every limestone quarry should daily present us with some of these most precious of all antiquities, before which those of Italy and Egypt would shrink to nothing."

"How greatly must we regret that this is not the case—that we must relinquish the delightful hope, of some day finding in the body of a calcareous mountain, the city of Enoch built by Cain, at the very origin of the world. With what awful sentiments had not present generations contemplated objects, which had once been looked upon by eyes which had seen the Divinity."

"The other great fact which forcibly militates against the diluvian hypothesis, is that the fossil animals are not those which existed at the time of the deluge. The diluvian species must have been the same as the present. The multifarious wonders of the ark had, for sole object, their preservation; while of the fossil kinds not perhaps one, or quadruped, or bird, or fish, or shell, or insect, or plant is now alive."

"Amazing proofs of inundations at high levels, are appealed to. Had they being of the deluge, they could at most speak but of its existence—of its influence in the contested cases they would be silent—but it appears that this stupendous prodigy,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

"Of the occurrence of marine deposits at great altitudes, the elevation of the stratum by volcanic efforts furnishes a far more easy solution than the elevation of the sea; as it refers the phenomenon to a natural cause, and does not require the immediate interposition of the Divine hand; and the ruptured state and erect position of the strata on all these occasions, testify strongly in favor of the simpler supposition."

"To collate the Revered Volume with the Great Book of Nature, and show in their agreement One Author in both, was an undertaking worthy of the union of piety and science. If the result has not been what was anticipated—if we look in vain over the face of our globe for those mighty impressions of an universal deluge which reason tells us it must have produced and left behind itself—to some cause as out of the natural order of things as was that event, must this doubtless be attributed."

"By his entering into a covenant with man and brute animals, and having forever set his bow in the cloud, as a token that the direful scene should never be renewed, the Creator appears to have repined at the severity of his justice."

"The spectacle of a desolated world,—of fertility laid waste,—of the painful works of industry and genius overthrown,—of infantine innocence involved in indiscriminate misery with the hardened offender,—of brute nature, whose want of reason precluded it from the possibility of all offence, made to share in the forfeit of human depravity,—may be supposed to have touched his heart."

"Under the impression of these paternal feelings, to obliterate every trace of the frightful scourge, remove every remnant of the dreadful havoc, seem the natural effects of his benevolence and power. As a lesson to the races which were to issue from the loins of the few who had been spared,—races, which were to be wicked indeed as those who preceded them, but which were promised exemption from a like punishment,—to have preserved any memento of them would have been useless."

"To a miracle, then, which swept away all that could recall that day of death, when 'the windows of heaven were opened' upon mankind, we must refer what no natural means are adequate to explain."

I trust I have been able to cast some light on the character of this philanthropist and philosopher. If you think proper to publish any part of these facts in your excellent journal, they are entirely at your service. Erroneous impressions of the character of a good man, ought to be cleared away.

As to your second request, that I would indicate something of the nature of the proposed institution, if I can find time I will give you a few thoughts. A determination on this point is not difficult; we ought to be guided by the known wishes of the testator,—by the wants of education generally, and, lastly, by a consideration of what modifications are needed to make it harmonize with principles and institutions existing among us.

And believe me, yours truly,

Δ

EVE'S COMPLIMENT TO ADAM.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ning with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ning with dew; nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without Thee is sweet.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV.

TRANSLATION INTO LATIN HEXAMETERS.

Dulce novi solis jubar, et prædulcis Eöus
Ortus; quum radiis rutilis hæc jugera ridet,
Lætantur segetes, et flores rore madentes,
Mellifluumque melos volucres é frondibus edunt.
Fertile post pluvias tellus juvat; Hesper amœnus
Adveniens juvat; et dulcissima pallida nox est,
Dum Philomela canit, facies dum splendida cœli
Sideriis rutilat gemmis, et luce Dianæ:
Sed mihi non Phœbi splendor, non ortus Eöus,
Non matutinâ ridentia jugera luce;
Non segetes lætæ, nec flores rore madentes,
Mellifluumve melos quod aves é frondibus edunt;
Post pluviam nec odor terræ, non Hesper amœnus
Adveniens, non ipsa juvat nox alma, micante
Cælo sideriis gemmis et luce Dianæ,
Nec Philomela juvat, sine te, charissime conjux!

C. W. M.

Washington, D. C. Nov. 1839.

THE AURORA.*

Mr. White: I pity the person who did not see the glories of the heavens on Tuesday night, the —th of November—still more the person who saw and did not wonder and adore. Being in the country, I had a chance to see all around me. You who are in the city are prisoned in by hot brick walls, so that many of you can only see directly over head. Permit me, therefore, to whisper into the ears of some of your readers, a feeble attempt at description of that which, even if seen by all, ought not to pass wholly without comment. For these things do not speak to us every night. They are as angel visits—and when they have gone, we feel indeed as if angels had been ministering unto us.

Early in the evening I was called out of the house by the exclamation of friends, "What is it?" I thought the sky was starry and perfectly cloudless—the air perfectly still. But what a sight was there! Had the fountains of morning burst out upon the night, in impatience or wild mischief? The whole heavens were wavering and spreading with broad streams of light, some of them of pure white, like moonlight upon snow; others of a deep, rosy, blushing red. These streams at first shot from the horizon around, upwards to the zenith, where they formed into a centre. Then, after remaining nearly motionless awhile, they shot downwards again; sometimes vanishing, and then re-appearing in full vividness and condensed into long bright bars of light. When united around the zenith, they looked like the interior of some glorious flower born in the skies—the night-blowing-cereus came to my mind, with the delicate tints of its deep fairy-like corolla. Now there came gushing up from the northeast, a flood of light of the deepest and most exquisite carnation. At first one might think a great conflagration was raging in that direction—but no!—that light is too pure—too ethereal. It is no earth-born fire—it is the element of the upper world. It broadens upward to the centre, like a great unfolding petal;—the east and northeast are blushing red. But off in the southwest, how intensely white the petal which is there let down! But did I compare this glory to a flower? No—it takes another form. It is a broad white and red curtain or veil let down, dimming the stars with a misty eclipse; and lo! a fringe to the curtain, of purple and orange—a rainbow for its hem! But this too changes—the curtain is gathering up in wavering fragments;—and now it seems a pouring shower or storm of light, almost dazzling the eye. Now it is like the fluttering of broad pennons—or that scene in the ancient Mariner, where

"The upper air burst into life,
And a thousand fire-flags shewn;
To and fro, they were hurried about,
And to and fro and in and out
The wan stars danced between."

Slender bars now shoot up, and vanish as quick. Now the light ripples upwards over the stars as over bright pebbles, in wavering, interrupted streamlets: now in mass, like some steady broad river current: and there seems a great reservoir at the zenith which this tide of light is journeying up to fill. But now the reservoir is full—the streams are pushed back again—the tide ebbs. The white light darts off like the forming of crystals, and becomes separated, and vanishes in the blue star-vault. Gradually, as the night wears late, the wavings of light grow less and less frequent and distinct—till nothing is left but a steady brightness around the horizon, like the light before moon-rise.

How noiseless all this ministry of the heavens—yet how eloquent! How full of beauty, of mystery!

Where is the way to the abode of light?
And darkness, where is its dwelling place?

Philosophy with rigid finger and cold eye may endeavor to point it out to us. But the heart turns away, enamored of the glowing apparition, and would rather take refuge in superstition, believing it a host of spirit forms, than hear it with complacent smile and unawed voice, pronounce it to be a display of the electric fluid; as if there ended all its meaning. O P. C.

* It is good for us, at times, to leave the limits of the dusky study filled with the creations of human wisdom—to leave the turmoil and glitter and hot atmosphere of the city—and go out and listen with an attentive ear to the teachings of nature, and gaze with subdued and throbbing hearts upon its wonderful workings. And here is a description written fresh after such an interview. It is as eloquent and as redolent of beauty as the Aurora itself.

PRIZE ADDRESS.

Written by *Dr Henry Myers*, of Richmond, Va., and pronounced by *Mrs. George Jones*, at the opening of the Avon Theatre in Norfolk, Va.

To him who grasp'd that magic wand, the pen,
And wove his spells around the hearts of men;
To him whose genius spread its mighty wing
From Heaven's high arch its richest tint to bring,
Or plunged "into the bottom of the deep"
To gather treasures that within it sleep;
Beneath whose sway e'en Passion fiercer grew,
Or weeded Sorrow wore a sadder hue;
Whose bidding drew from Pity's eye the tear,
Or Love made bold to clasp the one most dear;
At whose command Revenge swept to his prey,
Or cowering Fear in silence shrunk away:—
Grim Murder stood unmask'd—or Wit and Mirth
In merry mood drow peals of laughter forth:—
Even to him—to Avon's Bard we raise
The Muse's temple with the song of praise;
To glorious Shakespeare! for whose brow each brook
Nourish'd a garland in its shady nook;
Forest and mountain, verdant field and vale
Spread their bright blossoms to the passing gale:
And man, proud man, in admiration gazed,
The while the meteor undiminish'd blazed.

And where should Poesy select a home,
Or Talent seek to rear her glittering dome,
Save here?—where to the senses Ocean bears
Music which thrills the list'ner while he hears;
Where Heaven smiles with many a fadeless gem,
And Nature wears her brightest diadem;
Where erst the din of battle clove the air,
And watch-fires gleam'd with ghastly, lurid glare;
Where dealing death, th' artillery boom'd aloud,
And 'midst the flashes roll'd war's sulphur cloud;
When in each peal the song of Freedom rose,
Or rung the knell of Tyrants and of foes:—
The weary Drama perches on the spot,
Her pinions closed, and all her woes forgot.

Still, Avon! Fancy hies her to thy stream,
Whose waters with a thousand mem'ries teem;
Thou lav'st the birthplace of the good and great,
Thy banks are to the Poet consecrate.
The gazer turns from thee with moisten'd eye
To that lone spire towering towards the sky,
Which marks the spot, whereon its form uprears,
The Sepulchre of him the world reveres.
And yet, what tho' his bones lie mould'ring there?
Be silent all! his spirit hovers here!
A voice in upper air now floats along,
Yet dwells upon the ear like some sweet song.

What then remains? Speak, where does duty point?
Let us not say "the time is out of joint."
It is for us to watch the kindled flame
That writes in glowing characters his name;
It is for us to guard the altar's fire,
Not let it light the Drama's funeral pyre;
Enclose our shrine as with a human wall,
And save—or perish 'neath its mighty fall:
Yet fall it cannot, for, while Beauty cheers,
And native taste prevails—away with fears—
With generous patrons, such as greet her here,
The Drama smiles content,—her path is clear;
Thus welcom'd from the heart, she asks no more,
Her Mecca reach'd—her pilgrimage is o'er.

REJECTED ADDRESS.

Presented as a competitor for the prize offered for "the best address," on the opening of the "Avon Theatre," Norfolk.

BY A CITIZEN OF RICHMOND.

When storm and tempest sweep the troubled sky,
And the winged lightnings o'er the heavens' fly;
How bright to see, above the tempest's might,
The rainbow shed its soft and hallowed light,
Spanning in beauty every ill beneath,
Like Faith's calm smile above the couch of death.
Thus with the Drama when the spoiler's hand
Threw gloom and terror o'er each classic land;
When fettered Science wept and clanked her chain,
In the long night of Superstition's reign.—
But lo! the morn of Reason shed its ray,
And chased each fiend of midnight gloom away.
Then rose the Drama like a morning bird,
And waved its proud wing, and its song was heard
Like tones of mingled music; and it flew
To England's shores, and found a welcome too!
IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE! to thy mind was given
To paint with pencil dipt in hues of heaven;
To soar aloft on bold and tireless wing,
And trace each passion to its hidden spring.
England may well be proud, that e'er she gave
That name to fame which triumphs o'er the grave:
Yea, towers may moulder, cenotaphs may fall,
But our own Shakespeare's name survives them all!
Yet not alone to England's isle belong
Th' undying triumphs of our Shakespeare's song:
Wherever mind immortal has a shrine—
A worshipper—oh, Bard, that land is thine!

Lo! here, in our own forest-land, we raise
An altar, and a temple to thy praise,—
And with them blend the dearest name on earth
To Poet's soul,—the spot that gave thee birth.
"Sweet Avon!" here thy classic shaft shall stand,
Like yon blest lighthouse on the wave-beat strand—
To guide the bark of Genius to the spot
Where worth is cherished, and its ills forgot.
And you, ye worthy sons of noble sires
Whose spirits glowed with freedom's hallowed fires,
And taught the Tyrant of a far off shore,
That God ordained—and his proud reign was o'er:
Say, will ye not, on this auspicious hour,
Cheer with your favor Avon's budding flower?
Say, will ye not your smiles, your sanction, give,
And bid the modest trembler bloom and live?
Shall cruel bigotry decree its death?
Shall Superstition's pestilential breath—
Shall the dark spirit of unhallowed thought—
Shall demon prejudice with malice fraught?
Shall wild fanaticism shriek its doom,
And mark our column as bright Genius' tomb?
Oh, no! we read the answer in your eyes
Which bids the glad song of our triumph rise!
And you, sweet sisters, with soft glance of light,
Man's sun by day, his star of joy by night;
Bright spirits, sent by mercy's guiding hand
To tell our souls of that "far better land;"
One smile from you, we ask one little smile,
To cheer our labors and our task beguile.
We see it beam, like love's all quick'ning glance
Above the death-couch and the dreamy trance;
We see it in one concentrated blaze—
A thousand bright eyes lend their kindling rays;
While hope's sweet voice, more sweet than Dorian reed,
Bids us look up!—we must, we shall succeed!

CATALEPSY.

[The readers of the Messenger will remember, that in our July number we published an article containing a somewhat extraordinary account of a case of Catalepsy, and that we vouched that its author was a gentleman of unimpeachable honor and veracity, and of high standing as a member of the medical profession. We said moreover, that if his statements were controverted, he pledged himself in a private letter to substantiate them by testimony of a high character. Those statements have been controverted by a writer in South Carolina, whose communication we lay before the public, and which, notwithstanding its anonymous character, we determined to submit to our medical friend and await his action on the subject. With the frankness and honor for which he is characterized, our friend and correspondent has come forward in his own proper person to vindicate his statements, and we do not hesitate to say that even "Doubt" can no longer be incredulous on the subject. Following the letter of the doubting South-Carolinian, we publish Dr. Buck's letter, with the certificate of Mr. Lay and the communication of Dr. Carmichael. Mr. Lay is well known in Richmond and his testimony is unimpeachable. Dr. Carmichael is an eminent practitioner of surgery and medicine.]—Editor.

SOUTH CAROLINA, OCT. 21, 1839.

Mr. White: The leading article in the July number of the Messenger, entitled "Catalepsy," has attracted much attention, and excited much animadversion. You have vouched for the respectability and veracity of the author. Yet so extraordinary, unnatural and incredible, are the circumstances narrated in his anonymous communication, that nothing accompanying its publication has been sufficient to remove skepticism from the minds of some, while the many express for the whole narrative nothing but unbelief.

If the circumstances as stated be true, they certainly do present some very extraordinary views of the nature and structure of mind, and of its relations with matter,—views totally at variance with all the received systems of mental philosophy. The operations of mind as detailed in that communication, are violations of every known and acknowledged law of the intellectual structure, and have no analogies but in the alleged phenomena of animal magnetism. I myself am one who will admit the possibility that there may be an abnormal state of the human mind, in which phenomena may be exhibited, not referable to its known laws of operation. I have seen too much on this subject, from well authenticated quarters, not to go thus far. At the same time, evidence, which, in relation to matters less extraordinary and unnatural, (as we would say in reference to the known laws of nature) would be sufficient to cause conviction, but when applied to phenomena like these, is insufficient to produce anything but doubt—a state in which the mind neither affirms nor denies the truth of the proposition.

If these are facts, the philosopher must begin his work anew; for no events like these have ever, heretofore, been even "dreamt of in our philosophy." The author of the article alluded to, in a note on the first page, declared (if his statement was received with doubt, or improbability) his ability and willingness to substantiate the whole of it, by the most irrefragable testimony. Now, in reference to the extraordinary part of his story, the most favorable comment I have heard upon it, was the expression of doubt as to the possibility of its truth, while many profess to have no other opinion on the subject, than that of unbelief. Under these circumstances, I think it would be as well for the author to lay his proofs before the public.

DOUBT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOV. 3, 1839.

Mr. T. W. White: When I communicated the article on "Catalepsy," I had no intention of disclosing my name, except to yourself and a few other friends.

But the letter under the signature of "Doubt," from South Carolina, expresses disbelief of the facts, because the commu-

nication was anonymous and unsustained by "evidence which, in relation to matters less extraordinary and unnatural, would be sufficient to produce conviction," and calls upon the author "to lay his proofs before the public."

I am, therefore, constrained to re-assert the truth of the facts under my proper signature, and to exhibit a part of the evidence which I could procure in relation to them.

The following is an extract of a letter addressed to me by a highly respectable Physician, who was in consultation with me in the case:

"The July number of the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' I have not been able to obtain until yesterday. I read with renewed interest the account therein published of a most extraordinary case of Catalepsy, which occurred in the daughter of one of my most intimate and esteemed friends, and almost under my own eye. With some of the facts related I was well acquainted from personal observation; and all the phenomena of this wonderful case, of which I was not an eye witness, were related to me as they occurred, by yourself and others who were then present.

"To some, (even of our own profession,) who may never have seen such a case, I should not be surprised if your account of it should appear marvellous, nay altogether incredible; but its fidelity, if questioned, can be verified by many most respectable witnesses, whose testimony (if their characters were known,) would remove every doubt."

I have also received a letter from a Professor of one of the first institutions of our country, who married a sister of the Cataleptic patient, and whose wife was in constant attendance during the progress of the disease. I extract the following:

"On returning from a long journey, which I have just completed, I found your acceptable letter and a pamphlet containing a paper on Catalepsy. This paper must be highly interesting to strangers, and is, of course, far more so to us who know the circumstances, however incredible, to be true. 'M.' (his wife) 'thinks that in one or two cases you have made the statements less wonderful than the facts would warrant, but I presume you feared to make the account too marvellous.'

"M.' (his wife) "says that she regrets that she has none of —'s writings, they are all in the possession of —." (another sister.)

I do not feel authorized to publish the names of these gentlemen, lest the intelligent and sensitive lady whose the subject of the article, might make inquiries which would lead to a discovery of her former affliction, of which, I believe, she is now ignorant. I will, however, enclose to you the letters, that you may be justified in assuring the public that they are genuine. The hand-writing is known to gentlemen in your city, which I will thank you to show them.

I also enclose the original letters of the lady. I could multiply proofs, if necessary (and there were no fears of imparting unpleasant information to the lady), but I feel assured that these will satisfy the public and remove the incredulity even of "Doubt."

Most respectfully,

MARCUS C. BUCK, M. D.

RICHMOND, VA., NOV. 14, 1839.

I certify that I have read the letter addressed to Dr. Marcus C. Buck by Professor J. W. B., with whose hand writing I am well acquainted, and declare that the following is a correct extract therefrom. "On returning from a long journey, which I have just completed, I found your very acceptable letter with the accompanying pamphlet containing your paper on Catalepsy. This paper must be deeply interesting to strangers, and is, of course, far more so to us who know the circumstances, however incredible, to be true. M. thinks that in one or two cases you have made the statement less wonderful than the facts would warrant, but I presume you feared to make the account too marvellous."

JOHN O. LAY.

RICHMOND, NOV. 15, 1839.

To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Sir: The case detailed in your July number of the Messenger, on Catalepsy, from its unusual character, has been doubtfully received in and out of the profession.

This morning I had presented to me, the letter of an old and esteemed friend—long a successful practitioner of medicine, and a man of probity, and with whom I frequently met in professional duties, and to whose worth I make this tribute of respect,

confirming the statement of the author of that paper. "Having often," as he expresses it, "witnessed the extraordinary facts," and what he did not see, he heard from other sources of the highest credit. He goes further, and thinks that the marvellousness of the case exceeds the description given. His signature I know to be genuine.

To this statement I make an extract from a letter to me from the brother of the subject affected, now holding high official station :

"We concluded that you should address a letter to the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, affirming for us the truth of the account of Catalepsy, and to which my father, my brothers and sisters, have often stated as correct, with the exception of its being more wonderful than therein detailed."

Knowing all concerned in this report, it is but a proper duty on my part to make this statement, as they desire it, and to confirm the authenticity of the case.

Most respectfully, your ob't serv't,
EDWARD H. CARMICHAEL.

KOULI KHAN.

The attempts on India by the reigning sovereign of Persia bring to our recollection the fate of the most memorable of Persian warriors. In the year 1739, exactly a century ago, the famous Kouli Khan, the Shah of Persia, invaded India, and, after defeating the Mogul army in a great battle, took possession of Delhi. He spared the lives of the leading people, a singular instance of lenity in Asiatic war, and so wholly opposite to his own reckless polity, that it was accounted for only by a mysterious influence. But his original habits soon returned; and, on his determination being known to put a large number of the inhabitants of the capital to the sword, his tent was attacked by five Indians, in the midst of his army; and after a desperate defence, in which he killed two of them, he was struck to the heart.

The Persians are coming,
The Persians are come;
The banners are flying,
And thunders the drum;
And bright as a sunbeam
Rides forth in the van,
The king of all kings,
Kouli Khan, Kouli Khan!

The hills and the valleys
Of corpses are full;
There lies the pale Tartar,
There lies the Mogul.
There the elephant bleeds
From his forests afar;
For the arrows of Persia
Have finish'd the war.

And now with his omrahs
He sits on his throne,
With kings for his captains,
The East for his own.
The gems on his turban,
The gems on his shawl
Flash fire—but his glance
Flashes brighter than all.

There, proud Aurungzebe!
Stand thy princes in chains,
But, though fallen, they remember
Thy blood in their veins:
With toil and with battle
Their faces are wan;
But their frown is as haughty
As thine, Kouli Khan.

Then gazed the dark Sultan,
His bosom heaved high,
For he ponder'd the thought—
Shall they live? shall they die?
"Let them die"—from its scabbard
His dagger outsprang;
"Let them live"—in the scabbard
'Twas dash'd with a clang.

Then the herald came forth,
He thrice bow'd to the throne;
Like a pillar of topaz
He gloriously shone.
He thrice blew the trumpet,
The heavens gave reply;
Then proclaim'd to the captives,—
"Thus live, or thus die;—"

"The Shah asks three questions:—
If answer'd, ye stand;
If unanswer'd, ye fall—
Each head and each hand
On the ramparts of Delhi
Shall bleed to the sun;
This moment is yours—
Now, be saved, or undone!"

All was silent as midnight,
Then out broke the words—
"Hear, princes of Cachmire!
Hear, Delhi's proud lords!
The manes of your steeds
Are like banners unfurl'd;
But what hours would it cost you
To ride round the world?"

"Next, reckon the wealth
Of the king of all kings—
His crowns and his sceptres,
His arms and his rings.
Last, tell the high thought,
That now beams in his eye,
Or your death-lot is drawn,
There your corpses shall lie."

Then the squadrons of archers
Wheel'd round, wing to wing,
And a thousand keen arrows
Were laid on the string.
Yet there stood the princes,
Though fetter'd and lone,
In their ranks still and stately,
Like statues of stone.

"They must die." But a yell
Pierced thro' heart and thro' ear,
And wild as a leopard
In sprang a Faquier:
His visage was ebon,
His beard to the ground,
Wrath burn'd in his glance
As it darted around.

"Kouli Khan! thou art conqueror,
Sheathe thy red sword;
Kouli Khan! take thy choice,
To be cursed or adored!"
All gazed in strange wonder,
And dagger and spear
Were aim'd at his breast,
But loud laughed the Faquier.

"I will answer, dark Sultan,
Thy questions of blood."
His staff swept a ring
Round the spot where he stood.
Then he pour'd out a goblet,
And mutter'd a name;
To the gold-sculptured roof
Sprang a column of flame.

Then his voice spoke in thunder:
"What hours shall it take
To ride round the world?—
Dark Sultan, awake!
—Take the wings of the morning,
And ride with the sun,
In a day and a night
Shall thy journey be done!

"Then—what is thy wealth?
Were it mountains of gold,
'Tis not worth one true heart—
Now, two questions are told.
Hear the third. Is it evil,
Or good to forgive?—
Know that Hell gives us death,
But Heaven bids us live."

Then loud swell'd the trumpet,
And high clash'd the spear,
And a purse filled with diamonds
Was flung to the seer.
And to hail him the omrahs
And chieftans all ran,
And none look'd on the throne,
Though there sat Kouli Khan.

But one, and the proudest,
Dared pluck his white beard:
The Faquier shot a glance,
Not a murmur was heard!
But one grasp at his throat,
And the omrah lay low;
And the whole jewell'd circle
Recoil'd from the blow.

"Still the axe," said the Sultan,
"Must smite the Vizier,
For the blood of my bravest
Has reek'd on his spear."
"What, tiger! more blood?
Well, what prize shall be mine,
If he stand on this spot
Ere yon sun shall decline?"

"Take the half of my throne!"
—"Mighty Shah, he is here!"
—The beard was cast off,
But there stood no Faquier.
For the form bow'd to earth,
And the forehead so pale,
There stood in his beauty
A youth sheathed in mail.

Still brighter and brighter
He grew, while they gazed;
Still loftier his stature,
His eye keener blazed.
In his hand was the sword,
On his brow was the plume.
—Is he come from the skies,
Is he come from the tomb?

"I am Uriel," he spake—
From sultan to slave,
All were bow'd to the dust,
All was still as the grave—
"I am sent from the heights
Of the star-studded throne,
The Angel of Mercy,
To save the undone.

"They are saved—*Thou art saved!*
For each drop of their gore
Would have burn'd on thy soul,
Like the red molten ore.
Now, farewell, and be wise,
Thou son of the worm!"
—He upsprang, and the sound
Was like ocean in storm.

And the rolling of chariots,
And clanging of bows,
Of the warriors of heaven
Were heard as he rose:
And voices of sweetness
And sweepings of strings;
And the gleamings were seen
Of tiaras and wings.

And the perfumes of Paradise
Fell in a stream;
And their senses were steep'd
In delight, like a dream!
Then all woke.—For a year
The dagger was sheathed,
The hand of the bride
In the bridegroom's was wreathed.

And the vine hid the cottage,
The sheep fill'd the fold,
And the merchant was safe
With his silk and his gold.
And the infant was glad,
And the man without fear.
And age met the tomb,
Like the corn in the ear.

But then came dark Eblis,
The tempter of kings,
And the Sultan was wrapt
In the shade of his wings;
Wine madden'd his soul,
The fiend fill'd the man—
Thou'rt a corpse in thy tent,
Kouli Khan, Kouli Khan!

Revels at My Castle in the Air.

No. I.

A delicious Autumn day;—an Indian Summer day!
I have just returned from a stroll of some miles up
the country, leaving this bank-ridden town to take up
its notes—before three o'clock. I thank God now
every day, about noontide, that my lot has not been
cast on the Waters of Commerce; and that it has been
so ordered that I can pick up my bread and butter with-
out reference to price of Sugar or the rise of Stocks.

So—as I was saying—I started for a walk—and after
a long tramp over the Peninsula on whose slender
finger—fort McHENRY is set like a pretty mural ring,

I retraced my steps to the top of old "FEDERAL HILL," to behold one of the finest views of this charming town, lying round; and binding in, as with a hoop of dwellings, its beautiful harbor fringed with masts at this busy season, from Fell's Point to the innermost curve of the Basin. Beyond this watery line the town lies in the narrow valley, its regular lines broken by spires and towers and domes, whilst, immediately in the rear, rises an amphitheatre of hills of gentle slope, brown with the heathery hues of Autumn, dotted with white villas and cottages, and belted with

"—— the old patrician trees so great and good,
And thick plebeian underwood,
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And, for their quiet nests, and plenteous food—
Pay, with their grateful voice!"

The trees about the City, and as far as the eye can reach along the shores of the bay and river, which steal like threads of silver all around this promontory, lacing the lawns and fields—the trees are in their richest livery—dying, like so many monarchs, in their most gorgeous attire. The *beech* is still brightly green, the *shumacher* has its crimson fringe, the *oak* its russet and the *hickory* its golden leaf;—and then the small *vines* cling like webs of fire to the evergreen *pin*s, overrun the crumbling banks of streamlets, or bind up, as it were, the wounds of fallen and decaying trunks. Here—is a patch of verdure untouched by the early frosts;—there—the new wheat, green as infancy in the lap of age;—beyond, glitters the stubble of last year's harvest; and over all is spread the gauzy veil of the Indian Summer air, softening the quiet landscape with its gold and purple mist. Every where there is a lavish magnificence of color and wavy ease of outline, to which the eye of a "city man" is entirely unaccustomed after gazing for a twelvemonth on bricks or granite, relieved only occasionally, by the tall, antique, formal, gothic, ungraciousness of *Poplars*—or the wilted foliage of dwarfish *elms*.

I know no town in our country, where hill and valley, water and woodland—the architectural grandeur of the Church and Column, and the matter-of-fact lines of the dwelling and warehouse—mingle so gracefully as they do in a beautiful picture—as seen from old "Federal Hill."

Let the Baltimoreans preserve this eminence as an antique MOUND MONUMENT—of which they may be as proud, as of the structures in marble, raised by their munificence to the Great and the Brave!

But verily a walk—a walk to the "old hill," createth an appetite! So, I went to dine, diving, with a bachelor's freedom, into one of those "conchological cabinets," as a wag called an oyster cellar. A Steak—a dozen of "York River," done with a pinch of salt, but no butter, in their own liquor, over a slow fire—and the repast crowned with a bunch of Grapes—an APPLE, and—a SHERRY COBBLER! Soft, sweet, luscious, loving, glorious, peaches,—a parting kiss—farewell, good bye to ye. The "last of your animal race," are bitter as ascetics—just like old maids, left too long on the bush—very yellow and devilish sour.

I have always been of opinion, hitherto—and I don't know but I think so yet—that APPLES were only made

for Eve to sin by, or to kick up the row among the goddesses on Mount Ida. I can't think they have done much good in the world, even when they caused Sir Isaac to discover gravitation. There is something repulsive to an ardent mind, in the calculating deliberation with which your apple seems to ripen. It convinces me, without tasting, of its cold bloodedness,—and I'm sure there is great analogy between fruit and "humans."

THE APPLE puts out his blossoms in early spring, bright and fresh,—scenting the air with sweet perfume, 'till away they are rifled by the ungentle wind. Weeks after, out swells a little green coated protuberance—like a minute emerald gem—on every twig, and, then, the airs come wooingly and nourishing, and the sun shines warmly, but he swells and fattens to his proper size with as much caution as an alderman afraid of apoplexy. One by one he hangs his rosy streaks, like threads of rubys, around his cheeks; or blushes, like a well trained woman, shade by shade, till the color flies down to his neck like steam. Pluck him not yet—'tis a deceitful blush. 'Tis no evidence of love or sweetness—no soft confession of passion's ripeness!—He's as sour as a critic—and will wrinkle your lips like a purse mouth. Days—months he takes to complete his education—to arrive at the perfection of his *mallic* intelligence! July, August, September, pour their showery tears, and kiss him with their warm wooing breath, yet he takes their advances with a sturdy bachelor's coldness. There he rests, swelling, drawing, sucking the sap from his parent tree, and coquetting with the sunlight through the pale green leaves; till, at length, on some gusty Autumn evening, when it gets too cold to be dangling like a felon from the naked bough, down he drops on the breast of his mother earth, returning like a prodigal, when forsaken by all others, to the heart that first warmed him into life. Down he drops, and soon is he drilled away among the bright uniformed ranks of his fellows, in some goodly housewife's garner—for the winter's stores.

Now sir, your Peach—or your Fig, or your Grape;—your Plum, or your Nectarine, or your Pear—are honest, impetuous, high-blooded CAVALIERS; not Philosophers or Hermits, like your Apple. Filling their veins with fiery juices in the early year, they rush in heaping crowds to our feasts the live-long Summer. Prodigal, open, generous, confiding gentry! Not hoarding their sweets, or dallying with the season, enjoying every fair day and gleam of sunshine, till the Autumn winds implore our compassion.

But if these excellent FRUIT PEOPLE—the grasshoppers of the orchard—sing out their Summer day in revelry—the Apple—poor gentleman—is not without his merits, too. Hath he not New-Ark Cider in his veins?

Pop!—phiz—z-z-z-z-z-z!—There's love in the glass!—Venus was not born of brighter foam!

Then the long Winter nights—the curtains let down—the sofa wheel'd round—the *hickory* blazing (confound your scorching anthracite)—the round table cleared of its literary rubbish—its Books of Beauty and Books of Loveliness, and gold-bound humbug,—and in place thereof—on its broad brown smiling face reposing the brilliant Astoral—the crystal glasses—the golden Madeira, whence the imprisoned light seems quivering,

struggling to be free—and the heaped baskets of Nuts and Apples. Apples—bright polished Apples—with their healthy Summer cheeks—witnesses of their quiet, temperate life—blushing with surprize at the goodly company and the warm welcome they receive, released from their cold prison in the garret. Then comes the gathering knot around the board, and the soft stolen pressure of the hand beneath it;—then the “naming of the Apple”—the peeling—the counting seeds—the telling fortunes—and then, “last stage of all,” the plunging of the knife into his very heart, and the passage of his pale remains over the ruby bridge of lips—through the ivory gate—and—and so—farewell!

I could write of “Michlemas Grove” and “Apple-sauce”—and “Apple-butter” and “Apple pies,” and “Apple dumplings”—aye—and “Apple toddy;”—but, I won’t dishonor the names of the abused fruit by torturing them through a purgatory of fire, or the debasing conceptions of the kitchen. I take leave of you, cold, worldly fruit, on a lady’s lip—with a merry party at your funeral—a ringing laugh for your dirge—and so write your decent epitaph!

Dry work this—Now for a SHERRY COBBLER!

Old Bachelor as I am, and vagrant, too;—without tie or home—I suppose I may be allowed to give the “receipt” for the greatest “liquorary” invention of the day. How happens it that ’twas not discovered before?—’Tis the most cooling, refreshing, luscious, un-intoxicating liquid, that ever grew into ripeness under the warm, fanciful incubation of a thirsty soul. Who claims the conception I know not; but, man or woman—the author (’tis a LITERARY treat) deserves well of his country for giving it to the people without the protection of copyright or patent. ’Tis a fragmentary world of sweets in a little palace of glass. “Waiter,—a SHERRY COBBLER!”

Powder your fine white sugar, or crystal candy, and sprinkle the mass through a sieve, over a tumbler of pounded ice—every particle of which is broken into lumps not larger than a pea. In another vessel, pour two wine glasses of pale gold sherry over the fine cut peelings of half a lemon—peelings which have suck’d into their pores sufficient acid from the ripened pulp, to make the pungent rind flavored like a China orange—and then, for a minute or so, suffer the spirit of the wine to extract the rich aroma. Next, dash the contents of one tumbler to the other, till fruit and fluid, ice and sugar, sweet and sour, warmth and frost, are mixed and married by this delicate “runaway” process, and the dew of their bridal-kiss coats the sides of the vessel with a creamy veil. Then—allowing the new married couples to cool from the first extatic moments of their swimming embrace,—you sip the delicious pair in the dreamy elysium of their “honey moon!” ’Tis a raving mad “receipt,” this—I know you will say so—but as a friend used to exclaim about my poor, dear mother’s Pigeon pies—“I’ll write poetry about it yet!”

Now—friend White—for a mild, brown, freckle-skin’d Havannah!—Sip—sip—and draw—draw—turn and turn about! As a *Siesta*, is the bright Angel that stands on the top-round of this sensual ladder of dreams. I bid you good bye—before I drop into her tender arms.

Addio—Addio!

B. M.

Baltimore, Nov. 1, 1839.

ISAIAH II. 4.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

THERE sweeps a rush of armies past with banners proud and high,

And clarions waft their thrilling strains triumphant to the sky:

No dread munition in their ranks, no fearful steel, they bear;

No “warrior-garments rolled in blood,” no panoply they wear;

But on each brow the olive-wreath is twining fresh and green,

And in each lifted eye the light of peace and joy is seen;

And from ten thousand quivering lips there gushes forth the cry,—

“Let tears be dried, let sad hearts sing the song of victory!

Sing, by bright streams, on pleasant hills, and in the bowers of home;

Sing, by the altars and the hearths, the blessed time has come.

Our iron armor on the field lies bloodless all and crushed;

Our martial plumes are plucked and torn, our battle-

thunder hushed;

Our falchions we’ll to ploughshares turn,—the days of strife are o’er;

Our spears we’ll beat to pruning-hooks,—there shall be war no more!”

The weary soldier sits him down upon his threshold-stone,

And in his arms and to his heart he clasps his blooming son.

A soft, fair cheek is pressed to his, and in an upturned eye

A glistening tear melts to a smile—his wife is kneeling by;

While the aged grandsire bows his head, and his white and silvery hair

Is blending with the sunny locks of the little prattler there.

The palace-dome is lighted up, and its doors are open wide,

To welcome him who enters with his step of kingly pride;

But there’s no darkness on his brow and in his glance no wrath,

And lifted hands are pouring flowers and blessings on his path.

Both hut and hall are glad this hour: the city’s gilded fanes,

The hamlet spires, are echoing to the loud and billowy strains,—

“Our falchions we’ll to ploughshares turn,—the days of strife are o’er;

Our spears we’ll beat to pruning-hooks,—there shall be war no more!”

Gay barques, with music on their decks and pennons to the breeze,

And silks, and gold, and spices rare, are out on foamy seas:

Safely their bright prows cleave the waves: there is no foe to fear;

No murderous shot, no rude attack, no vengeful crew is near.

Where battle strode o’er ruined heaps, and carnage shook its brand,

And red blood gushed, the purple grapes and clustering harvest stand,

And dews from bending branches drip and quiver in the flowers,

And merry groups are rushing out from cots and shady
bowers :
"There is no sword our hearths to stain, no flame our
roofs to spoil ;
There are no robber-hordes to seize the treasures of our
toil :
Ho ! sing ye, then, the harvest-song, and twist the viny
leaves,
And let your shining sickles laugh among the plummy
sheaves,—
The falchions we'll to ploughshares turn,—the days of
strife are o'er ;
The spears we'll beat to pruning-hooks,—there shall be
war no more !"

Nation with nation strives no more : the golden chain
of love,
Through the wide earth, links soul to soul, descending
from above :
The Indian, by his hundred streams, the Tartar, in his
snows,
The Ethiop, 'neath the burning sun, its gentle impulse
knows :
From every tribe, in kneeling ranks, upon the silent air
Up to the "Throne of Thrones," go forth the sacred
words of prayer,—
"All praise to him, whose hand alone, whose own right
hand hath done
This blessed work, and made the hearts of all his chil-
dren one !"
Then, like the strains Ephratah heard hymned by the
angel choir,
From every lip a song breaks forth and sweeps o'er
every lyre ;
The peopled mart, the temple-arch sends out the jubi-
lee :
It echoes from the forest-shrines and green isles of the
sea,—
"Our falchions we'll to ploughshares turn,—the days
of strife are o'er ;
Our spears we'll beat to pruning-hooks,—there shall be
war no more !"

NEW WORKS.

Hyperion, a Romance ; by the Author of "Outre-Mer." New
York: S. Colman: 1839.

Literature owes its true charm to mind. This con-
stitutes its power and its imperishable beauty. This is
the cunning spell, the weird mystery, by which genius
thrills the rudest human heart, moves at its will the
vast physical strength of the multitude, and, beyond
death and in defiance of time, triumphs forever. This
is the reason why, in a thousand years to come, the
poems of old blind Homer shall be read by kindling
hearts and tuneful lips, and why, in all languages of
"the vocal earth," Shakspeare would be understood.
It is not enough that your book is "*well-written*," that
the rules of rhetoric are not violated, that the grammar
is all correct and the punctuation faultless. But breath-
ing thought, mental power, must be its *soul*, and without
this it is *lifeless*.

It is so with all art. You may take the rough stone
and chisel it into shape and resemblance. But this is
not enough. The colossal monuments of Egypt have
been thus wrought. And there they sit, stiff, upright,
and with their everlasting, stony, unearthly gaze. Yet
who admiring, as he must, the labor, and wondering at
the magnitude of the work, who glows with that en-

thusiasm which true genius ever excites as he pauses
to look upon them? But what is it that entrances soul
and sense, as you stand before a Phidian statue, or gaze
upon some creation of Angelo? What holds you there
with a mysterious, undefinable feeling, like that which
possesses one who is rooted to the spot by the meaning
smile and glittering eye of a Sybil? Is it the perfect
symmetry of the outstretched arm?—the exactness of
the brawny muscle?—the imperturbable expression
upon the face? Is it so much one or all of these, as it
is the mind, the creative intellect of the artist, that
breathes in every part and pervades the whole, and
tells us that there has been the hand of a master? And
is there nothing here but mere obedience to the rules of
art, to distinguish it from the copy of the amateur?—is
there nothing beside this, and the material, by which
you would know it from the plastered bust that is
hawked about the streets?

Genius, then, leaves its unfailing witness wherever
it lays its hand, and it can only be imitated or equalled
by genius. Hear this ye tribe of writers—ye troubled
with the "*cacathes scribendi*"—who crowd and glut the
market at the present day, and oppress us with novel,
essay, play, and poem—so that in this twofold *pressure*,
we look around us and know not which to deplore the
most, the scarcity of money or the scarcity of wit;—
hear this, although it comes from one who, perhaps,
lacks both as much as any among ye;—hear this, from
Oregon to the celestial Empire, from the centre of every
literary Emporium to the remotest garret in its Grub
street;—and be it remembered.

The great fault of the writers of our age, and for
aught that we know of every other, would seem to be
that they think authorship only *mechanical*. They
appear to suppose that it merely consists in obedience
to certain rules of composition; which may be learned
as easily as they would learn to dance by taking the
steps—"one, two, three, four." For instance—lines of
a certain length, ending, in course or alternately, or as
the case may be, in words that have a similar sound,
like "rhyme," and "chime," and "once" and "dunce,"
extended to a certain length, and filled up with words,
constitute a poem. Walker's rhyming dictionary and
Webster's quarto, will, therefore, "set up" a Poet. Or,
again; a story long enough to be eked out into two
volumes, with [*perhaps*] a plot, a hero and a heroine
and a few *et ceteras*, of which one of the most impor-
tant is a *publisher*, will surely inflict upon the public a
novel.

If such is not the actual reasoning, does it not seem to
be the principle upon which many writers virtually act?
As well attempt to become a Patrick Henry, by merely
practising declamation—or a Mozart, by only scraping
a violin!—But this is, after all, a serious subject. We
repeat the idea with which we set out. Mind is the
charm of true literature. It is not necessary that this
should be developed in the form of deep philosophy, of
profound reasoning, but, still, we say, a writer who
would attain just celebrity, must possess creative intel-
lect. If he would wear his laurels fresh amid all the
changes of life, and have them green around his tomb
in after ages, he must quaff from living streams of in-
spiration—he must go out under the holy stars, and
amid the free, glorious existences of nature; and he
must study human feeling in all its phases, its hidden

workings and its outward manifestations;—this must he do, until the depths of his soul are stirred, and the exhaustless springs of thought are quickened within him, and then he will be prepared to address the world with a heart throbbing and full of eloquent thoughts. He must have something to write about, and then what he writes will always be read. But, if he determines first to write and find a subject afterwards, ten to one, he lays hold of something common-place, uninteresting, or merely exciting, and when the world has become used to the glare of his book and ascertains that it is only caused by tinsel—when the excitement has passed by, or the melodious words become familiar—it will be pronounced dull and tedious; it will be forgotten and sent to Lethe. If such prove not the result, it may be he handles his subject so awkwardly (possessing not even the charm of manner,) that it drops still-born from the press.

The true writer, then, has something to write about. He is stirred by *thoughts*, and as they gush forth and find language he enstamps them as upon adamant. And in whatever form or connection he embodies them, they will distinguish him, they will constitute an essential part of the true literary excellence of his productions, they will gain him admiration from discriminating and kindred minds. Such an one, and such an one only, of all the aspirants for literary fame, will secure a reputation which shall survive his ashes and his marble monument.

Professor Longfellow's book, it is probable, will fail to please many. Those who are merely and strictly of the novel-reading class—who look with eagerness for incident and plot and dramatic effect, and are dissatisfied if they do not find them—will lay it down after they have read a few pages. But those who appreciate the creations of intellect, who love the stamp of genius and know it when they see it, will pore over its beautifully-printed pages with delight. Its plot is simple enough. A mere thread upon which the pearls are strung. But these *are* pearls. Hyperion gives full evidence that its author is a man of refined intellect—it bears the impress of which we have spoken—of *mind*. It will therefore be read, and it will survive the ephemeral productions of the day. But the plot, we say, is simple. We can present the reader with it in a few words. Flemming, the hero, a young American, oppressed with grief for the loss of a dear friend, makes a tour to Germany. Here he passes some time with a young German Baron, and then sets out for Switzerland. He falls in love there and is rejected—but the tone of his mind becomes, finally, restored, and the book leaves him on the eve of returning to his native land. This is the story, but this is the mere vehicle for beautiful simile, aphorism, thought and description. Extracts have already been made from this work to some extent, and we may, therefore, intrude upon the notice of our readers much that they have already seen; but we marked several passages as we went through it, without reference to these prior selections, and we shall therefore give a portion of them, and one or two which we have marked since, notwithstanding.

We direct attention to the following simile:

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection,—itself a

broader shadow. We look forward into the coming, lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy."

And to this personification of the Rhine:

"If I were a German I would be proud of it too; and of the clustering grapes, that hang about its temples, as it reels onward through vineyards, in a triumphal march, like Bacchus, crowned and drunken."

The author speaks thus of his hero:

"It would have been well if he could have forgotten the past; that he might not so mournfully have lived in it, but might have enjoyed and improved the present. But this his heart refused to do; and ever, as he floated upon the great sea of life, he looked down through the transparent waters, checkered with euphonia and shade, into the vast chambers of the mighty deep, in which his happier days had sunk, and wherein they were lying still visible, like golden sands, and precious stones, and pearls; and, half in despair, half in hope, he grasped downward after them again, and drew back his hand, filled only with seaweed, and dripping with briny tears!

"Yet there was much in him which was good; for underneath the flowers and green-ward of poetry, and the good principles which would have taken root, had he given them time, there lay a strong and healthy soil of common sense,—freshened by living springs of feeling, and enriched by many faded hopes, that had fallen upon it like dead leaves.

The following observations are upon Jean Paul Richter.

"When you read his works, it is as if you were climbing a high mountain, in merry company, to see the sun rise. At times you are enveloped in mist,—the morning wind sweeps by you with a shout,—you hear the far-off muttering thunders. Wide beneath you spreads the landscape,—field, meadow, town, and winding river. The ringing of distant church-bells, or the sound of solemn village clock, reaches you;—then arises the sweet and manifold fragrance of flowers,—the birds begin to sing,—the vapors roll away,—up comes the glorious sun,—you revel like the lark in the sunshine and bright blue heaven, and all is a delicious dream of soul and sense,—when suddenly a friend at your elbow laughs aloud, and offers you a piece of Bologna sausage. As in real life, so in his writings,—the serious and the comic, the sublime and the grotesque, the pathetic and the ludicrous are mingled together. At times he is sententious, energetic, simple; then again, obscure and diffuse. His thoughts are like mummies embalmed in spices, and wrapped about with curious envelopments; but within these the thoughts themselves are kings. At times glad, beautiful images, airy forms, move by you, graceful, harmonious;—at times the glaring, wild-looking fancies, chained together by hyphens, brackets, and dashes, brave and base, high and low, all in their motley dresses go sweeping down the dusty page, like the galley-slaves, that sweep the streets of Rome, where you may chance to see the nobleman and the peasant manacled together."

A magnificent description of winter:

"And ever faster fell the snow, a roaring torrent from those mountainous clouds. The setting sun glared wildly from the summit of the hills, and sank like a burning ship at sea, wrecked in the tempest. Thus the evening set in; and winter stood at the gate wagging his white and shaggy beard, like an old harper, chanting an old rhyme:—'How cold it is! how cold it is!'"

We pass over much that we had marked of the conversation between Flemming and his German friend, the Baron, simply because our limits will not admit of their insertion, and proceed to the following from the reverie of the former:

"It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose, that a period of time will ever come, when the world, or any considerable portion of it shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

"And oh! how majestically they walk in history; some like the sun, with all his travelling glories round him; others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly Paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pencils?"

A description of a spring night:

"And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing,—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough,—not a breath of wind,—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain."

Ballads, the Baron says,

"Are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedges, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature,—in the genial summer time."

Flemming thus remarks of a tree, that had been transplanted from America to the gardens of the Palatinate:

"It reminds me of some captive monarch of a savage tribe, brought over the vast ocean for a show, and chained in the public market-place of the city, disdainfully silent, or breathing only in melancholy accents a prayer for his native forest, a longing to be free."

Here is a truth which it may be well to remember, and therefore we set it down:

"There are many speculations in Literature, Philosophy, and Religion, which, though pleasant to walk in, and lying under the shadow of great names, yet lead to no important result."

The glacier of the Rhone:

"Ere long he reached the magnificent glacier of the Rhone; a frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched, like a dome; and above, jagged and rough, and resembles a mass of gigantic crystals, of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface; but at every rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palm downwards, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the King of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear."

Thus discourses the heroine, Mary Ashburton:

"And why need one always explain? Some feelings are quite untranslatable. No language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet, when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty, all at once; just as glow-worms, which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms, like so many others."

And thus discourses the author, we believe, in *propria persona*.

"The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad, and deepening before us. Are not, then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of its evening? Yes; but morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into the night and mingle with the coming darkness."

How simple, how natural, how affecting, the piety of this poor woman:

"Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of Heaven were

few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was a place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed, that, when she at length reached it, she should work no more, but sit always in a clean white apron, and sing psalms."

A true simile this:

"No more! O how majestically mournful are those words! They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines!"

We assure our readers that we have gathered, as it were, from *clusters*;—we have omitted much, for reasons already given. With these remarks, we take our leave of Hyperion, heartily commending it to the public as a book worth reading and re-reading.

General Instructions to the Consuls and Commercial Agents of the United States. Blair & Rives: Washington, 1839.

A small pamphlet, with the above title, has recently come under our observation. It is intended that these instructions should supersede all others by which these officers have heretofore been guided. If these laws are in an amended state, it is difficult for us to fancy how imperfect the others may have been which preceded them; we still look upon the whole consular system as being imperfect, and wanting a thorough revision. No improvement, however, can be expected until the subject is brought before Congress, and a committee appointed to recommend another code, which shall be more equal in its bearing—more agreeable to our merchants—and more palatable to most of our consuls.

The two main pillars of our constitution are, liberty and equality; and, singular as it may appear, the consuls are the only class of officers in the service of their country, who may truly be said to enjoy neither of these desirable features of our republican creed. The officers of the army and navy of the United States, are appointed yearly; and as time passes on they advance in rank. There is with them, so long as they conduct themselves properly, no fear of being turned out of office, or no chance of being superseded by those whose commissions may be of a more recent date. Each one is sure, should he live long enough, to reach the highest grade of his profession. With him there is some hope—some cause for ambition; but with the foreign representatives of our country none. No consul, however unexceptionable his conduct may be, is certain of retaining his office for a single year. In those situations in which a good income may be realized, the appointment will be made a political gift; and as nothing is more changeable than popular feeling, nothing can be more uncertain than the period for which a consul, holding such a situation, may retain his place. When a person has remained for a length of time in office he becomes acquainted with the duties of his situation, and ought not to be removed to make place for another who may be totally ignorant of them; and when it is more than an equal chance, that the incumbent to be displaced may be thrown upon the world too old to enter upon any other profession, and without any means of support for himself or family. Most of the consuls, whose places are worth taking, are every day liable to meet with this reverse of fortune.

Between one consul and another there is no equality. This will be proved by an example. 'Tis true both are allowed the same name, and are permitted to wear the

same uniform, but in that which seriously concerns both there will not be found the least resemblance. We have reference to their fees. The revenues of the office at L—, are at least from six to eight thousand dollars a year, while those at N— may be from five to six hundred. The one incumbent gets all his fees from shipping, while the other, until recently, has procured his by taxing the passports of his countrymen. We notice by these last Instructions, that this charge on passports is annulled, and consequently the consul who has for the last twenty years held the office at N—, so honorably to himself and all Americans, is deprived of his only revenue, and has his yearly fees reduced from five hundred dollars to ten,—while his colleague at L—, against whose official conduct we have nought to say, has suffered no diminution of his enormous revenues, and this while not having served his country for half the period of him whom we have instanced above. This is not a solitary case—we might instance all from the highest to the lowest,—and it would appear that there is no equality save in the honor—which will hardly support a worthy man. When a consul receives his appointment, he is placed under bonds from two to ten thousand dollars, and obliged to give sureties for the faithful performance of his duties. Why should there be a difference made in the amount of bonds between one of these officers and another? If both are not equally trustworthy, why employ the one against whose character there may be a shadow of a doubt? If it is to secure Americans against fraud,—for instances have recently been seen where those who were thought to be the most trustworthy have abused public confidence, become defaulters, and fled their country,—then, these bonds, on account of their trifling amount, are no security; for, when compared with the value of American property, which yearly arrives at some ports, they are but as a drop of water to the running stream.

Early in the spring of 1833, a message was sent by the President to the Senate, wholly touching upon the consular establishment of the United States. This was evidently done at the instance of the late lamented Hon. Edward Livingston, who was at that time Secretary of State, and to whom it was necessary all consular correspondence should be sent, and all complaints of captains and merchants be made known. Coinciding as we do with the opinions of Mr. Livingston, as then expressed, we cannot do better than quote several passages of his letter to Gen. Jackson, which was published at the time the message was sent to Congress.

"To a nation essentially commercial, like the United States, the consular functions are highly important, and ought to be strictly defined. They are performed in a foreign country, often in collision with the officers of the nation in which they are placed, and therefore public as well as private interests are put in jeopardy by their errors or faults. At home every officer is surrounded with the means of obtaining information, yet at home every officer has his duties prescribed, and marked out by law. Abroad, an officer is entrusted with the most important functions, out of the reach of control or advice, and is left with comparatively no written rules for his guidance. In their absence, he frequently puts such constructions on his power as best suits his interests, and avoids taking any responsibility that is not forced upon him. No written rule being given to which the merchant or ship-master can refer in his transactions with consuls, constant bicker-

ings are the result—injurious alike to the interests of trade and the reputation of the country.

"The subject of compensation is one which has engaged my close attention since I have had the direction of the department; and I have no hesitation in giving a decided opinion, that the exaction of fees has been the source of misunderstandings between our consuls and the masters of vessels, injurious to the reputation of the country—that it is degrading to the officer who is obliged to wrangle for them, is unequal in its operation, oppressive to our commerce, and ought either to be wholly abolished, or so modified, as to make the operation of the system more equal, by apportioning the amount to the size of the vessel, or if possible to the value of the cargo."

Many of the vessels engaged in foreign commerce, are owned, in a greater or less proportion, by the masters who navigate them. This is the most fruitful source of complaint between themselves and the consuls. The captains looking upon the fees charged as an unjust tax upon commerce, (and they are not alone, for most of the mercantile community have the same opinion,) are not disposed very readily to settle their accounts. This causes the misunderstanding. The captain, in many instances, makes his complaint before foreigners, which serves to degrade the standing and character of the consul before those people who ought to respect him; while the officer, on his part, vainly appeals to his government—which cannot relieve him—as in most cases no law has been passed touching directly on the subject.

Mr. Livingston continues: "But I cannot avoid expressing my opinion that these officers, like all others, should be compensated by adequate salaries, and should be prevented from engaging in commerce. According to our present system, our consuls, with very few exceptions, are commission merchants—anxious like all other merchants to increase their business, and obtain consignments. In many, perhaps in the greatest number of cases, the place is sought for chiefly for the advantage and influence it will give to extend the commercial affairs of the officer. Can it be believed that this official influence will always be properly exercised? When it is, will not contrary suspicions be entertained? This must create jealousy, detraction, and all the arts that rivalry will exercise and provoke, amidst which the dignity of the public officer is degraded, and his influence with the foreign functionary lost. The consul therefore, if not the vice consul, ought to be salaried officers. They will never then by their countrymen be suspected of acting towards them, as their commercial interest, not as their duty requires; and their complaints in behalf of their fellow-citizens will be attended to, because they will not be liable to the suspicion of advocating their own interests. Consular offices would no longer be held in counting houses, nor the consul himself called, from defending the case of an injured American citizen, to sell a barrel of sugar, or despatch the settlement of an account."

Forcible as this language of Mr. Livingston may appear, yet most of the Americans who have travelled abroad must acknowledge it is not at all too strong. We may venture to assert, after a ten years residence in Europe and the East, that there is not a single commercial town in any part of the world, where there is much American commerce, and the consul a mercantile man, but that weekly if not daily difficulties arise between this officer, his countrymen, and the merchants of the place. This must always be the case while the consular system remains as it is. The reasons are obvious. From the captains are received the fees of

office—the payment of which is causing continual bickerings, while the merchants are jealous, and naturally so, on account of the information which they are obliged by law to give to the consuls, exposing as they must to his examination, their invoices of property shipped, to whom it is consigned, with the value, quantity, and quality of the same. This state of things gives a severe blow to commerce. Secrecy, that great incitement to speculation, is destroyed—and in the end a great loss must fall on the revenue of the country.

We will only make one more extract from the letter before us. "All fees paid to public officers are taxes; fees to consuls are taxes on commerce. Are such fees in the state of our finances necessary? Are they just? Are they equal? Are they easily collected? None of these questions can be answered in the affirmative. They are certainly not necessary; the customs alone produce more than enough for the payment of all the expenses of government. Why should an extra tax be laid upon commerce, which already bears the whole expense of government, for the support of a particular set of officers? Should it be said that those who derive the benefit should pay the expenses, it would not seem to be a satisfactory answer. It is not for the sole benefit of a ship which touches at a consular port, that the consular office is created: the whole country is interested in the establishment. The concerns of its general commerce, the protection of its citizens abroad, its reputation is concerned. The judge receives his salary, yet not one-tenth of the community are suiters in court. So of all the salaried officers of government; all the exceptions to the rule are *abused*. It is easily conceived, that in the infancy of our government, when we were burdened with a great amount of public debt, every available mode of supporting the different institutions of the country should be resorted to, and that therefore the examples set by other nations of supporting particular offices, by the exaction of fees, should be followed: but now, when one uniform mode of collecting revenue yields a product more than sufficient for all the wants of government, why should others, liable to so many objections, be continued? Nor ought the amount to deter us? According to the list hereunto annexed, we have one hundred and fifty-six consuls, vice consuls, and commercial agents. By a proper distribution, they may be classed as follows:

Thirty consuls, with salaries, averaging \$2,000, will amount to	\$60,000
One hundred and twenty-six vice consuls, and commercial agents, with salaries averaging \$1,000, is	\$126,000
Total annual sum,	\$186,000

When it is considered, that not only the respectability of our government and the security of its citizens abroad, will be promoted by this change, but that it is chiefly intended for the protection and extension of that commerce, from which the only revenue of the country is derived, the expense will not be thought too great for the object. Such a provision ought to be accompanied by prohibition of any interest in commerce, with clear definitions of official duty, and heavy penalties for neglecting them: and we then might see these important offices filled, as they should be, by men of talent, education and respectability of character, who would command the respect of the functionaries of the ports in which they reside, who would be the protectors, not the rivals of our merchants, do honor to our national character, and whose whole time would be devoted to the duties of their office."

Although seven years have nearly transpired since these opinions were expressed by Mr. Livingston to the President and Senate of the United States, yet no debate has been had upon them, no alterations made. Our commerce and revenue have greatly increased,—so have

the difficulties of our consuls, and the misunderstandings and bickerings of our countrymen with them. We have finished with our extracts from Mr. Livingston's letter, and though this distinguished statesman and learned jurist has, since it was written, been summoned full of years and honors to his fathers, yet may we not hope that some other public spirited individual will be found to bring the subject forward in the councils of our country, and urge that salaries may be allowed to our consuls, and necessary laws be passed for their guidance? The great reason why no alteration has yet been made in the manner of remunerating consuls for their services is, because many of these officers are opposed to any change in the present system, preferring a limited amount with a liberty to trade, to a certain sum—even if much larger than their annual fees—accompanied with a prohibition to their engaging in commerce. Should salaries be voted to consuls, many now holding the office would immediately resign. If a person prefers his chance in commerce to an office with a fair salary, let him retire, and some one holding a different opinion be selected to fill the vacancy,—all parties will then be satisfied: the one who leaves his office, must consider himself fortunate that he can do better in a pecuniary way than retain it, while the one appointed will rejoice that he can obtain an honorable living, and at the same time be respectably employed in the service of his country.

While our consular system remains unaltered, at least a third, if not a half of the incumbents of these offices, will be foreigners. Republican America will continue to be represented, as she now is, by the subjects of kings, princes, and pashas, many of whom by having the star spangled banner waving over their houses, might obtain an undeserved credit with capitalists, find protection in case of a revolution, or be enabled to traffic without the payment of duties. How is it, may we ask, that without a single American resident in Egypt, so many boats are observed plying on the Nile under the American flag? Do they belong to travellers, citizens of the United States, or are they laden with merchandise? If to the former, then it is a matter of pride that so many of our countrymen should be found travelling in so interesting a region, but if the latter, then we may inquire if the same is done with the sanction of our government? Is our flag used to cover foreign property? Is any encouragement given to owners of property to have the same flying over the boat which carries it? Are boats with the American flag hired to foreign travellers, they preferring the same to their own on account of the protection which it affords them in the present state of European politics? These are queries we hope to see satisfactorily answered. But there are other reasons why foreigners should not be permitted to act as consuls. England has recently seen the error of it, by having a Frenchman a vice consul to represent her in Mexico, and in the event of a war we may be placed in the same situation. In case the French had refused to pay the debt due by them to our citizens, or England should decline satisfactorily to settle our boundary question, and hostilities commence, would a subject of either of these powers dare to assist our countrymen to the prejudice of his own? And again, is not an Englishman holding an appointment as United States consul, at all times

subject to the English consul, who may be living in the same place with him? He most certainly is; and we are aware of an instance where the same was made known to a person who chanced to be in this situation, and to the authorities of the place where he resided. Out of England, Ireland, and Scotland, we would wish to be informed how many Englishmen are now acting as American consuls—and the places also, if of importance to our commerce? In the Mediterranean, we are aware of our being represented by them at the ports of Genoa, Trieste, and Alexandria. We do not say that the incumbents are not respectable men, or that they do not perform their duties faithfully,—but we do ask, if in places of such extensive trade it is necessary to have the merchants of England to represent us? How many Americans have we, either at home or abroad, acting as English consuls? We know not one. Let Republican America be represented by freemen, sons of her own; and should the nation ever become subservient to another power, then, and not till then, will it be proper to have a subject of that power appointed to represent us. Allowing it possible for an Englishman—for we are not more opposed to a subject of Queen Victoria (perhaps it might be more gallant in us to have a preference,) than to any other foreigner who may acknowledge a crowned head for his master or mistress—to be a proper representative for the United States, yet we think before such an appointment is made, some laws should be passed, by which our countrymen may know how they are to be governed when they arrive in places under such jurisdiction; and again, in case such an officer should abuse his authority, that our government might find means of redress.

It has been said that were the consuls salaried officers, too much power would be given to the Executive—but this objection can be easily removed; for were these officers to hold their appointments so long as they conducted themselves properly, few, very few vacancies would occur during the four years a President might serve. The Executive has much more power at present—as it can remove, and appoint at pleasure.

We would now say a word on the subject of the allowances to consuls, for the expenses which they must actually incur on account of the offices they hold. As the reader might doubt our statement, we shall quote the ninth chapter of consular instructions entire.

"Of the expenses to be allowed to Consuls."

"Art. 49.—Postage paid on despatches to or from this department, or expenses incurred for their transmission when directed, will be allowed on the rendition of a specific account therefor, accompanied when practicable with vouchers, but no allowance will be made for house, or office rent, books, stationary, or other ordinary expenses of office."

"Art. 50.—No allowances will be made to consuls for expenses incurred in procuring the defence in any court of law of American seamen, accused of violating the laws of foreign countries."

Is it reasonable, we would ask, that in the present prosperous state of our finances, such orders should exist?

Thus it will be seen, that the expenses of office rent, clerk hire, books in which all public documents are to be registered, desks in which the consular archives are to be deposited, and the very paper on which official despatches are to be sent to the Department of State,

must, one and all, be the gift of the consul to the United States. The Mahomedan powers of India and the Levant we are informed, are more liberal in their allowances to their agents.

In the 49th article, an acknowledgment is made, that expenses are incurred for the public service, and yet the same will not be reimbursed to those who incur them.

With one more query, we shall have done;—why should consuls be prohibited from receiving presents from crowned heads and foreign states, if while holding their offices they are yearly obliged to make such paltry presents to their own government?

We have entered much more fully into the subject of our consular system than we at first intended. The more we have considered the small pamphlet before us, the more we have been induced to extend our remarks, and expose, what we conceive to be the errors of our consular code. We can only hope that some alterations will be made, without which, it is our humble opinion, that our countrymen abroad will never be respected, or the public duties faithfully performed.

The Tusculan questions of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Translated by George Alexander Ogle, Esq. member of the American Philosophical Society; translator of Botta's history of the war of American Independence. Boston: James B. Dow, 1839. pp. 316. 8vo.

The eloquence of Cicero is perhaps the widest basis of his fame; but we shall do him great injustice if we look upon him merely as a finished orator. As a statesman and a philosopher he is scarcely less illustrious. His success in politics is the more to be admired, because attained notwithstanding such infirmities of temper as would have been insuperable difficulties to minds of a lower order. He was timid and wavering in an age of civil strife, when power is rarely reached but by spirits of the sternest cast; and his arrogant vanity and strong sarcastic wit, which prudence never taught him to restrain or conceal, made him many enemies among the proud and powerful. Superadded to this, he was lowly born, and had to contend with the prejudices of the aristocracy, which of course sought to reserve the highest dignities of state for men of noble birth. Yet the force of his genius, in defiance of all obstacles, procured him successively every high office of the republic, and placed him at last in a station of perhaps more power and influence than were enjoyed by any of his contemporaries, except the great dictator. We have at present, however, to consider him, not as a politician but as a philosopher, in which character he is the first of the Romans and takes his stand among the proudest of the Greeks.

In poetry and all the works of taste and fancy the ancients are equal if not superior to the moderns; but the case is widely different in philosophy, which is the work of the reasoning powers alone. The cause of this difference is apparent on a little reflection. Poetry is a thing of sentiment rather than of reasoning; and as the feelings to which it appeals are mostly native to the heart, or spring from associations produced by those general relations of life in which man as a social being is always placed, it follows that the art of poetry cannot be progressive, and that the fictions of one age must retain for all generations a portion of the interest they excited in those for whom they were first intended.

But the part of philosophy is to discover truth as it exists in nature, without regard to fancy or opinion; and as truth is fixed and immutable, every discovery is a distinct step permanently gained, which in its turn becomes the vantage ground of farther investigation. And thus, however great the progress made by the men of one age in the pursuit of truth, their limit of knowledge is the point from which the next generation proceeds in research; and their names and works are destined to become of little use to mankind, except as they serve to mark the progress of science. For this reason, the philosophy of the ancients is chiefly valuable to us as matter of history and for the study of the human mind; and viewed in this light, even the numberless errors contained in their works are so many materials of useful information, since the history of error, if fairly made, would be no less instructive than the annals of truth.

As a repository of philosophical opinions, the works of Cicero are especially valuable. A free thinker in philosophy,* and bound by the tenets of no one sect, he was at liberty to choose from each whatever opinions were recommended to his mind by apparent probability or the weight of authority; and his respect for distinguished names led him to review and canvass the various dogmas of all the Greek philosophers. His multiplied reading enabled him to fortify his opinions with abundant learning of this nature, which affords us information that we should in vain seek to find elsewhere. Many a name once high and reverend among the sages of the day might have perished from the earth, had it not been preserved by Cicero, together with some traces of the tenets to which its sanction was lent.

His reverence for authority, however, we must confess, had a most unhappy effect on his own mind. He was by nature perhaps inclined to skepticism; and this spirit was strengthened by a deference to the opinions of others which often unsettled his own judgment, as is strikingly evident from his confession, that "doubting, inquiring, hesitating, and perplexed by contending authorities, he is carried about like a floating raft on the waste ocean."† Hence, notwithstanding the frequent and decisive expressions of his belief in the immortality of the soul, which we find in the first book of his *Tusculan questions*, near the end of the work he seeks a solace for the ills of life in the hope that death will close all feeling in eternal sleep: and in the work "on the nature of the gods," the strong and beautiful argument of one of the interlocutors for a directing providence, is met by another with such zeal and ingenuity that the reader is left in doubt which side to choose as containing the author's own creed. To the same cause we may ascribe the avowal that "he would rather err with Plato than be in the right without him;"‡ and also, that he had sought his opinions from the remotest antiquity, since truth was found purer as the approach was nearer to the sacred spring of all truth.§ Maxims like this kept the human mind in the slavery of opinion for more than twenty centuries, till the genius of Bacon broke the fetters by showing that the authority of wisdom drawn from long experience, which had been given the ancients, was of right due to the latest age of the world.

But this fault of Cicero's mind (if we may venture to call it such) will never diminish the value of his writings; for his errors can mislead no one in the present day, and without the ample store of names and opinions which his love of authority induced him to gather, we should know much less of the character and progress of the ancient philosophy than we do at present. And if his works give us little aid in ethics or divinity, they will at least serve to show the wanderings of the natural mind amidst the darkness of paganism and the delusions of a false philosophy. Nor can we, perhaps, duly estimate the light of christianity, till we see his noble intellect the sport of opinion and the prey of doubt on points of such moment to the conduct and happiness of life.

The age in which he lived was signally venal and corrupt. Large fortunes were made by the most shameless oppression and bribery; and very few who had the power were found to resist the temptation of amassing wealth by extortion. To this general profligacy of the great, Cicero was a distinguished exception. His private character is without a stain; he was always the steady friend of virtue and the patron of merit; and his public life is uniformly marked by a noble and disinterested integrity. The principles from which this conduct flowed, are easily discernible in his writings. His views of justice and social duty are remarkably clear for a pagan moralist. Nor should we forget to mention the maiden purity of his feelings as displayed in his works, which (with a few light exceptions) are every where delicately chaste; and this distinction will be regarded as no mean praise, when we consider the wide license taken by even the best writers of the day, and how difficult it is to withstand the seductions of fashion in matters of taste.

Besides the dignity of his moral sentiments, the works of Cicero are powerfully recommended by the beauty of his phraseology. "To discuss important questions," he says, "in a copious and ornamented style, I have always thought to be the perfection of philosophy;"* and it would appear that he held his merit as a philosopher in light esteem compared with his powers as an orator. In the exordium of his work *De officiis*, Marcus is directed to study his father's speeches, as the best specimens of Latin oratory extant in the language; and even his philosophical works are commended to notice for the sedate and temperate elegance of the style, which he considers not less worthy of attention than the fire and force of his orations. The preference he gives himself in point of elegant diction, he hopes will not be imputed to his vanity; since, leaving to others the praise of philosophical depth, he only claims the credit of a clear, chaste and beautiful style (apte, distincte, ornate dicere), fairly purchased, he thinks, by the labor of his life, that being the point to which the freshest and the maturest powers of his mind had been directed. No wonder, then, that the diligent efforts of such a man made his writings a model of classical elegance, to admire which, Quintilian told his pupils, was the surest sign of improving taste.

But if Cicero be without a rival in dignity of thought and beauty of language, these characteristics make his translator's task a more difficult one. The brevity, strength and stately march of the original can never be

* *Tusc. quest. lib. IV. ch. 4.*

† *Id. lib. I. ch. 30.*

‡ *Id. lib. I. ch. 17.*

§ *Id. lib. I. ch. 12.*

* *Tusc. quest. lib. I. ch. 4.*

preserved in a modern version; and the English probably differs in structure from the Latin more widely than from any other language whatsoever. Two striking features of this difference are the small number of particles in the Latin, and that peculiar adaptation of words to each other by which they are assigned their proper relations in a sentence, although to an English reader they seem arbitrarily placed in unmeaning confusion. To the first of these characteristics the brevity of the language is mainly owing, and on its brevity its energy of expression in a great measure depends. To the other, its variety and harmony of cadence are due, and to some extent its force, since, such liberty being allowed in the collocation of words, those of most weight in a sentence can be placed where the fullest emphasis may be given them. But from both these qualities, it must be confessed, and especially from the former, arise in some degree the ambiguity and want of precision by which the Latin language, in the opinion of Dugald Stewart, is made an imperfect organ of philosophy.

The wide extent of difference between our language and the Latin will be made more strikingly apparent by the following facts. With a little practice, a reader may look on the pages of a French or Italian book, and read aloud almost uninterruptedly in tolerable English; but if the attempt be made to translate Latin in the same extemporaneous way, however familiar with the language the reader may be, he will find it impossible to make the sense of his author understood, without first reading each sentence to himself, and then clothing its meaning in his own words, with very little regard to the order of arrangement observed in the original.

Owing to this difference in the structure of the two languages, the best English translation of a Latin work must necessarily be a sort of paraphrase, in which the meaning is accurately taken from the original, while the translator is guided by his own judgment in the choice and arrangement of words. The spirit of his author, the general cast of his style, may be followed so far as the language will admit; but if a literal version be attempted, a barbarous and unintelligible jargon will be the result, devoid of every trait which composed the excellence of the original. He who should adopt the tactics and arms of the ancient Romans as described by Vegetius, without regard to the changes in the art of war produced by the lapse of ages and the use of fire-arms, would not act more absurdly than such a translator.

To give a suitable version of Cicero, then, the translator must first have made himself master of the English tongue; for though the author's chaste and beautiful diction may be represented by similar elegance in our own language, yet these traits of the original must be imitated in English, since they cannot be transfused from the Latin.

There are some circumstances, too, which may make a translation of Cicero a task of peculiar difficulty. Before his time, no Latin prose writer had displayed even a moderate polish of style; and for him was reserved in a great measure the important work of giving stability and elegance to the language. In his time, therefore, it had not acquired all the variety and precision of expression which it afterwards possessed; and if the reader will refer to the more metaphysical parts of Seneca and Quintilian, we think he will generally

meet with less ambiguity of phraseology than is to be found in similar passages of Cicero. Besides, no author before him had ventured to treat of philosophical subjects in Latin. The Greek philosophy, it is true, was not unknown to educated men in Cicero's time; but it was generally held in little esteem. The speculations of the Greeks were mostly on the origin of the universe, the essence of the Deity, fate and providence, the nature and destiny of the soul, and the ultimate good and evil of life. This subtle philosophy, born and fostered in a land of sophists, was despised by the manlier though ruder genius of the Romans, as well for the frivolity and weakness of the Greek character, as because such mystic inquiries were too remote from the concerns of social life to end in practical benefit. The ingenuity of Carneades in arguing with equal force both for and against the advantages of virtue, and the reception his arguments met with from Cato the censor, are too well known to be detailed here. Nor was the distrust with which that stern moralist looked upon the Greek philosophy extinct among his countrymen in Cicero's day. His fine apostrophe to "the parent of life, the patron of virtue and the destroyer of vice," as he calls philosophy, which is contained in the fifth book of his *Tusculan questions*, concludes with lamenting that men in their darkness of mind should regard her, not only with indifference, but even with contempt and hatred;—referring, no doubt, to the little encouragement which his own labors in her behalf had received. And in the opening remarks of his work *De finibus*, in which he discusses the supreme good and evil, that fruitful theme of argument and sophistry among the Greeks, we find him complaining that many learned and distinguished men had opposed the introduction of such subjects into Latin literature. They alleged, he said, that their language was incapable of conveying intelligibly ideas of a metaphysical character; and that therefore such topics should be left to their Grecian neighbors, to whose temper and language they were so much better adapted. This charge he repels with a becoming spirit; but his zeal may be thought to have betrayed his judgment when he ventures to say, as he does shortly after, that the Latin language was even more expressive and copious than the Greek; nor would it be difficult, if it were necessary, to meet and contradict this assertion by other passages cited from his works.

As therefore the Latin language had not been employed in the discussion of subjects requiring much delicate precision of terms, it was found impossible to adapt it at once to disquisitions of such refinement with sufficient exactness; especially as its structure was nearly completed, and susceptible of little farther modification, before Cicero commenced his philosophical works. From this cause, we find him at times embarrassed for the want of a word corresponding with some important Greek term; as when, in the fragment *De universo*, he renders *analogia* by the words *similitude or proportion*; and in the third book of the *Tusculans*, proposes as equivalent to *sophrosyne* (to which perhaps the term *sobriety* comes as near as any we have) the words *temperance, moderation, modesty and frugality*, and hesitates at last on the adoption of any one as sufficient.

To remedy this vagueness in the use of words, which even Cicero found it impossible to avoid, the translator must be well versed in the Greek philosophy, from

which his author confesses he derived the substance of all his dissertations. As a farther remedy, he must be fully able to comprehend the general tendency and object of his author's argument, since his meaning can often be gathered with sufficient certainty only from the coherent reasoning of the whole. His frequent and sometimes indistinct allusions to subjects of history and fable, for the sake of ornament or illustration, will also make a considerable acquaintance with ancient history and mythology of indispensable use. In short, a translator must possess a mind in comprehension, force, taste, and variety of learning, somewhat like that of Cicero himself, in order to do adequate justice to the prince of Roman philosophy.*

Could such a man be found, one who was willing to bestow the requisite time and labor on this work, so as to present us with a version faithful in substance and not unworthy of the original in elegance of language, he would deserve the gratitude of every admirer of Cicero, and of all to whom our national literature is a subject of interest; and even if he failed in his effort, after bestowing due diligence to ensure success, it might at least be said of him, as of Phaeton in old time, that—"magnis tamen excidit ausis,"—he fell in a noble enterprise. But this praise is not meant to extend to any sciolist, "if such a man there be," who, without the learning or the capacity to comprehend his author, without the taste to appreciate his beauties, and without any competent share of the qualifications above considered to be necessary, should challenge the public attention to a work which, made under such circumstances, can be little better than a *libel* on the great Cicero. To what extent the author of the present version possesses the requisites of his task, we will now endeavor to show.

As a specimen of the style in which he has chosen to translate this great work, we present the reader with the first sentence, which is transcribed verbatim.

"When at length relieved, my dear Brutus, either altogether or in a great measure, from the labor of the forum, and senatorial duties, I betook myself, chiefly at your exhortation, to those studies, which, held in mind, dropped at times, after a long interval of suspension, I have recalled; and, since the method and discipline of all arts, which relate to the right way of living, are contained in the study of wisdom, called philosophy, I have thought it my part to illustrate this in our own language; not because philosophy might not be known by means both of Greek authors and teachers; but it has always been my judgment, that our countrymen have either invented of themselves more wisely than the Greeks, or have made everything better which they received from them; at least, whatever they thought worth the labor."

We now proceed to show with what measure of fidelity to the text his work has been conducted. The first specimen which we shall give, is taken from the second page of the translation, (page 6 of the book,) where the following words occur:

"For, as with the Greeks, the most ancient of the learned was the race of poets; at least, if Homer and Hesiod existed prior to the foundation of Rome, and Archilochus during the reign of Romulus. The reception of poetry among us was rather backward," &c. By reference to the original, the reader will see that the word *siquidem*, which is rendered *at least if*, should be *since*,—a term corresponding to the Latin, and in this place necessary to the

consistent meaning of the sentence. Moreover, the words, "the reception of," &c., forming the commencement of a separate clause, are properly the last words of the preceding one, which as it now stands is evidently imperfect. The whole should have been thus connected: "For although with the Greeks," &c.—"yet, among us, the reception," &c.

On the next page, it is stated that Cato had reproached Nobilior with carrying poets into one of the provinces; after which follow these words of the original: "Duxerat autem consul ille in Ætoliam, ut scimus, Ennium;" and are thus rendered: "That consul took with him, however, into Ætolia, as we know, Ennius." Waiving all objections to the phraseology, which might offend a censorious critic, we remark on the translation, that the word *autem*, in this connection, means *for*, and not *however*; and as it now is, the reader would refer the words "that consul" to Cato, instead of Nobilior. The sense of the original is this: "For we know that when consul, he had carried Ennius into Ætolia."

Page 8. After stating that mathematics had been little studied by the Romans, the translation proceeds: "But, on the contrary, we rapidly embraced the orator: nor him, at first, with erudition, though ready of speech; but afterwards with learning. For Galba, Africanus, Lælius, are transmitted by tradition as learned. But studious, in the age before theirs, as Cato; after them, however, Lepidus, Carbo, the Græchi; and then so great, down to our age, as to balance very nearly, if not quite, the ascendancy of the Greeks." We bespeak the reader's special attention to this passage, and request him to compare it with the Latin text. It would be a vain attempt, and superfluous if attained, to render the mistranslation more apparent, since the greater part cannot be understood without reference to the original.

Page 9. "Si aliquid oratoriae laudi nostra attulimus industria." "If, by our industry, we have acquired some oratorical reputation." This is a strained construction, at best; and in the present case is inadmissible, because Cicero is speaking in his own person, though he uses the plural *we*; and the context shows that the words "oratoriae laudi" refer to his country's fame and not to his own. In the next sentence, "cum motus esset Isocratis rhetoris gloria" is falsely rendered, "as he was rather stung at the glory," &c.; the word *motus* meaning here simply *moved* or *induced*.

Pages 14 and 15. "Auditor. 'You rally as if you thought I said the unborn are unhappy, instead of those who are dead.' Marcus. 'Then you insist they are.' Auditor. 'Nay, but because they are not when they have been; in that, I think them unhappy.'" Here, the reply of Marcus seems to refer to the *unborn*, and not, as it should, to the *dead*; and the translator's misconception of these words, has led him into an error in the next; for *immo* means *yes*, and not "nay, but." Besides, the words of Marcus, "they are," meaning "they are *unhappy*," signify in the next sentence *they exist*, and the ambiguity creates some confusion; to avoid which it would have been well to translate the passage a little more at length, as thus: "Then you insist that the dead are unhappy?—Yes, I think them unhappy, because they have ceased to exist after having once lived."

Page 15. "Omne pronuntiatum, (sic enim mihi in presentia occurrit ut appellarem *axioma*; utar post alio si invenero melius,) id ergo est pronuntiatum quod est verum aut falsum." "Every pronunciation, for so I will now call *axioma*—I will find a better word, if I can, some other time, is pronounced only because it is true or false." We have several faults to find with this passage. In the first place, *pronuntiatum* means, not *pronunciation*, but *predicate* or *proposition*: secondly, he has confounded the parenthesis with the open text, so as to make the whole almost inexplicable: and, thirdly, the latter part of the sentence is misunderstood; for, being interrupted by the parenthesis, it is begun anew, and should not form a consecutive part of the whole. The

* "Romanæ philosophiæ princeps,"—a title given him by Lactantius, *loc. cit.*

meaning we conceive to be this: "Every proposition—(so for the present let me render *axioma*—I will substitute a better word when I find one)—a *proposition*, then, is an assertion which is either true or false."

Page 16. "Qui vivimus, cum moriendum sit, nonne miseri sumus?" "As to us who are alive, are we not miserable?" In this clause the translator has omitted the important words, *cum moriendum sit*,—"since we are doomed to die." It is possible, however, they may have been wanting in the copy he used, though retained in both of two editions now before us. On the same page, allusion is made to an opinion of Epicharmus, "*acuti nec insulsi hominis, ut Siculi*; which words are rendered, "an acute, and for a Sicilian, not a frivolous man." The meaning we believe to be mistaken; for we think it is, that he was "a shrewd, intelligent man, as the Sicilians generally were." But the reader will judge for himself, as the original admits of both interpretations.

The foregoing extracts are all made from the early pages of the first book—a book of which it is very desirable to have a suitable version, because it contains not only Cicero's own speculations on the most important of all subjects to man—the immortality and future destiny of the soul—but the opinions, as he says, of nearly all the ancient philosophers on the same subject. With what fidelity this part of the work has been executed, the reader will judge from the specimens before him. We now proceed to comment on a few passages taken from the last book.

Pages 285–6. Cicero is speaking of the tomb of Archimedes, which had been unknown to the Syracusans, and was discovered by him in the midst of weeds and brambles; and he thus continues the narrative: "Tenebam enim quosdam senariolos, quos in ejus monumento esse inscriptos acceperam; qui declarabant, in summo sepulchro sphaeram esse positam cum cylindro." These words the translator renders: "For I remembered certain trimeter verses, which mentioned that a sphere with a cylinder were placed on the summit of his sepulchre,"—omitting the words *quas in ejus*, &c., "which I had understood were inscribed on his tomb." A little after, the author states, that the weeds and briars were cut away; and the translator proceeds: "When the ground was cleansed, we walked up to the base: the epitaph appeared—the letters at the lower part almost half effaced by corrosion." Two instances of misinterpretation occur in this sentence. In the first place, "*cum patefactus esset aditus*," means "when a way was opened," and not "when the ground was cleansed;" in the second, "*apparebat epigramma, exaeis posterioribus partibus versiculorum, dimidiatum fere*," implies, not that the letters at the lower part were almost half effaced, but that almost *half the epitaph* was effaced, the latter part of each line being obliterated.

Page 287. "Hinc omnia quae pulchra, honesta, praeclara sunt (ut supra dixi; sed dicendum idem illud paullo uberius videtur) plena gaudiorum sunt." "Hence, all things which are beautiful, honest, noble, as I have said before,—but it appears to be said a little more copiously,—are full of joys." *Honestum* were better rendered *honorable*, than *honest*; and the words, "but it appears," &c. hardly give the meaning of the text, which is, that "it seems to deserve a more copious explanation."

Page 289. He speaks of investigating, among other things, "quibus cavernis maria sustineantur: qua omnia delata gravitate medium mundi locum semper expetant, qui est idem infimus in rotundo"—"by what caverns the seas were sustained; into which all things are directed by gravitation; seeking always the central point of the universe, which is the lowest in a sphere." Here, the translator makes Cicero say, that all things are directed into the seas by gravitation, and the latter words seem to have no relevant meaning. But the au-

thor's intention was to propose, as a separate subject of inquiry, by what force of gravity all things tended to the centre, &c. This passage we think an interesting one, because it shows that Cicero had some idea, though a vague one, of the law of gravitation, the principles of which it was reserved for Newton to unfold and demonstrate. On the same page, the words "*omnes partes circumspiciens*" are translated "*circling his glance to all parts*."

Examples of this kind, showing the translator's incapacity for his task, might be multiplied to almost any number; and the extracts given are a very small portion of what we had marked: but we grow weary of the work, and doubt not the reader sympathizes with us. We beg leave, however, to present him with a few other sentences of the translation, which we copy without giving the original, that our page may not be too much encumbered with Latin quotations. Page 19. "But thus far as stated, the heart, the blood, the brain, air, fire, are opinions of common prevalence; the rest are almost singular, as were many still more ancient; the more recent, however, Aristoxenus, a musician, as well as philosopher; a certain attuning the body, as in singing and the lute, which is called harmony." Page 20. "But Diemarchus, in that discourse which he represents as held at Corinth, in three books, where the interlocutors are learned men, many of whom are speakers in the first book, in the two, he introduces a certain Pherecrates, an old man of Phthiotis, sprung, as he says, from Deucalion, asserting that the soul is nothing at all, and that this name is empty altogether," &c. Page 31. "And thus, although, I presume others also, in so many ages, but as transmitted in extant letters, Pherecydes, the Syrian, first said that the souls of men are immortal, he claims antiquity certainly; for he existed in the reign of my namesake Tullius." We make no comment on these passages, but merely recommend the ingenious reader to discover the meaning without the aid of the Latin text.

It is but fair to state that the first book, from which most of our quotations have been made, is the worst of the five, and that the translation improves considerably as it proceeds. The improvement, however, is not sufficient to exempt any part of it from the general censure to be passed on the whole, since the flagrant defects of the first are visible in all the other books, though not to the same extent. We are disposed to suspect that Mr. Otis began his version with very "small Latin;" but becoming more familiar with the language in the progress of his work, he was enabled to give the meaning with greater accuracy. Something too may be ascribed to the fact, that the first book is the most difficult of all.

The Tusculan questions abound in poetical extracts. These the translator has sometimes rendered into prose, and in no way distinguished from the text, as on pages 102 and 150. The liberty thus taken with his author is certainly too great to be allowed, since it ascribes to Cicero the merit or the responsibility of the passages so confounded with the text.

As specimens of the translator's versification, we give a few extracts.

"Nay, howsoever to Priam I restored

The body; Hector, at least, I've taken off."—p. 78.

"Men widely err in life, through mental night;

Euthynous enjoys, the special prize of fate,

An early grave; for such was best for him and thee."—p. 83.

"To plain our adverse fortune, not lament,
Becomes the man; weeping to woman's genius
Falls."—p. 121.

It may not be amiss to tell the reader in passing, that "to plain" means *to complain of* (conquer.) We feared he might be puzzled to understand the passage without this explanation.

"The sick mind, as Ennius says,—
Ever wanders, impatient to endure,
Or suffer: to covet never ceasing."—p. 134.

"The man who deems him not the God supreme,
Let pass for fool; at least, to all things new.
Alone it rests with him, whom he will madden,
Whom make wise, insane, or victim of disease,
Or whom in turn beloved, caressed and courted."—p. 237.

All his poetry is not equally bad, but a great part of it is; and we think the extracts already given, will convince the reader that Mr. Otis's talent is as little to translate verse as prose.

It may be thought harsh to expose his versification to the reader's view, since the Tusculan questions are a prose work, and its translator does not assume to be a poet; but we think he should have sought the aid of some one better able to perform this part of his office, if he doubted his own capacity; or if he could obtain no competent assistance, that circumstance ought to have led him to relinquish the undertaking.

A defect in the design of the whole work is the want of all annotation. We are not advocates for a cumbersome commentary; but to mere English readers, for whom the translation is chiefly intended, a few well-judged explanatory notes are essentially necessary for the perfect understanding of the text. There are many passages of such a character that, without notes, they cannot be translated intelligibly to one ignorant of the Latin, unless by a copious paraphrase which departs from the original, and which, in point of fact, incorporates the note with the text. We refer, for example, to the author's definitions of Greek and Latin words; and we might direct the reader to many such passages if we thought it necessary. There are others, too, to which short notes appended would explain obscure allusions, and save the reader much unnecessary trouble and research.

Modest, unassuming ignorance never merits contempt or censure; and we should have been less pointed in our condemnation of Mr. Otis's work, if he had offered it to the world with the air of a man who seemed to doubt his full ability for the discharge of his office. But he challenges the patronage of the reading public, with the confidence of one who is only claiming his unquestionable right. We copy a few sentences from his preface. "When, at length, weary of the toys of literature, and sickened with its trash, will the sons and daughters of this high-minded republic be likely 'to close their ears to the most eloquent voice of wisdom?' Will they neglect to read a volume recommended by all the attraction of novelty; and which no one can read without being made wiser and better?" And half a page farther on he continues: "Will they not place this work" (the translation, to wit) "in the hands of all who can read, from the village school, to the highest university? Will there be one among them to oppose the introduction of this hidden treasure into the currency of our literature, when the only recompense desired for the arduous attempt is, that they will read,

mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Tusculan questions?" "Place this work in the hands of all who can read?"—never, we devoutly hope; for, great as our admiration of Cicero is, and much as we wish to see him more known and read by our countrymen generally, we prefer them to remain in hopeless ignorance of "Rome's least mortal mind," rather than make his acquaintance through this defective version, which is but a caricature of the original.

Prefixed to the work are two letters from Mr. Adams, ex-president of the United States. One acknowledges the receipt of the "first Tusculan," but gives no opinion of its merits, he not having read it then. The other was written with reference to a "revised translation of the first four chapters of Cicero's offices," which, to Mr. A.'s "taste," was "better than Guthrie's." We have never seen Mr. Otis's translation of the offices, and know not if it has ever been published or even completed, and therefore charity should induce us to hope it was better than the "Tusculans;" but as it proceeded from the same pen, and was a younger essay by five years than the present, we fear it will not be found in any degree superior. We are not of those who "lightly speak evil of dignities;" but we would respectfully ask how we are to keep unimpaired our reverence for Mr. A.'s candor and judgment, if he has been seduced by flattery, or misled by false "taste," to praise and encourage such a translation as this?

We would state, in conclusion, that we have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Otis; and that, before the present version, we knew him as an author only through his translation of *Botta's American War*. Not much, we think, can be said for the *style* of that translation; but we were, nevertheless, well disposed towards him, as having added one to the really valuable books our country has produced. Should we seem, however, in the foregoing review, to have looked with an evil eye on his present work, in our own defence we beg leave to refer the reader to the translation itself. If that be examined and compared with the original, we confidently think he will not charge us with the want of either courtesy or candor. Moreover, we have to apologize for the air of sententious dogmatism our criticisms may be thought to wear. This we could not avoid, without incurring a tedious prolixity. Nor had we any wish to leave the impression that we could have made a better translation than Mr. Otis has done. We are conscious of our own weakness, and know that it takes but a small share of wit or wisdom to see and laugh at the faults of others who may be superior to us; and that the trade of a cavilling critic is the proper calling of a feeble and petulant mind.

Narrative of a Journey to Guatemala, in Central America, in 1838, by G. W. Montgomery. New York. 1839. 8vo. pp. 193.

The exclusive jealousy which guarded the colonies of Europe, in America, was by no monarchy so strongly felt, and suspiciously enforced, as by Spain. The colonial policy of Great Britain, excluded all intrusion of foreigners, by navigation acts; and North America long bore the subjection and unmanly dependence, of the system of modern colonies. Principles of civil

liberty, well understood and often acted upon at home, were but transplanted to the British colonies, which early liberated themselves from the odious vassalage of Metropolitan government.

It was not until the period of our second war of independence, that the *ci-devant* Spanish colonies in America, began to revolt, against the oppression of the mother country. The first *gritos*, or cries for independence, were heard in South America, but thirty years ago; and without referring to the progress of events in that quarter, it may be sufficient to say, that Guatemala, or Central America, only achieved its independence, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three.

The government of the United States has always acted upon a settled policy, of acknowledging governments, existing *de facto*. A minister was accordingly sent to Guatemala, at an early day, and diplomatic relations have been constantly maintained with that Republic. The exigencies of these diplomatic relations, induced the government of the United States to send Mr. Montgomery, last year, to that Republic, and the result of his journey has been equally instructive and entertaining to the American people, in the volume of travels now before us.

No better selection could have been made by Mr. Forsyth, for the purposes of his mission, than of Mr. Montgomery. The son of an American Consul at Valencia in Spain, born and educated in that country, familiar with Spanish literature, laws and manners, he was the suitable person for a tour in Guatemala. He has already achieved a reputation in the literary world, by the romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, which he terms a "*Novela, historica, caballeresca, original*." One of its knightly heroes, is Don Alfonso II., King of Leon and Asturias, who flourished in the latter part of the eighth century. Mr. Montgomery was lately United States Consul at Puerto Rico.

Embarking at New York, our author proceeded to Havana, and thence sailed for the port of Truxillo in Guatemala. The commandant of this place is graphically described, at page 24.

"The Commandant was about thirty-seven years of age, rather tall and muscular, though of slender form. He had an expressive countenance, with features strongly marked, dark eyes, black hair, and thick eye-brows. He was somewhat sun-burnt, and had a scar near the corner of his mouth; but, altogether, he was a fine, soldierly looking man. His dress was a blue frock coat, with military buttons, gold epaulettes a little tarnished, a sword and cocked hat, with a plume and white feathers, the national colors of Central America."

"The house of the Commandant was a good sized building, of solid masonry. It consisted of one large room, formed by the four walls, without any division into apartments; and above, instead of ceiling, were the rafters of the roof. On one side was the street door, with two windows grated with iron bars; on the other side another, but smaller door, opening into the esplanade of the fort, where a swarthy sentinel was pacing to and fro, with a straw hat, no jacket, and a rusty firelock on his shoulder. The floor was paved with flat tiles, and covered here and there with little straw mats, of a kind peculiar to the country. This room constituted the whole of the establishment, except the kitchen. It served for a parlor, bed chamber, dining room and office. And well it might; for there was the sofa for the reception of visitors, a substantial cedar table for dining, a bed to sleep in, and a desk with writing apparatus. The bedstead, a very

neat one, of wrought iron, provided with a handsome mosquito net, was placed on a platform, which raised it about two feet from the floor. A military saddle in one corner of the room, a cavalry sabre in another, and a pair of pistols hanging from the wall, gave a military and picturesque character to this primitive *ménage*."

This description of houses and their furniture, is characteristic generally of the coast of Spanish America, as we ourselves know, from observation. The following account of a conversation with the Commandant, relative to the United States, represents with much truth and humor, the general ignorance of the people of South America, in regard to foreign countries.

"During dinner, the conversation turned on topics chiefly relating to the United States. I replied to many of the commandant's questions; but when I stated to him, distinctly, the population, commerce and resources of our republic, the progress of the arts and the facilities of communication by land and water, he would smile, shake his head, and cast a meaning look at the ministers, as much as to say, that he was not to be imposed upon. This, though I was relating nothing but the truth, embarrassed me, and made me feel as if I had been detected in using the privilege of a traveller. I thought to extricate myself from this awkward position, by reducing my subsequent statements to the standard of his belief. Accordingly, I relieved the Pennsylvania of no inconsiderable weight, by reducing her one hundred and forty-eight guns, to one hundred. The rate of travelling in rail road cars, I stated to be from fifteen to twenty miles, instead of from twenty to thirty. I even curtailed the amount of the national revenue, and actually purloined the United States of ten or a dozen millions."

From Truxillo, Mr. Montgomery proceeded by water, to the English settlement of Baliza, and thence in an English steamer to the town of Izabal, on a river of that name. This town was the nearest port to the city of Guatemala, the destination of our author. It is distant ten days journey. The notice of the English settlement at Baliza, is peculiarly interesting at this moment, as the British government has just taken possession of the island of *Ruatan*, opposite to the Baliza, which involves some questions of continental policy, upon which the government of the United States has heretofore expressed itself, very intelligibly, to the nations of Europe.

The picturesque scenery of the Izabal, is described with singular felicity:

"About midnight the moon rose, and the effect of her pale silvery light on the trees and the water was beautiful beyond description. I could now see objects more distinctly, and felt satisfied, that if there is any thing picturesque, beautiful and sublime in nature, it must be the entrance to this river. The banks rise to a height of from two to three hundred feet, and are clothed with a rich and impenetrable foliage, the branches of the trees spreading several yards over the river. In some places this foliage entirely disappears, and a vast naked rock, smooth and flat, and perfectly perpendicular, rises like a stupendous wall, at the foot of which the depth of water admits of a vessel brushing the very face of the precipice, without danger. Here and there may be seen a rill of water as clear as crystal, coursing from top to bottom of this natural wall, or gushing out from its side. At other places, a group of rocks assumes the appearance of an old castle or ruinous fortification."

With this sketch of scenery in Central America, we will, in this place, connect a description of some remarkable birds which inhabit the noble forests of this country. Mr. Audubon has still much to do in the

natural history of America, to judge from our author's ornithology.

"The birds of Central America, are deservedly celebrated for their great variety and the extraordinary beauty of their plumage. Among the most conspicuous, is the *Quesal* or *Trogon resplendens*, which is to be found only in the wild and remote regions of Central America, and the South of Mexico. Those frequenting the forests of Quesaltenango, from which they derive their name, are much the finest. This bird is of the shape and size of a pigeon. Its plumage is of a metallic golden green, except that of the wings, which is spotted with a brilliant red and black. The head is adorned with a soft silky crest of short barred feathers, of a beautiful green. But the distinguishing feature of this bird, and that which constitutes its peculiarity and beauty, is the plumage of its tail, which consists of three or four loose wavy feathers of a rich green, powdered with gold. These feathers are barred and about three feet long. They were formerly worn by the aborigines of America, as ornaments for the head. In brilliancy of plumage, and in symmetry of form, this bird—even setting aside the grace and beauty of its pendent plumage,—is unrivalled among the feathered tribe. When deprived of the ornament of its tail, the *quesal* seems sensible of the injury. It sickens and dies. Such is the importance it attaches to this part of its gorgeous dress, that the nest it makes, is provided with two apertures, one for egress, the other for regress, in order to avoid the necessity for turning, by which the feathers of its tail might be broken or disordered. For the same reason, it seldom makes a short or sudden turn. The Indians hold it sacred, and used to say that, the Creator, when he formed the world, assumed the form of a *quesal*."

"The *Corcha*, a species of *Oreole*, is remarkable for the curious construction of its nest, which is of the kind called pensile, from the circumstance of its being suspended in the air by a mere thread, from the extremity of a long branch. In the construction of this nest, an architectural construction is displayed, the most ingenious, artificial and complicate, that it is possible to imagine. It is a bird of small size, and its plumage is black and yellow. It is to be found also in the United States."

We have never, in all the countries which we have visited, ever seen but one preserved specimen of the *quesal*, this wonderful beauty of natural history. That specimen belongs to the Hon. John Forsyth, Secretary of State. The bird and its tail of "*rich green, powdered with gold*," are singularly well preserved. Our author has carried his powers of close observation, and happy description, into other departments of natural history, and we have been equally instructed and amused, with his notices of beasts, birds, fishes, trees and plants. Of the topography of Guatemala, he remarks:

"The face of the country is generally mountainous. It presents a succession of sierras or mountains, with intervening valleys, except in the neighborhood of Guatemala, when the table-lands commence, leagues around. All the physical and natural peculiarities of other countries, are united in the formation of the general aspect of Central America; delightful valleys, teeming with animal and vegetable life, extensive prairies clothed with verdure, gentle rivulets and foaming torrents, huge broken rocks, inaccessible mountains, and fiery volcanoes, dense gloomy forests, grassy knolls and shady groves."

We will conclude our extracts from Mr. Montgomery's book, by the following notice of the *boiling lakes*, near the village of *Aquachapa*.

"Of these lakes or ponds, there are several, and they occupy a considerable tract of land. The largest is about a hundred yards in circumference. In this as in all the others, the water, which was extremely turbid,

and of a light brown color, was boiling furiously, and rising in bubbles three or four feet high. The steam ascended in a column of white dense cloud, and spread for a considerable distance round, as I stood for some time on the bank of this natural cauldron, gazing with awe, upon its tremendous water. The heat was so great on the surface of the ground, near the borders of the lakes, that had our feet not been protected by thick shoes, it could not have been endured. On thrusting a knife into the pond, the blade when drawn out, after a few seconds, was so hot, as to burn the fingers. Our horses, which, according to the customs of the country, were not shod, exhibited much symptoms of uneasiness. In some places, a little column of smoke, issued fiercely from a hole in the ground, while in others, the water, in a boiling state, gushed out like a fountain. The ebullitions of these lakes or springs, have formed, on the borders of them, a deposit of the finest clay, and of every variety of colors."

The preceding extracts from the journey to Guatemala, are perhaps not those which might present the full merits of the book. It abounds in rich historical and statistic information; but it is chiefly a pleasing narrative of personal adventures, *by flood and field*. As an amusing book of travels, in a country little known, we recommend it to our readers, and equally so, as a book of instruction. Guatemala must henceforth attract much interest, from the narrative which the public may expect from our successful tourist Mr. Stephens, who is already embarked for Central America. Del Rio, Haafkens, Thompson and lastly Waldeck, are the authors who have already written upon Central America. The antiquities of Palenque, Copan, Peten, &c., are sufficient of themselves, to attract the attention of the scientific world, to ethnographic questions so closely connected with the early history of America, and with the early condition of the human race.

We have observed the progress of events in Guatemala, with sincere regret. The latest information from that quarter, is that each state of the confederation, had declared itself independent, and they were so acting in their sovereign capacity. Is the tendency of confederations *centrifugal*, or towards consolidation? In the United States, we have felt both moral forces. Generals Carera and Morazan, whom Mr. Montgomery notices, have brought about this fragmentary condition of the republic. The people follow their leaders, and government is dissolved. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*.

Mr. Everett's Address on German Literature.

The descendants of that noble race, who, centuries ago, marched, "a brave blue-eyed troop," against the Imperial City, and overturned its classic altars and shattered with their war-axes its royal monuments, have opened the books of the Sybil, and snatched the Lyre, and have given utterance to thoughts and awakened strains, that thrill upon the hearts of men like the sound of timbrels over the waters. The attention of our scholars is daily drawn towards it, and, teeming as it does with the wizard creations of genius, each eye that turns thither is fascinated as by a spell. The country of Goethe and Schiller and Richter and Kant and Fichte, has become the enchanted land of Literature.

We will not presume to question the excellence of its wisdom—the value of the treasures which lie sparkling in this newly-opened mine. We will say nothing of the effects of its strange and dreamy style upon our writers—of its philosophy upon religious faith. We merely ask of the initiated, if, when they have been communing with its master-minds, and thirstily quaffing from its curious lore—we ask them, if then it does not seem pleasant to turn back to the good old English writers, the pure, the eloquent, the thoughtful and the free? Is it not like emerg-

ing from the wild Hartz mountains into the open landscape—into green lanes and pleasant sunshine? Is it not like leaving the vineyards and castles of the distant and gorgeous Rhine and coming home? And have we learned all that can be learned from these our fathers indeed? Or have we not been neglectful in studying the writers of our native tongue—in drinking from “the well of English undefiled?”

These questions will do, perhaps, as well as anything else which we could say by way of introduction to a brief notice. To speak of the literary merit of the Address before us, might be deemed superfluous, knowing the source from which it emanates. It was delivered before the societies of Dartmouth College in July last, and it embodies a condensed sketch of German Literature. Mr. Everett alludes to Wieland, speaks briefly of Lessing, Herder and Klopstock, and dwells more at length upon those twin-stars in the literary firmament of Germany, Schiller and Goethe. He speaks, also, in an eloquent strain of Körner, and this notice of the Poet of “the Lyre and Sword,” we should have transferred to the columns of the Messenger, together with a comparison between Byron and Schiller, but want of room, not inclination forbids. The closing address to the students of Dartmouth, should not be confined to the walls of that Institution.

In short, the Address will be valuable particularly to those whose interest in German Literature is beginning to be awakened, but who are not, as yet, intimate with its mysteries.

The New York Review: No. X: October, 1839.

If we have been remiss heretofore in noticing this work, of one thing we are certain—our neglect has not flowed from a low estimation of its merits. It ranks in the highest class of our periodicals, and it needs not our aid in attracting towards it the attention and favor of the public. It is very generally known that its Editor is a Professor in the University of New York, and a prominent clergyman of the Episcopal denomination. Hence, so far as “the Review” is theological, it advocates the views of that church. But he who expects therefore to find it merely a polemical and sectarian work, will be much disappointed.

It is moreover, a medium for the discussion of philosophy and general literature, and its articles in these departments, we presume to say, are worthy of the high character which it maintains. We have not read the present number, unless a cursory glance, here and there, can be called reading. We have therefore made it the subject of a general notice. We trust that it is not necessary that we should say to the public, that upon it depend the excellence and reputation of our periodical literature. A Magazine or Review conducted with the most transcendent ability, cannot be supported without money. Now we state this truism in the simplest manner possible, in order that it may attract notice and excite reflection. It may be, it is so simple and primitive, that it is entirely overlooked, and men forget it. We say, then, that money is essentially requisite to the support of a periodical. This money, it is more than probable, must come from the pockets of the public; as no man, however much he may like to write, likes to write for nothing—and, if he does, the printers and paper-makers reject this liberal plan entirely, and he is a rare one indeed, who will write for nothing “and find himself”—we may say who can do this. So, unless our periodicals are supported by the public they must fail, and therefore, we say, the excellence and reputation of this branch of our national literature depend upon our citizens.

We hope, then, that such works as the New York Review, will not be neglected for the host of the light and trashy kind with which our country is deluged, but that it will meet with the encouragement it so justly merits.

The American Almanac, for 1840: Boston: J. H. Williams.

“The times change and we are changed with them.” So are the Almanacs. Humble as they may seem to us, thrust aside upon our table or hung up in our counting-room, still, like more important matters, they represent the spirit of this refined and wonder-working age. They no more come to us, meagre and ill-printed pamphlets;—they are swathed to a respectable bulk, neatly clothed, and comely in their black and white. They no more greet us annually with a long series of

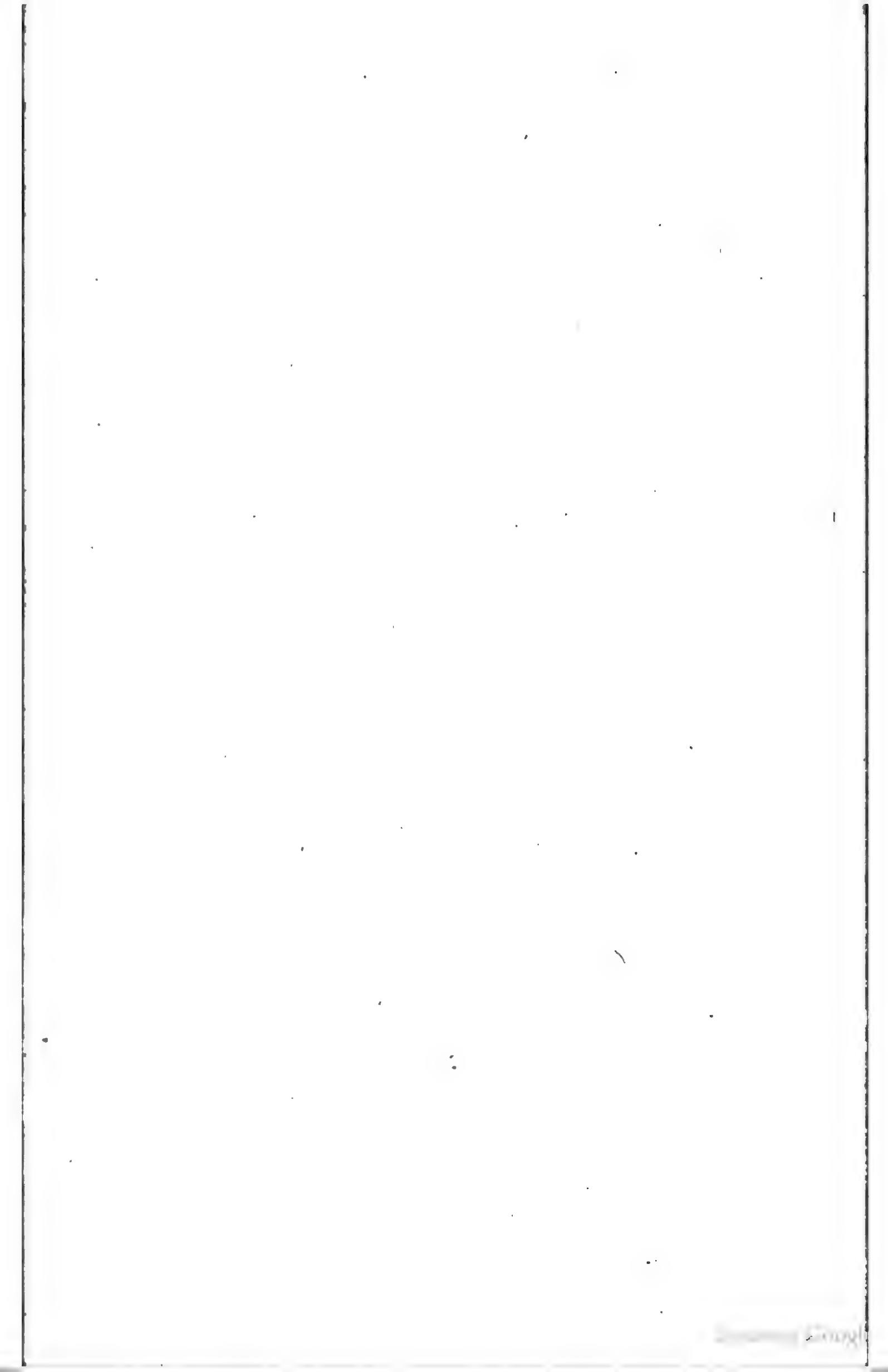
predictions, running down their pages, of sun, cloud, rain, drought, wind and snow;—this branch of the business is monopolized by Professor Espy. But if we miss these time-honored prophecies, we find in their stead many an additional page of interesting and instructive matter. We do not say that all are so. We question very much the instructiveness, or the wit, of those Almanacs which appear with *burlesqued* caricatures—in other words, with engravings which out-Herod Herod, accompanied by forced attempts at humor—ycleped ‘Comic Almanacs.’ But there certainly is much instructive matter contained in some of these annuals; and they are very appropriate vehicles for this purpose. Among these, perhaps none ranks more justly as the best, than the one before us. Indeed, we should think its second title—“Repository of Useful Knowledge,” more correct, as its distinctive one, than the first. The present is the eleventh volume—the first of the second series. The first part is composed of the Calendar and Celestial Phenomena for the year 1840. The second, of the Miscellaneous Department, information respecting the United States, and each State specially, Meteorological information, &c. &c. It contains, among a variety of matter, a catalogue of American writers, of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe, Foreign and American Obituaries, and a Chronicle of Events from July ‘38, to August ‘39. In short, it is a work of three hundred and thirty-four pages, which, judging from the table of Contents, we sincerely recommend to public patronage.

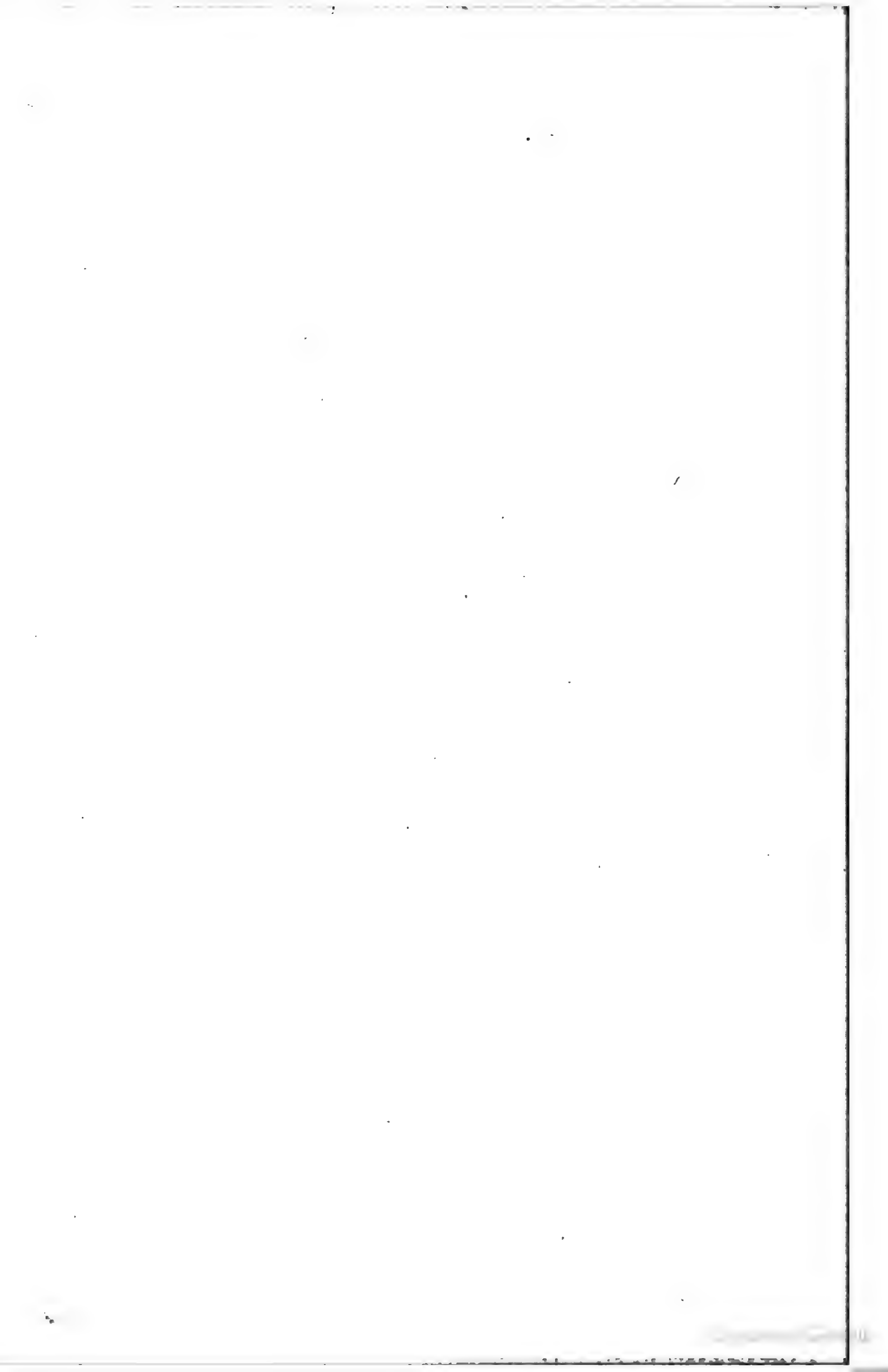
The Collegian.

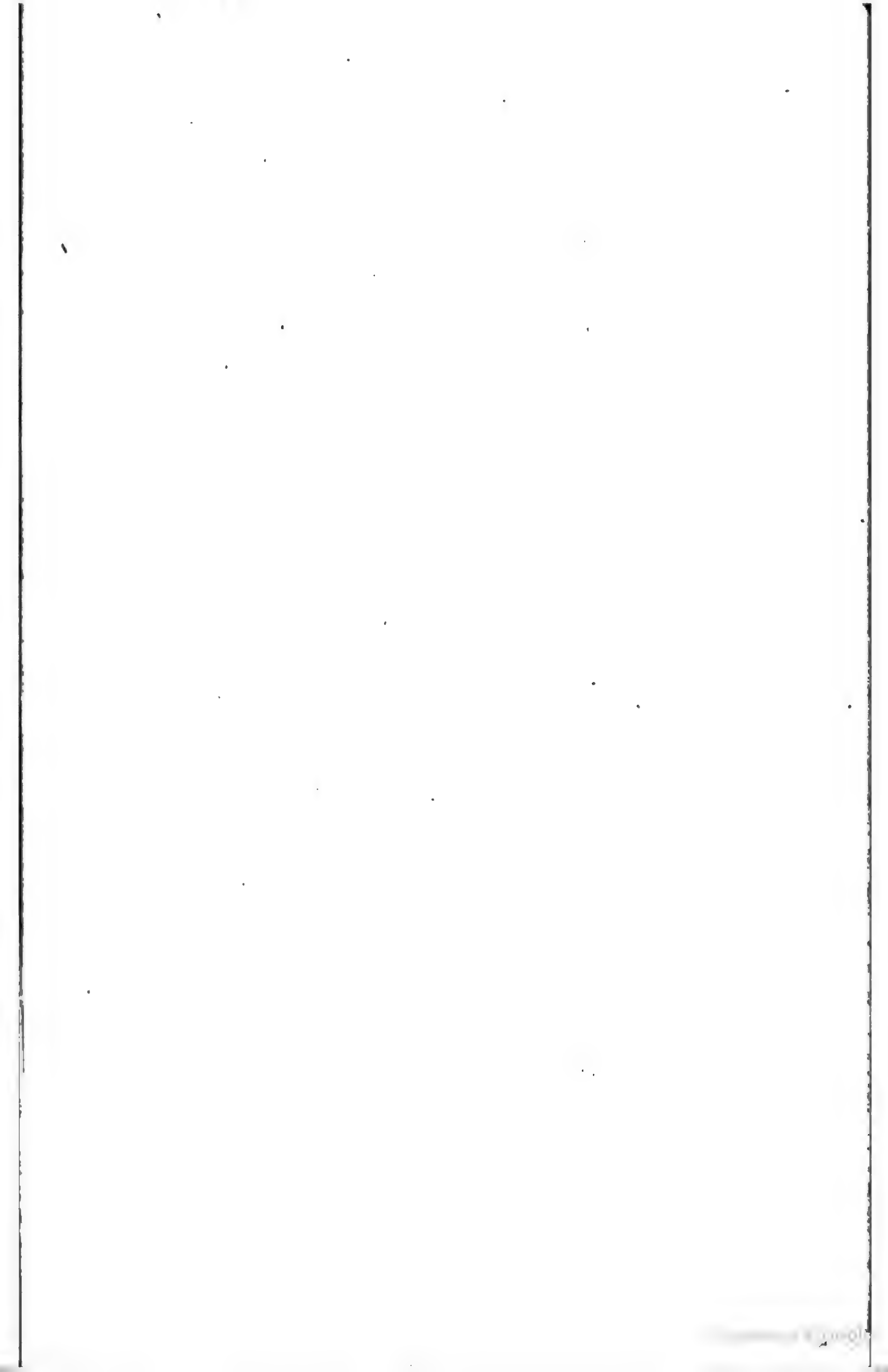
We have received the 1st No. of the second volume of this work, which is conducted by the students of the University of Virginia, and under the immediate management of an editorial committee. We presume there can be no question about the utility of such publications at our seats of learning, when conducted with prudence and ability. Composition, as a prescribed academical or college exercise, is, we apprehend, too much neglected in our country, and we are the more surprised, because its tendency to invigorate the mind as well as to improve the style must be self-evident. In the absence, therefore of any fixed regulations on the subject, we are pleased to see the students voluntarily associate in a pursuit so laudable and instructive. It affords a delightful recreation in intervals of leisure—which might otherwise be unworthily employed—and, whilst it “developes, gives strength and polish to the understanding.”

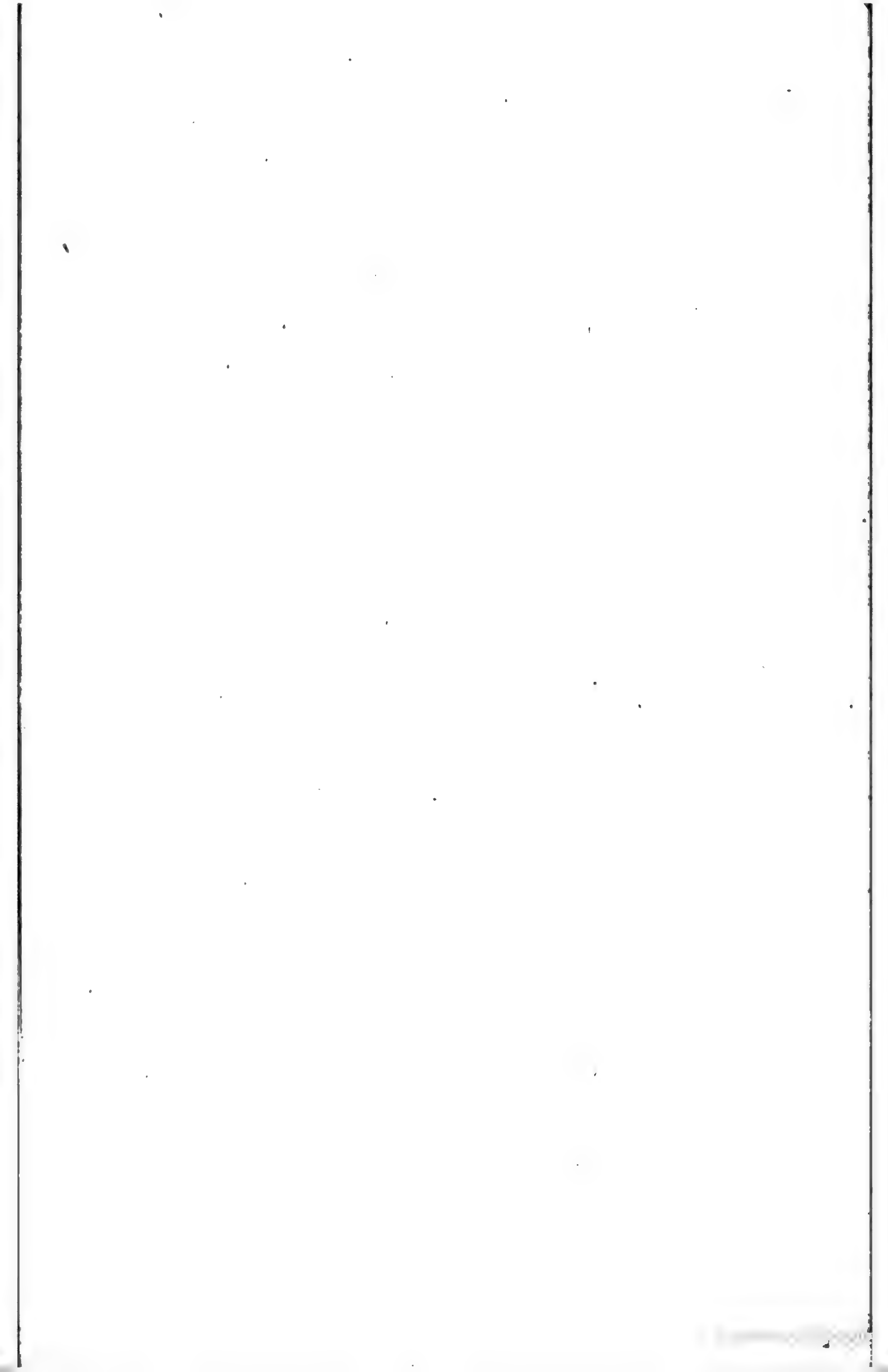
Many of the articles in the No of the “Collegian” before us, would do credit to much older heads than those which we presume dictated them. The “Introduction” is written with taste and talent, and the article which follows, on “American Science and Literature,” contains some very just reflections and excellent sentiments, conveyed in an easy though somewhat exuberant style. The author of “Thomas Moore Hendrickson,” possesses a vein of sprightly humor, and manages his goose-quill adroitly; and, not much unlike him, is the writer of “Love at First Sight;” but it is questionable whether contributions like these, whilst they do very well to relieve pages of a graver aspect, ought to occupy too much space in the “Collegian.” We think the editor is rather too severe upon Capt. Marryatt’s work. Not that we are by any means apologists for the Captain, or admirers of any of his writings—but wholesale and unqualified condemnation is scarcely ever just, and even Marryatt’s malevolent and mendacious assaults upon our country, are occasionally redeemed by wholesome though unwelcome truths.

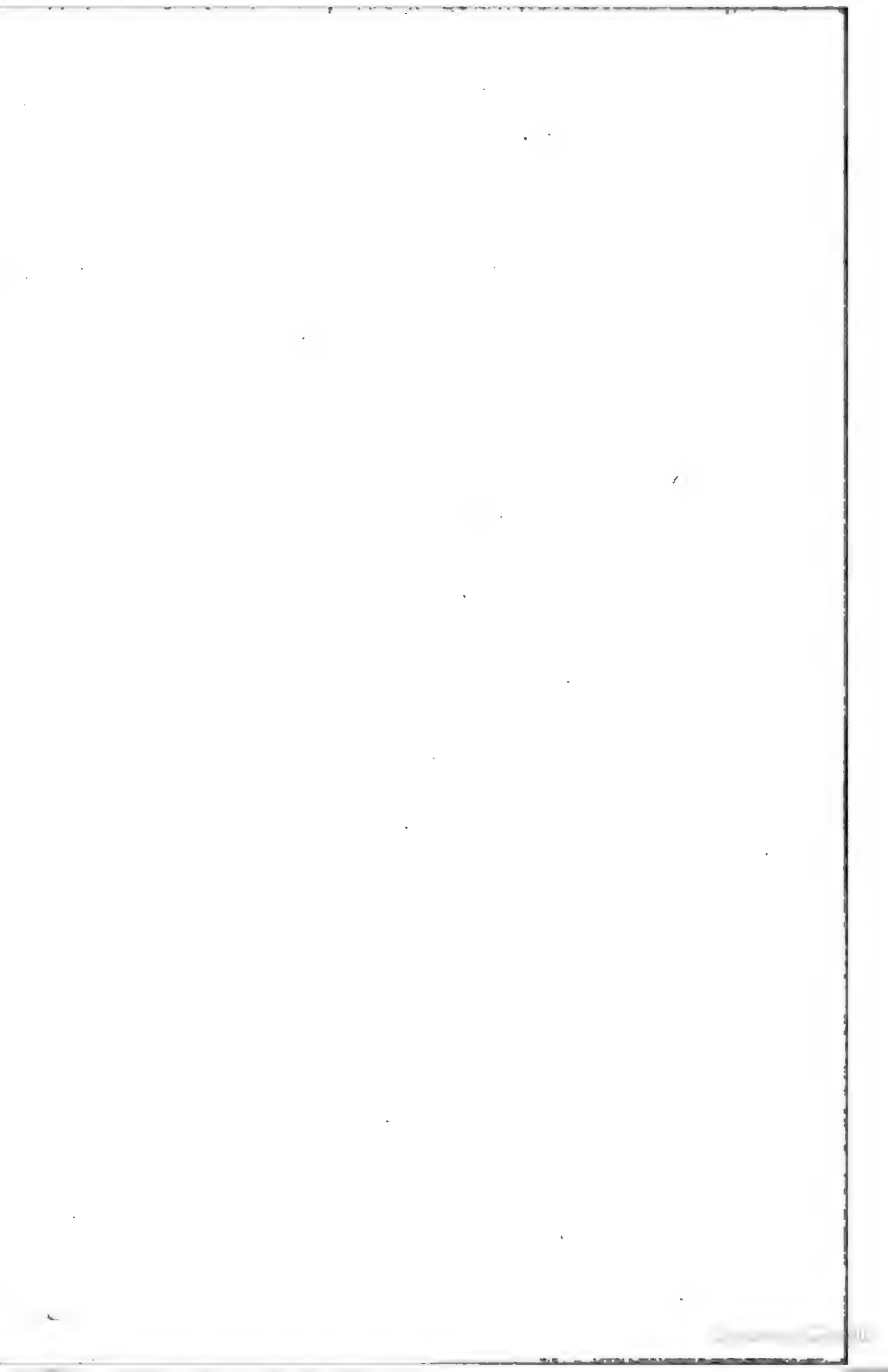
The *Olla Podrida*, which is served up at the end of the “Editors table,” though mixed up and cooked with some ingenuity, is not precisely to our taste. Some of the poetry, however, interspersed through the number, is excellent, and proves incontestibly that the other sections of the United States do not enjoy an exclusive monopoly in that kind of inspiration. Upon the whole, we cordially recommend the “Collegian” to public patronage, and especially to the support of every aspiring young Virginian.

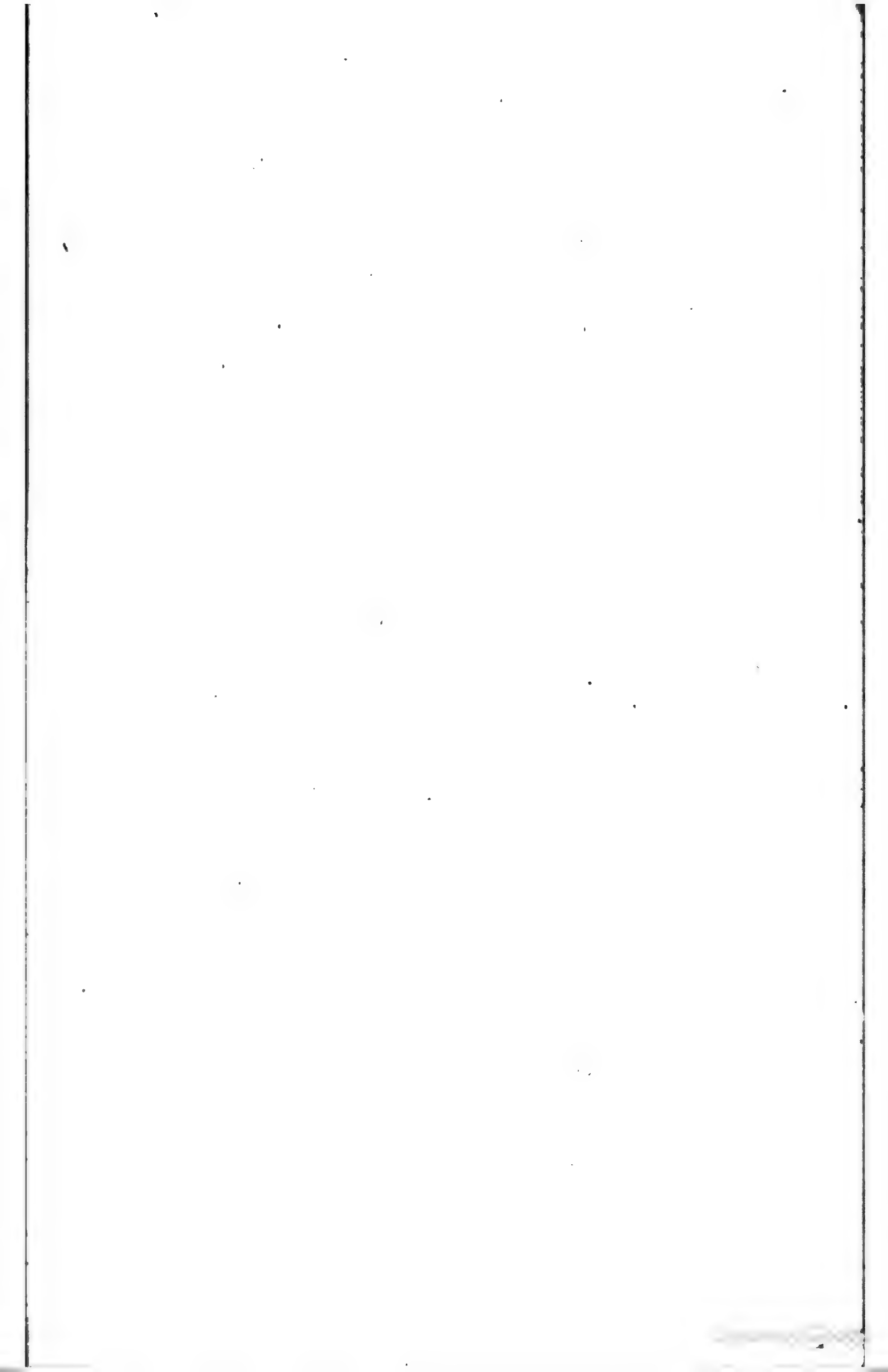












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